

Wide Use of Prints for Sports Togs

By **CHERIE NICHOLAS**



WHEN the world takes a holiday at the beach, tennis court, golf course, aboard ship or wherever vacation lures the playful, watch prints. We promise you that you will see prints this summer such as you have never seen before, armies of them, droves of them, processions of them!

It would seem as if style creators are just discovering that if there is one place more than another where riotously gay prints lend themselves dramatically to the picture, it is at the beach and its environs. The vibrant blue and green hues of the sea, the vast dome of a glamorous opalescent sky, the bright glare of the sun, the stretches of golden sand call to the colors, and to more color and more in the fashion parade.

So it is that prints for beach and for swim wear have become a hobby with designers this summer. Needless to say, for the most part it's linens and cottons that "steal the show" when it comes to rollicking, frolicking beach and sea-going costumes. The grand thing about the spectacular printed linens and cottons that are so thrillingly enlivening the pageantry of fashion where sea-breezes blow is that you can wear them with all confidence, knowing that they have been scientifically processed so that they won't shrink and they won't lose their high color no matter how wet the water, no matter how many duckings they get, no matter how relentlessly scorching sun rays attack. This assurance of non-shrinkage and of color endurance that goes with modern wash materials has, as a matter of fact, proved persuasive in encouraging the movement that is now on of featuring tub prints in a big way for beach fashions and also for swim suits.

As to whether you don linen or

cotton in the existent orgy of prints that is being staged on land or sea is entirely a matter of choice since one is declared as good style as the other. A truly amphibian suit done in the modern spirit is worn by the exultant water nymph centered in the accompanying picture. A swim suit of this type, made of print, and distinctive as is this patterning and which is guaranteed sanforized shrunk as is this print, will do honor to even the most ultra-ultra cruise wardrobes.

Any girl would look pert and modern in the clever sport pajamas here shown. It is one of the newer prints that have so much swank and at the same time so many practical advantages not only for beach wear but for house wear as well. This gaily patterned linen washes like a hankie.

And do for fashion's sake see the cunning play suit to the right in the group. Yes, you can have a costume exactly like it, buy it already made or get the material and sew your own. The new Hungarian cotton prints such as have been used for the making of this fetching outfit are selling as fast as they can be measured off on the yard-stick. The colors are rich and glowing and the prints faithfully reproduce original old-world fabrics. The trick is to make them up in keeping with their quaint design, in just some such peasant manner as here shown. Full skirt of course and rather short is according to the prescribed formula. Tune it to practical active sports wear by choosing a divided-skirt pattern. Let the bodice be backless for comfort and for "style" on a hot summer day. And to the entire add a smart bolero to give it that picturesque peasant flavor which fashion thinks so well of this season.

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TIPLESS GLOVES

By **CHERIE NICHOLAS**



Here it is, the latest step toward chic and toward greater freedom—the tipless glove, cut to show brightly polished nails. The open-air fever, starting with toeless shoes and crownless hats, has gone to the fingers. If your gloves are copper red as gloves and accessories are apt to be these days it's robin-red nail polish you'll be wanting. The suit is of horizon blue, softest feather-weight woolen. The wide veils, the modified umbrella skirt, the squared shoulders and the boxy jacket with its jaunty swing make this smart street-and-travel costume as modish as it is practical.

PASTEL LACES FOR WEDDING DRESSES

By **CHERIE NICHOLAS**

Pastel laces for the wedding gown, as well as the bridal party's dresses are a new note this season, and one that bids fair to gain in popularity through the season. Very pale pastel are used, so pale that they are almost white, and yet have a special shimmer that would not be attained by plain white. One of the loveliest of these pastel wedding gowns that we have seen is of palest blue linen thread, and the edge of the train, and the edge of the slit skirt, are scalloped with the scalloping accented by tiny-pleated net in the same blue. The neckline, too, is edged with the fine net pleating.

Net, as well as lace, ranks highly for bridal gowns this season. Silk net, particularly, is adapted to molding the figure, and when cut on a princess line, accenting the slender figure, it makes a truly beautiful bridal gown. And whereas net veils are prevalent over lace bridal gowns, a net wedding dress is best set off by a lovely lace wedding veil. One veil that we have seen, over a net gown, was of lace, and very short. A bertha collar of lace was attached to the net train, the lace forming borders on the sides of the train.

Summer Velvet

Summer velvet is taking its place in the sun. The sheer quality of the fabric with its rich velvet pattern adapts itself particularly well to summer wedding clothes.

Gloves

Gloves deserve a whole chapter in themselves. They mirror fashion trends as clearly as clothes. Femininity is uppermost.

Flowers Everywhere

Flowers are everywhere. It is newest to wear two boutonnières, one on each lapel of your suit.

BEDTIME STORY

By **THORNTON W. BURGESS**

PETER RABBIT WATCHES FOR SIGNS

SOME people never see things because they never look for them. Peter Rabbit isn't that kind. My goodness, no! Peter is all the time looking and listening. You see, he is dreadfully afraid that he will miss something. So every minute that he is awake he is looking and listening. It was this way more than ever now. Sister South Wind had arrived and said that Mistress Spring was not far behind, and that she had come to waken all the sleepers so that they would be ready to greet Mistress Spring when she did arrive.

What puzzled Peter was how gentle Sister South Wind, whose voice



He Would Carefully Cover Her Over Again With the Dead Leaves That She Might Not Catch Cold.

was hardly more than a whisper, waked all the sleepers. Rough Brother North Wind had roared and whistled and bowled through the Green Forest and over the Green Meadows all the long winter without waking one. In fact, the louder he roared the farther into dreamland the sleepers seemed to go. But when the gentle Sister South Wind wandered through the Green Forest and over the Green Meadows calling in just the lowest, softest voice,

Wake up, wake up, you sleepers! Come open wide your peepers!

why, one after another they did wake up. Peter couldn't understand it, and finally he gave up trying to. But it was great fun to go about watching for signs that the sleepers had heard gentle Sister South Wind. Peter would listen with one long ear against a maple tree. He would hear just the softest little sound under the bark, so soft that you and I couldn't hear it if we tried. Then Peter would kick up his heels for joy. It was the sap running up to all the branches and out to the tiniest twigs of the maple tree that

Shadow Effect



Garlands of white handkerchief linen flowers are embroidered on brown marquisette for the shadow effect of this gown. It is made over a brown taffeta slip and has stiffened puff sleeves. Emeralds and diamonds are worn with it and the bag is emerald green.

Love, Honor and Obey



Keeping Baseball in the Family



Jimmy Collins, Jr., twenty-year-old son of the vice president and general manager of the Boston Red Sox, learns from Joe Wood, Yale baseball coach, how the latter pitched against his dad 25 years ago. The elder Collins was one of the outstanding second-basemen in the game and Wood is an ex-Boston Red Sox pitcher who pitched against him when he was with the Chicago White Sox and Philadelphia. Jimmy Jr. plays center field on the Yale varsity team.

listen and listen. What was he listening for? Why, for the loveliest sound he knows of—the voice of Winsome Bluebird.

"If I could only hear that," sighed Peter, "then I would know for sure that Mistress Spring is almost here, for Winsome Bluebird is her herald and she is never far behind." And this is how Peter Rabbit happened to forget all about those strange tracks he had found deep in the Green Forest.

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FIRST AID TO THE AILING HOUSE

By **Roger B. Whitman**

CLEANING A BOILER

LAST winter a neighbor of mine began to complain about his coal consumption. He said that he was burning more coal than he had the previous winter. As the months went on he growled more and more about the quantity of coal that he was shoveling. I finally went to his house for a look at his steam boiler. My first move was to open one of the clean-out doors above the firing door. As I suspected, I found the interior so clogged with dust that I wondered that the fire was able even to smolder.

I asked him why he had not kept the interior of his boiler cleaned out, and he said he had no idea it was necessary; that no one had ever told him anything about it. I found a flue-cleaning brush in a corner of the cellar, and poked it in to show him that what seemed to be a solid wall of dust was actually a passage. With a few explanations of what to do, I left him to give the boiler a thorough cleaning. He called me up the next morning to say that his fire was burning more briskly than it had been all winter, and that steam had come up in what was an incredibly short time.

His was an extreme case, for to all appearances the boiler had been running for years with no cleaning out of the dust that had collected within it. The cleaning of the inside of a boiler is of much more importance than home owners in general believe it to be. In burning, coal develops a fine dust that settles in the upper part of the boiler.

When the inside surfaces of a boiler are clean, the metal absorbs a maximum amount of heat from the gases and flames that pass over them. There is little waste of heat up the chimney. When dust is allowed to collect on the inside passages, it has the effect of insulation. Less of the available heat is absorbed by the metal, and the waste of heat up the chimney becomes greater. Consumption of fuel naturally goes up.

For economy of fuel, and for

quick response to the opening of the draft dampers, a boiler should be frequently cleaned during the heating season. The common practice of a cleaning only at the beginning of a heating season is not enough; for efficiency, the inside passages should be cleaned at least once a month.

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GRAPHIC GOLF

By **BEST BALL**



FOOTWORK plays a large part in many competitive sports and golf is no exception. Balance, the ability to pivot, to shift the weight smoothly and easily are assets in the game. For example the foot action of three stages covering the complete swing is illustrated above. In the first one, the stance at address is shown. Here the feet are well placed to balance the body action which is to follow, the toes pointed obliquely outwards to facilitate the body turn. This makes the backstroke easier of execution and longer, also provides for a free movement of the down stroke through and past the ball.

In the second panel the weight has been shifted largely to the right foot, denoting the top of the stroke. The position of the feet remains the same but the left instep and left knee are now turned in toward the right. The balance at this stage is so well managed that even were the entire stroke stopped for a moment at this point it would not mean a collapse of the position. The last figure shows the footwork at the completion of the follow through. Here the weight has been transferred almost entirely to the left leg and the left hip is well around out of the path of the stroke. This is essential, too, for if the left hip fails to pivot around a collapse of the left arm must result, spoiling the shot.

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MOPSY



We Fool Ourselves

By **DOUGLAS MALLOCH**

WE LIKE to fool ourselves. We set the clock ahead, and so we get up ev'ry morn at break of day—We could have done it anyway. Sent by the clock we set ahead, We at "eleven" go to bed, But really go to bed at ten—Although we could have done it then.

We like to fool ourselves, and so say things we "own" for which we owe, A lot of little things we craved—We might have owned them had we saved.

Then, when a panic comes along, We say that speculating's wrong, To buy on margin is a shame—Although, of course, we did the same.

We like to fool ourselves. To tell the truth, we like to lie as well, Deceive the others so and thus—But no one quite as much as us. We strut around, talk long and loud, And hope to hypnotize the crowd, But this is really why we boast—We like to fool ourselves the most.

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THE LANGUAGE OF YOUR HAND

By **Leicester K. Davis**

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THE method and manner of one's thinking play vitally important parts in making life a success or failure. A life that is filled with the contentment which comes only from complete expression of the inner self, or one that is restless and dissatisfied through lack of it.

To the experienced palmist, the indication of the outlets through which both conscious and subconscious thought are striving to function are clearly indicated by the characteristics of the finger of Saturn.

The predominant characteristics of this type are: (1) straightness, (2) the manner in which the finger, with hand extended, clings to the side of the forefinger.

As a rule, such a finger of Saturn seems extremely long when compared with the length of the forefinger. Its knuckles are full, with somewhat pronounced slenderness in the spaces between the joints. The entire finger, despite its length and prominence of the knuckles, is pleasing in contour. And while decidedly not overfleshy, neither is it what might be termed "skinny." The nail tip is inclined to taper, and the nail is usually of oval shape, well set. Under backward pressure the entire finger might be considered stiff were it not for just a hint of flexibility.

A Saturnian finger of this kind, without unfavorable indications in the palm or elsewhere, denotes a clear-thinking, ambitious mind that plans its purposes with care and somewhat selfishly and keeps them very much a secret until the time for action arrives.

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Longest Tunnel in the U. S. The longest tunnel in the United States is the one at Cascade, Wash., 7.79 miles in length.

What Irvin S. Cobb Thinks about

Deporating Alien Criminals.

SANTA MONICA, CALIF.— Wouldn't it be lovely if the other states, not to mention the federal government, followed the example set by the governor of New York?

He commutes the sentences of foreign-born, long-term convicts so they may be eligible for parole—not mind you, to go free and sin some more, but to be turned over to the port authorities for immediate deportation.

That is, it would be a lovely idea if only we could be sure that these same criminals wouldn't come slipping back in again. The present immigration law was devised as a barrier to protect decent citizens, both native and naturalized, against the human scum of the old world, but it appears to be more like a sieve if we may judge by the hordes of nondesirable aliens who somehow manage to get in and stay in and even go on relief, some of them.

In other words, when we give these unpleasant parties a complimentary ride back where they come from, let's make sure it's not going to be a round trip.

Missionaries From China.

FROM Peiping a group of believers in the doctrine of Confucius are sending missionaries to the United States. We've been sending out missionaries to their country for centuries, but that Chinamen should dare to try the same thing on us—well, that's a white horse of a yellow color.

What if, not content with seeking converts, these interlopers inculcated among us certain phases of their heathenish philosophy, such as teaching young people consideration and respect for their elders; and showing that rushing about in a frenzy does not necessarily indicate business energy; and that the natural aim of man is not always to worship speed and—up to thirty-odd thousands a year—to die by it; and that intolerance as between religious creeds isn't invariably proof of true piety; and that minding one's own affairs is really quite an admirable trait?

Why, native Americans wouldn't be able to recognize the old home-place any more!

Such threats against a superior civilization are not to be borne.

Vanished Americans.

IT'S exciting to prow through the ruined cities of the first Americans, who scattered into the twilight of antiquity when the Christian era was still young. They were our oldest families, older even than old Southern families—and who ever heard of a new Southern family or even just a middle-aged Southern family?

But afterwards, it's confusing to read the theories of the expert researchers who have passed judgment on those vanished cliff-dwelling peoples, because few such learned gentlemen agree on any single point. There is one very eminent authority who invariably insists that all the rest of the eminent authorities are absolutely wrong about everything. He is the Mr. Justice McReynolds of the archeologists.

After reading some of the conflicting literature on this subject, I've decided that a true scientist is one who is positive there are no other true scientists.

Unemployment Statistics.

THANKS to bright young bureaucrats in Washington, we know how many goldfish are hatched every year and what the gross annual yield of guinea pigs is, and the exact proportion of albinos born in any given period, but it never seemed to occur to anybody to compile reasonably accurate statistics on unemployment.

Yet, with depression behind us and business up to boom-time levels, it's estimated that between eight and nine million people are out of work, not counting those on strike, and judging by the papers there must be a couple of million of them. Apparently the more prosperous we grow on the surface, the more deplorable becomes the status of those of the payrolls. It doesn't make sense. Or anyhow there was a time when it wouldn't have made sense.

This curious situation puts a fellow in mind of the old old story of the chap whose wife had an operation, and, every day when he called at the hospital, he was told the patient showed improvement. One morning, as he came away, weeping, he met a friend.

"How's the wife?" inquired the latter.

"She's dead."

"I'm so sorry," said the friend.

"What did she die of?"

"Improvements," said the widower.

IRVIN S. COBB

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