WHO'S NEWS THIS WEEK

By LEMUEL F. PARTON

NEW YORK. — In the pre-war years, about the only sure-enough newspaper man who covered Europe was Henri S. De Blowitz, the Bohemian who became a Frenchman and scooped the world with the full text of the treaty at the conference of Berlin, at the end of the Franco-Prussian war. Although he did this for the London Times, English journalists — distinctly that, rather than newspaper men — seemed to think it wasn't quite cricket and they went on wearing spats, carrying canes, and dodging leg-work. I remember citing to an English friend the De Blowitz book, published posthumously in 1903, in which he told how he got that beat on the treaty—an exciting newspaper yarn if there ever was one.

U. S. Scribes Set Pace for British Boys

"Bit of a rotter, don't you think?" said the Englishman.

After the war, the English correspondents started shaking a leg, but, with all this Chauvinism loose in the world, we may boast that it was the American lads who set the pace. One press association and a few of our newspapers sent over to the big war some news beagles who began retrieving stories right under the nose of the morning coat scribes. They've been getting better all the time, and one of the bell-ringers is Frank Smothers of the Chicago Daily News, the tenth correspondent to be bounced out of Italy for faithful reporting in the last year.

Mr. Smothers was a fast-stepping and fast-thinking reporter in Chicago for nine years before he went to the Orient, as correspondent for the Chicago Daily News and the Boston Transcript. He was close in when the Japanese made their first grab for China and pegged home some of the best stories from that beat. In Italy, he made a similar record.

A keen analyst, as well as news-getter, he is one of a number of American foreign correspondents who have told the story of world catastrophe faster and better than any others at any place or time. He grew up in Roseville, Ill., and finished at the University of Wisconsin, after two years at Northwestern. He is 37 years old.

GEORGE RUBLEE, 70 years old, is beset with a thousand plans for taking care of European political refugees, as he heads the American efforts in this humane undertaking. His fame rests upon his achievements as an international lawyer, of the firm of Covington, Burling & Rublee, of Washington. He was a strong supporter and ally of the late Robert La Follette.

George Rublee Vet of Delicate Negotiations

Whenever they have had oil trouble anywhere in the Western hemisphere, they have sent for Mr. Rublee. He has straightened out snarls over oil rights in Colombia, Mexico and other countries. He was a friend and associate of the late Dwight W. Morrow and helped him settle a number of oil and banking arguments in Mexico.

He is a native of Madison, Wis., and an alumnus of the Harvard law school. He began the practice of law at Chicago.

THERE was a news story the other day about a thwarted artist, who came through and had a glorious revenge on his thwarters. The Fine Arts Substitutes association, in behalf of teachers flunked by the New York board of examiners, gives an exhibition by which the public is to judge whether the board bopped them unjustly. Among the exhibitors is Max Weber, distinguished artist, represented in the Metropolitan museum, who was among those flunked by the board. With his picture goes a note to the board in which Mr. Weber tells what he thinks of it and cites his success as "proof of their incompetence."

Flunked Artist Evens Things With Boppers

Mr. Weber, a native of Russia, here at the age of 10, was a modernist, so far out of bounds that the academicians would turn in a riot call whenever anybody mentioned his name. He has been marked up more by the critics probably than any other man in America.

The turn in Mr. Weber's fortunes came in 1925, when a discerning New York Sun critic, among others, piped him up as a thoroughly competent artist. His pictures sell. He has a nice home at Great Neck, Long Island.

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Fragile Look Fostered by New Coiffure

By PATRICIA LINDSAY

ARTISTS and poets have raved about the lovely nape of a woman's neck since time began. It is supposed to be one of our most alluring feminine charms! And because fashion repeats itself, napes of necks are bare again, as those new and exciting, brush-the-hair-high coiffures are here for a long stay!

Such a hair-do is gloriously feminine. It has a way of making a woman or a girl more fragile. You know—looking as if she might not be able to take a severe scolding! And that's always a help!

Dame Fashion has a way of keeping us on our toes. We can never quite sit back and say, "I'm all settled for the next year!" For instance, two things will concern the woman who decides to make this change in her hair style—How to keep the back hair-line trim and appealing, and how to make her hair stay up just after she has trained it into a long page-boy bob!

Take an honest look at that back hairline.

Take an honest look at that back hairline of yours after you have combed and brushed your hair high on your head. Not very beautiful, is it? What can you expect if you have allowed hair dressers or barbers to hack away at it for years? But you've got to groom it into a smooth even line and train the hair to grow softly and naturally upward. For a time you may use a tiny barrette or small hairpin to keep it up, but by late fall it should stay of its own accord.

How to Train Straggly Hairs

Each day brush those harsh straggly hairs upward by letting your head hang down and brush toward the crown of your head. If you are not going to business, knot it high in a roll, pin up the ends, and tie a bandanna around it. That holds it in place.

Each night before going to bed apply a scalp pomade or a good hair tonic along the hairline. Gently massage it. The rich lubricant will not only feed the starving tissue but the rubbing will stimulate growth.

Don't have your hair cut again—just let it grow. Later on you may have it shaped, once you determine which high style you will wear. Or you may just twist your long hair into becoming puffs on top of your head. Many girls are letting their hair grow long.

As your hairline grows, attempt to keep it curled for gala nights with very small curlers, the iron, or by twisting it on hairpins. We will all have to go through the growing pains unless we have been wise enough to keep our hairline unclipped. During the heart-breaking stage you might pin false curls over the ragged ends.

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HINT-OF-THE-DAY

Cologne Is Feminine Necessity

Cologne is an extremely refreshing body rub and is also a luxurious body deodorant. You will find that an after-bath rubdown of cologne before going to bed will leave a lovely fragrance clinging to your sheets in the morning. This makes for the kind of daintiness that lovely women seek—a faint fragrance that seems to be a part of their personality, exuding from them as they move and breathe.

A good brand of cologne, one with a distinctive personality, in its fragrance, should be used. It should hint at lightheartedness, glitter and gaiety.

Cologne, by the way, makes a splendid gift, and for this purpose several brands are available in unique bottles as an adornment to the dressing table.

Spies During World War

During the World war, the British intelligence service, through a simple trick, finished the career of a clever Turkish spy. Securing his secret address in Constantinople, says Collier's Weekly, the service in London sent him $150 in cash in a plain envelope that, when intercepted by the Turkish censor, was considered to be "sufficient evidence of his dealing with the enemy." Consequently he was executed.

Star Dust

★ *Tells All—In Good Taste*
★ *They Stick to Type*
★ *Ezra—For Example*

By Virginia Vale

WHEN a wife tells all—or almost all—it's bound to be interesting. Especially if she is the wife of a famous actor. In "Charles Laughton and I" Mrs. Laughton, well known in her own right as Elsa Lanchester, has written a delightful book which tells a great deal about herself, more about her husband, and quite a bit about other people. And she has done it cleverly and in the best of taste, which is unusual.

Laughton had made a success on the English stage before Hollywood heard of him; in fact, it took an appearance on the stage in New York to make the movie moguls clamor for him. His performance in "The Private Lives of Henry the Eighth," as "Henry," introduced him to the American public, and made Americans exclaim in amazement that at last the English had turned out a good picture.

Many of our American movie actors could take a tip from Laughton. From the first, he refused to be typed. He'd play a pickpocket successfully, and immediately he'd have a lot of offers to play pickpockets. He would refuse them, because he didn't want to be stamped with that one kind of role forever.

We have James Cagney doing the same thing over and over; in "Angels With Dirty Faces" he's a tough guy again. (But then, when he broke away from that characterization, in "Boy Meets Girl," it wasn't such a success, was it?) In "The Great Waltz" we have Luise Rainer (yes, she's an American; just got her citizenship papers, and about it—) doing what she did in "The Great Ziegfeld" and "The Big City," crying through smiles, or smiling through tears, whichever way you like to put it. In "The Cowboy and the Lady" we have Gary Cooper playing the stern man of the plains as usual.

Luise Rainer

But let's be patriotic and avoid the suggestion that perhaps these American actors can't do anything else.

Douglas Corrigan threw a bombshell when he came out with the truth about the salary he's really getting for "The Flying Irishman"—just $50,000 less than RKO had said he was being paid. It's going to be embarrassing if other movie folk follow his example.

You might mark down Jane Warren as the latest of the Rudy Vallee discoveries. She's been Jane Warren only since he first heard her sing and she was signed up for the movies; before that she was Earleyne Schools. It looks as if she'd soon be another of the stars who were launched by Vallee.

If the truth about Ezra Stone were generally known, the young folk of this country would probably loathe his name. Mothers would be saying to their sons, "Of course you have time to do it; just look at Ezra Stone!"

Stone, you know, has been for some time one of the stars in "What a Life," one of New York's hit shows, and has been appearing on Kate Smith's radio show as well. He is also being considered for a featured role in Paramount's screen version of "What a Life," which involves making tests and seeing people. Three mornings a week he teaches dramatics at the Academy of Allied Arts. The other day somebody asked him why he didn't take on a milk route to fill up his spare time. Incidentally, Ezra is just 20.

Lanny Ross is another young man who hasn't been afraid of hard work. Lanny—christened Launcelot Patrick Ross—appeared in vaudeville when he was two. He worked his way through Yale, studied law at Columbia, and got into radio by singing with a quartet at NBC. Then he combined the movies with radio, began giving concerts—and now he's putting in his summers on the stage, planning to do straight dramatic roles in New York before long.

ODDS AND ENDS—Al Goodman, conductor of the "Hit Parade," does everything from a fox trot to a fandango while he's conducting . . . For years Joel McCrea has wanted to tell Cecil B. DeMille that he used to deliver newspapers at the director's home; he got his chance when he appeared recently on DeMille's radio program—and Cecil B. remembered him . . . Don Ameche hasn't had a haircut for ages; he's getting ready to play "D'Artagnan" in the movies . . . Frances Langford has sung practically every hit song of recent years on the radio, but when she sings for friends she goes back to "Night and Day" . . . When Clark Gable appears on the radio it means a problem for the police force. They rope off the alleys in the rear of the theater to keep the crowds back.

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Just a Little Smile

THOUGHT SO, TOO

Private Murphy was taking his first flight in an airplane. When they were about 3,000 feet up, says Stray Stories Magazine, the plane suddenly went into a nose dive.

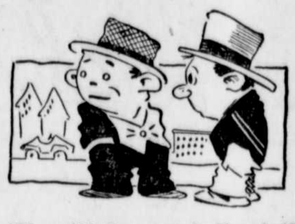
"Ha-ha," laughed the pilot, as he righted his 'plane. "Half the people down there thought we were falling."

"Sure," said Murphy, "and 50 per cent of the people up here thought so, too."

Just Right

"Mame's got a job as a stenog."
"What, Mame—no."
"Honest."
"Do ya s'pose she'll get by?"
"Well, she may at that. You see, her boss told her right off he's a man of few words, an' that sounded encouragin' to Mame—she don't know very many." — Wall Street Journal.

IN CITY GRUB HOUSES



"How did Tom get forehanded?"
"Running one of those one-arm restaurants."

How?

"Daddy, why . . . ?" he began, for the twentieth time that evening.

"Look here," said his exasperated father, "have you ever heard of the little boy who asked so many questions that he was turned into a question mark?"

The child pondered over this.

"But, Daddy," he said at last, "how did he manage to keep the dot under himself?"

Thanks

He walked for miles, tired and hungry, until he came to a farmhouse. It was late and the family had gone to bed. He knocked on the door, and at last a window was raised and a man's voice said: "What do you want?"

"I want to stay here," was the reply.

"All right, stay there!" said the voice, and down went the window.

Just as a Favor

"Would you mind walking the other w'y and not passing the 'orse?" said a London cabby with exaggerated politeness to the exceedingly stout lady who had just paid the minimum fare.

"Why?" she inquired.

"Becose, if 'e sees wot 'e's been carryin' for a shillin', 'e'll drop dahn in a fit."

Fresh From the Farm

The diner in the restaurant glanced up and down the menu with boredom.

"Oh, well," he decided finally, "you may bring me a dozen fried oysters."

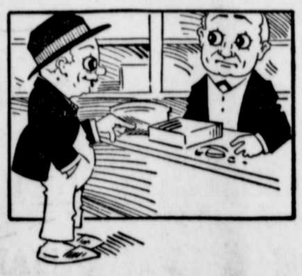
"Ah's sorry, sah," said the colored waiter, "but we's out of all shellfish except eggs."

Not a Race Fan

Teacher—Tell me, Johnny, what do you know about the Caucasian race?

Johnny—I don't know anything about it; I wasn't there.—Pathfinder Magazine.

NO DOUBT



Customer—Why are your sardines so high?

Grocer—Them is genuine sardines, sir, from Norway—an' that's very high up.

Inexpensive

Father—Ye've been oot wi' Jean McTavish again; I'm wondering how much the evening cost ye.

Angus—It cost no mair than two shillings, faither.

"Two shillings? That's not so bad."

"It was all she had."

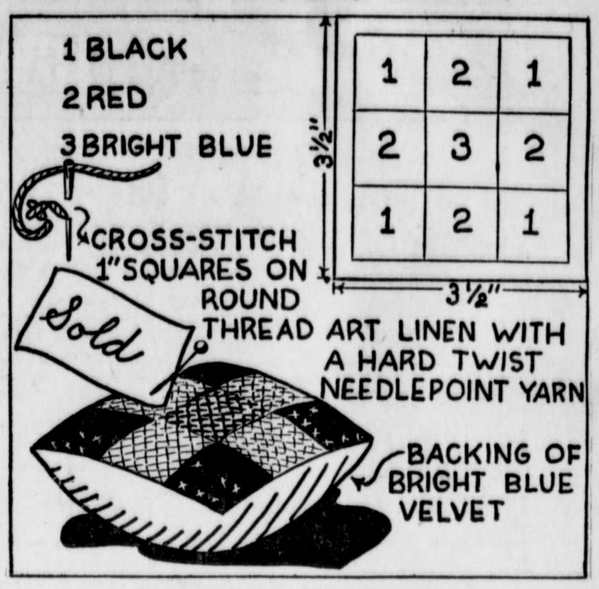
Grounds for Complaint

Mr. White—Waiter, this coffee tastes like mud.

Waiter—Yes, sir. Yes, sir. That's because it was ground this morning.

HOW TO SEW

by Ruth Wyeth Spears



Cross-stitch pincushion a best seller.

THE Town Improvement association was giving a sale to raise funds in a village where we were visiting. Our hostess had been to the sale early in the day and triumphantly displayed tiny cross-stitched pincushions purchased for Christmas gifts. They were so colorful and quaint that we went in search of some. We found them, but on every one was pinned a ticket "SOLD"! The lady had scored a hit who made those little three-inch pincushions as her contribution to the fancywork booth. They were kept for display even after they were sold.

The top of the cushion should be made on tapestry canvas or round thread art linen so that the threads may be counted easily in making the cross-stitches. This foundation material should be marked off in 1-inch squares as shown in the diagram at the upper right. The numbers indicate the color used for cross-stitching each square. The velvet used for backing adds the richness that all small gifts should have. Sawdust or hair from an old mattress are most satisfactory for stuffing.

If you would like to make some of these cushions for gifts or for your next bazaar, clip these directions and keep them as they are not in either of the books offered below.

NOTE: Mrs. Spears' Book 2—Gifts, Novelties and Embroidery, has helped thousands of women to use odds and ends of materials and their spare time to make things to sell and to use. Book 1—Sewing, for the Home Decorator, is full of inspiration for every homemaker. These books make delightful Christmas gifts. Mrs. Spears will autograph them on request. Crazypatch quilt leaflet is included free with every order for both books. Address: Mrs. Spears, 210 S. Desplaines St., Chicago, Ill. Books are 25 cents each.

Given Time, the Lad Could Locate Her

The butcher boy was on his way to deliver an order when he was accosted by a lady who apparently was seeking someone in the neighborhood.

"Young man, can you please tell me which one of these houses Mrs. Smith lives in?" asked the stranger.

"Mrs. Smith?" said the youth, in reply, "let me see now. 'Tain't pork chops, lean—for that's No. 3, over there, and it ain't two pounds of round steak and juicy—that's No. 142 round the corner. Hmm! Oh! it must be rib roast and tender, with a piece of suet, and hard to collect. Yep, that's Smith's. No. 9, right over there, ma'am, across the street."

And he hurried about his business.

Guard the Tongue

The turn of a sentence has decided the fate of many a friendship, and, for aught that we know, the fate of many a kingdom.—Jeremy Bentham.

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