

YOUTH UNDERSTANDS

By Jay Burns

FOUR eyes rather warily watched Mary Boyd as she lay relaxed in the long garden chair under the trees on the beach country club lawn.

Mary was unaware of their gaze. "That was a swell game of tennis, Tony," she said, yawning and stretching as she dropped her racquet to the ground beside her.

"What'll we do now? How about a swim?"

"By chance are you speaking to me?"

Tony's resonant voice held a hint of amusement.

"My dear girl, I'm finished for the day. Such tennis as yours is as much exercise as I need in twenty-four hours. A book, a long cold drink and a comfortable chair in the shade—and that's all I ask of life."

Mary laughed joyously, showing sparkling white teeth, and a little crinkle of wrinkles about her round gray eyes.

"Tony, darling," she said, "did I kill you? I'm sorry. But you'll be at the dance tonight?"

"If I can dance mostly with you—and stop early. Remember, I've got to go back to town tomorrow on the seven-fifty-six."

Tony Lawton was forty-five; Mary was twenty. His deep brown eyes, a trifle grave as they watched the lovely girl before him, lighted with a smile as she laughed at him.

"Here, give me a hand."

She pulled herself—with his help—up from her low chair with a light spring.

"Come on, Bob, let's have a swim."

Bob Eldridge's blue eyes lighted to their normal color from the somber darkness that had veiled them as he listened to the banter between the other two.

"Good," he said. "I'm your man for a swim. Those doubles just warmed me up for the day."

He grinned at Tony quite without malice. But Tony's eyes became grave again.

"And as for tonight—I'll be ready to dance till morning. But say, Lawton, why don't you get into your swimming suit and come along. Just sun yourself, old man, if you're too tired for a swim. It's a swell day."

Tony considered. Then he jumped briskly to his feet.

"All right," he said.

And the three started across the grass toward the clubhouse that stood out white against the blue sea beyond.

Tony was forty-five; Bob was twenty-two.

Both men were in love with Mary and at the moment Mary was in love only with life—a gay and happy and safe life, as she found it at Bradley's beach.

Until Bob's coming, Tony had loved life at Bradley's as much as Mary had. He had been spending a three weeks' vacation there at the hotel—spending it there because he had met Mary, fallen head over heels in love with her, and followed her to her summer home.

He had found it hard to bridge the gap in their ages in the city where they both lived a rather prominent life, socially.

His work as an important lawyer was engrossing.

He was just old enough to find the busy, modern young whirl a little baffling.

But here at Bradley's it hadn't been so hard.

Tony was good looking, always fit physically. Motoring, walking, swimming, tennis, dancing—all, he realized now, in moderation—had given him and Mary a common meeting ground where both were at home. And she had seemed as unconscious of the twenty-five years that separated them as he was.

He had said nothing to Mary of his feeling for her.

He had planned to ask her to marry him just before he went back to town, and then, whether she accepted or refused him, he would have the unspoiled memory of their happy holiday together.

But five days before time for Tony's vacation to end Bob had appeared at Bradley's.

He was, it seemed, a childhood friend of Mary's, and their cottages adjoined. This alone gave Bob an advantage—Tony was staying at the hotel and he and Mary had a common background of only a few months; Bob lived next door to Mary and the two had known each other forever.

Now, after an hour on the tennis courts—there had been another girl, Bob's partner but she had faded from the picture to keep another date.

Tony suddenly realized that Bob was in love with Mary, too. And something in the way Mary looked at Bob—some exchange of youthful life and understanding—made Tony feel old and out of step.

Youth belonged to youth, he argued to himself—and Mary belonged to Bob. He was just another old fool to have dreamed she might care for him.

As the three walked across the silver sands after getting into their bathing things at the clubhouse, Tony said, "Mary, I've decided I'd better go back to town this afternoon, instead of waiting until morning. I'll be better for a hard day if I get back to my own apartment tonight and get a good rest."

"What's got into you, Tony?" she asked.

"You act a hundred!"

"Well, my child," he said lightly, "so I am, nearly."

And he smiled as gaily as he could at the flushed, warm young face beside him.

"And now you youngsters run along. I'll sun myself here, and perhaps not wait for you. But I'll drop around for a good-by before I go."

"I was going to ask you to come over to our place for lunch—both of you. But perhaps you'd rather not—"

"Well," said Tony, still with an effort at lightness, "perhaps I'd better not. I've some things to get together before I go."

Bob looked searchingly at the older man. Then he put out his hand.

"If you get away before I see you again, I'll want to say good-by now."

The two men shook hands.

"It's been great knowing you. I'm—"

"That's all right," said Tony, looking smilingly into Bob's troubled young eyes. "You're a good fellow, Bob. All kinds of luck."

And he turned and walked slowly down the beach.

Mary took Bob's hand. "Come on," she said, running into the breakers.

"Whose funeral was it, anyway? What on earth were you and Tony talking about?"

Bob didn't answer.

Darned fine fellow Tony was. Bob's pulses raced, as he felt Mary's hand in his. He wasn't afraid of anybody else.

He'd win Mary surely, now. Fine man, Tony.

They dove into the oncoming breakers, swam hardly for a few minutes, and then floated and paddled along until they reached the float.

There they were alone—alone in a world of blue sky and sparkling water. Mary flung herself down in the sunshine.

Bob sat beside her.

Then it happened.

One of those quick, treacherous storms that sometimes seem to come out of a brooding summer sky.

It rose behind the two on the float, Mary looking shoreward, Bob looking at Mary.

And before they knew it the float was rocking and jumping with the chopping waves.

"Come on," said Mary, "let's swim in."

"We can't," said Bob quietly. "It's too rough—too late!"

Blackness and thunder and lightning, and a rocking, swaying world.

And then, out of the gloom, a voice—Tony's.

"Here, you two. Jump off the float and climb aboard. I don't dare bring it any closer."

He maneuvered his commandeered motor boat as near them as he could. Bob jumped in the water first. Mary followed him. And that was all Mary knew.

That afternoon she and Bob were sitting on the terrace of her cottage that overlooked the sea—a sea again sparkling and calm under a blue sky.

"But I can't see why Tony didn't come to say good-by," she said.

"He told us he would."

She was still a little wan and weak from her morning's experience.

For a moment Bob was silent.

Then: "Mary," he said, "he told me not to tell you, but I've got to. You passed out, you know, when you struck the water—and I couldn't get you in, so I climbed in his boat and held it while he went in for you. And when he was getting back in the boat with you he gave his leg an awful whack against the side of the boat. He's laid up at the hotel—can't go back to town for a couple of days."

Mary jumped to her feet.

"I must go to him—this minute, Bob."

Bob took her roughly by the shoulders.

"Why, Mary? Why?"

Mary stood there pale and shaking—utterly lovely and desirable in Bob's eyes. Suddenly she smiled at him, a brave smile.

"Bob," she whispered, "I love him. But he'll never know—I just realized myself."

Howe About:

German Husbands Value of Routine Lack of Intelligence

By ED HOWE

GERMANS are more ashamed than any other men if they do not boss their wives. Americans and Frenchmen rarely expect to, but Germans always vigorously attempt to.

Bismarck was one of the greatest of statesmen, and devoted his life to the business, but was more determined to boss his wife than to boss Europe. Before their marriage he began training her; he had her complete submission in writing before the ceremony, and ruled at home as long as he lived.

The diplomacy he exercised in managing his mother-in-law, also was as constant and successful as his management of the French. His biographers say his wife Johanna worshipped him. She gave that impression as part of her training; probably she despised him.

The weakness of American men, now the wonder of international politics, may be due to their being universally henpecked; our easy submission due to long training by our wives and daughters.

The fact that the Germans control their women at least has not injured them as soldiers. The henpecked French who attacked the Germans in 1870 were overcome in a few weeks; perhaps this was the best exhibition of soldiering since Napoleon and Frederick. Possibly historians of the future will say a still better exhibition of soldiering was given by the Germans in the World war, when they almost whipped all the other men in the world; might have done so had not the German women been temporarily out of control and clamored for peace.

When the panic of 1837 occurred the people regarded it as a passing jolt and expected the same prompt recovery that followed the panic in 1819. But by 1839 it was evident that convalescence was going to be slow. So Ralph Waldo Emerson, the wisest American then, was appealed to. In a series of talks on "Human Life" he said ridiculous things. "There is hope in extravagance; there is none in routine," Emerson said. Later Emerson completely reversed himself.

The real hope in human life is in routine; in patiently learning the lessons of experience, and patiently following them. The ruts, the beaten paths, have been followed by a vast multitude, and for a good reason.

In previous centuries of world history there have been enormous exhibitions of human sensuality, cruelty, religious fanaticism, famine, meanness, rioting, destruction, poverty, plagues. In all these respects the ancients established records I do not believe moderns will ever equal. Future historians probably will not have another horror like the Inquisition to make their writing interesting; nor will they have another war lasting thirty years, a Black Plague sweeping unhampered over the world, a reign of terror like that in France, a woman as noted, powerful and bad as Catherine the Great, a king as magnificent and cruel as Louis XIV.

But it remained for the present age to set a high-water mark in lack of intelligence. We have more food and easier produce than any other race, and more comforts, but I look for future historians to record that from 1929 to 1933 mankind at last acknowledged its entire lack of intelligence; every citizen put a fool's cap on his head and widely proclaimed himself an ass.

A man of eighty-seven who has participated in a good deal of honorable activity in the world, writes: "If I were an old gentleman—that is, if I were a hundred and forty or so instead of only a little over eighty-seven—I should be filled with uncontrollable joy and merriment. I'd be cackling loudly and harshly with a sense of triumph and vindication. As I sat in my chimney corner eating my gruel I'd stop often and knock loudly with my spoon and call all the people to observe with me the sad remains of the Young Man's empire that came to its clamorous end with the smash of the sacred Bull market in 1929. Seen in retrospect that empire seems to have been run by children. And I could tell great and resounding tales of what its juvenile bosses did first to me and then to the country in general. In those gay days forty-five was the age of senility, and nothing mattered but pep, whatever that may be; I have never met anyone who knew. And what fills me with mingled feelings of joy and distress these days is the manner in which these amateurs in life took their beatings in the Days of Judgment. They collapsed in helplessness and fright. On the downward way they put up no decent resistance at all and many of them jumped from windows."

From the necessity of loving, none are exempt; and none exempt from the old necessity of handling love badly.

No man can handle love to best advantage until he becomes a conservative. "Everyone is born a radical, and has to be spanked, whipped and yelled at until he learns the necessity of conservatism. If he never learns it he is locked up or hanged. The best evidence that a man has achieved a little common sense is that he is referred to as an old foggy by fools."

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WORDS OF LOVE COME EASY NOW

Modern Youth Writes Its Own Ardent Missives.

It is hardly surprising that General Pershing's men fighting in France should have used letters that were not strictly of their own composition. That is what the fathers of many of them had done in their own youth.

In the year 1880 there was copyrighted in the United States a large volume entitled "Gaskell's Compendium of Forms." It was just that,

aiming to tell anybody how to do anything that could be put on paper. A section of the work is devoted to letters of love and courtship. The forms presented would scarcely be called ardent by the sob-sister of today assigned to cover divorce proceedings. "Dear Sir" is frequently used in the salutation of a love letter from a lady. A gentleman who declares his love begins right off with "Miss Carrie White." There is not even "To" or "For" in front of the "Miss."

There comes to mind a scene in the back room of a tavern in a college town. At the table is seated a callow freshman, who has decided that the light of his young life must be addressed in verse. Opposite him is

an upper class editor of the college magazine. He is reputed to be able to find words that rhyme. For a price fixed at three mugs of ale he turns out a poem. The freshman thrills at being a party to a literary courtship.

Those days are vanishing. Boys and girls are not as far removed from one another as they used to be. And parents, who have found themselves obliged to give in on "dates"—single, double and blind, are much relieved when their offspring devote hours to writing letters. To be sure, the stamps cost something, but the expense is trifling when compared with some of the outlays that youth expects.

Those who rummage in the attics

50 years from now will find love letters that are really worthy of the name. Every postman lugs them daily in his pack. The young people have much to talk over and the superior training given by the modern school encourages real self-expression.—Boston Globe.

The Back Seat Driver

Mr. G. bought a new sedan after driving a coupe. He was in the habit of taking his mother along. After she had taken her place in the back seat of the new car she said:

"Now you will have to drive carefully because I'm back here now where I can't see the road good."

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PAINTING REVIVAL GRIPS NATION!

"SHERWIN-WILLIAMS FOR ME" IS SLOGAN



NEWS PHOTO FLASHES FROM EVERY WALK OF LIFE BRISTLE WITH INTEREST. Unpainted—neglected for years—America has finally awakened to the need of paint. In every section of the country—in every walk of life—painting is the order of this new day. And Sherwin-Williams Paints, famous for quality and low cost, lead the way in the nation's biggest painting revival. Renovize—protect—save—with Sherwin-Williams quality paint this Fall. Don't let Winter rot and rust do further damage to unprotected wood and metal. See your local Sherwin-Williams "Paint Headquarters" at once. Write for a free copy of the new S-W "Home Decorator." The Sherwin-Williams Co., 605 Canal Road, Cleveland, Ohio.

COW CALLER SOUCIE CATCHES "FEVER."

Manteno, Ill.—Celebrities in all walks of life are catching the painting fever. Mr. Trefle Soucie, 75 years old, seven times a champion cow caller, still brings 'em in from half a mile away—without a megaphone. He's painting his barn with S-W Commonwealth Barn Red—a "quality" champion, too.



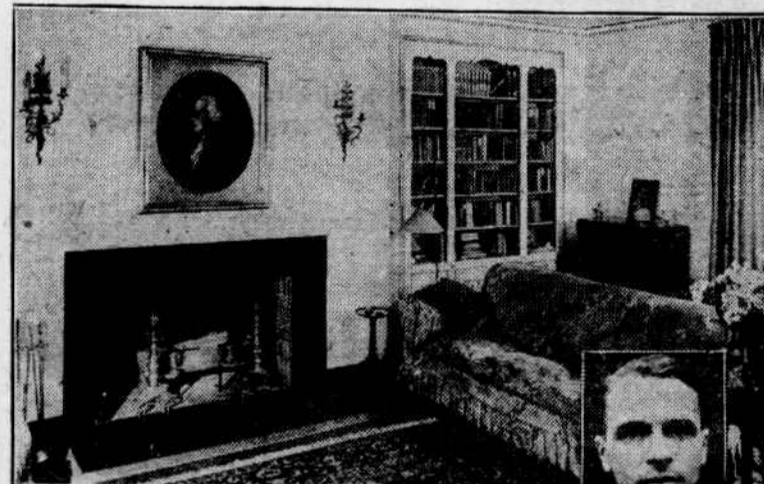
NIGHT PAINTING PRECEDES "4 GENERATION" PARTY.

Essexville, Mich. (R. R. No. 1)—With the aid of motor car headlights, painter works far into night to finish painting the "wee bit house" of Mrs. A. MacDonald, 87 years of age, in time for the gathering of the clan. The occasion is Grandma MacDonald's birthday party for her youngest great granddaughter—6 months old. Four generations of MacDonalds were represented. Sherwin-Williams Paint, the preferred brand of the MacDonalds for many years, was used on this job.



"SHERWIN-WILLIAMS FOR ME!"

Indianapolis, Ind.—A typical scene in leading department and Sherwin-Williams dealer stores everywhere as "back-to-the-paint-brush" movement gains speed.



NEW YORK ARCHITECT DOES MASTERPIECE IN PAINT.

New York City, N. Y.—Mr. Perry M. Duncan, winner of the coveted Winchester Fellowship at Yale University, has produced exquisite room effects in his beautiful new Bronxville home with Sherwin-Williams quality paints. Mr. Duncan says "I found the Sherwin-Williams book 'The Home Decorator' a valuable source for suggestions in planning exteriors and interiors of homes."

COCA-COLA ON BIG TIME!

Atlanta, Ga.—This big, timely reminder to "pause and refresh yourself" is 15 feet across. It is the brightest spot in the "upper stratum" of Atlanta. Thousands daily seek its big, red face or call Walnut 8550 and hear a sweet "electrical" voice recommend Coca-Cola and give the correct time, night or day. This mammoth timepiece is finished with Kem Bulletin Colors—another Sherwin-Williams Quality paint.



TINIEST MAN GETS HUGE OFFER!

Chicago, Ill.—Mr. Elmer St. Aubin, world's smallest man, contemplates an offer of \$500 to paint huge Sherwin-Williams spectacular sign with S-W Kem Finishes. This mammoth sign faces "A Century of Progress" and the Illinois Central Railway right-of-way, at 24th St. and the Outer Drive, Chicago. The midget, Mr. St. Aubin, is 36 inches tall, weighs 29 pounds and is 22 years old.

HOLD IT! WIN \$25 CASH.

Cleveland, O.—Del Long and Clarence Schultz—S-W News Photographers—want interesting pictures. \$25 for every one published. Sherwin-Williams employees excluded. Pictures must be unusual, newsy—include the use of some Sherwin-Williams product. Send pictures to Del and Clarence care The Sherwin-Williams Co. Enclose self-addressed stamped envelope, if you wish photographs returned.

