THE QUEENSTOWN NEWS

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The Fable of the Phoney Veneer

By GEORGE ADE

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ONCE there was a Young Man with a 30 Per Cent Slope above his Eye-brows and an Open Space where his Chin should have been. He had taken three full Courses in a Correspondence School which told the Provincial how to acquire Personality but he had not yet annexed enough to help him in flagging a Street Car.

Always he seemed to blend into the Surroundings, just like a Piece of Furniture. If he started to say Something in Company, that was the Signal for all the Others to begin talking. He could stand in a Department Store for Hours without being waited on. He was King of the Strap-Hangers and held the World's Record for being pushed off the Sidewalk by the white-faced Snips who walk three and four abreast.

In every Generation there are certain Men who leave their Impress upon the World. Mr. Effingham Glitts had not made as much as a Dent. He was compelled to use Influence to get his Name into the City Directory. His Mail consisted of Catalogues and Propositions in regard to the Purchase of Books on a Weekly Payment Plan.

A Slogan Swallower.

If Mr. Glitts often pondered on Death and decided to postpone the Shuffle as long as possible, it was because he knew darned well that his Funeral would be a Flop. Just a couple of Calla Lilies and some Boys from the Office to Pall-Bear.

Effingham was a good deal of a Gnat but he did not enjoy his Destiny. He found it very irksome to be rated as a Cipher. He looked like something that is found asleep in a Back Row after an illustrated Lecture on the Holy Land, but he had within him all of the turbulent Ambitions of a Napoleon. He had a smoldering Desire to bite on the Ankle all those who had been treading on him.

Probably what fussed Mr. Glitts more than anything else was the gloomy Fact that the Female Sex regarded him as a Swozzie: He could walk on the crowded Avenue for Miles and Miles and never get the Eye. He was cursed with all of the outward Appearances of one who is signally Moral. The Girls certainly co-operated to help him behave.

Mr. Effingham Glitts was old enough to have a Home of his own, a fine Job at a sweet Salary and a standing in Society. He saw Men of his own Age being elected to Congress, building Sky-scrapers and bossing Railroads. Whereas, he sat at a Desk and handled some of the piffling Details of a large Corporation. His Desk was over in a dark Corner, commanding a view of a Brick Wall and some overhead Wires. The English Sparrows would sit on the Wires and look in at Effingham and pity him.

The World had superimposed itself on Effingham Glitts as effectively as an Elephant might, in a spirit of utter Callousness, squat on a Caterpillar. The Fact that he was not crushed is all to his Credit. When he attempted to get up on his Hind Legs and crow he was a Bloomer, but let it be told to Future Generations that, at least, he made the Try.

It was about a Year ago that Mr. Glitts decided to stop playing the Third Assistant Grave-Digger and be the curly-haired hero. When an Insect starts out to be an Eagle that is some Contract, but Effingham was hopeful and determined. He had been on a Diet of uplifting Editorials and nice hot Slogans. He had been devouring these Inspirational Pieces on how to achieve Success. Most of them had been written by salaried Hacks who owed Grocery Bills.

Had Good Intentions.

Mr. Glitts believed anything that was printed and framed. Every time he read one of those highly original Instructions hanging above a Desk he resolved to be himself and keep on smiling and do it now and not worry. He wanted to obey all of the Rules which had helped so many Humble Beginners to work their way up to $1,800 Jobs. So he made all his Plans to emerge from the Hay each A. M. and greet the newborn Day with high Courage.

He had it straight from a 15-cent Magazine that every Mortal can get away with Anything if he has the Nerve to jump right in and get a Strangle Hold on the immediate Problem. The only Failures are the poor Goofs who have no Confidence in themselves. Strike boldly and demand Attention and the World will greet you as a Conqueror. Beautiful Maidens will scatter Posies in your Pathway. Head Waiters will prostrate themselves. Bankers will smile and cut the Interest Rate. It sure reads well and it had Mr. Glitts completely hypped. He went to his Couch one Evening as a low-grade Mokus and arose next Morning as a strong and silent character who was going to pry open the World as if it were a soft-shell Clam and incidentally get the Women all worked up about him and then smile sardonically as he watched them Suffer. Possibly our good Friend was a little feverish under the Fedora when he formulated this high Resolve but he meant well and he sure made a decisive Stab at Greatness.

On his Way to Work he gave some crisp Orders to the Menial who was in charge of the Trolley Car. The Conductor did not recognize His Master's Voice so he called Effingham a Piece of Gorgonzola and told him that he didn't cut out the Blah-Blah he would have to take a Bat in the Eye. In the Articles which Effingham had been reading there had been no definite Suggestions as to how a Situation of this kind should be met, so he got off the Car and walked.

For a good many years he had been longing to go into the Private Office and tell the Boss just what was wrong with the whole Organization and how it would be a cinch to double the business and cut down the Overhead if the Departments could be managed by Men whose heads were filled with Brains instead of Omelets.

The Chief Executive looked up from his Work and there on the Rug was a Worm trying to give an imitation of an Anaconda. The Head of the Firm listened patiently. When it was over he did not give Mr. Glitts the Fresh Air or even start in to pan him. He advised the faithful Employee to lie down for a little while and then go out and have his Temperature taken. So that is how near Effingham came to causing a Shake-Up.

Back to Nature.

When he sternly reprimanded the Typist who did a few Letters for him every Day and gave her a Lecture on the importance of spelling correctly all Words of One Syllable she never missed one Jaw Movement as she chewed her Wax but she did tell him that he was the kind of Fish that ought to stay home all Day instead of wandering out into the Streets and frightening Pedestrians.

He couldn't even High Hat the lowly Office Boy. The Latter was afraid of the nut-headed Flappers but he had the greatest possible contempt for Mr. Glitts and called him a Gooble which doesn't mean anything but sounds terrible.

For a long time it had been Mr. Glitt's secret Desire to plant a Bomb under the Boarding House in which he was eking out a Miserable Existence. The Landlady was so busy counting the Calories and providing for the Vitamins that she forgot to give them any real Food. Effingham longed to bawl her out in such Loud Tones that his Complaint could be heard in Cuba.

So, while he was still under the Influence of the Complex of Superiority he opened up and made a Scene at Dinner. It was called Dinner because it was served at about the Hour when People who can afford to Dine usually partake of the meal known as Dinner. Always the First Course was Soup which tasted as if some one had slipped Something into the Hot Water. The only real Excuse for calling it Soup was the fragment of Vermicelli floating idly on the Surface.

Effingham let out a Squawk, which is Hoi Polloi for Protest. He told the Soup the Truth about itself so that he could get a Rise out of the Landlady. He just sat back and waited for her to brag about the Home Cooking and the Refined Atmosphere.

He had framed a Come-Back which, probably, would lead up to his being ordered out of the Joint, Bag and Baggage. That was what he craved. He knew that he never could function as a Leader of Men while surrounded by the Flat-Heads and Tomtits of a third-rate Beanery.

But the Landlady knew him and pitied him, so she just told him to be in his Room about 9:30 and she would come up and fix a Foot Bath for him and give him 10 Grains of Aspirin and in the morning he would be all right.

Sure enough he was. He awoke next day fully reconciled to the Fact that he would always be the Goat of the Universe. He decided that he would have to be a Slob instead of a Schwab. He flew at the withered Prunes with real Gusto and spoke nicely of the lukewarm Coffee. Also he had a Cigar ready for the conductor on the Trolley Line.

MORAL: Those who were not born to be Blase will always be Blozzy.

Barrel of Ambergris

At an auction sale of unclaimed and abandoned articles rounded up by the English government in one way or another, a neat little keg was put up. It was marked "contents unidentified." It was purchased for a trifling sum by a man who happened to stroll in out of idle curiosity and who took a fancy to the keg. When he opened it he found the contents to be of a waxy consistency and had an analytical test made which revealed the fact that the little keg was filled with ambergris and was worth $30,000.

Pleased President by Doing Her Bit

EDNA E. INDRITZ, seven, is the happiest little girl in Chicago. The cause of her joy is the letter she holds from the White House. In it she is praised for having sent the gold paper stars awarded to her in school to President Roosevelt in her effort to do her bit for her country. At the right is the letter Edna sent to Washington with her little contribution. Edna had heard that patriots should not hoard gold.

FROM HERE AND THERE

HERE is a good recipe for the delicious southern candies which everyone enjoys so much:

Southern Pralines.

Make a sirup of three cupfuls of sugar and two cupfuls of cream. Carmelize one cupful of sugar in a smooth iron frying pan, stirring constantly and rapidly; add one teaspoonful of salt. Now into it pour all the sirup at one time, stirring rapidly and constantly. Cook to the soft ball stage without stirring. Pour out to cool, or set in ice water. Beat when cool until creamy, add three cupfuls of nut meats, form into small flat cakes or put into buttered gem pans to mold. Work quickly before the mass hardens.

Rhubarb Conserve.

While the fresh rhubarb is tender, and the skin bright in color, make the marmalades and conserves. Take four cupfuls of rhubarb cut into small pieces without peeling, four cupfuls of sugar, two oranges—juice and grated rind, two lemons—juice and rind, one-fourth teaspoonful of salt. Cook slowly at first until the sugar is well dissolved, then cook until smooth and clear, adding one cupful of blanched shredded almonds at the last. Pour into glasses after the mixture is cool, adding the nuts when cool, as otherwise they will rise to the top of the glasses. Cover with paraffin and set away.

A most delicious marmalade of raspberries, strawberries, cherries or any small fruit of strong flavor, added to two times the amount of rhubarb, will make delectable jellies and preserves, tasting not at all of the rhubarb, as the berry flavor will predominate. The economy of this sort of conserve will appeal to the thrifty housewife as some fruits are expensive and a very small amount will make a most acceptable filling of the fruit closet shelves.

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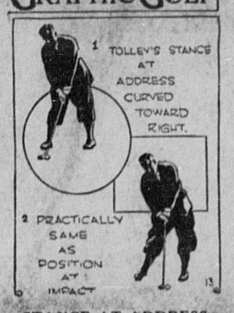
GRAPHIC GOLF



STANCE AT ADDRESS

CYRIL TOLLEY is shown here about to hit one of his tremendous drives for which he is famous. His position in the address and at the moment of impact are practically the same. One of the common mistakes of golfers generally is that they fail to keep their position consistent throughout the swing. A sudden lift of the head or upper part of the body can quickly throw the whole swing out of line. Visualizing one's position at impact and assuming an address as nearly identical as possible does much to aid the golfer strike the ball accurately with a smooth swing. Resting the clubhead back of the ba and placing the left heel about opposite it; allowing the left foot to bear most of the weight while the right seeks a natural position in respec. to it will work wonders along this line. In this way the golfer can be thoroughly relaxed on the back-swing and confident that the down-swing will not find the ball out of position in respect to the stroke.

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"The minister may be the one to tie the knot," says wedded Weewee, "but the credit for the job of roping goes to the bride."

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A Friend Will Do

By DOUGLAS MALLOCH

LUCK, take my fortune, age, my years,
And I'll go blithely to the end
If I may have through smiles and tears
The golden treasure of a friend.

The roughest road will not be long,
The farthest goal so far away,
If I may have a smile, a song,
A hail, a handclasp, day by day.

The lightest load I bear alone
Is heavy with no heart to share,
But I can carry steel and stone
If only someone else is there.

And even if the way be dark,
The future all uncertainty,
If friendship only lights a spark
The stars will not be hard to see.

A friend will level ev'ry hill
And turn the grayest sky to blue.
Luck, take my fortune, if you will,
But leave me love, and that will do.

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BEDTIME STORY FOR CHILDREN

By THORNTON W. BURGESS

PETER RABBIT FINDS HE HAS SOMETHING TO LEARN

Don't ever get the foolish habit
Of knowing all, like Peter Rabbit.

IT IS a bad habit, this habit of thinking you know all there is to know. It is a bad habit because it is almost sure to get you into trouble, or to make you appear foolish in the eyes of your neighbors, or something like that. Peter Rabbit is very apt to think that because he runs about so much he is a very wise person and knows about all there is worth knowing, which is, of course, a silly idea. Nobody knows all there is to know, or a millionth part of all there is to know. So you'll find that those who really know the most say the least about it.

It just happened that Peter had run over to the Green Forest just in time to overhear Happy Jack Squirrel say something to his cousin, Striped Chipmunk, about the quickest tempered person of his acquaintance. "For his size he has the biggest and worst temper of anyone I know of," declared Happy Jack. "And did you ever in your life see anyone eat as he does?"

Instantly Peter was all ears, as the saying is. "Who are you talking about?" he demanded.

"I don't know that it is any of your business, Peter," replied Happy Jack promptly. "However, if it will do you any real good I was speaking of Short-Tail the Shrew."

"Short-Tail the Shrew!" Peter said it over to himself in a puzzled way.

"That is what I said," snapped Happy Jack rather sharply.

"But there isn't any such person," said Peter. "I mean there isn't any such person around here."

Happy Jack stared at Peter with all his might. He stared so that it made Peter uncomfortable.

"What are you staring at me so for?" asked Peter, wriggling uneasily.

"Do you mean to say, Peter Rabbit, that you don't know Short-Tail the Shrew?" asked Happy Jack slowly, as if he couldn't possibly believe it. "Do you mean to say that you don't know one of your nearest neighbors?"

"I guess I know everybody around here there is to know," said Peter. He, too, spoke sharply. "If there is anybody around here I don't know they must have just moved in. Short-Tail the Shrew, whoever that is, never has been a neighbor of mine. If anyone knows his neighbors I guess that one is me. I don't know anybody by that name. I guess you are talking just to hear yourself talk."

Now Happy Jack might have felt that he had reason to make a sharp reply, for Peter's way of speaking had been most provoking. I suspect that he meant it to be provoking. You see Peter wasn't quite sure, as he pretended to be, that Happy Jack didn't know what he was talking about. Yet he wouldn't admit, not even to himself, that he didn't know all there was to know about the things around him and about his neighbors and their doings. He simply couldn't and wouldn't believe that there was anyone of whom he didn't know who lived near enough to be called neighbor.

But Happy Jack didn't get angry. He just laughed. He laughed and he laughed. And the more he laughed the more uncomfortable Peter felt. Peter suspected that beyond a doubt he had something to learn.

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BONERS

The inhabitants of Moscow are called Mosquitoes.

BONERS are actual humorous tid-bits found in examination papers, essays, etc., by teachers.

What letter comes after "D"?
All the rest of them.

* * *

The plath of a flower is its only protection against insects.

* * *

A gargoyle is something you swallow when you have a sore throat.

* * *

One of the chief characteristics of the white man is his color.

* * *

George Mendel was an Austrian priest. He grew peas and studied them. Also he cross-pollinated them. He wrote a few pamphlets about what he had learned. Finally he learned that plants and animals are descended from their parents.

* * *

Name a five-letter word meaning a heavenly body with a long, luminous tail.

Angel.

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New Raincoats Are Irres

By CHERIE NICHOLAS

THERE'S something more than May flowers which the warm spring showers are bringing forth these days—it's raincoats! Not just ordinary stereotyped raincoats in the usual somber blacks, grays, blues and brown. If they were, this we are telling you wouldn't be news. The raincoats we are talking about are real news—the most gorgeous affairs that ever went stepping out into a springtime downpour.

These handsome waterproof garments convey the message that the day of the homely merely utilitarian raincoat is no more. From now on the raincoats we will be wearing will show themselves to be both style-minded and beauty-conscious. To be assured of this, it is only necessary to take a look at the perfectly charming types in the illustration. These models are among the newest of the new.

The stunning highland plaid capecoat with its hat to match as shown to the right in the picture is enough to tempt any weather man to keep on sending showers indefinitely. Not only is this raincoat a treat to the eye but the fact that it has no bothersome sleeves to crumple up the dress beneath makes it a joy to wear. And the umbrella, well we leave it to you, if it is not just too smart-looking for words.

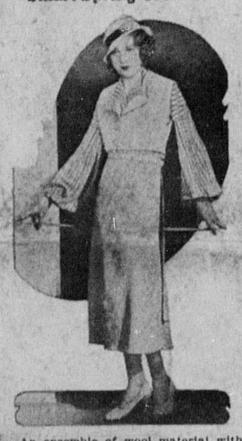
The full length cape to the left will be welcomed by those who are looking for a rain protection that is [illegible] to throw on and off. It can [illegible] either with the check side [illegible] reve[illegible]

The hat, made jockey cap fashion and the umbrella completes a perfect rainy day outfit.

But, see what else in the way of a swanky raincoat a spring or summertime shower is apt to coax out into the open. We are referring to the all-white model centered in this group. The smart set are going in for the white raincoat for all they are worth. They are usually made of a zephyr weight poplin or crepe de chine and are as dainty as the summery dresses they top. This model is sleeveless and can be comfortably slipped over another coat. Wide shoulders and voluminous sleeves underneath mean nothing to this raincoat. The white has of matching poplin not only protects but it also flatters.

Another model which we cannot refrain from mentioning is of black and white check rubberized silk. There is a little visored cap and an umbrella to match and, listen to this, the whole combination is lined with red. Examine the handle of the umbrella and you will discover it is hollowed out into a sort of pocket with a snap [illegible]—keep your taxi fare handy in it. [illegible] crepe de chine raincoats on display [illegible] so attractive. These [illegible] patterned in subdued

Smart Spring Creation



An ensemble of wool material with a blouse of white jersey containing a blue line in it which is being shown by Juliette and Jeanne, Paris fashion creators, in their new Spring style display.

SMART THREE [illegible]END

By CHERIE NICHOLAS

Here is one of those practical suits we are hearing about so much these days—has a jacket for medium-mild days, also a full-length topcoat for traveling or motoring or when the thermometer chances to take a drop. One of its stylish "stunts" is to be made of the same cloth in contrasting color—brown cheviot for the skirt and topcoat with the identical cheviot in an old gold tone for the jacket. The golden peau d' ange shantung hat with its yellow, gold and brown velvet flowers makes a pleasing complement.

Pleated Skirts

Pleated skirts have wedged their way back into favor again. And a new style of evening dress that is sure to attract more and more attention as the season advances is made of chiffon or other very sheer material with finely pleated skirt attached to a closely draped hip yoke.

Spread at Shoulder Line Fluttery and Impressive

It has been something of a surprise to those who thought that the winged silhouette, the wide shoulder, had blown itself out to the moment of collapse, to discover that certain Paris couturiers have increased the influence to such an extended degree that it suggests an airplane silhouette.

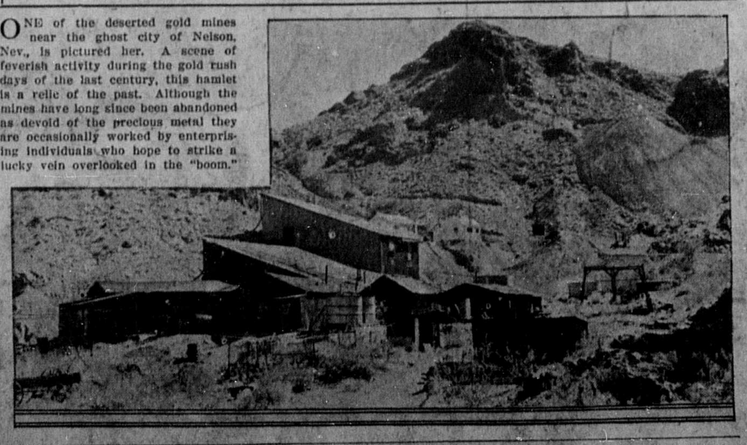
That Schiaparelli should do something extreme in this direction is not surprising. Her development of this width at top into a fashion which juts out over the arms to a degree that gives reason to its indication as "shoulder trays" makes clear the arresting character of this fashion.

Casaquin Type of Blouse Is Meeting With Favor

The casaquin type of blouse receives greater attention. Separate swagger coats in fancy fabrics are strongly indorsed. Gloves in novelty fabrics the leading accessory. Costume jewelry makes a new bid for attention. Dresses with related long coats, jackets or capelets—often contrasting fabric and color, are shown.

A Page Out of the Gold Rush Days of the Past

ONE of the deserted gold mines near the ghost city of Nelson, Nev., is pictured here. A scene of feverish activity during the gold rush days of the last century, this hamlet is a relic of the past. Although the mines have long since been abandoned as devoid of the precious metal they are occasionally worked by enterprising individuals who hope to strike a lucky vein overlooked in the "boom."



Hazardous but Thrilling Work Is That of Diver Working in Depths of the Ocean

The dangerous and thrilling business of working on the floor of the ocean has, within recent years, been carried to new achievements.

Dressed in heavy copper helmets and diving suits which weighed so much that a man could hardly walk unsupported in them, above water, the divers who worked for more than an hour at a time lifting a great submarine and her cargo of dead from the muddy ocean bottom, were no ordinary heroes. They learned that they had to be "decompressed" after remaining under the terrific weight of the sea for any length of time, at peril of their lives. And so, when the timekeeper on board ship at the surface indicated that the hour for work below had elapsed, the divers were drawn slowly to the surface.

For any prolonged stay under water or for deep-sea diving, the diver must have a very elaborate and perfect protective equipment. His suit must be heavy and strong. Besides having these qualities, his helmet must be equipped with valves which can be controlled by the diver to admit and release air for his comfort and safety. Sometimes the air is pumped through a long tough flexible hose from the surface. Sometimes the diver carries his own store of compressed air in a tank lashed to his back.—Detroit News.

Wanted No Speech With Her

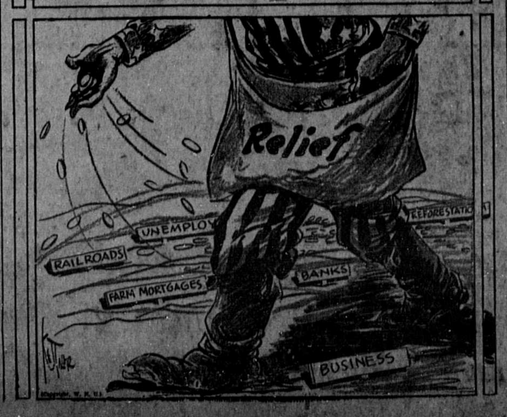
Giles had never been in London before, and had never used the telephone.

He felt strange and lonely amidst the roar and bustle of the traffic, so seeing a public telephone box and having heard of the wonders of this invention, he entered the box, and, raking down the receiver, demanded speech with his wife.

The operator's voice came back, "Number, please?"

"Oh," replied Giles, "ma secund 'un, please." Then he added in sudden horror, "For Heaven's sake, don't gie me the first."—London Tit-Bits.

Sowing



THROUGH A Woman's Eyes

By JEAN NEWTON

AN "ORDINARY" LIFE

"THE most significant part of any human life would not be mentioned in 'Who's Who.'"

Dean Brown of Yale said that in talking on the things that mold the characters and lives of men and women today.

Speaking of what the Great Teacher must have done between the ages of twelve and thirty, which prepared Him for His career later, he pointed out that the really important things in one's life have nothing to do with one's education, preparation for business, marriage or payment of taxes.

There we have the high spots and the sum total of the record of any life, have we not—in "education, preparation for business, marriage and payment of taxes?" And yet, as the dean points out, "How inadequate these ordinary things are in giving us an account of the person. The longings and aspirations of a human life are never calculated in any annual report. The most significant part of any man's life would not be mentioned in 'Who's Who.'"

And a woman's life? "Born—school—occupation—married—children—died." Nothing of her hopes, longing, aspirations. Nothing of her daily victories and defeats, of her heartaches and disappointments and great moments that made up for it all. Nothing of the daily sacrifice and relinquishment and fulfillment that etch out a character and mold a life.

If an inspired playwright would depict in the theater the ordinary ups and downs in the ordinary life of one ordinary woman, he would have a spectacle of dramatic values such as have never yet been approached on any stage.

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One does not choose friendships; they grow spontaneously.

What Women Want to Know Ab[illegible]

Satin stages a conspicuous comeback.

In silks, classic weaves reclaim their prestige.

Higher crowns, square or squarish, show new silhouette influence.

Indications from Paris and New York point to a summer of linen suits.

Navy is the leading daytime [illegible] often, as with black, addi[illegible] Misty blues are first for eve[illegible]

Prints arg[illegible] for day and [illegible]

String color h[illegible] shade on the cold [illegible] gray.

Velvet for twisted [illegible] like bows an[illegible] rich lace f[illegible]