

The Beautiful And Damned  
By F. Scott Fitzgerald

Continued from Yesterday.  
Anthony Patch had ceased to be an individual of mental adventure, of curiosity, and had become an individual of bias and prejudice, with a longing to be emotionally undisturbed. This gradual change had taken place through the past several years, accelerated by a succession of anxieties preying on his mind. There was, first of all, the sense of waste, always dormant in his heart, now awakened by the circumstances of his position. In his moments of insecurity he was haunted by the suggestion that life might be, after all, significant. In his early twenties the conviction of the futility of effort, of the wisdom of abnegation, had been confirmed by the philosophies he had admired as well as by his association with Maximo Noble, and later with his wife. Yet there had been occasions—just before his first meeting with Gloria, for example, and when his grandfather had suggested that he should go abroad as a war correspondent—upon which his dissatisfaction had driven him almost to a positive step.

One day just before they left Marletta for the last time, in California, turning over the pages of a *Herald* Alumni Bulletin, he had found a column which told him what his contemporaries had been about in this six years since graduation. Most of them were in business, it was true, and some were conspicuous in the wealth of China or America to a nebulous protestantism; but a few, he found, were working constructively at jobs that were neither sinecures nor routines. There was Calvin Boyd, for instance, who, though barely out of medical school, had discovered a new treatment for typhus, had shipped abroad and was mitigating some of the civilization that the great powers had brought to the world. There was Eugene Bronson, whose articles in the *New Democrat* were stamping him as a man with ideas transcending both vulgar timeliness and popular hysteria; there was a man named Dink who had been suspended from the faculty of a righteous university for preaching Marxian doctrines in the classroom; in art, science, politics, he saw the authentic personalities of his time emerging—there were even Severance, the stout quarter-back, who had given up his life rather neatly and gracefully with the Foreign Legion in the Aisne.

He laid down the magazine and thought for a while about these diverse men. He would have defended his attitude to the last—an Epicurus in Nirvana, he would have cried that to struggle was to believe, to believe was to limit. He had become a church-goer soon after the prospect of immortality gratified him as he would have considered entering the leather business because the intensity of the competition would have kept him from unhappiness. But at present he had no such delicate scruples. This autumn, as his twenty-ninth year began, he was inclined to close his mind to many things, to avoid prying deeply into motives and into causes, and to turn his passion solely for himself, to hate to the world and from himself. He hated to be alone with Gloria.

Because of the chasm which his grandfather's visit had opened before him, and the consequent reticence from his late mode of life, it was inevitable that he should look around in this suddenly hostile city for the friends and environments that had once seemed the warmest and most secure. His first step was a desperate attempt to get back his old apartment.

In the spring of 1912 he had signed a four-year lease at seven hundred a year, with an option of renewal. This lease had expired the previous May. When he had presented the request for a new lease, he was met by a man who had been a potentiality, scarcely to be discerned as that, but Anthony had seen into those potentialities and arranged in the lease that he and his landlady should each spend a certain amount in improvements. The man had gone up in the past four years, and last spring when Anthony had waived his option the landlady, a Mr. Sohenberg, had realized that he could get a much higher price for that was now a prospective apartment. Accordingly when Anthony approached him on the subject in September he was met with Sohenberg's offer of a three-year lease at twenty-five hundred a year. This, it seemed to Anthony, was outrageous. It meant that well over a third of their income would be consumed in rent. In vain he argued that his own money, his own ideas on the repartitioning, had made the rooms attractive.

In vain he offered two thousand dollars—twenty-two hundred, though they could ill afford it. Mr. Sohenberg was obdurate. It seemed that two other gentlemen were considering it, just that sort of an apartment was in demand for the moment, and it would scarcely be business to give it to Mr. Patch. Besides, though he had never mentioned it before, several of the other tenants had complained of noise during the previous winter—singing and dancing late at night, that sort of thing.

Internally raging Anthony hurried back to the Ritz to report his discomfiture to Gloria.  
"You can just see you," she stormed, "letting him back you down!"  
"What could I say?"  
"You could have told him what he was. I wouldn't have stood it. No other man in the world would have stood it. You just let people order you around and cheat you and bully you and take advantage of you as if you were a silly little boy. It's absurd!"  
"Oh, for Heaven's sake, don't lose your temper."  
"I know, Anthony, but you are such a knave!"  
"Well, possibly. Anyway, we can't afford that apartment. But we can afford it better than living here at the Ritz."  
"You were the one who insisted on coming here."  
"Yes, because I knew you'd be miserable in a cheap hotel."  
"Of course I would!"  
"At any rate we've got to find a place to live."  
"How much can we pay?" she demanded.

THE GUMPS—Andy Out for the Women's Vote

(A full page of The Gumps in the comic section of the Sunday Herald)

—By SMITH,



How a Beauty Keeps Her Beauty

LOS ANGELES, Cal. (Special Correspondence.)—How would you like to be known as the most beautiful woman in the world? Crazy about? No, you wouldn't be! You couldn't eat any more candy just because you were. Much less, in fact, you couldn't dance with two heavenly dancing Romans at the same time! You couldn't ride in two gorgeous motor cars at one and the same time just because you were the most beautiful girl in the world. You could not inhale any more perfume from the violet tinged taste of the delicious dessert with any greater relish! You could not extract any more heat from the sun because of it. Nor any more pep from the bracing wind. And you could not go around with a dirty face nor hurried coiffure, nor with your old hat and galoshes on a day when you felt just like that.

Ask Katherine MacDonald. She knows. She has been pointed out and at as the national beauty, now as the most beautiful girl in the world. People have stared her out of countenance, appraised her from head to toe, measuring the worth of her beauty and comparing it with a sister or a daughter, or "the prettiest little girl in the world I married myself," or a rival beauty of fame, issuing the verdict in loud whispers, or with no attempt to conceal the ruling sentiment.

**Poor Little Beautiful Girl.**  
You couldn't put on that beloved last season's hangerover coat, the closet, run down and do a little shopping in it, if you were the most beautiful girl in the world. The grease spot down the front would be magnified into a hemisphere at least. You couldn't slip into the comfy old brogues when you ran out to pay the rent or the gas bill. You couldn't do a lot of things you can do now, and be happy, if you were the most beautiful girl in the world.

Some one could transpire the Poor Little Rich Girl into the Poor Little Beautiful Girl and evoke buckets of tears.

"They dare you to be beautiful by

day—twice, anyway. My skin, as do all but the oily skins, needs oil to preserve it. So, I figure it gets its full quota during my work day. What is not absorbed comes off when I wash my face in the hot water at night. It must get enough, because when I go motoring or play tennis or golf I never have to use protective cream, and I never seem to tan or freckle."

**Gets Massage Regularly.**  
Miss MacDonald never had a facial in her life, she tells me. But naturally, she does get in some of the massage regularly that the facial centers receive in one large dose semi-monthly or semi-annual, as the case may be. Which should prove that a little effort day by day were better than a great deal of it once in a while.

I noticed when she was putting on the makeup she applied the cream with the upward and outward finger movements prescribed by the ethical makeup artist. I noticed, too, on her simple dressing table only the most practical of beauty tools and preparations. No softening drapes to shade the mirror and deceive the mirrored. A cold white light and a regular work table of a dresser. She uses her own artistic fingers deftly over chin and cheek bones in the process of cold creaming; wipes off the surplus with a soft old Turkish towel, and then for picture work applies an ivory grease paint. Most of the other girls I have seen ready for the camera were an Indian yellow in the face. But that is merely a detail to fit the fairness of her hair, I suppose.

Cold cream is necessary to remove this makeup and so, again, Miss Katherine works the benefit of her job into a second light massage. I have noticed here, as it has been repeatedly called to my attention, the clean, clear complexion of women of the legitimate stage, the same quality of clarity and freedom from blackheads or cloudiness, due unquestionably to the daily application of cold cream and its attendant massage. I don't recall one single instance of a screen or stage beauty where that same fine clearness has not registered.

**Eyes Rouge Rarely.**  
"The only time I ever had trouble with my skin in my life was after using for a time a well known make of cold cream which I had analyzed to discover the trouble in the quantity of white lead it contained. A chemist friend analyzed other products and hit upon one as the cream for me, and I have used it and nothing else for years."  
"I never used any astringent other than the cold water, nor skin foods nor wrinkle eradicators. In fact, I am not much of a customer for the corner drug store."  
"I rarely use rouge on the street. I detect an obviously painted face. On the young girl it is a real tragedy to me. There is nothing lovelier than pink and white youth, but red and calcimined teens is a different story."  
"At night for dress up I apply the same rouge, perhaps a shade or two heavier by application, and use a lip salve which is not that intense scarlet so convincing of its unnaturalness."  
"Until I was a young woman I never used anything but a common talcum powder, from which I graduated to rice powder. Lately I have been using a liquid, but I will say frankly I cannot seem to get a powder that will stick. That's what I am looking for. I never have used a liquid powder except on my arms for picture work."

Miss MacDonald's skin is of that fine texture, anyway, I think, that does not take nor require much of the shine remover. And that soap and hot water removal of the cream applied during the day, and the cold water ablation contribute to lesser requirements. She tells me she never carries a powder puff or vanity case with her when she goes downtown. She gives her face an application before leaving the house and that suffices—or is made to. Anyway, she thinks powdering the nose is a housewife's trick, not more a public one than brushing the teeth.

Next week I shall tell you how this most beautiful girl attends the problem of keeping the hair always and ever ready to meet the disconcerting eye of a critical public.

Doris Blake's Answers To Problems of Love

**Far Too Ambitious.**  
Dear Miss Blake: I am a boy of 16 and am going with a pretty girl of 17. I have been going with her nearly ten months and she will not let me kiss her. She says she thinks a great deal of me and as far as love goes at our age she loves me. I am sure I love her and no one else. If that is true, why can't she kiss me? I have been asking her for nearly four weeks, and every time she refuses to do so. Kindly advise me whether I should stop asking or whether I should kiss her without saying anything about it. I do not want her to think I am slow. Thank you.  
W. K.

Are't you the ambitious young man, wanting to kiss young ladies older than yourself at 16? You're going to be a terror when you grow up. I can see that. You stop asking young ladies to kiss you. That's my advice to you. You just use up that energy on your lessons until you have attained the age when you will be in a position to talk kisses and matrimony all at once.

**He Held Her Hands.**  
Dear Miss Blake: I met a boy two or three months ago, whom I like very much. He always seems to care a lot for me until one day—although I have been taught never to let a boy hold my hands—I unconsciously let him hold them and since then he has not paid quite so much attention to me. What can I do to show him that I am sorry I let him hold my hands, for I care a great deal for him? DICKY.

You see, he probably thought you were mushy; probably thought, too, if you would allow him that privilege you would permit other boys the same. The best thing to do is lead it contained. A chemist friend analyzed other products and hit upon one as the cream for me, and I have used it and nothing else for years.

**Never Carries Powder Puff.**  
"Until I was a young woman I never used anything but a common talcum powder, from which I graduated to rice powder. Lately I have been using a liquid, but I will say frankly I cannot seem to get a powder that will stick. That's what I am looking for. I never have used a liquid powder except on my arms for picture work."

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Morning Judge  
By Rudolph Perkins.

Bob Thompson's wife, Eliza, said that she called her a small potato. The pair had a spat and this was Bob's way of insulting her, Eliza stated.  
Bob said that he called his wife a sweet potato—meaning a complainer—and he said, referred to himself as the "possum." This combination is said to be delicious by those that like it.  
Anyhow, the spat took itself out in the street where the cops claimed some terrible language was used. The fussing couple were told to leave \$5 each with the clerk.  
Peter Norris called Pearl Beekes. Not long after they had an argument, the doctor took three stitches in Peter's side. Pearl stuck him with a knife.  
Peter said that the girl got angry about nothing. Pearl said he tried to get fresh with her and when she called him down he got her by the throat and then struck her in the eye. Peter denied this.  
Notwithstanding the girl's plea of self-defense, the court held that she was to blame and fined her \$25.

HOROSCOPE

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 15, 1922.  
Venus and Uranus rule in benefic aspect during the most active hours today, according to astrology, but Mars and Saturn are strongly adverse early in the morning.  
This is read as a lucky away for lovers, both men and women benefiting under it.  
Persons whose birthdate it is have the augury of travel and change. They should safeguard the health. Accidents also threaten. The young will court and marry.  
Children born on this day are likely to be self-willed and impetuous. They probably will have unusual talents which will make fortunes for them, if they can be restrained from being too impetuous.

Beauty Answers

Marie H.: If you are troubled with constipation, as you say, your trouble may easily enough be deciphered. Constipation causes an end of beauty. It dulls eyes, dulls spirit, poor complexion, and even affects the tone and vitality of the hair. The sour taste, too, is an other indictment against it. The charcoal treatment would not suffice in your case. A change of diet—use bran breads instead of white. Use bran breads instead of white. If you will take a tablespoonful of bran in hot or cold water every morning you will find it helpful. Or take mineral oil at night. I have some good exercises to help overcome the trouble for which I would ask you to send a. s. e.

Woodward & Lothrop  
Open 9:15 A. M. New York—WASHINGTON—Paris Close 6:00 P. M.

THE SEPTEMBER SALE OF China, Glass and Housewares BEGINS THIS MORNING  
And will take its place as the greatest economy event of the kind we have ever held

It is much broader in scope than ever before—embracing more different classes of merchandise. It is bigger than ever before, in individual items and total numbers. In many cases we have gone direct to the factories and secured concessions enabling us to offer desirable merchandise at prices that will seem unbelievably low when the quality is taken into consideration. Quantities are large, but immediate selection is advised. Fifth floor.

- Glassware—September Sale Priced**  
Table Tumblers, 10c each—Thin blown.  
Flower Bowls, \$1.35 each—With stand; various colorings.  
Flower Dishes, \$1.00 each—With stand; dainty colors with black stand.  
Syrup Jugs, 65c each—Light cutting.  
Cut Glass Flower Vases, 40c each—Ten-inch size.  
Cut Glass Pitchers, 95c each—Assorted shapes and cuttings.  
Cut Glass Sandwich Trays, 95c each—5 1/2-inch size.  
Sandwich Trays, \$1.45 each—10 1/2-inch size; hand led.  
Cut Glass Salad Plates, \$1.00 each—Several sizes.  
Cut Glass Water Sets, \$1.45 set—Seven pieces.  
Cut Stem Glasses, \$3 dozen—Goblets, Sherberts, Handled Ice Teas.  
Cut Glass Night Sets, 45c set—Bottle and Tumbler.

- Pottery—September Sale Priced**  
Jardinieres, 65c each—Ivory finishes; four sizes.  
Umbrella Jars, \$1.95 each—Desirable colors.  
English Teapots, 55c each—Decorated.  
**Electric Wares—Sept. Sale Priced**  
Coffee Percolators, \$8.65 each—Manning & Bowman make.  
Electric Toasters, \$4.65 each—Good design.  
Electric Irons, \$4.95 each—Six-pound household size.  
**Kitchen and Pantry Wares—Sept. Priced**  
Seamless Fruit or Potato Press, 25c each.  
White Enameled Cabinet Set, six pieces, \$1.95.  
Kitchen Cutlery Sets, \$1.65—Six pieces.  
Nickel Cramb Tray and Scraper, \$1.35 set.  
Nickel Teapot Stands, 75c each.  
Home Comfort Bread and Cake Cabinets, \$2.15 each.  
Glass-lined White Enameled Salt Box, 95c.  
White Enameled Bread Box, \$1.85 each.  
White Enameled Square and Round Cake Chests, \$2.50 each.

- Kerr Wide Mouth Fruit Jars**  
65c dozen—Pints and quarts—white glass.  
**Dinnerware—September Sale Priced**  
Decorated American Porcelain—25-piece sets, \$4.25; 44-piece sets, \$7.95; 66-piece sets, \$11.95; 100-piece sets, \$17.25.  
Cheese and Cracker Dishes, \$2.45 each—Imported china.  
China Fruit Sets, \$3.95 each—Gold-lined imported china.  
Cake or Bread Sets, \$3.75—Seven-piece sets; attractive patterns.  
Mayonnaise Sets, 65c—Imported china, dainty patterns.  
**Oven Glass—September Sale Priced**  
Pie Plates, 45c and 55c each; Covered Casseroles, \$1.05 and \$1.25 each.  
Bread Pans, 75c each; Uncovered Casseroles, 75c each; Brown Betty Dishes, 75c each.  
Custard Cups, \$1.65 and \$2.25 dozen.  
Pyrex Casseroles, in nickel frame, \$2.95 each—Eight-inch size.  
Casseroles, in nickel frame, \$1.45 each—Brown and white earthenware.

- Cooking Wares—Sept. Sale Priced**  
2-qt. Aladdin Aluminum Lipped Saucepans, 65c each.  
2-qt. Aladdin Aluminum Double Boilers, \$1.95 each.  
2-qt. Aladdin Aluminum Coffee Pots, \$1.65 each.  
6-qt. Aladdin Aluminum Convex-covered Saucepans, \$1.65 each.  
5-qt. Aladdin Aluminum Sheet Tea Kettles, \$2.95 each.  
2-qt. Gray Enamel Lipped Saucepans, 25c each.  
Aluminum Frying Pans, five sizes, 25c, 50c, 65c, 85c and \$1 each.  
**Cleaning Needs—Sept. Sale Priced**  
Curtain Stretchers, on each, \$2.45 each.  
Step ladder Chairs, \$3.35 each.  
Self-wringing Scrub Mops, 95c each.  
Wool Wall Dusters, 75c each, 85c dozen.  
Dishcloths, 85c dozen.  
50-foot Clotheslines, 25c each.  
4-string Corn Brooms, 65c each.  
Ostrich Feather Dusters, 50c each.  
Wizard Dust Mops, 85c each.  
Wizard quart cans Polish, 85c each.  
Wizard Dusters, Discs, 5c each.  
Wizard Waxer and 1 lb. Prepared Wax, \$2.35 set.

- Baskets at September Sale Prices**  
Metal Scrap Baskets, 45c each—Six different colors.  
Willow Baskets, 85c each—Decorated with hand-painted flowers.  
Clothes Hamper, \$3.75 each—Extra quality.

- Ash Cans and Sifters—September Priced**  
Ash Cans, \$1.55 each—Reinforced top and bottom.  
Ash Sifters, \$2.35 each—The rotary kind.

Best Paid Stars in Their Lines



Left to right, above: Jose Capablanca, chess champion; Mary Pickford, movie star; Prof. R. A. Milliken, scientist. Below: John McCormack, opera star; Samuel Untermyer, lawyer, and Jack Dempsey, pugilist.

Everyone chooses a profession, vocation, or "call" at some time or other in his or her career, and the real, underlying reason is the filthy lucre which accrues from the said professions, vocations, or "calls." If you are willing to admit that gold, hard cash is to be your guiding spirit, the first to consider is the movie game.

Take Charlie Chaplin for a "horrible" example. Charlie hurls a few custard pies, falls into one or two assorted lakes, stubs his toes several times, and in the course of a year receives therefor something over a million of Uncle Sam's good, round dollar.

Mary Pickford puts on a kiddish smile to match her curls, and draws

down a modest stipend that probably exceeds Chaplin's cigarette money. Doug Fairbanks is in the same class.

Try law. Well-known barristers like Samuel Untermyer and Dudley Field Malone are paying income taxes on millions derived from their law practice.

John McCormack, the Irish tenor, collects between three and four hundred thousand annually for a few concerts, hitler and yon.

But perhaps you aspire to be robed in a somber cap and gown and seated in a professor's chair in a big university. But in passing it might be noted that you'll be lucky to draw \$5,000 a year. Prof. Robert A. Millikan, the brilliant scientist who isolated the electron, is near this class.