A DOLLAR DOWN FOR NELLIE

By LOUISE H. WELD

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IN THE kitchen of their California bungalow, the Simpson family were preparing for the day's struggle for existence. Margaret was adjusting a fresh morning supply of makeup before a little mirror, which still bore the crack received when it fell out of the car coming over the Rocky mountains, when the Simpsons migrated from Iowa; Allie was fussing with the coffeepot; Ellen, sleepy and cross, stood at the sink, munching a piece of dry toast and surveying the others through large gray eyes fringed with heavy lashes.

A horn sounded outside.

"There's Bill, Margie," said Allie, "and you haven't had your coffee." He tried hurriedly to pour her a cup, but the percolator top fell off and rolled under the sink.

"Never mind, dad; I gotta go. Good-by." Margaret pulled down her scant black satin dress, shifted a white fox fur from one slim shoulder to the other, and was gone.

"Daddy," said Ellen, "you're darn good to us. We'd lose our jobs without you."

"Tut, Ellen, don't be silly. Eat your breakfast. You haven't eaten a thing."

"Food," said Ellen, yawning, and pulling up her stockings, snapping the garters above her knees, "should be either exotic or nourishing."

The percolator top fell off again, and this time it broke. Allie didn't mind getting breakfast for his daughters, but he was flustered when they said clever things he couldn't understand.

After the girls were gone, Allie washed the dishes and tidied up the little house. Then he burned the trash in the back lot. He took a long time doing that, because he wanted to put off the moment of going in and facing the fact that he had no job to go to and nothing to do. On Fridays, Saturdays, and Sundays Allie worked at the gas station. He liked it there; there was life and excitement. All sorts of people came by, and Allie liked people. He didn't earn much, but these days saved his self-respect, and they meant more to him than anyone knew. But this was only Monday, and an empty week stretched out ahead.

At ten o'clock the postman's whistle sounded, and Allie's kindly wrinkled face lit up. Little things pleased Allie; he made occasions of little things because he had only little things to do.

He took the mail out of the box and sorted it slowly and carefully. Advertisements, a card from the library for Margie, a fat letter from China for Ellen, a slim, gray envelope for Mr. Allie Simpson. His glasses fell off as he opened it nervously.

"Dear Allie:

"I hope you haven't forgotten me. I am coming to California next week and hope to see you. Will you come to the Ramona hotel Wednesday at three?

"As Ever

"Nellie."

Allie held the note listlessly in his hand and read it over and over, asking if he had forgotten her. Nellie, who had said good-by to him 25 years ago!

"I know you'll make good, Allie. You'll be rich some day, but I can't marry you. I'll always love you, though, and remember, I'll expect big things of you."

Big things! Success! What was it, anyway, this illusive thing, success? Why had he never had it? Over and over, every night since his wife died, Allie had struggled with the problem, questioned himself, blamed himself—and yet he was never sure for what he was blaming himself. He'd been good to the girls; he had tried to earn money. He couldn't. And now Nellie was coming. Nellie would know.

Well, if Nellie was coming, he'd have to meet her. "Go through with it, daddy, get away with it," that's what Ellen would say. But he wouldn't tell the girls; he'd go through with this alone, and he'd get away with it, too.

He pulled an old suitcase out from under the cot on the back porch where he slept, and took from a worn pocketbook his savings from the gas station. He counted the money slowly, over and over, his head aching dully.

By quarter of three on Wednesday, Mrs. Nellie Anderson had seen enough view from the Ramona hotel to last her, she felt, for some time. She had been waiting for Allie since two. Mrs. Anderson had been a slim, wistful sort of girl; she still thought of herself as of that type, and wore clothes that were lacy and tight, despite her 180 pounds.

There was the sound of gears crunching, and Nellie went to the door. A man with a plaid cap and a striped suit was parking a shiny new roadster; he seemed to be having trouble with the gears, and the doorman reluctantly went out to help. Nellie watched him absently; it did not occur to her then that it was Allie. But it was Allie. Allie with five dollars equity in a striped suit; Allie in bright yellow-tan shoes from the Dollar-Down clothing store; Allie with a rented car from the U-Drive-'Er garage.

There was an awkward moment, and Allie wished that he had gotten a plain blue suit, and Nellie wished she had not gotten fat.

"Nellie," said Allie, "it's good to see you. It's sure good to see you."

"And you, Allie. You're just the same. And, my, you look prosperous! What are you doing, Allie?"

Allie coughed. "Automobile business, Nellie. What everybody else is doing these days. Automobile business."

"Allie, you know Frank died?"

"No," said Allie. "No. Yes, I did hear—seems like I did hear. How long ago, Nellie?"

"Five years ago—in Boston. I went back to Iowa, you know." Nellie picked nervously at a bead bag she held in her lap. They were sitting in the foyer of the hotel. Allie felt uncomfortable in the deep cushions of the big davenport, and kept pushing himself up. He coughed again, and spoke slowly.

"You've had everything, I guess, Nellie. I guess you—your husband was very successful."

"Oh, yes," answered Nellie, and Allie did not see that she flushed. "Oh, yes, we traveled all over. You know, I always wanted to travel, Allie."

"Well, I ain't traveled much," said Allie. "But I can't complain. I got the girls. But I ain't traveled much, just came out here. Seems like you can't travel much and be successful in business. That is," he corrected himself hastily, "not most businesses."

When Allie left, Nellie waved the bead bag from the hotel doorway. No, she wouldn't see him again. She had murmured something about visiting Frank's people, and it had been nice to see him.

An hour later, Allie had returned the rented car, changed into his old clothes at home, and put the new ones away in the suitcase under the bed. He started supper, and then sat down and counted his money. He had less than a dollar left, and there was very little food in the house. Figuring the payments to the Dollar-Down Clothing store didn't help. Five dollars a week—and weeks stretching ahead into eternity. But he'd manage somehow.

It was over, anyway. Nellie had come and gone and she did not know. She thought he had been successful. She thought his life had been rich and interesting like hers. Nothing mattered, really, as long as she thought that.

The doorbell rang, and he turned the gas down on the rice cooking for supper, and went to the door. A stout woman stood there, a woman in a big lace hat.

"Nellie, it's not you!" Allie felt conscious of the shabbiness of the little house and of his old clothes. "Nellie, won't you come in?"

He could see that she had been crying. "Oh, Allie," she blurted out. "I lied this afternoon. We weren't rich. Frank wasn't good to me. We had a hard time. Oh, Allie, you don't know what a hard time I've had." Allie stared at her incredulously.

"I wasn't staying at that hotel, Allie. I haven't any money for any hotel. I came out here—Oh, Allie, please take me in. I haven't anybody—"

And Allie suddenly understood. He patted the fat lace shoulder.

"Why, Nellie," he said, and there was a strange new confidence in his voice. "Why, Nellie, you take off your hat and stay right here. It will be all right." He led her into the girls' room, and went into the kitchen to see about supper.

"After all," he said to himself, stirring the scorched rice vigorously, "that new suit now. I'll need a new suit to get married in."

Montacute, Country House

Not far from Yeovil, in the depths of agricultural Somerset, rises a conspicuous, pointed hill, which the Normans called Mons Acutus, or Sharp mountain. It seems to hold the little town and great house of Montacute within its shadow, and it has bequeathed to them its ancient and curious name. The house was built by Sir Edward Phelps, who was queen's sergeant under Elizabeth and, in the next reign, speaker of the house of commons. The construction was going on while Shakespeare's plays were being written. One date, 1599, appears on the chimney piece of the dining room. Montacute is a copy book model of the Elizabethan style. It illustrates, in close detail, the slow evolution of the English country house from a fortress into a home.

New Fabrics of Sheer Loveliness

By CHERIE NICHOLAS

A FAVORITE theme this summer is the sheer loveliness of diaphanous, airy-fairy transparent fabrics, either cotton or silk. The new sheers are simply enchanting and they are the sought-for kind to make up into gowns for picturesque garden party wear or for dancing under star-spangled skies or when dining at fashionable roof-garden gatherings where beauty and romance keep rendezvous.

Gowns designed to grace summertime scenes are fashioned of wispy chiffons either printed or monotone, or of organdies crisp, sheer and intriguing, or of dainty silk marquisette which is an especial favorite. Then there are the soft fine cotton voiles in pretty colors and as for lace every summer wardrobe is expected to include at least one party frock made of it. As a matter of fact lace is playing a stellar role this summer. The lace that captures the heart of enthusiasts is a delicate-as-cobweb type the patternings of which is a mere tracery. Gowns of this fetching lace have all-around pleated skirts, since it yields beautifully to this treatment.

To dine and dance in ingenue frocks of simple cottons made up formally is considered quite the swank thing to do. The thrilling note in regard to this season's organdies is that so many new types have been added to the list.

The crinkled organdies either plain or printed sell at sight. They make up charmingly and are easily tubbed, require little or no pressing to keep them crisp and sprightly as new. For week-end trips they are ideal as they do not crush in packing.

You will be delighted with the new lace-printed Swiss chiffon organdies. The entrancing frock centered with outspread skirt in the foreground gives an idea of how effectively the lace-stripe organdie makes up. The charming and picturesque Winterhalter vogue is reflected in the styling of this very tiny-waisted and full-skirted dinner-and-dancing gown (a winsome garden party frock, too) in one of the fashionable printed Swiss chiffon organdies. A very fine lace patterning in white stands out clearly against a deep navy blue background. There is a full-cut underskirt of white organdie to make the frock stand out almost on ballet skirt lines. The diminutive bolero jacket worn over the drop-shoulder bodice is finished with little ruffles of val lace laid on over the lace print.

The material that fashions the frock to the left is peach silk mousseline. It is prettily styled with vertical ruche-ruffling of self-fabric outlining the skirt gores, the puffed sleeves and there are ruffles about the neck.

Hyacinth blue lace with touches of cerise lace is used for the graceful gown centered in the picture. It was introduced at the Miami fashion show and is one of those pleasing types that carry on into new triumphs for summer party wear. One of its charms is that the lace indicates stripes and striped effects lead in the mode.

The printed chiffon frock to the left gives a delightful interpretation of the slim silhouette for summer. The patterning is spaced tulips in blue, red, green and black on a sheer white background. The gathered bodice suggests the Directoire. Contrasting shades of green and blue silk make the girdle and sash which forms a train. Flower bracelets are worn with it and an enormous poppy on the head instead of a hat, which goes to show the intriguing and unique ways in which flowers now play their important role in costume ensembling.

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TWISTED DRAPES ARE NEW STYLE FEATURE

By CHERIE NICHOLAS

Designers are performing all sorts of interesting tricks with twisted drapes and as time goes on the idea is taking on added interest.

When you see a dress or blouse the drapes of which tie themselves into fanciful knots or twist into clever intricacies be assured that the garment is a "last word" fashion. Be on the lookout for these intertwisted, inter-coiled effects and choose your new frocks accordingly.

This type of styling invites the use of color contrasts. For instance, the bodice top of a navy dress may have drapes coming from the shoulder, say in the new fuchsia shade, the same coiled, twisted and perhaps knotted across the bustline with infinite grace. Or the dress may be in monotone, the artful, twisted designfulness being the only trimming feature. White crepe frocks, with twists done in crepes of vivid contrast or carried out in pastel tones are top-notch fashion this summer.

A new feature in styling is the all-over shirred bodice with skirt of the material simply tailored. The all-over shirred jacket is likewise a fashion highlight. Chiffon and sheer marquisette yield to this treatment most charmingly.

Paquin Favorite

A favorite Paquin model for evening is the long skirt of bias cut topped by a marquisette blouse—the entire thing in white, black or pale rose.

Tailored Dinner Dress

The tailored dinner or evening dress remains a heavy favorite.

HANDSOME SUIT

By CHERIE NICHOLAS

One handsome suit like the model pictured, in your wardrobe and your problem is solved as to looking smartly attired for any occasion. Contrast stitching is a swank accent to the interesting detail of this well-tailored town and country suit in fine lightweight wool shetland. Note the scalloped pockets that repeat the decorative stitching that enhances the seams in the skirt.

Pomeranian Breed of Dogs Is Native of Province in Germany

Pomeranians were not always diminutive dogs. These wee bits of dog flesh, however, had sturdy forebears back in the dim past. The historians of the breed would have it understood that Pomeranians were bred down from husky dogs of the northland, namely, Samoyedes, Norwegian Elkhounds, Keeshounds and Schipperkes.

The origin of the Pom, as it is popularly called, is a bit vague, writes George Butz in the Philadelphia Inquirer. A popular belief is they were first whelped in a German province, Pomerania, many years ago, and hence their name. The dogs that resemble our Pomeranians are called Spitz in Germany. They are much larger.

Pomeranians are one of the shining examples of dwarfing in breeding. Years of cross and in-breeding have reduced them to a tiny, perky canine that has a fox-like head and is clothed in an abundant coat of two layers.

Despite the fact Poms have been transformed into toy dogs from one that weighed about 9 or 10 pounds, they are just as durable as much larger dogs. Unless they are pampered these little fellows are real frisky and can endure all kinds of weather. Poms have a questionable air, they are very alert and prove to be good house guardians.

The head of the Pom bears a striking resemblance to a fox. Real perky expression is due to brilliant eyes and ears that stand erect at all times. The Pom's face hair is fine, but the body is heavy in coat for such a small animal, especially the standoff frill around its collar. The hair through the body is so thick it gives the dog a much larger appearance. Serving like a plume, the tail arches gracefully upon its back.

What Women Want to Know About Fashions

The sweater vogue is reflected in summer evening clothes.

Paris can't get away from tailleurs, but the skirts are shorter.

Rose Descat lets plaid go to the head in a number of bright colored hats.

Gay fabric turbans that look like twisted 'kerchiefs on the head are regarded as smart additions to spectator sports costumes.

There are ribbons everywhere, on dresses, hats and coats.

Bows of red velvet placed on the skirt near the hem are seen on a new black evening gown.

Deep shades of blue are stressed by Chanel for evening wear, seconded by black and white.

Nasturtiums are blooming on coat lapels where gardenias and carnations have bloomed before.

Star Dust

★ *Hurricane Elopement*
★ *Story of Earhart*
★ *Norma Steps Out*

By Virginia Vale

MOVIEDOM is still gasping a little over the elopement of Frances Langford, the radio singer and movie actress, and Jon Hall, who skyrocketed to fame in "Hurricane" and hasn't been seen on the screen since.

Just after it was announced that they wouldn't marry until he had become more firmly established in pictures, they slipped off to Prescott, Ariz., with her mother and his sister and got married. But Hollywood didn't know about it until four days later, possibly because he used his real name, Louis Locher.

Frances Langford

Even after Hall made such a hit in "Hurricane" he drew only $150 a week for some time—mere chicken feed in Hollywood—but this salary was finally raised to $200.

—*—

Kay Francis' last picture under her present contract will probably be based on a story that she herself wrote and sold to the studio. It's all about a famous aviatrix who goes into a round-the-world flight contest, and gets lost on a desert isle. Can it be possible that Miss Francis heard about Amelia Earhart?

—*—

Fashion news: Claudette Colbert has a daytime costume of dark blue with white floral buttons down the side of the jacket, like one which the duchess of Windsor likes to wear. Recently, one evening in New York, Helen Vinson wore a black chiffon gown with a skirt yards and yards wide, banded with many rows of narrow black velvet ribbon. No shoulder straps.

—*—

The New York revival of those two Valentino pictures, "The Sheik" and "The Son of the Sheik," was so successful that Agnes Ayres, the heroine, has been booked for a 20-weeks' personal appearance tour. And two more Valentino pictures will be brought forth.

—*—

Speaking of those Valentino pictures, Verree Teasdale and Adolph Menjou were in New York, before sailing for Europe, when they were being shown, and he was none too anxious for her to see "The Sheik" and see how funny he looked on the screen in those days.

—*—

Norma Shearer would like to do a smart modern comedy, after her long siege of costume pictures, so you may see her in "The Women,"

NORMA SHEARER

which had a long run as a successful play before being handed over to motion pictures. Norma has a way of getting what she wants—as Marion Davies found out when they both wanted "Marie Antoinette" and Norma got it.

—*—

Remember Eric von Stroheim, who used to make pictures ("Greed" and "Foolish Wives" among them,) that cost millions? He's acting in French pictures now—which usually cost not more than $75,000.

Incidentally, Jean Hersholt was reminiscing about "Greed" the other day—how it was way over the right length, and von Stroheim felt so badly about having it cut that he wouldn't even look at the film that was finally released.

—*—

ODDS AND ENDS—A radio actor and director who learned nineteen languages is on the air—as a dialect stooge and imitator of animals . . . Many of the professional radio announcers are bad, but after hearing a dozen amateurs try out the other day the worst of them sounded marvelous . . . Bette Davis refused to be included in a list of moviedom's ten most beautiful girls; said "The idea is silly, because I'm not even a near beauty" . . . It's said that Metro spent $250,000 developing "I Married an Angel" as a picture, and finally abandoned it—whereupon it was bought for the stage, where it's a tremendous success.

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Hair on Man's Face

Shaving tests made at the Mellon institute over a period of years show that the greatest density of hair on a man's face is on the center of the chin, where there are 750 hairs to the square inch. The upper lip is next with 685, the upper cheek 500 and the lower cheek 250.

Once Vast Inland Sea

At a remote time, according to the Smithsonian institution, the state of Michigan and the adjacent Great Lakes were a vast inland sea.

IMPROVED UNIFORM INTERNATIONAL

SUNDAY SCHOOL Lesson

By HAROLD L. LUNDQUIST, D. D.
Dean of The Moody Bible Institute of Chicago.

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Lesson for July 10

CALEB: LIFE-TIME DEVOTION

LESSON TEXT—Joshua 14:6-15.

GOLDEN TEXT—Let us go up at once, and possess it; for we are well able to overcome it.—Numbers 13:30.

PRIMARY TOPIC—Brave Caleb.

JUNIOR TOPIC—Caleb the Brave.

INTERMEDIATE AND SENIOR TOPIC—A Hero's Reward.

YOUNG PEOPLE AND ADULT TOPIC—Courage for Difficult Tasks.

"We need to know more about good men who are occasionally great, and less about great men who are occasionally good," says the Lesson Commentary, in pointing out that Caleb is one of the characters about whom the Bible does not say much, but in every case the word is one revealing high and noble character. Consider such passages as Numbers 13:6, 30; 14:7-9, 24, 30; 26:65, as well as our lesson for today.

The background for our study of today, and in fact an integral part of the lesson itself, is the story of Caleb's courageous stand with Joshua when the spies returned from their visit to Canaan, which is related in Numbers 13. He was then a comparatively young man, but demonstrated by his every word and deed that he had from his youth learned to know and obey God.

Note first of all Caleb's

I. Perfect Obedience (vv. 6-8).

"I wholly followed the Lord my God." Such a testimony from a man like Caleb is no idle boast, no effort to parade his faith and piety before others. In saying it he was repeating what God and Moses had both said about him. In his heart he knew it to be true.

It is God's will for each of His children that they should come to such a place of simple trust and complete obedience that in every circumstance of life they need know only one thing—God's will, and then in faith to go and do it. It is a life beautiful in its transparent simplicity and powerful in the strength of God Himself.

II. Promised Inheritance (v. 9).

"Surely the land whereon thy feet have trodden shall be thine inheritance." Such was the promise of God through Moses. Forty-five long years had elapsed, but down through this period of wilderness wanderings and the conflict in subduing Canaan the promise had lived in Caleb's heart. He knew it would be fulfilled, and he waited serenely for God's time.

Such also are the promises of God which keep the heart singing in our hours of trial and sorrow, which light up the dark ways, which strengthen the heart of His children. Learn God's promises, cherish them in your heart, expect God to fulfill them.

III. Preserved Strength (vv. 10, 11).

"The Lord hath kept me alive . . . and I am . . . strong." Here was a man kept of God, in full vigor in his eighty-fifth year, "like a rock in a changeful sea, like a snow-capped peak in a change of cloud and storm and sun" (Meyer). No doubt there was what our forefathers liked to call "the longevity of the antedeluvians," but even apart from that let us recognize that life and strength come from God, and that those who walk with God in holy living may count on Him for the renewed strength of Psalm 103:5.

An incidental, but extremely important, lesson, we should learn is that God has no age deadline. The church has frequently sinned against Him and against His faithful servants by "shelving them" for younger men, when they would have brought blessing to themselves and to the church by encouraging and using them. The writer of these lines is a young man, but he would speak here a word of loving admonition regarding his honored brethren who have gone on before to bear the brunt of the battle.

IV. Powerful Assurance (vv. 12-15).

"If . . . the Lord will be with me, then I shall be able." Caleb asked for no easy task. He was ready to go up against the giants of Hebron. Read Deuteronomy 3:11, and you will find that there were men in those days who needed thirteen-foot beds. But Caleb was not afraid. He counted not on his own strength, but on the power of God. It is significant that while the other sections of Canaan were only partially conquered Caleb brought his formidable adversaries entirely under control, so that "the land had rest from war" (v.15).

The spiritual application to our day is evident and appropriate. There are giants in the land in this year of our Lord 1938. Corruption—social and political—raises its brazen head. Drunkenness and vice leer at us with the impudent suggestion that we cannot control them. There are giants "within us—greed, selfishness, love of ease, lust, passion, cruelty" (Blaikie). Are we to do nothing about them? If we are to meet them in the strength of the flesh we might almost as well do nothing. But in the power of God, we are like Caleb—able. In His name we may take up a slogan of today, "Let's do something about it!" and really do it, for His glory.

The End of Life

The end of life is to be like God, and the soul following God will be like Him.—Socrates.

Independence

Hail independence, hail! Heaven's next best gift to that of life and an immortal soul—Thomson.

Both Kept Out

Church men often agree that "religion and politics" should never mix, so they proceed to keep both from entering the church.

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By Their Ruins

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