

THIS LITTLE WORLD

CHICAGO

By GEORGE BRITT
CHICAGO, Oct. 13.—"It isn't by any means the worst picture here," say critics at the exhibition of the Chicago No-Jury Society of Artists of a "fourth-dimensional" portrait by Bruce Grant.

Which makes the story all the better. Grant, a newspaper writer, was visiting a friend's studio when talk drifted to the coming exhibition. There was chaffing and scoffing. Grant selected a handful of brushes and half an hour there was vigorous sketching and splashing. "The product is a gorgeous sunset of face and back, a row of buttons at the ear of the subject and a green cabbage in his hand. As advanced art, it is at least 'fourth-dimensional,' a new school as well as a new artist."

It may be merely "not the worst" as to technique. It is certainly at the top in that quality called "arresting." Not the least of the jokes in its making was the fixing of a solemn list price of \$200 for it. And it may be bought. Who knows?

Someone with a picture and \$4 could exhibit in the no-jury show. There was no jury or selection to exclude offerings which did not conform to styles or standards. Amateurs represented in the picture, a woman physician and several business men.

"The surprising feature is that so few pictures are really bad," says Charles Biesel, secretary of the no-jury artists.

A realistic picture of a nude girl upset the temper of a teacher who had brought her pupils to the exhibition. "I never did like a redeeming trace of spite," and after seeing this, hate all of them."

Another visitor wanted to see the "natural pictures, those terrible ones, you know."

The Chicago isn't Montmartre, for all its colony of artists and the originality of their pictures. To help finance their venture, the no-jury artists have a costume ball. Nice party, with costumes not only picturesque but ample. It was no more wild and abandoned than a Sunday school picnic. There was a great attendance at a subscription rate of \$5.50.

But the artists gave away so many tickets they managed only to break even on expenses.

The busiest spot in the city hall is the scales in the entrance corridor. From morning until night there is a line of citizens waiting to see how much they weigh.

There are one-cent-still-machine scales in almost every drug store and platform. But city hall visitors get their official weight free.

No Need to Fear Baldness
TELLS HOW TO MAKE HAIR GROW STRONG, THICK AND LUSTROUS

Thousands of men and women are growing bald every day. This is needless because baldness usually comes from neglect and anyone who gives the scalp a little attention should always have an abundance of good-looking, healthy hair. Dandruff and dirt cause baldness by clogging the pores in the scalp, and giving the dandruff germs fertile ground for prolific breeding.

The treatment is very simple; remove the dirt by shampooing and destroy the dandruff germs by applying the genuine Parisian Sage, a most efficient antiseptic liquid that drug-fists everywhere are now recommending as one of the quickest and safest treatments to surely stop itching scalp and falling hair, remove all dandruff and to properly nourish and invigorate the hair roots.

Parisian Sage is in great demand by discriminating women because it is daintily perfumed, does not clog or streak the hair, and gives it a softness and luster that fascinates and compels admiration.—Adv.

BE PRETTY! TURN GRAY HAIR DARK

Almost everyone knows that Sage Tea and Sulphur, properly compounded brings back the natural color and luster to the hair when faded, streaked or gray. Years ago the only way to get this mixture was to make it at home. Nowadays, by asking at any drug store for "Weyth's Sage and Sulphur Compound," you will get a large bottle of this famous old recipe, improved by the addition of other ingredients, at a small cost.

Don't stay gray! Try it! No one can possibly tell that you darkened your hair, as it does so naturally and evenly. You dampen a sponge or soft brush with water and draw this through your hair, taking one small strand at a time; by morning the gray hair disappears, and after another application or two your hair becomes beautiful dark, glossy and attractive.—Adv.

Father as much as anyone needs SCOTT'S EMULSION

PORTLAND, Ore.

By E. W. JORGENSEN
PORTLAND, Ore., Oct. 13.—A Pittsburgh tourist drove into Portland the other day. On the rear of his car he had painted the following in large white letters:

FROM PITTSBURGH
DAMPING
"Where is this town, Dampino?" asked a long-whiskered party of a policeman at Fifth and Washington. Through a maze of traffic he wriggled through a maze of traffic. "Darned if I know," ejaculated the cop, grinning.

Members of the I. W. W. of Oregon are well versed in the art of advertising. When they announced a strike

in lumber camps the I. W. W. sent an airplane over cities and timber districts to drop pamphlets as it performed stunts.

But airplanes are fickle things. The I. W. W. flyer's machine broke a propeller, was forced to remain idle, and the strike fizzled. Now they're trying to figure out who's to blame because the camps aren't idle.

At the same time that Portland officials announced a 36 per cent increase in marriages for Multnomah county, building contractors also announced a 143 per cent increase in home construction for August.

On top of that a huge freighter sailed into harbor with a cargo of baby buggies from an eastern port.

The Oregon youth gets a kick out of life. For instance, mountain climbing. It's a popular sport here and common as riding elevators in Chicago skyscrapers.

The other day Earl and Kenneth Deitz, of Hood River, spent the better part of a day scrambling to the top of Mt. Hood, 11,225 feet high. After sitting atop the world for a half hour or so they casually asked Forest Service Lookout Lige Coalman to show them the most dangerous way down.

He pointed to the north chimney, a precipitous cliff of ice hundreds of feet in depth.

Down this the two youths started while Coalman cursed them for their folly. Using a rope to hold themselves together the two thrill-hunters slowly and laboriously cut steps in the ice, gradually working their way downward.

After four hours of nerve-wracking effort they reached the bottom of the cliff. It was 9 o'clock at night. They were exhausted.

Residents of a mountain inn gave them emergency lodging until trembling nerves and muscles were again calm. Then the boys went home.

NEW YORK
NEW YORK, Oct. 13.—The gospel of every New Yorker is: Nobody cares a hang what his neighbor thinks or does.

Costumes that would cause a riot in Main street go almost unnoticed. And public love-making draws no stares except from out-of-towners. Fifth avenue buses and Coney Island subway trains are favorite places for holding hands.

But many couples stroll down Broadway and Fifth avenue holding hands as frankly as in the gloom of old-fashioned Lovers' Lanes.

Tucked away in unexpected spots in Manhattan are several colonies where society and wealth rub shoulders with poverty and tenement houses. A Vanderbilt led the way some years ago to Sutton Place, a revived street three blocks long in the shadow of Queensboro Bridge. An older colony, started by a real French duke, is in East 84th by a real French duke, is in East 84th street beyond the garish district of small shops and movie theaters, you come to a quiet block where tiny brick houses, brownstone, line 84th street between Henderson Place, a blind lane scarce half a block long, and East End.

Three sides of this block belong to the picturesque colony. Fronting on East End avenue and extending from 84th to 89th streets is East River Park, a narrow strip of green unknown to 99 out of 100 New Yorkers.

They're forming a Straphangers' League to fight for more transit lines in New York. Not everyone who rides the subways and elevated really wants a seat, however. Rush hours find the platforms of the archaic L cars jammed with passengers who were, sardine-like tightly wedged against the iron railings of the platforms, stepped on and jostled and elbowed and grunted and forced back to disgorge struggling people at street stations. And inside empty seats often fall to attract the platform devotees. They're mostly girls.

Perhaps the reason lies in a throw-back, with reverse English. In the old days when men (and men only) stood atop the back platforms of trolley cars and smoked and discussed national politics; those were the days, now gone forever, when smoking on street cars was not prohibited and every adult male actually took interest in national politics.

Wouldn't you think a head waiter had a better job than an ordinary waiter? Maybe—but not among waitresses in a Broadway hotel. Every now and then, if you're a regular customer, you observe one of the erstwhile haughty dames who used to wave a sheaf of menus at you and graciously lead you to a seat behind a good white pillar—now wearing a cap and white apron and juggling a tray of dishes. Reduced to the ranks? Got gay with a customer, maybe? Indeed. Demoted—backwards?—backward not. She has been promoted—backwards. A waitress' job is much more than the mere lordly and servile job of ushering. More tips. Girls start as head waitresses or "captains," and watch for their chance to get into the tip-getting ranks.

An old-fashioned "little German band" has been cleaning up sizeable cash collections in Greenwich Village by keeping off the streets and men by deriding up and down among the yards. They spend more time, in the most people's house than the front, and so are more apt to hear the concert—and hence to pay, either for the music or to stop it.

WASHINGTON

By HARRY B. HUNT.
WASHINGTON, Oct. 9.—Solicitor General James M. Beck, who tries all government cases before the Supreme Court, sees red every time he hears of amending the constitution to provide that more than a bare majority of the court be required to invalidate laws on the grounds that they are unconstitutional.

He sees the whole government on the rocks. Congress and the president—the whole body of elective officials—he fears, would be powerless to hold the nation together if as many as seven of the nine members of the court must agree before a law is held invalid.

"Some day," he says, "we may have a radical president. And in the four or eight years of his power he may well have the appointment of three justices of the Supreme Court. Thus a radical faction could be formed in the court which would make it impossible for many years for that court to discharge its great duty of preserving the constitution!"

Appropos of courts, Senators Reed and Pepper of Pennsylvania, both good lawyers and staunch Republicans are on opposite sides in a little lawsuit over the validity of the Pennsylvania inheritance tax law. The amount involved is only \$1,200,000, which the state claims as a proper tax in the distribution of the vast Frick estate.

Reed represents the state, Pepper the Frick family.

As between the senators, however, who are fighting first of all for their fees, which probably will exceed their yearly salary as senators, perfect harmony prevails. Reed bought Pepper his lunch the other day at the home of Magnus Johnston, elected senator from Minnesota to succeed Knute Nelson, is revealed in his selection of his secretary.

Recognizing woman's new status in politics, and at the same time repaying a personal debt of gratitude to a dead friend, Johnson appointed Mrs. Josephine Loftus to have charge of his office.

Mrs. Loftus, widow and mother of several children, was the wife of George Loftus, a state political leader in Minnesota a dozen years ago. Loftus first started Magnus on his political climb, prophesying he would reach Washington before he stopped. Events proved Loftus a good picker and a true prophet.

After a period as senatorial secretary, Mrs. Loftus as candidate for Congress from the Gold Medal state might not be a flid forecast.

Early dawn creeping over the Virginia hills. Spurred and top-hatted riders, riding in prancing style in a red coat toots a big brass horn. Baying hounds, straining at their leashes.

"Where's Cal?"
The question goes the rounds. "Dare we start without him? Ought he not lead the chase?"

Such may be the situation at the next foregathering of the Washington Riding and Hunt Club.

For although President Coolidge has accepted membership in the organization there is a sneaking doubt as to whether he will participate in the mad dashes over the Virginia and Maryland hills.

An occasional wander over the tank ring at the club's riding hall is likely to be the extent of presidential participation in the club's activities.

NEW ORLEANS

By MASON DIXON.
NEW ORLEANS, Oct. 13.—Whiskers have become an issue in the state campaign now in progress.

Former Lieutenant Governor Ferdinand Mouton, candidate for state treasurer, is growing a mustache. In his platform he says:

"It is a matter of rigid economy with me. All the newspapers have cut me with the mustache worn by the Pitts August."

And again hair comes to the front. According to school-board officials, many New Orleans school teachers had their hair bobbed during vacation. In one high school alone three teachers appeared for the fall term with short locks.

Somebody made a kick. Superintendent Bauer refused to listen. He said: "I have heard a lot of teachers have had their hair bobbed. It's all right, isn't it? As long as they have brains and good teachers I don't care if they have their heads shaved."

New Orleans' Association of Commerce believes music has a definite business value. Men and women who love good music, and have frequent opportunity to gratify this love, are better citizens, says the A. of C.

This week the organization added to its numerous industrial bureaus a department to promote better music.

Take, it or get killed, is apparently the motto of New Orleans dope peddlers. Recently a drug addict ordered a consignment of morphine from two peddlers. When he received and opened it he found it was chalk, and asked that his \$50 be returned.

The peddlers proceeded to beat him up so seriously that he was taken to the hospital. The two peddlers were arrested and charged with obtaining money under false pretenses.

The addict testified that his experience is not unusual in New Orleans dope circles.

The mayor and the four members of the city commission council had to go to bed to get evidence in a certain complex municipal problem.

A legion of dwellers near an ice plant complained to the city fathers that the plant's heavy machinery jarred and rocked their dwellings, rattled windows, and at nights set their beds vibrating, making sleep impossible.

So the council repaired one night to the locality to get first-hand evidence. They entered the homes of complaining dwellers while the ice plant was running and they crawled into some of the beds to take observations on vibrations.

Now the council is figuring, with the ice plant, on a way to prevent the disturbances.

FUR COAT SLASHING COMMON
More cases of fur slashing in the streets of London are reported. A woman took to the Brixton police her beautiful fur coat which had been slashed in several places on the back. A similar complaint has been made to the police at North London.

Perfect Truckers
There is no work that you more rough treatment in every day life than a wash wash.

And these charming washes have been steadily, yet delicately constructed; they will keep faultless fine for many a year to come.

In style as well as service they are most desirable and they never fail to attract favorable attention wherever they are worn.

Come in and look at them today.

Geo. W. Huggins Co. JEWELERS—WATCHMAKERS 105 Market Street

The Operation I Avoided—



MRS. IDA M. COFFMAN
SIDELL, ILL.



If there is one thing more than another a woman dreads, it is a surgical operation, and to be told that one is necessary is very disheartening.

Hospitals are grand institutions, and undoubtedly many operations are necessary. However, we have received hundreds of letters from women who have been restored to health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound after an operation had been deemed advisable.

Every woman who suffers as Mrs. Coffman did naturally wishes to avoid an operation if possible, and the remarkable statements which she makes in her letter will be read with interest by women everywhere.

Mrs. Coffman's Letter Follows:

SIDELL, ILLINOIS.—"I was a nervous wreck. I was suffering from a pain in my left side which was noticeable at all times but sometimes it was almost unbearable and I could not even let the bed-clothing rest on my body at night. I had been sick for seven years but not so badly until the last 18 months, and had become so run-down that I cared for nobody and would rather have died than live. I couldn't do my work without help and the doctor told me that an operation was all there was left for me. I would not consent to that so my husband brought me a bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and begged me to take it. I have taken fourteen bottles of it and I feel ten years younger. Life is full of hope. I do all my housework and had a large garden this year. I never will be without the Vegetable Compound in the house and when my two little girls reach womanhood I shall advise them to take it."

Another Operation Avoided

CORONA, N. Y.—"I had a terrible pain in my left side and had to go to bed every so often. Doctors had told me I must be operated on, but I do not believe in the knife and would rather suffer than go through it. My mother also did not believe in it and she made me take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound because it had helped her. It has also helped me for I am better and am able to do all my work. I recommend your medicine and give you permission to use my letter as a testimonial."—MRS. J. BUSCH, JR., 11 S. Railroad Ave., Corona, N. Y.

Before Submitting to an operation Women should try

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

LYDIA E. PINKHAM MEDICINE CO. LYNN, MASS.

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