

**THE FICTION CORNER**  
**ART FOR HEART'S SAKE**  
 By Rube Goldberg

"HERE, take your pineapple juice," gently persuaded Koppel, the male nurse.  
 "Nope!" grunted Collis P. Ellsworth.  
 "But it's good for you, sir."  
 "Nope!"  
 "It's the doctor's orders."  
 "Nope!"

Koppel heard the front door bell and was glad to leave the room. He found Doctor Caswell in the hall downstairs. "I can't do a thing with him," he told the doctor. "He won't take his pineapple juice. He doesn't want me to read to him. He hates the radio. He doesn't like anything!"

Doctor Caswell received the information with his usual professional calm. He had done some constructive thinking since his last visit. This was no ordinary case. The old gentleman was in pretty good shape for a man of seventy-six. But he had to be kept from buying things. He had suffered his last heart attack after his disastrous purchase of that jerkwater railroad from Iowa. The one before that came from the excitement engendered by the disintegration of the Happy Package chain of grocery stores which he had acquired at a fabulous price. All of his purchases of recent years had to be liquidated at a great sacrifice both to his health and his pocketbook.

Collis P. Ellsworth sat in a huge over-upholstered chair by the window. He looked around as Doctor Caswell inquired, "Well, how's the young man today?"

"Umph!" grunted the figure in the chair in a tone like a rasping cough with all the implications of a sneer.

"I hear you haven't been obeying orders," the doctor chided.

"Who's giving me orders at my time of life?"

The doctor drew up a chair and sat down close to the old man. "I've got a proposition for you," he said quietly.

Old Ellsworth looked suspiciously over his spectacles. "What is it, more medicine, more automobile rides, more balderdash to keep me away from the office?"

"How'd you like to take up art?" The doctor had his stethoscope ready in case the abruptness of the suggestion proved too much for the patient's heart.

But the old gentleman's answer was a vigorous "Rot!"

"I don't mean seriously," said the doctor, relieved that disaster had been averted. "Just fool around with chalk and crayons. It'll be fun."

"Bosh!"  
 "All right." The doctor stood up. "I just suggested it, that's all."

Collis P. sucked his gums and his wrinkled chin bobbed up and down.

"Where'd you get this crazy idea, anyway?"  
 "Well, it's only a suggestion—"  
 "But, Caswell, how do I start playing with the chalk—that is, if I'm foolish enough to start?"  
 "I've thought of that, too. I can get a student from one of the art schools to come here once a week to show you. If you don't like it after a little while you can throw him out."

Doctor Caswell went to his friend, Judson Livingston, head of the Atlantic Art Institute, and explained the situation. Livingston had just the young man—Frank Swain, eighteen years old and a promising student. He needed the money. Ran an elevator at night to pay his tuition. How much would he get? Five dollars a visit. Fine.

Next afternoon young Swain was shown into the big living room. Collis P. Ellsworth looked at him appraisingly.

"Sir, I'm not an artist yet," answered the young man.

"Umph!"  
 Swain arranged some paper and

wrinkles deepened at the corners of the old gentleman's eyes as he asked elfishly. "Well, what do you think of it?"  
 "Not bad, sir," answered Swain. "But it's a bit lopsided."  
 "By gum," Old Ellsworth chuckled. "I see. The halves don't match." He added a few lines with a palsied hand and colored the open spaces blue like a child playing with a picture book. Then he looked toward the door. "Listen, young man," he whispered. "I want to ask you something before old pineapple juice comes back."  
 "Yes, sir," responded Swain respectfully.

"I was thinking—could you spare the time to come twice a week or perhaps three times?"  
 "Sure, Mister Ellsworth."  
 "Good. Let's make it Monday, Wednesday and Friday. Four o'clock."

Koppel entered and was flabbergasted when his patient took his pineapple juice without a whimper. As the weeks went by Swain's visits grew more frequent. He brought



Two students giggled at the raucous splash of color on the wall, and Swain fled.

crayons on the table. "Let's try and draw that vase over there on the mantelpiece," he suggested.

"What for? It's only a bowl with some blue stains on it. Or are they green?"

"Try it, Mister Ellsworth, please."

"Umph!" The old man took a piece of crayon in a shaky hand and made a scrawl. He made another scrawl and connected the two with a couple of crude lines. "There it is, young man," he snapped with a grunt of satisfaction. "Such foolishness. Poppycock!"

Frank Swain was patient. He needed the five dollars. "If you want to draw you will have to look at what you're drawing, sir."

Old Ellsworth squinted and looked. "By gum, it's kinda pretty. I never noticed it before."

Koppel came in with the pronouncement that his patient had done enough for the first lesson.

"Oh, it's pineapple juice again," Ellsworth mumbled. Swain left.

WHEN the art student came the following week there was a drawing on the table that had a slight resemblance to the vase. The

old man a box of water colors and some tubes of oils.

When Doctor Caswell called Ellsworth would talk about the graceful lines of the andirons. He would dwell on the rich variety of color in a bowl of fruit. He proudly displayed the variegated smears of paint on his heavy silk dressing gown. He would not allow his valet to send it to the cleaner's. He wanted to show the doctor how hard he'd been working.

The treatment was working perfectly. No more trips downtown to become involved in purchases of enterprises of doubtful solvency.

The doctor thought it safe to allow Ellsworth to visit the Metropolitan, the Museum of Modern Art and other exhibits with Swain. An entirely new world opened up its charming mysteries. The old man displayed an insatiable curiosity about the galleries and the painters who exhibited in them. How were the galleries run? Who selected the canvases for the exhibitions? An idea was forming in his brain.

When the late spring sun began to cloak the fields and gardens with color Ellsworth executed an awful smudge which he called "Trees Dressed in White." Then he made a startling announcement. He was going to exhibit it in the Summer show at the Lathrop Gallery!

For the summer show at Lathrop Gallery was the biggest art exhibit of the year—in quality if not in size.

"If the papers get hold of this, Mister Ellsworth will become a laughing-stock. We've got to stop him," groaned Koppel.

"No," admonished the doctor. "We can't interfere with him now and take a chance of spoiling all the good work that we've accomplished."

To the utter astonishment of all three—and especially Swain—"Trees Dressed in White" was accepted for the Lathrop show. Not only was Mister Ellsworth crazy, thought Koppel, but the Lathrop Gallery was crazy, too.

Fortunately, the painting was hung in an inconspicuous place where it could not excite any noticeable comment. Young Swain sneaked into the gallery one afternoon and blushed to the top of his ears when he saw "Trees Dressed in White," a loud, raucous splash on a wall otherwise drenched in beauty and harmony. As two giggling students stopped before the strange anomaly Swain fled in terror. He could not bear to hear what they had to say.

Two days before the close of the exhibition a special messenger brought a long official-looking envelope to Mister Ellsworth while Swain, Koppel and the doctor were in the room. "Read it to me," requested the old man. "My eyes are tired from painting."

The doctor read:  
 It gives the Lathrop Gallery pleasure to announce that the First Landscape Prize of \$1,000 has been awarded to Collis P. Ellsworth for his painting "Trees Dressed in White."

Swain and Koppel uttered a series of inarticulate gurgles. Doctor Caswell, exercising his professional self-control with a supreme effort, said, "Congratulations, Mister Ellsworth. Fine, fine. . . . See, see. . . . Of course, I didn't expect such great news. But, but—well, now, you'll have to admit that art is much more satisfying than business."

"Art nothing," snapped the old man. "I bought the Lathrop Gallery last month."

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**ASK ME ANOTHER?**

A quiz with answers offering information on various subjects

- Who said: "When there is an income tax, the just man will pay more and the unjust less on the same amount of income?"
- Was a battle of our Civil War ever fought in Europe?
- Where is the Valley of Ten Thousand Smokes?
- How did Julius Caesar meet his death?
- What is the number of degrees around the equator?
- What is the largest inland sea in the world?
- Which is the most populous of the South American countries?
- Who was it said: "These are times that try men's souls"?
- Are Ethiopians Christians?
- Does a barrel of compressed air have more buoyancy than a barrel of air at atmospheric pressure?

- Alaska.
- He was assassinated.
- 360 degrees.
- The Caspian, which is 760 miles long and varies between 100 and 280 miles wide. Its total area is 170,000 square miles.
- Brazil.
- Thomas Paine.
- Yes, they have been Christians since shortly after the Crucifixion, when Matthew carried the doctrine of Christ into that country.
- No. A barrel of compressed air has more weight, therefore has less buoyancy.

**The Answers**

- Plato.
- Yes. The Union ship Kearsage sank the Confederate cruiser Alabama in European waters off Cherbourg, France.

**Star Spangled Banner Key Watched Had 15 Stripes**

The Star Spangled Banner that Francis Scott Key watched "through the perilous fight" had fifteen stripes. From 1795 to 1818 the American flag had fifteen alternating red and white stripes. Two extra stripes stood for the two newest states in the Union, Vermont and Kentucky, admitted in 1791 and '92.

**CROSSWORD PUZZLE**

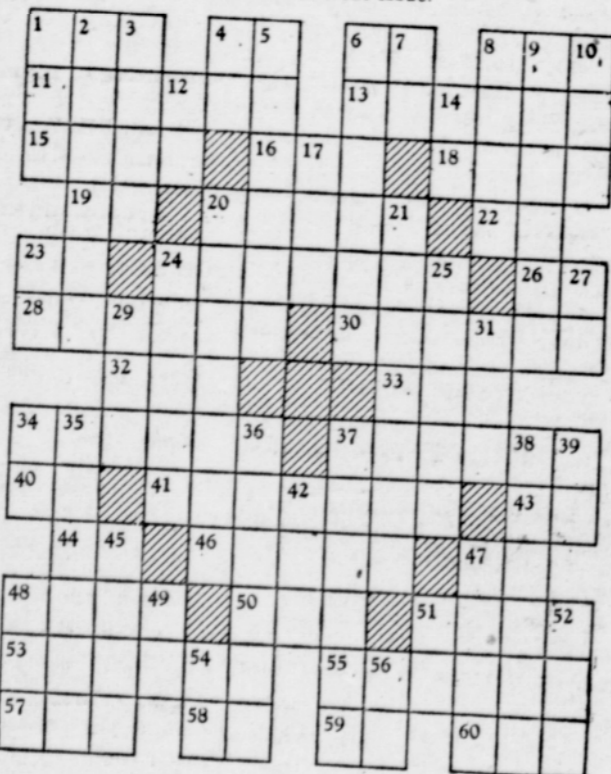
**Horizontal**

- Resort
- Bone
- 101
- Golfer's mound
- Capital of Tasmania
- Restless
- Pitcher
- To knock
- Rodents
- Suffix indicating past tense
- Vague gossip
- Note of scale
- City in Chaldea
- Alphabetical list of articles
- Mathematical ratio
- Sacred songs
- Wing-footed, as the bat
- Sheltered side
- Malay gibbon
- Line made by folding
- Hereditary
- Molten lava
- To esteem
- Part of infinitive
- Symbol for tantalum
- Spot
- Pronoun
- Sicilian volcano
- Part to puff out the hair
- Angers
- Hindu political leader
- Reserved in manner
- Unit
- By
- Hawk-headed deity
- Pen for swine

**Vertical**

- That young lady
- Forces
- Couched
- Otherwise
- Swaggers
- Turret
- Preposition
- Appendage
- To flee

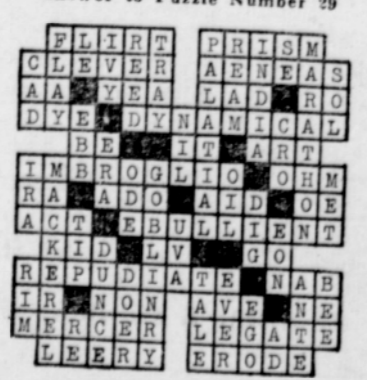
**Solution in Next Issue.**



**No. 30**

- |  |  |                             |
|--|--|-----------------------------|
| 10 To watch narrowly                   | 37 One who reads the lessons in church | 48 The self                 |
| 12 Land measure                        | 38 To certify                          | 49 Colloquial: poster       |
| 14 Printer's measure                   | 39 Behold!                             | 51 Whether                  |
| 17 Wine cup                            | 42 Edible seed                         | 52 Diffident                |
| 20 Ancient Egyptian monarch            | 47 Part of the eye                     | 54 Exclamation of disbelief |
| 21 To play boisterously                |  | 56 Note of scale            |
| 23 Above                               |  |                             |
| 24 Transparent                         |  |                             |
| 25 Extraordinary in size               |  |                             |
| 27 Fundamental mess of life tendencies |  |                             |
| 29 Malt beverage                       |  |                             |
| 31 Prefix: before                      |  |                             |
| 34 Symbol for calcium                  |  |                             |
| 35 Flexible stem used in basketry      |  |                             |
| 36 Soul                                |  |                             |

**Answer to Puzzle Number 29**



Series H-47

**Household Hints**

When winding a hank of wool, wind it on a moth ball. Then, if the wool isn't all used or is put aside for awhile, the moth ball discourages moths.

Backless summer dresses should be made with a jacket, if you want to get full service from them. On cool nights a light bolero jacket will protect your back.

To clean glass straws, use an ordinary pipe cleaner. For the larger size glass straws use two or three cleaners twisted together. Cleaners may be used a number of times.

When sanding unfinished furniture for painting, sand thoroughly with fine sandpaper wrapped around a padded wood block. Wipe off with a soft lintless cloth.

Use a carpet sweeper daily and a vacuum cleaner once a week and beating, which causes carpet threads to weaken and break, will not be necessary.

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**MOTHER, MOTHER, I WAS THINKING AS I WATCHED YOU BAKE TODAY, YOU MADE BISCUITS LIGHT AND FLUFFY I WISH I COULD BAKE THAT WAY**  
  
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