

Laugh Scoop! **BABY SNOOKS** in a hilarious **READIO-BROADCAST**

DECEMBER

Radio MIRROR

10¢
A MACFADDEN
PUBLICATION



BOB BURNS AND DAUGHTER

GRAHAM McNAMEE writes a gay football romance—**Cupid Runs The Wrong Way**
Hidden Chapter in the Lives of HEDY LAMARR and RUDY VALLEE

Her sales began slipping...



IT wasn't so long ago that customers invariably came to her when they had a purchase to make. She was a wonderful saleswoman; led her department, month in, month out. But recently things changed. Old customers seemed to prefer other saleswomen. Her sales were slipping. Each day they seemed to grow fewer and fewer. She couldn't understand why*.

IT'S FATAL

Make no mistake about it; nothing is so fatal to business success as a case of halitosis (bad breath)*.

Others spot it instantly, while you yourself may drift on in ignorance, completely at loss to understand why others avoid you. Why take such a foolish chance? Why not use Listerine Antiseptic, to guard against offending?

A dash of delightful Listerine Antiseptic, cleanses and freshens the entire oral cavity. It halts fermentation and putrefaction of tiny food particles (a major cause of odors), then overcomes the odors themselves. Almost immediately the breath becomes cleaner, purer, sweeter, and more agreeable.

Many a sales manager, many a department head, insists that employees

take this delightful, simple precaution against offending.

Keep Listerine Antiseptic handy in home and office and use it systematically morning and night, and between times before business and social engagements. It pays.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY
St. Louis, Mo.

LISTERINE

THE SAFE ANTISEPTIC
To check Halitosis (*Bad Breath*)

Poor lonely Sue! Life's no fun at all for a girl without telephone calls or dates. (But what man wants to play Romeo to dull teeth and dingy gums, a drab, lack-lustre smile?)



There's hope for Sue. Her small sister could teach her the importance of gum massage to a winning smile. (Little Ann learned in school that gums as well as teeth need special care.)



Life's a lot of fun when a girl has a lovely, appealing smile! How popular Sue could be if she would start with Ipana today. (For Ipana Tooth Paste with massage is especially designed to help the gums as well as keep teeth bright and sparkling.)



Lovely Smiles win Romance

Keep your smile lovelier with Ipana and massage!

HOW SWIFTLY masculine eyes and hearts respond to a lovely, attractive smile! And how pitiful the girl who ignores the warning of "pink tooth brush," who lets dull teeth and dingy gums cheat her of life's fun.

Don't be foolish—don't risk your smile. If you see a tinge of "pink" on your tooth brush—see your dentist. You may not be in for real trouble, but let your dentist decide. Usually, he'll tell you that yours is a case of lazy gums,

deprived of vigorous chewing by modern soft foods. He'll probably suggest that your gums need more work and exercise—and, like so many dentists today, he may advise "the healthful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

For Ipana is especially designed not only to clean teeth but with massage to help the health of your gums as well. Massage a little Ipana into your gums every time you clean your teeth. Circulation within the gum tissues is aroused

—lazy gums awaken—tend to become firmer, healthier—more resistant.

Buy a famous tube of Ipana at your druggist's today. Adopt the common-sense dental routine of Ipana and massage as one helpful way to healthier gums, brighter teeth—a radiant smile.

TRY THE NEW D. D. DOUBLE DUTY TOOTH BRUSH

For more effective gum massage and cleansing, ask your druggist for the new D. D. Double Duty Tooth Brush.



Change to
Ipana
and Massage

ERNEST V. HEYN
Executive Editor

Radio Mirror

FRED R. SAMMIS
Editor

BELLE LANDESMAN, ASSISTANT EDITOR

Special features

The Hidden Chapter in the Lives of Hedy Lamarr and Rudy Vallee Dorothy Manners	8
The story of one Hollywood night—never before told	
I Wish I Could Laugh.....	10
That's what it's like—being married to a radio comedian	
Don't Let Your Children Spoil Your Lives!... Marjorie Barstow Greenbie	12
Cupid Runs The Wrong Way..... Graham McNamee	14
A gay football romance of girls and mikes	
His Gags Have Zippers..... Sara Hamilton	17
He's 1939's streamlined clown—Bob Hope	
"Why, Daddy?".....	18
A brand new radio-broadcast starring Baby Snooks	
Radio Mirror's Mammoth Quiz.....	20
For fun lovers only	
Radio Mirror's Photo-Mirror	
Radio Mirror Salutes.....	23
Radio Makes a Home for The Homeless.....	24
Learn The Lambeth Walk!.....	26
Dressing for that "In-Between Age".....	28
The Gracie Allen Murder Case..... S. S. Van Dine	30
Poison adds to Philo Vance's most baffling case	
Can The United States Stay Out Of It?..... Dorothy Thompson	33
Not by isolation, says a famous writer	
Dark Victory..... George Brewer, Jr. and Bertram Block	34
Re-live one of the Lux Theater's biggest hits	
Hollywood Radio Whispers..... George Fischer	37
Our special reporter's extra special newscasting	
Adventurer in Top Hat..... Berton Braley	38
New chapters in the life of Lowell Thomas, wanderer de luxe	

COMING IN THE JANUARY ISSUE
ON SALE NOVEMBER 25
YOU'LL FALL IN LOVE . . .



. . . WITH BIG SISTER

Next month RADIO MIRROR presents the first chapter of an exciting and romantic new fiction serial—the complete story of one of the most popular day-time programs, "Big Sister," starring charming Alice Frost.

Added attractions

Put The Bee On Your Spelling.....	3	Radio Mirror Almanac.....	41
What's New From Coast to Coast.... Dan Senseney	4	Tricks of the Beauty Trade..... Joyce Anderson	77
What Do You Want To Say?.....	7	Holiday Baking Made Easy... Mrs. Margaret Simpson	79
Facing The Music..... Ken Alden	40	What Do You Want To Know?..... The Oracle	80

ON THE COVER—Bob and Barbara Ann Burns—By Robert Reid
Photo by Hyman Fink

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PUT THE BEE

ON YOUR SPELLING

ARE you a champion speller?—or do you just wish you were? In either case, here's a list of words that will give you some uneasy moments before you get the correct spelling. They're supplied by Paul Wing, Master of the NBC Spelling Bee, broadcast every Sunday afternoon at 5:30 E.S.T., and sponsored by the makers of Energine.

Only one of the three suggested spellings is the right one. Mark the words you think are correct, then turn to page 69 for the answers.

1. Semiphor—semiphore—semaphore. (noun). A signal telegraph, especially on railroads, for giving signals by the disposition of lanterns, flags, oscillating arms, etc.

2. Courtious — courteous — curteous (adj.) Civil, polite.

3. Density—dencity—densaty (noun). The quality of anything per unit of volume or area; as, "the dencity of population."

4. Emigration—emmigration—emmigration (noun). Departure from a place of abode, or country, for life or residence elsewhere.

5. Talisman — tailsman — talesman (noun). A person summoned as a member of a jury panel.

6. Worrysome—worrisome — worrisome (adj.) Causing worry; troublesome.

7. Appothiosis—apothosis—apothosis (noun). Glorification; exaltation, as of a person, principle, or ideal.

8. Camomile — camimile — camomyle (noun). A creeping herb, with downy leaves and yellow and white flowers.

9. Zigg-zaggs — zigzags — zig-zags (verb). Forms or moves with short turns or angles.

10. Recured — recurred — recurred (verb). Took place or appeared again.

11. Imagery — imagery — imagry (noun). The pictorial features of a landscape; scenery.

12. Fammilliar — familliar—familiar (adj.) Well known; common.

13. Briggandidge — brigandage — brigandage (noun). Depredation as practiced by brigands. Also brigands collectively.

14. Depredation — debredation—debridation (noun). The act of despoiling or making inroads.

15. Convalessent — convalessant — convalessent (adj.) Partially restored to health or strength.

16. Languer — languor — langour (noun). Lassitude; fatigue of mind or body.

17. Tatterdemalion—taterdemallion—tatterdemallion (noun). A ragged fellow; a ragamuffin.

18. Frankinsense — frankinsence — frankinsence (noun). A fragrant gum rosin.

19. Braggodocio — braggadocio — braggadocio (noun). Empty boasting.

20. Palfreys — palfries — pallfries (noun). Saddle horses for the road, or for state occasions, as distinguished from war horses.

NOT MARY'S YEAR TO GET MARRIED



Girls who win men's love keep charming, keep attractive—with MUM

ANOTHER year gone slowly past—another engagement ring she didn't get! How Mary envied other girls! If they could be happy—if they found love—why couldn't she?

Mary could have found love, too—but she didn't give love a chance! Some day, perhaps, she'll learn that men marry girls who are always dainty and sweet—girls who use Mum!

For Mum guards charm—Mum prevents underarm odor! No bath, however perfect, is enough for underarms. A bath removes only *past* perspiration, but Mum prevents odor *to come*. Popular girls never

risk offending others. Mum so quickly, so easily, so surely keeps a girl *safe*!

ONLY 30 SECONDS TO USE! A pat of this pleasant cream under this arm, under that, and you're through!

MUM IS SAFE! Mum is so soothing you can use it even after underarm shaving. Harmless to fabrics, too!

MUM LASTS ALL DAY! Without stopping perspiration Mum stops every trace of odor. Mum keeps you sweet the *whole day long*. Remember—no girl is attractive who isn't dainty. Get Mum from your druggist today, and be sure of your charm.

MUM AFTER YOUR BATH MAKES YOUR CHARM LAST!



For Sanitary Napkins — Mum leads all deodorants for use on napkins, too. Women know it's safe, sure. Use Mum this way.

MUM

TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION



What's New from Coast to Coast

By **DAN SENSENEY**

A Texaco Star Theater trio, producer Bill Bacher, comedian Una Merkel and emcee Adolphe Menjou.

ANY day now you can expect to hear that Jesse Lasky, the movie producer, has signed to be master of ceremonies on a radio program. A gesture of friendship from the movies toward radio, is the idea. . . . Another movie figure who's on the verge of starting a regular air show is Cary Grant.

* * *

In spite of the fact that when S. S. Van Dine wrote "The Gracie Allen Murder Case" he included a part for George Burns, the latest news from Hollywood is that George won't be in the picture when Paramount films it, starting late this month. This will be the first time Gracie has appeared on the screen without her Georgie-Porgie.

* * *

Muriel Wilson, the Mary Lou of the old Show Boat program is back in radio, after a retirement of more than a year. Maybe you heard her as a guest on the Lucky Strike program. Right now, she's dickering with sponsors.

* * *

Parkyakarkus lives in Beverly Hills, almost on the borderline between Beverly Hills and Los Angeles. And such is the funny way they do things out there in California, Parky's street address is precisely the same as that of the house next door, except that Parky is in Beverly Hills and the man next door is in Los Angeles. It probably has you confused, just reading about it, but think how it must be to live there! One afternoon Parky came home to find a crew of men in his

front hall, busily laying a rug which he hadn't ordered and didn't want. Next a new car was delivered to him—when he already had one. Hardly a day passes that some delivery, intended for the man next door, doesn't come to Parky instead. It all has him worried. Suppose, he says, the man next door should get appendicitis and call the doctor? They'd probably cut Parky to pieces, trying to find his appendix, before he had time to explain that he had it removed years ago.

* * *

One reason the cast of the CBS Saturday Evening Serenade never changes, year in, year out, is that the three stars are such good friends. Mary Eastman, Gus Haenschen, and Bill Perry have been inseparables for a long time now, both socially and professionally. . . . John J. Anthony, director of the Good Will Hour on Mutual, is planning a lecture series this winter. . . . A new addition to Al Jolson's writing staff is Ben Freedman, son of radio's most famous comedy writer, the late Dave Freedman. Ben is only eighteen years old, just graduated from Columbia University, and got the job in open competition against a number of professionals. . . . Another second-generation note: Roger Laux and France Laux, Jr., sons of sports announcer France Laux, helped broadcast a baseball game the other day. They're only seven and nine years old, but are rated as professionals and get paid for their work. . . . Lucy Gilman, fifteen year old radio star, has been signed to play

Jackie Cooper's sweetheart in Jackie's new picture, "Gangster's Boy." . . . Tommy Riggs calls his pet spaniel Rudy Lou—after Rudy Vallee and Betty Lou. . . . Boake Carter is using his time off the air, now that he's sponsorless, in touring the country, giving lectures. There's a new air deal on the fire for him, too, simmering lightly. . . . Joe Penner, back from his Honolulu vacation, entertains his friends with moving pictures of himself falling off surf-boards. . . . Lum and Abner brag that between them they covered 35,000 miles of territory during the summer. Lum went to Europe, Abner to Canada. . . . Edward G. Robinson has a new pipe to add to his collection—carved like a boar's head and specially made for him in Boston.

* * *

Al Jolson's little boy, Sonny, is movie-struck, and at the age of three and a half he is already keeping a weather eye on his publicity. A few days ago, press photographers were at the Jolson ranch to make a batch of pictures. To begin with, Al and Ruby Keeler posed with Sonny, which Sonny enjoyed very much. But then the photographers wanted some shots without Sonny, and he was told to run away and play. He put his foot down and delivered an ultimatum: if any pictures were going to be taken around that ranch, he was going to be in them. They finally had to bribe him to go away with the promise that he could stay up an hour later that night.

(Continued on page 56)

HINDS GIVES EXTRA BOTTLE

without extra cost!
A good-will gift to your
chapped hands!



MONEY BACK ON THIS

IF NOT SATISFIED WITH THIS

Try Hinds at our expense! Extra Good-Will Bottle comes as a gift when you buy the medium size. No extra cost! A get-acquainted gift to new users! A bonus to regular Hinds users! Money Back if Hinds fails to soothe and soften your rough, chapped skin. If the Good-Will Bottle doesn't make your hands feel softer, look nicer, you can get MONEY BACK on large bottle. More lotion for your money—if you are pleased. You win—either way. This offer good for limited time only.



I SAW HINDS MONEY-BACK OFFER... TRIED THEIR WONDERFUL LOTION.... NOW MY HANDS FEEL SMOOTH, NO MATTER HOW MUCH HOUSEWORK I DO!

HINDS HONEY AND ALMOND CREAM IS AN OLD FRIEND OF MINE. SO THIS GOOD-WILL BOTTLE IS A BONUS TO ME. NEARLY 20% EXTRA LOTION!

MONEY BACK! Buy the medium size—get the Good-Will gift bottle with it. If Good-Will bottle doesn't make your hands feel softer, look nicer, you can get **MONEY BACK**—where you bought it—on large bottle. If you've never used Hinds, try it now—at no risk. Find out for yourself how good Hinds is. Even 1 application makes dry, chapped skin feel *smoother!*

EXTRA LOTION! Nearly 20% more Hinds—when you buy this Hinds Good-Will bargain! More of this famous, fine hand lotion for the money than ever before. Use Hinds before and after household jobs. Coaxes back the softness that wind, cold, heat, hard water, and dust take away. Used faithfully, Hinds gives you "Honeymoon Hands." Also in 10c, 25c, \$1 sizes.

LOOK FOR THIS
HINDS GOOD-WILL BARGAIN
AT ALL TOILET GOODS COUNTERS



FOR HONEYMOON HANDS

HINDS HONEY & ALMOND CREAM

Copyright, 1938, Lehn & Fink Products Corp., Bloomfield, N. J.

Half a Million Dollars Already Paid!

and now **\$12,500.00** more

FOR YOUR TRUE STORIES

FORTUNE SMILES AGAIN

How would you like to open an envelope and find in it a check for \$1,000 or for \$2,000 drawn to your order?

That very thing can happen.

Already True Story has paid \$558,500 for true stories sent in by its readers. By far the greater part of this huge sum has gone to men and women who never before wrote for publication. And now \$12,500.00 more has been appropriated to be awarded in prizes ranging from \$500 to \$2,000 each for the fifteen best true stories submitted between now and Wednesday, November 30, 1938. Why not secure one of these splendid prizes for yourself? Trained literary ability is not necessary. All that is required is a gripping single installment true story. This together with a reasonable ability to express yourself in writing will put you well on the road to success.

You or one of your friends may have lived the very story necessary to carry off the magnificent \$2,000 grand prize. Someone will get it. Why not you? Select the episode that is most thrilling, exciting or deeply moving; no matter whether it is a story filled with shadow, sunshine, success, failure or happiness. In writing your story be sure to include all background information, such as parentage, surroundings and other facts necessary to a complete understanding of the situation. Write it simply and honestly, just as you would tell it to an interested friend. Let us repeat, it is the story that counts—no literary ability or professional skill. If your story contains the interest and human quality we seek it will receive preference over tales of less merit no matter how beautifully or skilfully written they may be.

Judging on this basis the person submitting the best true story will receive the \$2,000 first prize, the person submitting

PRIZE SCHEDULE	
1st prize.....	\$2,000
2nd prize.....	1,750
3rd prize.....	1,500
4th prize.....	1,250
5th prize.....	1,000
6th prize 10 at \$500.....	5,000
15 prizes.....	\$12,500

the next best will receive the \$1,750 second prize, etc.

Remember too, that even if your story should fall slightly short of prize winning quality we will gladly consider it for purchase at our regular rate of approximately 2c per word, provided we can use it.

If you have not already received a copy of our free booklet which explains the simple technique which has proved to be most effective in writing true stories, by all means mail the coupon today and one will be sent to you promptly. Also do not fail to read the rules carefully and follow them out in every particular, thus making sure that your story will reach us in such form as to insure its full consideration for prize or purchase.

As soon as you have finished your story send it in. By mailing it as soon as possible you can help to avoid a last minute landslide, insure your story of an early reading and enable us to determine the winners at the earliest possible moment.

Note particularly wordage requirements for stories submitted in this contest.

CONTEST RULES

All stories must be written in the first person based on facts that happened either in the lives of the writers of these stories, or to people of their acquaintance, reasonable evidence of truth to be furnished by writers upon request.

Type manuscripts or write legibly with pen. Do not send us printed material or poetry. Do not send us carbon copies. Do not write in pencil. Do not submit stories of less than 2500 or more than 15,000 words. Do not send us unfinished stories. Stories must be written in English. Write on one side of paper only. Do not use thin tissue paper.

Send material flat. Do not roll. **DO NOT WRITE ANYTHING ON PAGE ONE OF YOUR MANUSCRIPT EXCEPT YOUR FULL NAME AND ADDRESS IN YOUR OWN HANDWRITING, THE TITLE AND THE NUMBER OF WORDS IN YOUR MANUSCRIPT. BEGIN YOUR STORY ON PAGE TWO. RECORD TITLE AND NUMBER ON EACH PAGE BUT NOT YOUR NAME.**

Print your full name and address on mailing container.

PUT FULL FIRST CLASS POSTAGE THEREON, OTHERWISE MANUSCRIPTS WILL BE REFUSED OR MAY NOT REACH US.

Unavailable stories will be returned as soon as rejected, irrespective of closing date of contest. **BUT ONLY IF FULL FIRST CLASS POSTAGE OR EXPRESSAGE HAS BEEN ENCLOSED IN MAILING CONTAINER FOR SUCH RETURN. If your story is accompanied by your signed statement not to return it, if it is not acceptable, it will not be necessary to enclose return postage in your mailing container.** We do not hold ourselves responsible for any losses and we advise contestants to retain a copy of stories submitted.

Do not send us stories which we have returned. You may submit more than one manuscript, but not more than one prize will be awarded to any individual in this contest.

As soon as possible after receipt of each manuscript, an acknowledgment or rejection notice will be mailed. No corrections can be made in manuscripts after they reach us. No correspondence can be entered into concerning manuscripts submitted or rejected.

Always disguise the names of persons and places appearing in your stories.

This contest is open to every one everywhere in the world, except employees and former employees of Macfadden Publications, Inc., and members of their families.

If a story is selected by the editors for immediate purchase, it will be paid for at our regular rate, and this will in no way affect the judges in their decision. If your story is awarded a prize, a check for the balance due will be mailed after the decision of the judges which will be final, there being no appeal from their decision.

Under no condition submit any story that has ever before been published in any form.

Submit your manuscripts to us direct. Due to the intimate nature of the stories, we prefer to have our contributors send in their material to us direct and not through an intermediary.

With the exception of an explanatory letter, which we welcome, do not enclose photographs or other extraneous matter except return postage.

This contest ends Wednesday, November 30, 1938.

Address your manuscripts for this contest to Macfadden Publications, Inc., Dept 37C, P. O. Box 490, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

IMPORTANT NOTICE

Did you see our special offer, in True Story for September, to pay from \$1,000 to \$3,500 each for book length and serial true stories (20,000 to 50,000 words)? If not, be sure to write for full particulars. Address your request to Macfadden Publications, Inc. P. O. Box 477, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

COUPON

Macfadden Publications, Inc., Dept. 37C R.M.
P. O. Box 490, Grand Central Station
New York, N. Y.

Please send me my free copy of your booklet entitled "Facts You Should Know Before Writing True Stories."

Name.....

Street.....

Town..... State.....

(Print plainly. Give name of state in full)

What do you want to say?

FIRST PRIZE A TIMELY WARNING

THE weather is a tiresome over-worked subject to some people, but to the farmer and ranchman it is of vital importance. It's the first thing we get on a morning radio program. Radio's timely livestock warning has sent many a ranchman out to pen his freshly sheared goats; and, in short, has saved many a head of livestock.

During the recent floods in West Texas when we did not ride the three miles for our daily paper, radio gave us the details of the fate of our unfortunate neighbors in San Saba, thirty miles to the west, and relieved our minds by explaining how the people were being cared for. Later it assured us that the 200 people living at Bend, ten miles to the south, were successfully rescued in twelve boats the day "Old Man Colorado" wrecked their homes and destroyed their fine pecan crops and stock.

Thus, although the weather report and the news are not entertaining features, they are a most important factor in our lives.

LOUISE KNIGHT,
Lampasas,
Texas

THIS IS YOUR PAGE!

YOUR LETTERS OF OPINION WIN

— — PRIZES — —

First Prize \$10.00
Second Prize \$5.00
Five Prizes of \$1.00

Address your letter to the Editor,
RADIO MIRROR, 122 East 42nd
Street, New York, N. Y., and mail it
not later than November 25, 1938.

SECOND PRIZE

OH, BOY!

At last a truly intelligent question and answer show has hit the airwaves! I refer to NBC-Blue's Information, Please, which utilizes super hard queries sent in by intelligent

listeners. These hard questions are put to intelligent, clever, well-known personages, and, boy, do they shine!

What a swell half-hour of really good ad-lib humor, tricky questions and brilliant answers, is this Information, Please! And everybody connected with it is deserving of orchids; Clifton Fadiman, book critic of the *New Yorker*, John Kiernan of the *New York Times*, columnist Franklin P. Adams, and the many other bright folks who appear from time to time—George S. Kaufmann, Moss Hart, etc.

And note, folks, Information, Please, is unsponsored!

SEYMOUR KAPETANSKY, Detroit, Mich.

THIRD PRIZE

"WEEP NO MORE MY LADY"

I feel like weeping because I did not have a chance to read "It is No Tragedy to be Fat" forty years ago. At that time I was sixteen years old and weighed one hundred and ninety pounds. I regarded my size as a positive deformity. I felt barred from athletic activities because I never wanted to be conspicuous. I have always admired Kate Smith's achievements and felt that for some reason she escaped the fat girl's problems, but it makes me know that she was big. in more
(Continued on page 76)

Her Petal Smooth Skin STOPS HIM IN HIS TRACKS!



**"BLIZZARDS
ROUGHEN MY
SKIN? NO!
I PROTECT MY SKIN
WITH POND'S
VANISHING CREAM. IT
KEEPS MY SKIN NICE
AND SOFT IN SPITE OF
SNOW AND WIND"**

Priscilla Bibesco

CORONATION-YEAR DEB
H. H. Princess Priscilla Bibesco
—DAUGHTER OF THE FAMOUS ROUMANIAN DIPLOMAT, AND
GRANDDAUGHTER OF THE COUNTESS OF OXFORD AND ASQUITH
"Pond's Vanishing Cream always was grand for smoothing
away little roughnesses. Now I'm even more excited about
the extra 'skin-vitamin' it brings to my skin."



NOW BRINGS EXTRA "SKIN-VITAMIN" TO HER SKIN*

Now Pond's Vanishing Cream brings to its many users this extra beauty care—it contains Vitamin A, the "skin-vitamin." This vitamin is necessary to skin health—and skin that lacks it becomes rough and dry. But once "skin-vitamin" is restored, it helps skin become smooth again. Now you can smooth some of this necessary vitamin into your skin with every Pond's creaming! Same jars. Same labels. Same prices.

*Statements concerning the effects of the "skin-vitamin" applied to the skin are based upon medical literature and tests on the skin of animals following an accepted laboratory method.

Copyright, 1938, Pond's Extract Company

Tune in on "THOSE WE LOVE," Pond's Program, Mondays, 8:30 P.M., N.Y. Time, N.B.C.

By
DOROTHY
MANNERS

Once it was love!
The story of one
Hollywood night,
a lonely woman,
and a famous man

IT IS one of those nights at the Trocadero. The room is crowded with Names and Faces. Yet, even the great and the near-great are staring openly at a girl sitting almost motionless at a table for two with Reggie Gardiner. It is, of course, Hedy Lamarr.

She is wearing a small red hat with a daring nose veil of red—the exact color of her full mouth. She is a sensation—and she knows it. That is why she is so motionless. The combined eyes of the room are a sea of admiration with little ripples of envy or desire, depending on who is doing the looking.

The Most Talked About Woman in Hollywood is accepting the homage of her success like a languid swimmer—floating—pretending not to notice. It's an old Hollywood custom. Joan Crawford, an equal flame of personality, is also present. Joan says, "Every man in this room is a little in love with her." Hedy knows that, too.

Ever since "Algiers," from Hollywood to New York, they've been calling her Hedy G-Lamarr and other catch phrases. They're saying she is the most beautiful woman since Barbara Lamarr and the most physical since Jean Harlow. Magazines and newspapers are filled with stories about her. Any little crumb of information is NEWS—what she wears and eats, what she plans and loves and hates.

Behind their hands they are also saying she is the most "career conscious" woman who ever came to Hollywood. She won't make a mistake—not that one! Doing the right thing, saying the right thing, being with the headline people is an obsession with her.

But this is not the heroine of a funny little love story I'm going to tell you. In the first place, it couldn't have happened to the charmer in the red veil the exact color



M.G.M

THE HIDDEN CHAPTER IN *Hedy Lamarr*

of her lipstick, because it is the sort of story that could happen only to a lovely and unimportant woman!

IT was only a bare twelve months ago that Hedy could walk into a night club anywhere and if anyone noticed her at all the women said, "Oh, is that the girl M-G-M brought over? Isn't she a little plump for 'Ecstasy,' my dear?" That was always good for a laugh. And even the men didn't seem to argue about it.

She was a little plump. And her clothes were too obviously "Hollywoodish." The columnists dismissed her as "just another import" and as time went on—and her home studio didn't put her into a picture—not a very important one. Let's go back a short year ago:

It is one of those nights at the Cocomanut Grove. The



Warner Brothers

THE LIVES OF *Rudy Vallee* AND

room is crowded with Names and Faces. The whole town has turned out because Rudy Vallee is playing there at the highest price ever paid a leader in the Grove—and Hollywood loves that kind of a turnout.

Rudy, himself, hasn't come in yet—but there's an air of expectancy and drama. Alice Faye, who used to be in love with him, is there with her new love, and husband, Tony Martin. The gossips wonder what will happen when they meet? And if that isn't enough excitement Joan Bennett is present with her husband, Gene Markey—and everybody knows they are on the verge of calling it off any minute. Glamour is present in gross lots, warm, crowded, shoving about the biggest night club in the world, waiting for things to start happening.

In short, it's a big night. Suddenly Rudy, immaculate as Beau Brummel, enters with Gloria Youngblood on his arm. Cameras start popping. Gloria, the stunning Indian girl, with the prize of the evening on her arm, smiles and poses. Rudy smiles without bothering to pose. If he hears the applause that follows him, he doesn't acknowledge it until he is spotlighted on the bandstand. Then the house comes down.

"My Time Is Your Time" he begins to sing as the applause mounts—and everyone wonders when he is going to see Alice Faye and Tony Martin? Somebody takes a picture of Alice—she's smiling and so is Tony—and then it happens! Rudy sees them and smiles and nods!

Well, that's that. Drama, that's what it is. The flashlights click and pop as the evening is photographed for posterity. Over in a corner, a dark girl with smouldering brown eyes, watches and applauds, too. She likes it because it is exciting and it is Hollywood. Her white hands follow obediently as the crowd begs for another number.

The cameramen aren't bothering her much because who is she anyway except a gal who made a nude picture or something in Yurrupe. Why don't they keep those foreigners home? There's hardly enough jobs for the American stars. There aren't any celebrities at her table, either. She's with a girl from the studio publicity department and the girl's boy friend.

But she's excited and she's having fun. Ever since she arrived a bare couple of months ago Hedy Lamarr has loved everything about Hollywood. Of course, things

might have moved along a little faster for her. There was nothing for her to do at the studio. They've told her to learn English and take off a little weight and then maybe something will come along.

BUT tonight it doesn't matter because it is fun being here right in the midst of a real Hollywood party. Someday she would be one of them. She was sure of that. She was studying so hard learning English—and she hadn't eaten a square meal in weeks.

A voice belonging to a café publicity man at her side inquired: "Would you like to meet Mr. Vallee?" Would she? She thought he had asked to meet her. He hadn't. Every somebody and near-somebody in the room had been invited to meet (Continued on page 54)

I wish I could
Laugh



Macfadden Studios

I get up and take the book away,
and turn off the light . . . and
wonder, sometimes, if we'll ever
have a normal life of our own.

For the first time—the true, in-
timate revelation of what it's like
to be the wife of a famous comedian

"YOU'RE so lucky!" someone said to me the other day. "Married to a man the whole country loves! Isn't it a great privilege to be Ned's wife, knowing he's responsible for so much wholesome, hearty laughter?"

I smiled and agreed, but afterwards I couldn't help smiling, a little sadly. Because I think I must be the only person in the world who tunes in Ned's weekly comedy program and doesn't get even a snicker out of it. The radio audience loves him because he makes it laugh. I love him too. But I can't laugh. I feel more like crying, or smashing the radio, because I know what has gone into those neatly turned, spontaneous jokes. Spontaneous! About as spontaneous as a bridge across the Hudson River or a skyscraper, those jokes are.

It's for my friend of the other day, and for all other wives who may be inclined to think that being a radio comedian's wife is all beer and skittles, that I'm writing this. I can't tell you my name, of course, and I've taken care to disguise Ned and myself so you won't be able to recognize us. But the facts are there, and I haven't disguised them.

Everything was all so different back in the old vaudeville days, before Ned had even seen a microphone. Then, we had to count our pennies twice before we bought Ned a new suit, or me a new dress. Today Ned's weekly salary check runs well into the thousands, and I have so many clothes I get bored looking at them in the closet. Not one of them carries

within its silky folds a single happy memory. And Ned actually has fewer suits than he used to have in the old days. He doesn't need them, now, to create a good impression on booking agents, and he hasn't time to buy them or to wear them.

Ned and I have been married for ten years. I was eighteen when he came to the Ohio city where I was born. Someone had decided that a resident stock-company, presenting musical comedies instead of dramas, would make money in our town. It didn't, but it kept running long enough to allow me to meet its juvenile lead at a party and fall in love with him.

Ned was twenty-three. Even then, he was the most nervous and dynamic person I'd ever met, brimful of energy and great plans. He wasn't a very good leading man for the stock company, because although he was handsome he wasn't the romantic type. His sense of humor was too strong. He simply couldn't resist putting comedy touches into the tender love scenes, and that just confused the audience and made the director of the show hopping mad.

All through that golden autumn I saw Ned every day, meeting him in the afternoon or having hurried dinners with him on matinee days. And when the stock company finally gave up the ghost and disbanded, and Ned asked me to marry him and go with him to New York, I consented at once—in spite of the energetic opposition of my family and some of my friends.

All along, Ned had wanted to form a vaudeville act, and now he took the money he had saved from the

stock-company engagement and invested it in getting an act together. Neither then nor at any time since was there the least suggestion that I might go on the stage too. I didn't want to, at all—the very idea of being in front of an audience terrified me. All I have ever wanted to do was stay in the background, serving Ned behind the scenes, advising him when he asked me for advice, making a home for him as well as I could when we were constantly on the move.

For the next four years, or so, we toured back and forth across the country—Ned, I, and his partner in the act, Monica Ayres. (Monica is a comedian in her own right now, starring on a big radio show—and it seems strange that she is on the air for a sponsor whose product competes with that of Ned's sponsor.)

THEN came Ned's big chance—the comedian's role in a Broadway musical show. All through rehearsals we were in the seventh heaven of delight—and then came the opening night. The show was a complete flop. Our rosy dreams of a winter in New York went glimmering overnight, and there was only a meager comfort in the fact that all the reviews mentioned Ned as one of the production's few high spots.

Yet it was those reviews that saved the day. They caught the eye of an advertising agency executive who was looking for new air talent; he dropped in to see the show before it closed; and it wasn't long afterwards that Ned came rushing into our hotel room, waving the contract he'd just signed.

I'm not likely to forget that evening. Ned had always said that his type of comedy would never go over with a radio audience. He still had his doubts, but the sight of the contract, when he needed it so badly, had helped to quiet them.

"I don't know, Jill," he said over the table in an expensive dining place where we went to celebrate. "Maybe I'm starting something that'll finish me. Maybe I'll be an awful flop. But—golly! Seven hundred and fifty a week! And for thirteen weeks, sure. We can't lose! And if I *should* be a hit—well, *then* we could get ourselves a little apartment here in New York and be sitting pretty for the rest of our lives. You know, this radio business is a pretty big thing," he added, becoming grave, so that I knew he had absorbed a good deal of what he had heard at the advertising agency that afternoon. "Look at—well, look at Cantor. And Phil Baker. They're big stage names, and they're getting along in it all right, aren't they?—Of course, maybe I won't—my style of comedy isn't like theirs—not right, maybe—"

And so he went on, talking a perfect flood, seesawing back and forth between exultation and doubt. I had never seen him so wrought up, and that night, long after we'd gone to bed, I heard him tossing and turning at my side. I guess it should have been a warning to me. But one thing he had said made me almost as excited as he:

"It'll be swell, kid—won't it?—not to be always on the road? To be able to settle (Continued on page 73)

DON'T LET YOUR
*Children
Spoil Your
Lives!*

They can, and all too easily, if you're an ordinary parent. And unless you begin to educate yourself to the oncoming shocks you'll be old before you're forty

By MARJORIE BARSTOW GREENBIE

As guest speaker on NBC's Let's Talk It Over with June Hynd, Marjorie Barstow Greenbie broadcast this message to parents of adolescent children. Mrs. Greenbie is the author of many books, among them the recent "Be Your Age."

WE parents have always been told that adolescence is a time of great stress and strain, and so it is. Probably the most uncomfortable age in the world is the age of fourteen. The next most uncomfortable age is probably somewhere in the forties. And unfortunately our children have a way of arriving at fourteen just as their parents are trying to get used to being forty. So the two times of trouble come together. In some families three-fourths of the ferment of adolescence seems to be not in the children but in their poor parents.

For the day Harold and Helen graduate into long trousers and long evening dresses, the day they begin to be as tall as their parents and possibly better-looking, the day they begin to drive the car and think they own the living room—that day may be pretty hard on poor old father and mother. Hitherto we have reigned as twin deities in a little shrine of home built to our own importance. We have dispensed our love and care to creatures smaller and more helpless than ourselves. We have gloried in their dependence, and their constant need of us has been incense in our nostrils.

Suddenly the picture changes. And all of us fathers and mothers know how ghastly sudden the change is.



Shock number one! Are these two sophisticated adults the tiny babies you had around the house only yesterday?

the fact that many men lose their business grip in the forties or find it hard to get new jobs or keep the old ones, and that every new need and demand of a growing-up family seems the one last straw to break his poor back. They don't know that mother, having spent years thinking about milk bottles and vitamins and hours of naps, may be honestly confused when asked to decide how young a child may smoke, if ever, and what on earth to do about these scandalous late hours the young want to keep.

One day father looks down from his superior height on a small boy, and the next day he is craning his neck, looking up to a son half a foot higher than himself. One day Helen is a little girl putting her dolls to bed, and the next day she is a young lady applying lip-stick before her mirror.

And being inexperienced, and mainly unaware that there is anybody of importance in the world except themselves, our children do nothing to soften the shock. They have no idea that we, nearing forty, have troubles of our own. They don't know and don't care that the sight of a tall son or the blooming face of a daughter making mother look faded may seem to us a dreadful warning of approaching age.

They don't know that father may be worrying about

SINCE the adolescence of our children is going to be such a hard time for both them and for us, the thing to do is to prepare oneself to weather the storm serenely, and come out with a reconstructed home and a wider and more secure outlook on life. In bringing them through to their first maturity, we shall be bringing ourselves through to our second—to that easy and happy time, when, the children grown, living interesting lives, coming back to us for fun and counsel, we may blossom out and realize some of our own latent capabilities, in wider social life, in public activities, and probably in a little more use of our earnings for our own comfort. They are spreading their wings to leave the home, but we must keep home for them, as a fortress of peace to return to, as a pattern and example to them in their first confused efforts to make life for themselves. And at forty we don't want to fade out, just because we have pretty nearly raised the children. The best of life is all before us. We expect to go on (Continued on page 58)

Cupid Runs

One day Graham McNamee, who has never lost his love for the great game of football, told us about an idea he had for a football short story. It sounded good, so we pestered him until he wrote it for us—and here it is. We're sure you'll like it.—The Editors.

DEJECTION lay heavy upon the normally untroubled brow of Clump Hamp—known to the authorities of Sweetwater University as Cornelius Wittenden Hamp, III, class of 1940. He sat on the rail of the bridge which runs across Sweetwater Lake, pondering his own thoughts and the reflection of the Chemistry Building in the water. To ease his soul, he reached for a cigarette, found the pack empty, and accepted the fact as but one more proof of his sad lot. He crumpled the pack and tossed it into the pond.

A passing gardener saw him and yelled profane admonitions against polluting the water. Two Freshmen co-eds, neat in bright sports clothes, heard the gardener and giggled.

Clump slid off the railing, rammed his hands into the pockets of his corduroy trousers, and shuffled off in the opposite direction from the co-eds, pretending he hadn't noticed them.

It was always that way!

For generations the undergraduate men of Sweetwater University had perched on that rail, joyously and freely polluting the water with old chewing gum, cigarette butts, ice-cream-cone ends, and candy-bar wrappers—and nobody had ever said a word to them. But the first time he, Clump Hamp, tried it, a dirty dog of a gardener swore at him while half the school listened in.

Everything he did was always wrong. Other fellows were called by their own names, or by nicknames which weren't implied insults—but he was called Clump, and for a reason. Did he arise to go to the blackboard in Math. class, he fell over somebody's foot, there in his path by accident or design. Did he play football, he attempted a punt and connected brilliantly with a brother player's shin. Did he start to be initiated into his fraternity, he ended up in the dead of night, twenty miles from town, minus his pants and one shoe.

And did he ask Arlene Mills to go with him to the Harvest Ball on Homecoming Day night, he was turned down cold. Oh, very gently and sweetly, because it wasn't in Arlene's nature to do things any other way. Arlene was an angel—a tiny, hundred-pound angel with an adorable nose, exasperating lips, and spun-sunlight hair. But she was also a misguided angel.

Infatuation was the only word for the way she obviously felt about Tom Reller. It was disgusting—the ease with which nice girls could be taken in by a handsome face, manners that made a real man want to slug their possessor, and—worst of all—a heroic prowess on the football field.

"Pulling those grandstand plays all the time!" Clump muttered to himself. "Regular prima donna!"

Why doesn't Coach do something about him. . . . Wish I could get in there, just for one quarter—I'd show him up." (This last thought was sheer nonsense, and even Clump knew it, but it made him feel a little better anyhow.)

He went to his fraternity house, sat on the corner of the huge leather sofa in the drawing room, and tried to look as if his mind were far away on great affairs. In this he was not successful. Andy Robertson, the undergraduate football manager, charged into the room and into his reverie in one bull-like rush.

"Clump!" he shouted. "Playing in the Homecoming Day game?"

On the surface this was brutal addition of insult to injury, unbecoming in a fraternity brother. Everybody knew, and none better than Andy, that Coach wouldn't trust Clump two inches off the bench unless the score was 57 to 0 in favor of Sweetwater—and in the Homecoming Day game with State there certainly wasn't any chance of that.

"Naw," said Clump.

"Well, look. We're going to broadcast the Homecoming Day game." Andy paused for a reaction, proudly. Broadcasting the game had been his idea, he had sold KBAB, the local station, on giving the University the time, and he expected everyone to be as awestruck at the accomplishment as he was himself.

"That's swell, Andy," Clump said unhappily.

"—And I've talked the Athletic Council into letting you do the announcing!" Andy finished. This time he received the proper response. Clump sat bolt upright, knocking over a smoking stand as he did so.

"Me?" he exclaimed. "Why me?"

Andy explained patiently. "Because you know everybody on the team, and all the plays. And you won't be—I mean, Coach won't need you in the game. And anyway," Andy continued, telling the real reason, "I thought we ought to have a man from this house in there."

The news that the Homecoming Day game was to be broadcast, for the first time in Sweetwater University's history, spread over the campus like hot fudge over ice cream. So did the even more sensational news that Clump Hamp was going to announce the game. Some cynics affected not to believe it; others made rude gibes; but Clump could afford to ignore both. For on the very evening of his appointment he paid a call, in company with two other young men of his fraternity, on the Phi Phi house, where Arlene Mills lived. Arlene was in the drawing room when the party entered, and she rushed over to Clump.

"Isn't it thrilling, Clump?"

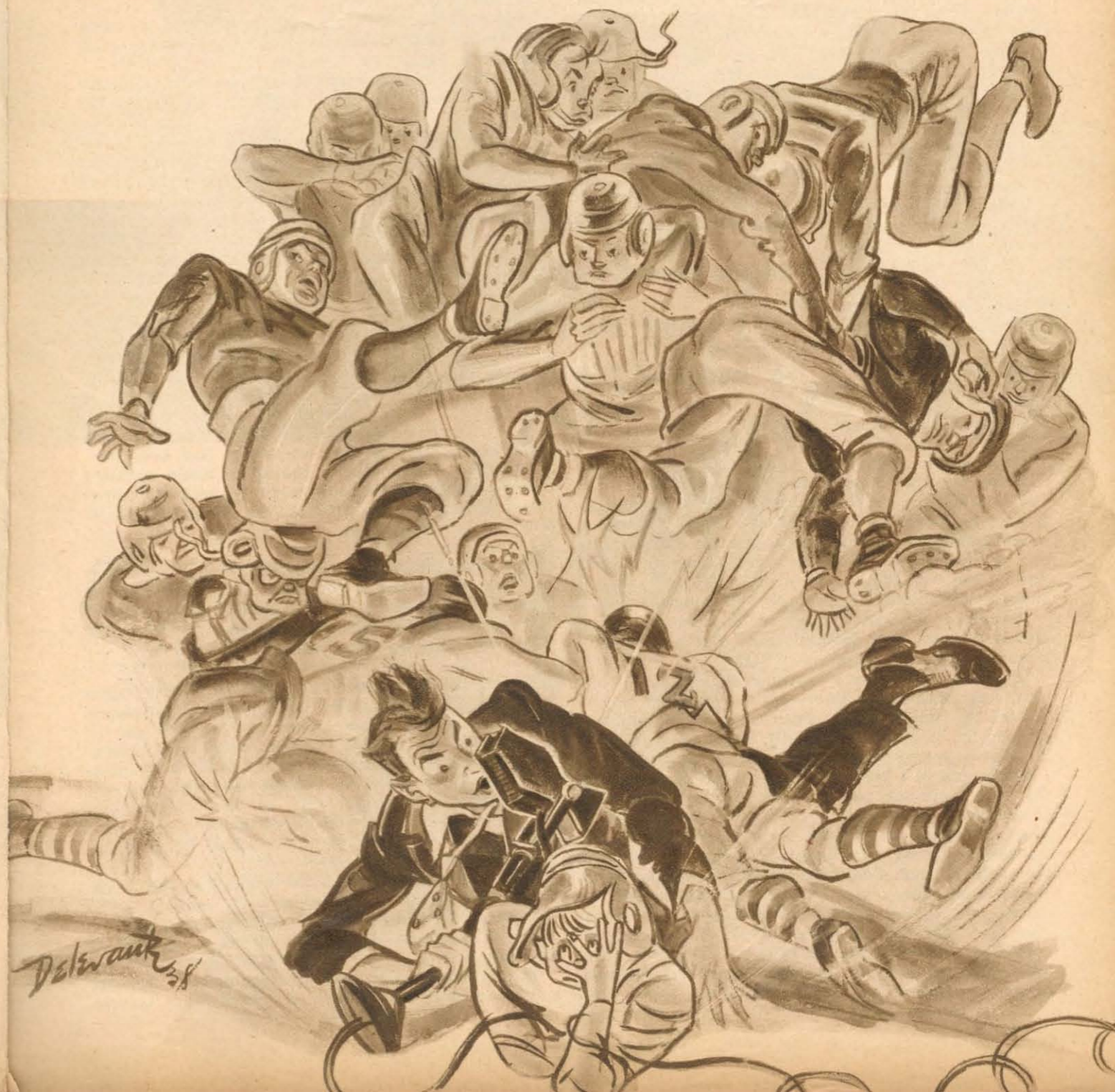
"Yeah, sorta," Clump said, flushing an exotic shade of red and arranging his necktie so neatly that the knot peeked out from under the left-hand collar tab.

(Continued on page 16)

the Wrong Way

By GRAHAM McNAMEE

Even to his best girl, Clump Hamp was always in the wrong—until he made his biggest mistake! Football and romance are team mates in this chucklesome story by a famous announcer



The next instant twenty-one yelling football players inundated the heap of arms, legs, and wire which had once been Clump, Tom and a microphone.

"Oh, but I think it's wonderful!" She seized one of his hands in both of hers and led him to the Phi Phi's tapestry chesterfield couch, where she seated both herself and him—retaining the hand. "Just think of all those people, listening in, actually *seeing* the game while you're describing it!"

Clump's senses began to reel under the impact of so much sweetness. Somewhere, far down in the depths of his mind, a vague suspicion was born that his appointment to the role of radio announcer had immeasurably increased his stature in Arlene's eyes. He swelled, visibly.

"Oh, it's not so much," he said in modest tones. "Just that I was the only one they could trust to know all the fellows on the team, and all the plays."

"It's a great responsibility," Arlene was solemn now. "Just think of having to keep your eye on that ball all the time."

CLUMP had opened his mouth to speak, but now he shut it abruptly. Keeping his eye on the ball, as well as on the movements of the rest of the team, had been a sore point in his relationship with Coach during the past two years. "Oh well, of course it isn't exactly *easy*," he said at last, darkly.

"I think it's just wonderful," Arlene reiterated, and in her eyes as she regarded him there was a melting light. Emboldened, Clump said:

"Look, Arlene, whyn't you go with me to the Harvest Ball, after all?"

"But I have a date, Clump. You wouldn't want me to break it, would you?"

"Well . . . no," Clump lied. "Not exactly. But—gee, Arlene, that guy's a lug—"

"I'm sure I don't know to whom you are referring," she said coldly.

"Oh, all right," Clump subsided. "But he is."

Unaccountably, the smile returned to Arlene's face. "There'll be other dances," she suggested softly.

Clump left the Phi Phi house, some time later, hugging those words to his thrust-out chest. Of course you couldn't expect a nice girl to break a date, even if she did know she wouldn't have a good time and wished she was going with another fellow. And besides, as she'd pointed out, there were other dances.

In spite of grandstand playing, there were always eleven players on a football team. But a radio announcer was a star in his own right.

Homecoming Day was all that the most avid old grad could desire—air that seemed to crackle as you walked through it, a sun which toasted you comfortably on the side of you facing it, and a faint smell of burning leaves coming from no place in particular.

Clump put in a busy and happy morning, watching the crew from the radio station install the remote-control equipment at the field. Sweetwater is quite a small university, and its stadium is called that only by courtesy—actually, it consists of several rows of bleachers erected along the south side of the field. There is no press box or announcer's booth, and no place to put either, so Clump was to roam along the side lines, carrying the microphone and trailing a length of wire after him as he went. This was very much okay by Clump: he was happy to be where people could see him all the time.

The equipment properly installed, Clump spent the

rest of the time until the game began in memorizing the names and numbers of the men on the State team.

At one-thirty the bleachers began to fill up. Clump squatted at the edge of the field, looking as if he were tinkering with microphone and controls—both of which he had been grimly warned by the man from the station to leave severely alone—but keeping one eye on the seats around the fifty-yard line, where Arlene had said she'd be sitting. He saw her come in, a vivid little figure in magenta, and after a while he slowly turned and let his glance fall upon her, as if by accident. He raised his hand in lazy salute, and then turned back to the field.

Looking at him, you'd never have known that a warm glow suffused his entire being.

Then he noticed that his hands were trembling, and there was a dry sensation toward the back of his throat. He fished for a cough drop and swallowed it anxiously, without noticeable result. He looked at the microphone, and it seemed to grow larger and take on a menacing quality.

Suddenly the two teams were on the field, warming up. Clump blinked his eyes rapidly; it was a little difficult to focus them.

The man from the radio station plucked at Clump's sleeve, nodded, and mouthed: "We're on the air. Go ahead."

Clump began to talk. Afterwards, he never knew exactly what he said. He did remember, however, that

after several years somebody shoved a list of players into his hand, and that he read from this until the game started. And then, suddenly, it wasn't so bad. Things were happening out there on the field, and they were interesting things, and all he had to do was tell about them as they happened.

This was the best Homecoming Day game Sweetwater had ever had. Usually the score at the end of a tussle between Sweetwater and State could be pretty accurately predicted, within limits. That is, you could bet that it would be: State, more than twenty; Sweetwater, seven or less.

But today the story was different. At the end of the half the score stood 6 to 6, and the student body of Sweetwater University was in a state of acute hysteria. Nothing like it had been heard of since '21, when the Sweetwater hockey team larruped State 11 to 0.

CLUMP HAMP viewed the historic battle with mixed emotions, insofar as he had time to feel any emotions at all. On one hand, there was the same lust for victory that boiled in the breast of every loyal Sweetwaterite. On the other hand, there was the undeniable fact that Tom Reller had made Sweetwater's one touchdown; and, further, that at least three times since then, with a well-considered tackle, he had prevented State from adding to its score. This Clump found hard to stomach.

The third quarter ended, the teams changed goals, and the fourth quarter began, with the score still 6 to 6. Visions of glory began to visit the thoughts of Coach O'Hanrahan. His team—*his* team!—was holding State to a tie.

Even Clump was happy—reasonably so. Loyalty and school spirit had triumphed over his baser nature.

(Continued on page 71)

**Coming next month . . . "The Candle
in the Forest," by Temple Bailey—
a touching story which inspired
a beautiful Christmas broadcast**

**He's the most modern of
comics—a combination of
Romeo and Puck—meet the
1939 streamlined clown
and Don Juan, Bob Hope!**



**HIS GAGS HAVE
ZIPPERS**

LADIES' hats and high on the head coiffures, along with men's new zippered underwear, aren't the only radical style changes of the season. The newest, most exciting event of the Hollywood season, at least, is the streamlined comic of the screen and air. The latest combination of Romeo and Puck, of Don Juan and Charlie McCarthy. The boy who can roll 'em in the aisles and give 'em goose pimples while they're rolling.

May I at this point introduce—Bob Hope—1939 comic. The newest, the latest, the hottest with all modern improvements.

Radio brought on a new type of talky, noisy funnyman and just when the world could bear it no longer, in walked the suave, smooth lads, the Jack Bennys, the Fred Allens, the Charlie McCarthys, who remained, however, always comics on the air, on the screen and before audiences.

Then—ah then came a new Hope! Came the new

streamlined, devil-may-care, to-hell-with-tomorrow's-jokes-you-can-have-all-you-want-today type of comic.

Came, in fact, Bob Hope, from Broadway and radio to "College Swing" for Paramount. But the thing that sets this Hope lad apart from all other comedians, past and present, is the fact he can become as great a lover as a funnyman, or better still, he can be both at the same time, and try that on your piano stool and see what it gets you.

(Continued on page 63)

**By SARA
HAMILTON**



"Why, Daddy?"

A LAUGH SCOOP STARRING BABY SNOOKS

BABY SNOOKS is every exasperating, lovable infant you've ever known, rolled into one.

In your own home, she'd certainly drive you nuts. But on an M-G-M sound stage in Hollywood, converted once a week into an NBC studio, she's supreme—the petted darling, the comedy highlight, of the Thursday-night Good News of 1939!

She's her mother's favorite, too. Fannie Brice, who created her, has two flesh-and-blood children of her own, much better behaved than Snooks ever thought of being, but—well, there's just something about Snooks that gets you.

And of all Snooks' escapades, Fannie has four favorites, which we're bringing you now, in a special Radio-Broadcast, with the permission of Fannie, Writer Phil Rapp, (who spends his time thinking up new and more fiendish ways for Snooks to torture her father), Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer and Maxwell House.

Just imagine that it's Thursday evening—the Good News show is well on its way . . . Meredith Willson's orchestra has just finished a rousing number . . . Frank Morgan is prowling about in the wings thinking up a new whopper . . . and here come Baby Snooks, her father (that long-suffering man), and her mother—ready to re-enact her four funniest adventures!

Snooks has returned from a visit to her Uncle Louie in New York, and her father is visibly upset by a letter he has received from his brother.

FATHER: Mother—come here!

A special Radio-broadcast with radio's beloved brat, whose pranks rock a nation

MOTHER: Yes, dear.

FATHER: Did you read this letter from Uncle Louie?

MOTHER: Yes, I did. Now please—

FATHER: That child is impossible! I'm not going to be lenient with her any longer.

MOTHER: Don't lose your temper. You must remember she's only a baby.

FATHER: Baby? Why the things she did to poor Louie—it's incredible! The day before she left he says she set fire to the living-room curtains! And she swore to me that she'd been a good girl!

MOTHER: Now, listen, dear. Maybe if you try to be more patient with her she'll admit all those things and see how wrong she is.

FATHER: Well, all right. I'll try a different kind of psychology.

MOTHER: That's fine. And remember—if you feel your temper slipping just try the good old-fashioned method of counting up to ten.

FATHER: Okay—okay.

MOTHER: I'll send Snooks in.

FATHER: (To himself) One, two, three, four, five, six—set fire to the curtains—hmmmm.

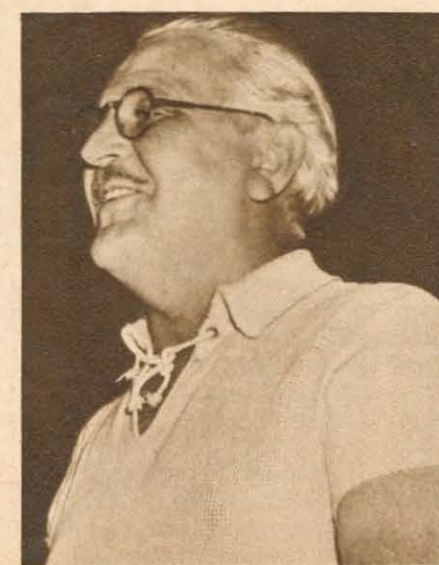
SNOOKS: Hello, daddy.

FATHER: Oh, hello, Snooks. (Continued on page 55)

Opposite page: Baby Snooks can roller-skate as long as that wall's there. Insert: Daddy (Hanley Stafford) is terribly upset, as usual.



Two of Baby Snooks' co-stars on Good News of 1939: Left, master of ceremonies Robert Young, and right, that tall-story-teller, Frank Morgan.



Radio Mirror's

Here's fun, folks! How much do you know? Match your wits against these questions on every subject under the sun, inspired by radio's quiz shows

Decorations by Charles Addams

NOTHING is quite as fascinating as the question-and-answer game which radio has been playing with its listeners for the past six months. Tune in almost any night of the week and you'll find yourself listening to a series of questions on every subject under the sun, being propounded to the luckless members of a studio audience. And you'll not only be listening, you'll be racking your brain in an effort to answer the questions before the answer comes out of your loudspeaker.

Inspired by all these "ask me another" programs, Radio Mirror presents its own mammoth quiz, guaranteed to tax the knowledge and memories of every man, woman, and child. The questions are all brand new, never asked on the air, but they are all modeled upon the queries asked on the programs. You ought to be able to answer all of them—but we're betting you won't.

Play Radio Mirror's quiz game alone or with a party of friends—it's loads of fun either way. Get a piece of paper and a pencil with which to jot down your answers, and you're all ready to start. Give yourself plenty of time, because there are seventy questions to answer in all, and some of them have more than one part. It's more fun if you keep score on yourself, and here's the best way to do that. Give yourself ten points for every numbered question you answer correctly—a perfect score for the entire quiz would thus be 700 (but you won't get it). In the case of questions with two parts, give yourself five points for each part answered correctly; in questions with five parts, give yourself two points for each right answer. A good average is 425; anything higher is excellent and anything lower is fair to poor. The correct answers are on page 70.

Now—ready? Go!

Suggested by
PROFESSOR QUIZ
(CBS, Saturdays at 8:30 P.M., E.S.T.)

1. If you see a flash of lightning on a hot summer evening, and ten seconds later hear its thunderclap, how many miles away from you was the lightning? (Sound travels through hot summer air at the rate of 1266 feet per second.)

2. If the sun rises in the east and sets in the west, is the earth turning from west to east or vice versa?

3. The boiling point of water becomes lower the higher you ascend from sea level. This being the case, will a pot of boiling water be hotter in New York or on top of Pikes Peak?

4. What is the earth's only liquid metal?

5. Jones walked 117 miles beginning on Monday morning and ending Tuesday evening of the following week. Each day he walked one mile farther than the day before. How many miles did he walk each day?

6. Is the star we call "the Evening



Jones finishes his 117-mile hike. How many miles did he go each day?



Prof. Quiz—he's a whiz.

Star" really Mercury, Venus, Mars, Jupiter, or Saturn?

7. Who was the only President of the United States ever to be impeached? And was he voted guilty at his trial, or not guilty?

8. If somebody told you that George Washington was not the first President of the United States, would you be justified in thinking he wasn't very well informed?

9. If you went on an automobile trip through the "Golden State," the "Baby State," the "Sunshine State," the "Lone Star State," and the "Sooner State," what States of the Union would you have visited?

10. Who were the Iron Duke, the Great Commoner, the Rail Splitter, the Maid of Orleans, and the Sweet Swan of Avon?

Suggested by
TRUE OR FALSE
(NBC, Mondays at 10:00 P.M., E.S.T.)

1. Oklahoma was the last state to be admitted to the Union.

2. Platinum is the world's most valuable metal.

3. Diamonds, and the "lead" in lead pencils, are made from the same substance.

4. Pocahontas was the name of the Indian who let Captain John Smith go free.

5. A flying buttress is a kind of winged lizard.

6. A porpoise is not a fish.

7. The Æneid was a famous ship of ancient times.

8. The President of the United States is elected by direct vote of the people.

9. Omsk is a city in southwestern Siberia.

10. Indian nuts, pine nuts, and pinon nuts are all the same thing.



Harry Hagen—not a vague 'un.

Suggested by
KAY KYSER'S MUSICAL CLASS
(NBC, Wednesdays at 10:00 P.M., E.S.T.)

1. What old children's song has become a popular dance hit?

2. Finish these lines from popular songs:

Fall in love, fall in love,.....

You couldn't be cuter, plus that you.....

I love to whistle, 'cause.....

I saw you last night, and.....

I think you're gorgeous, you're charming, you're handsome, you're perfect,.....

3. Complete these orchestra leaders' names: (As an example, W--n---g is Wayne King.)

--och -i--t

---my K---

P--- H---i-

S---nn--- -nn-s

R----t A--br----r

4. Song titles are tricky things—you think you know them and sometimes you don't. See if you can complete the following ones:

Sweet and.....

When Did You Leave.....

Star.....

You Took the.....

What is This.....

5. What leader is associated with each of the following instruments: Trombone; trumpet; piano; clarinet; saxophone.

6. What orchestra leader has been advocating "streamlining" our National Anthem?

7. Pair off these vocalists with their proper band-leaders: Martha Tilton, Edythe Wright, Judy Starr, Dolly Dawn, Mariön Mann, Joan Edwards, Don Huston, Virginia Simms, Peggy Mann, Maxine Gray. The leaders: Hal Kemp, Enoch Light, Tommy Dorsey, Bob Crosby, Benny Goodman, Skinnay Ennis, Kay Kyser, Henry Busse, George Hall, Paul Whiteman.

8. Name five famous "musical feuds," or disagreements between band-leaders. They may either be going on now, or be all over and done with.

9. What movies were the following songs introduced in:

Small Fry. What Goes On Here in My Heart? Ride, Tenderfoot, Ride.



Ask Kay Kyser—you'll be wiser.

My Walking Stick. Says My Heart. 10. Whom do you associate with the following songs:

The Continental. Night and Day. My Man. Thanks for the Memory. Sonny Boy.

Suggested by
INFORMATION, PLEASE
(NBC, Tuesdays at 8:30 P.M., E.S.T.)

1. In what movies did the following objects play an important part:

An old Egyptian tablet.

Asoldier's identification disk.

A ventriloquist's dummy.

A mosquito.

A mechanical ice-box.

2. What do the following abbreviations stand for:

A.A.A.

Adj.

Inc.

I.O.O.F

pinx.

3. What writer should you think of in association with:

A breakfast table.

A whale.

A mast.

A cabin.

The letter A.

(As an example, in association with a bird, you'd think of Edgar Allan Poe, for "The Raven.")

4. How did Mark Twain come by his pen name?

5. Who is not without honor save in his own country, and in his own



Wadda man—Clifton Fadiman!

house? And who says so?

6. What was the name of the ancient Greek who is famous for his laws?

7. Name five pairs of husbands and wives, both of whom are famous movie or stage stars.

8. Name five famous people, living or dead, whose last name is Adams.

9. If you had a large supply of clothing to give away, what articles would you give to the following people? (For instance, to an employee in a bottling works, you'd give a cap, wouldn't you?)

A gossip An explorer

A prizefighter

10. Who were the people who used these pen names?—Boz, Lewis Carroll, Mr. Dooley, Gavin Ogilvie, Poor Richard.

Suggested by
WHAT'S MY NAME?

(MBS, Fridays at 8:00 P.M., E.S.T.)

The first five people to identify are women; the last five are men.

1. I am a movie star; I was born abroad and once was employed in a barber shop; I got my start in movies in my native land but became famous only after coming to America; I spent part of last summer in Ravello, Italy. What's my name?

2. I am famous because of my marriage; I was born in Baltimore;



Can you lick Budd Hulick?



Here is a musical feud, in its advanced stages. Most of them don't get this far, though. Can you name five pairs of feuding dance-band leaders?

RADIO MIRROR'S MAMMOTH QUIZ

Continued

I now live abroad and may never return to the United States. What's my name?

3. I am a character in an ancient legend; I was the cause of a war when my sweetheart stole me from my husband; it was once said of me that my face had "launched a thousand ships." What's my name?

4. I am a character in recent American history; I was a crusader; I was frequently arrested during my career; a hatchet was my trademark. What's my name?

5. I am an American actress; I made my first stage appearance in Washington at the age of six; I have been in the movies and won the Academy Award, but have refused to return to screen work; I made my greatest success so far playing a historical personage. What's my name?

The next five are all men:

6. I am a star in radio and movies; I was born in New York's East Side; I began my career as a singing waiter and later became a musical comedy star; my eyes are my trademark. What's my name?

7. I am a historical personage, no longer living; I was the cause of the formation of the Episcopal Church; I was married several times, but my most famous daughter was never married at all. What's my name?

8. I am an American millionaire, but that isn't the chief reason you should know about me: I have re-



I played with a symphony orchestra when I was seven. What's my name?

The answers are on page 70—but no fair peeking until you've done your best on each question. And watch for Radio Mirror's second great quiz, in next month's issue.

cently been rumored either married or engaged to a movie actress; I once produced movies myself and plan to do so again. What's my name?

9. I am a scientist; I was born abroad but now live in America; I am best known for some beliefs I hold which few people understand; I play the violin for relaxation. What's my name?

10. I am a musician; I was a child prodigy, playing when I was seven with the San Francisco Symphony orchestra; I completed a triumphal world concert tour in 1935 and then retired to grow up; I recently came out of retirement and resumed my career. What's my name?

Suggested by THE WORD GAME

1. Change the word *united* into a word meaning exactly the opposite by transposing two of its letters.

2. What six-letter word means both a color and to put ashore and abandon on a desert island?

3. Is there any difference between *egoism* and *egotism*?

4. What does *ex* put before a word mean? What does it mean when put before a title?

5. Change a four-letter state of confusion into a communication by adding the three letters *age* on to the end of it.

6. What does the slang phrase *take it on the lam* mean?

7. Has a *dogma* anything to do with dogs?

8. What four-letter word has two meanings—one a kind of fish and the other a term in music?

9. Is this sentence correct?—"They hung the criminal on a tree."

10. What is the difference between a bole, a boll, and a bowl?

Suggested by THE ASK-IT-BASKET

(CBS, Wednesdays at 7:30 P.M., E.S.T.)

1. What does U.S.S.R. stand for?

2. Who was the first woman to make a solo airplane flight from England to America?

3. Who is the only writer who ever refused the Pulitzer Prize for Literature?

4. Who is Cornelis McGillicuddy?

5. Who invented the cotton gin? The revolver?

6. Which planet of the universe do we know the most about?

7. The element which helps keep the earth warm is which?—Helium, oxygen, radium, nitrogen.

8. Off what continent is the island of Tasmania?

9. If you were an alien seeking United States naturalization, would your application be heard by a Federal or a State judge?

10. Where is the only United States National Park which is not on the North American continent?



Jim McWilliams quizzes millions.



There's one element which helps keep the earth warm. What is it?

Radio Mirror Salutes



RADIO'S MAN of the HOUR

H. V. Kaltenborn

AS THIS issue of Radio Mirror goes to press the threat of war which hung over the world in September seems to be lifting. Perhaps, by the time you read this, peace will be assured. But you still will not have forgotten the anxious days when your radio was the swift messenger bringing you news of vital world events. All networks performed a magnificent service during the European crisis, but among all the broadcasts, the work of Columbia's H. V. Kaltenborn was outstanding.

A pioneer commentator on news events, Kaltenborn brought to his work an exhaustive knowledge of European conditions, a logic and clarity that made his words a delight to listen to, and an energy that kept him living in a New York CBS studio day and night for three weeks. Above you see him at the mike, reading his own shorthand notes on trans-Atlantic broadcasts, snatching a few hours' sleep on the couch in the studio—all in order that he might bring you not only the latest news, but its keen interpretation.

RADIO MAKES A HOME FOR

The Homeless

ON a wooded estate at Graymoor, forty miles from New York City, is St. Christopher's Inn, one of America's really unique charities, where any man may come and receive food and shelter, regardless of race or creed. Operated by the Society of the Atonement, Franciscan Order, the present Inn is the product of cash gifts from listeners to the Order's Sunday Ave Maria Hour, heard on over 150 stations, through broadcasts and recordings. Last year, 150,000 free meals and 50,000 nights' lodgings were provided.

Supported by listeners' gifts, St. Christopher's is always open to foot-sore wanderers who find rest and food waiting to break their journey



A game of croquet is enjoyed by Father Paul James Francis, S.A., who founded the Society of the Atonement in 1900. The Inn is only one of its benevolent activities.

No questions are asked of the men who come to this fine new building for shelter. All may stay until they feel ready to go out and have another try at making a living.



Also built by listeners' gifts is this pavilion, nearly completed, which will be used as a rest-house for the parties of pilgrims who frequently come to Graymoor.

The Inn's guests take part in a Wednesday broadcast, which is heard on two New York stations. The man on the right is wearing a waiter's coat, a gift to the Inn.

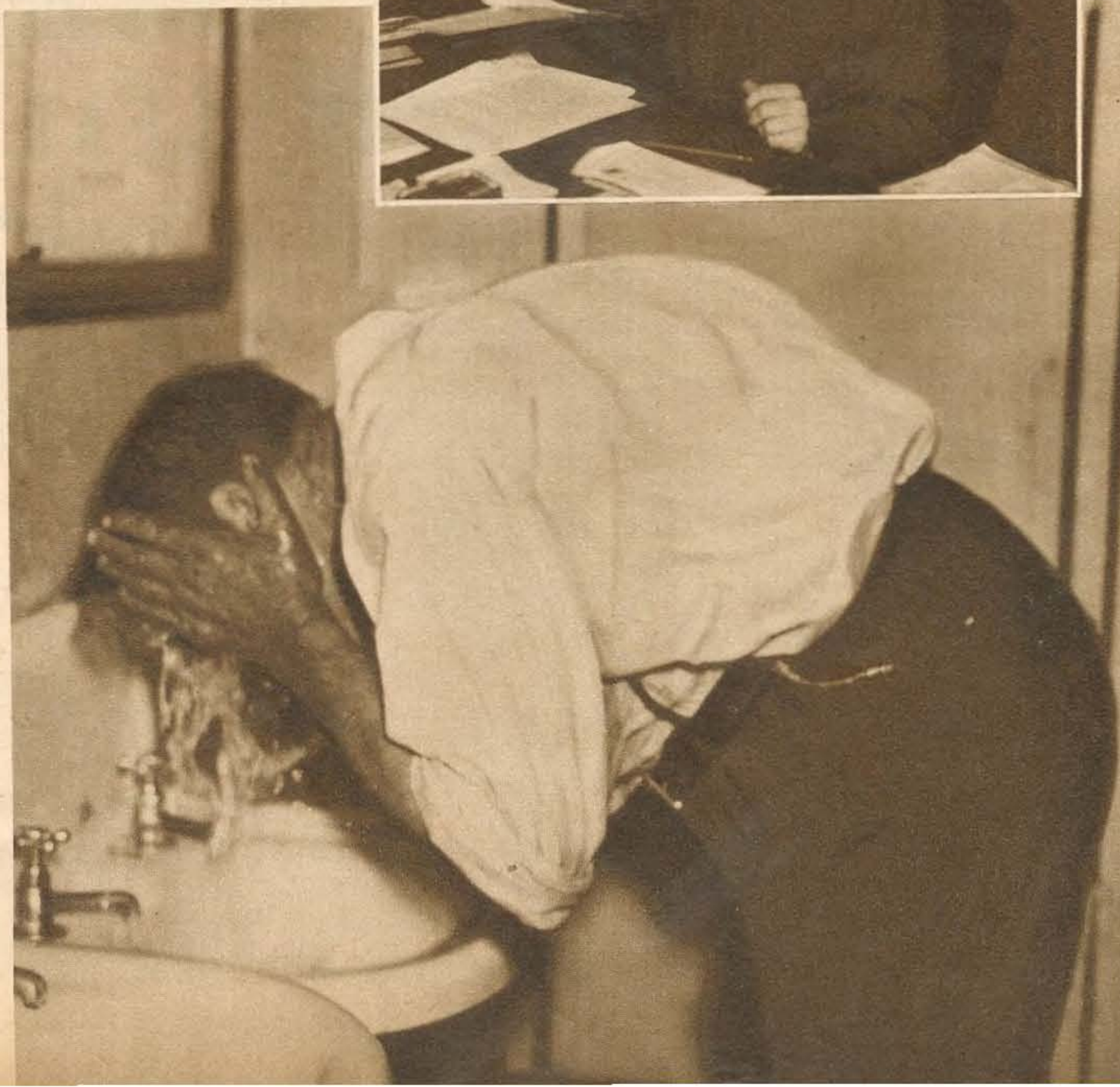




Above, clean sheets and warm blankets are given the "Brothers Christopher," which is the Friars' name for all of the guests at the Inn.

Inset, Father Patrick McCarthy, S. A., is the director of the Inn and also co-producer, with a professional radio man, of the Ave Maria Hour.

A Brother Christopher, right, washes away the dust of the road he has been traveling. He'll probably rest here about a week, maybe three months.



RADIO'S
PHOTO-
MIRROR

First: You march side by side, gentleman on the left. Then you strut forward eight steps; swing the arms, walking jauntily in cockney fashion.



Second: Link right arms; walk around in circle to right four steps; quickly reverse, linking left arms, walking four steps in circle to left.



Third: Repeat first step; turn away from your partner, taking four very short steps in circle. Close heels on fourth count, facing each other.



Fourth: Slap your knees in time to music, ending with pointing your thumb over shoulder, in hitch-hike fashion, and yell loudly, "Oi! Oi!"



LEARN THE *Lambeth*

NOT so very many years ago, it would have taken a long time for an English dance craze to catch on in America. But the magic of radio, combined with the enterprise of Arthur Murray, famous dancing teacher, is making "The Lambeth Walk" as big a success here as it has already become across the Atlantic.

First introduced as one of the numbers in the London musical comedy hit, "Me and My Girl," the Lambeth Walk is a group dance, distantly related to our own Big Apple, but is simpler to do. It's danced properly to one tune, the number of the same name which accompanied it in the show, and consists of only four steps, or movements, illustrated on this page in pictures posed by two Arthur Murray students. You can learn it

Walk!

Photos by Arthur Murray Studios

easily by studying the pictures, but bear this in mind as you dance: Its success depends above all on a jauntily, gay, free and easy manner. You can't be stodgy or stiff and do the Lambeth Walk properly.

Arthur Murray, who learned the dance in England and returned to the United States to teach it here, is planning to go on the air to give lessons in performing it and other dances, and by the time you read this it will probably be on the Philip Morris programs, Tuesdays on NBC and Saturdays on CBS. You've undoubtedly heard the Lambeth Walk tune played on many night dance programs and will hear it even more if the popularity of the dance is anything to judge by. Add to your enjoyment of the tune by dancing to it.

DRESSING FOR THAT

"In-Between"

Smart and dressy is Judy's two-piece costume of brown wool. The dress has a simple Peter Pan neckline and the three-quarter-length coat is trimmed with kolinsky fur.

Below: For Sundays or holidays, this dark green wool dress and long-sleeved bolero with front insets of baranduki, is ideal. Left, a hat that can go with almost any dress is a high-crowned felt with three grosgrain bows.



Judy, frequent guest star on Thursday's Good News of 1939, wears these clothes in her new M-G-M picture, "Listen, Darling."

"Age"

Youthful but not childish—Judy Garland's mid-winter clothes are designed for those early teens

Judy thinks there's nothing more appropriate for school than this brown wool frock with separate vest of henna suede and a jaunty henna-colored bow at the neck.

Important for your school wardrobe is this Scotch plaid tweed sport coat (below). Its colors are teal-blue, red, yellow and white, and it has a black velvet collar. With it Judy wears this saucer-brimmed hat over her right eye.



RADIO'S PHOTO-MIRROR



The GRACIE ALLEN MURDER CASE

By
S.S. VAN DINE

Illustration by Tesar

Poison and a secret door
add new confusion to Philo
Vance's most baffling case

The story thus far:

THE Gracie Allen Murder Case really began when Sergeant Heath heard that Benny the Buzzard had escaped from prison. Benny had threatened the life of District Attorney Markham, and Heath determined to forestall possible trouble by watching the *Cafe Domdaniel*, known to be one of Benny's haunts. Philo Vance, his curiosity aroused, announced his intention of dropping in at the *Domdaniel* himself that night, principally to get a look at its proprietor, Daniel Mirche. At first he and Van Dine took a motor car into the country, where they stumbled across Gracie Allen, an employee of the In-O-Scent perfume factory, who was mourning because a cigarette carelessly tossed from a speeding limousine had burned her dress as she stood beside the road. Vance amused himself with her chatter, and jokingly told her he had just murdered a man. That night, at the *Domdaniel*, he was surprised to see her again, escorted by Mr. Puttle, a salesman for In-O-Scent, while George Burns, the In-O-Scent's perfume-sniffer, glowered jealously from the other side of the room. Gracie had come, she said, to persuade her brother Philip, a dish-washer at the cafe, not to quit his job. Only a few minutes after Vance left, news reached him that Gracie's brother had been found mysteriously dead, in Mirche's office. At the request of Gracie's mother, Vance and Heath agreed to keep his death a secret from Gracie. Meanwhile, Sergeant Heath's investigations convinced him that George Burns was guilty—Burns' cigarette case was found on Philip's body; and Philip and Burns had been seen quarrelling on the afternoon of the murder. Heath arrested George without telling Gracie why. But still—Vance was not satisfied.



"And I fell right into the room! It was so embarrassing!"

PART III

An Unexpected Visitor

WHEN the patrol-wagon arrived and the unhappy Burns was stepping into it, Vance smiled at him encouragingly. "Cheerio," he said; and then stood watching the

wagon as it drove off. As soon as it was out of sight he summoned a taxicab and went at once to the District Attorney's apartment.

He gave Markham a concise summary of all the events that had taken place since we left his apartment the night before: the trip to the mortuary and the promise to Mrs. Allen; Heath's appropriating of the

cigarette-case and his all-night search for Burns; the interview with the befuddled young man when he was found; and, finally, Heath's decision to hold Burns until Doremus reported.

"Burns is innocent," he asserted. "I want you to call the police station and tell Heath to release him. In fact, Markham, I insist upon it. But I want the

Gracie decides to help Philo Vance solve the murder of her brother— only Gracie isn't a detective and she doesn't know her brother's dead

Sergeant to bring the chappie up here first—if that's convenient for you. Y'see, I want him to understand clearly that one condition of his freedom is absolute silence, for the present, on the matter of the johnnie in the morgue. That was our promise to Mrs. Allen, and Burns must cooperate with us when he is released. . . . Please hasten, old dear."

"You know this Burns?" asked Markham.

"I've seen him but twice. But I have my whimsies, don't y'know."

"As good a euphemism as any for your present unbalanced state of mind! . . . Just why do you want this fellow released?"

"I'm enraptured with the wood-nymph," smiled Vance.

Markham rose resignedly: he had known Vance too long not to perceive the seriousness so often hid beneath his bantering.

"This is *your* case," he said—"if it is a case—and you can handle it any way you see fit. I have my own troubles."

FIFTEEN minutes later Heath escorted Burns into the District Attorney's library. Vance carefully outlined the circumstances to Burns, and extracted from him a definite promise to make no mention of Philip Allen's death to any one, impressing upon him the situation with regard to Gracie Allen herself.

George Burns, with unmistakable sincerity, readily enough agreed to the restriction; and the Sergeant informed him he was free to go.

When we were alone, however, Heath fumed:

"If you think I'm not going to keep that guy covered, you ain't so smart, Mr. Vance. I sent Tracy up here ahead of me, and he's going to tail Burns."

"I rather expected you would do just that, don't y'know." Vance shrugged pleasantly. "But please, Sergeant, don't get an erroneous impression from my whim to free the young perfume mixer. I shall put all my energy into unravelin' the present tangle. . . . By the by, did you learn anything about the autopsy?"

"Sure I did," said Heath. "I called up Doc Doremus just before I left the station. He said he'd get busy right after lunch, and have the report tonight."

It was almost three o'clock when Vance and I returned to his apartment. Currie met us at the door.

"I'm horribly upset, sir," he said *sotto voce*. "There's a most incredible young person here waiting to see you. I tried most firmly to send her away, sir; but I couldn't seem to make her understand. She was most determined and—and hoydenish, sir." He took a quick backward glance. "I've been watching her very carefully, and I'm sure she has touched nothing. I do hope, sir—"

"You're forgiven, Currie." Vance broke into the distracted old man's apologies, and, handing him his hat and stick, went directly into the library.

Gracie Allen was sitting in Vance's large lounge chair, engulfed in the enormous tufted upholstery.

"Hello, Mr. Vance," she said solemnly. "I bet you didn't expect to see me. And I bet you don't know

where I got your address. And the grouchy old man who met me at the door didn't expect to see me either. But I didn't tell you how I got your address. I got it the same way I got your name—*right on your card*. Though I really don't feel like going down and getting that new dress tomorrow. Maybe I won't go. That is, maybe I'll wait till I know that nothing's happened to George. . . ."

"I'm very glad you were so clever as to find my address." Vance's tone was subdued. "And I'm delighted you're still using the citron scent."

"Oh, yes!" She looked at him gratefully. "You know, I didn't like it so much at first, but now—somehow—I just love it! Isn't that funny? But I believe in people changing their minds. And when I found out you lived so close to me, I thought that was awfully convenient, because I just *had* to ask you a lot of important questions." She looked up at Vance as if to see how he would react to this announcement. "And oh, I discovered something else about you! You have five letters in your name—just like me and George. It's Fate, isn't it? If you had six letters maybe I wouldn't have come. But now I know everything is going to come out all right, isn't it?"

"Yes, my dear," nodded Vance. "I am sure it will."

She released her breath suddenly, as if some controversial point had successfully been disposed of.

"And now I want you to tell me exactly why those policemen took George away. I'm really frightfully worried and upset, although George phoned me he was all right."

Vance sat down facing the girl.

"You really need not be concerned about Mr. Burns," he began. "The men who took him away this morning foolishly thought there were some suspicious circumstances connected with him. But everything will be cleared up in a day or two. Please trust me."

"But it must have been something very serious that made those men come to my house this morning and upset George so terribly."

"But," explained Vance, "they only *thought* it was serious. The truth is, my dear, a man was found dead last night at the *Domdaniel*, and—"

"But what could George have to do with *that*?"

"I'm certain he has nothing to do with it."

"Then why did the men act so funny about the cigarette-case I gave George? How did *they* get it, anyhow?"

Vance hesitated several moments; then he apparently reached a decision as to how far he should enlighten the girl.

"As a matter of fact," he explained patiently, "Mr. Burns' cigarette-case was found in the pocket of the man who died."

"Oh! But George wouldn't give away anything I bought for him."

"As I say, I think it was all a great mistake."

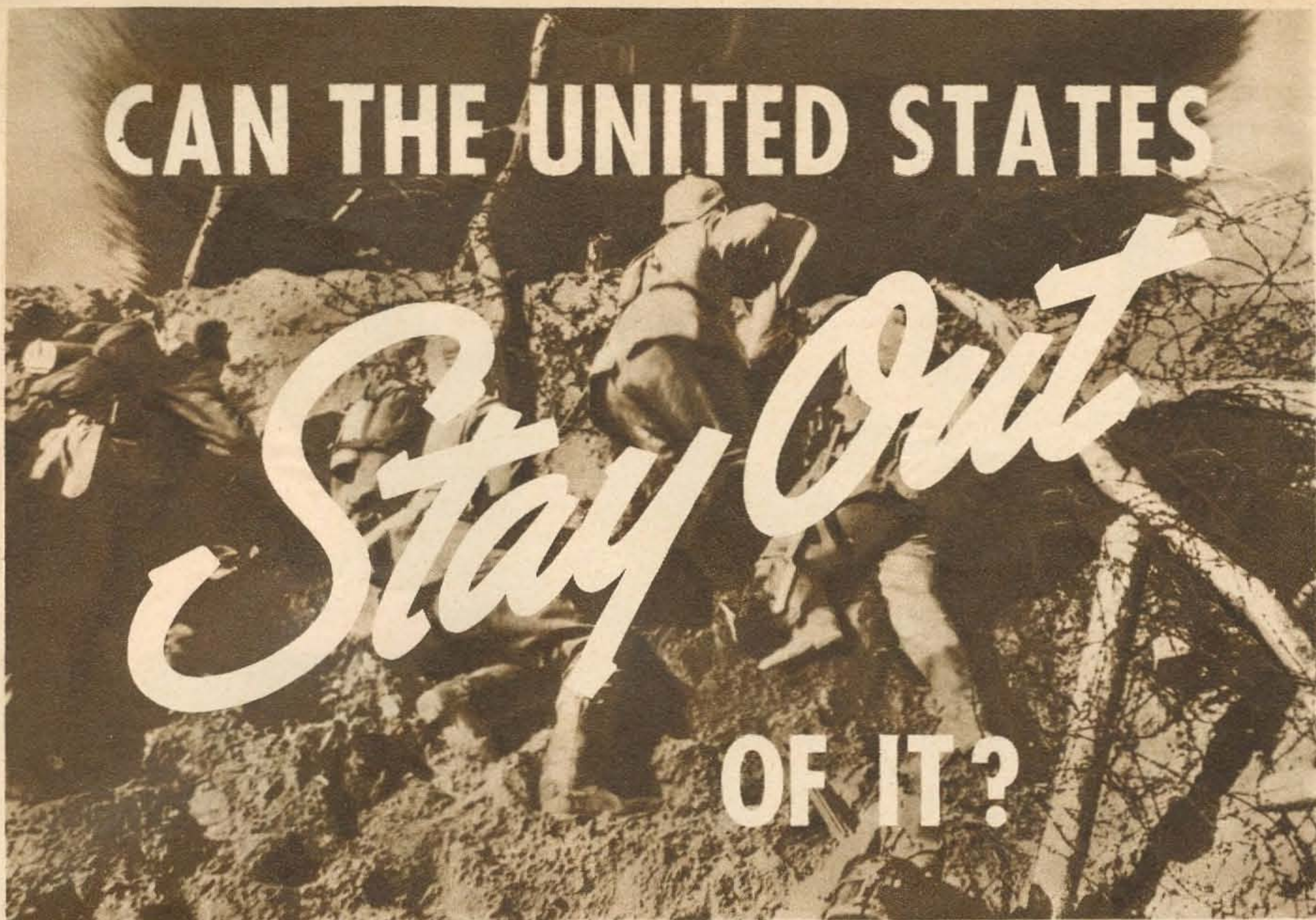
THE girl looked at Vance long and searchingly. "But suppose, Mr. Vance—suppose this man didn't just die. Suppose he was—well—suppose he was killed, like you said you killed that bad man in Riverdale yesterday. And suppose George's cigarette-case was found in his pocket. And suppose—oh, lots of things like that. I've read in the papers how policemen sometimes think that somebody is killed by innocent people, and how—" She stopped abruptly and put her hands to her mouth in horror.

Vance leaned over and put his hand on her arm.

"Please, please, my dear child!" he said. "Nothing is going to happen to Mr. Burns."

A frightened, pleading look was in her eyes.

(Continued on page 65)



Condensed from a broadcast talk by Miss Thompson on America's Town Meeting of the Air on NBC.

B Y D O R O T H Y T H O M P S O N

Not by isolation, says this famous writer, for that must lead to panic and despotism. But there is a way out—

I WISH with all my heart that I could be convinced that this country, in a world torn by war, revolution, and the breakdown of every concept of international law and international economy, could retreat inside her own borders and, regardless of the rest of the world, maintain here and improve here in the United States freedom, democracy, and prosperity.

We kept out of the last war for three years, the last world war, because it was possible by maintaining trade as neutrals to keep our economic system from collapsing. Without that trade we should have had a panic immediately, and the panic would have driven the people toward participation in the war as the threat of it eventually did when that panic became imminent three years later, because men will always fight before they will starve.

It has been demonstrated in our lifetime that no form of social or economic organization is a guarantee against nations taking the warpath, and if one can learn anything from history—and that is the only thing we can learn anything from, because all the rest is guesswork—one can learn that all periods of prolonged peace so far in the world have been maintained because

the overwhelming force was on the side of maintaining them. After the last war, most nations attempted to make a system of collective security to hold it, and that has now broken down. It broke down, I think, first because the United States, the greatest single power in the world, refused to join and influence what it did; and second, because those that were in it welshed when it came to fulfilling their obligations.

But the point is that with that breakdown, war has begun again—in Ethiopia, in Spain, in China, and in Central Europe. There have always been “have not” nations in the world, and the only thing that has kept those “have not” nations from fighting has been the conviction that if they did, they would not win.

All social order rests eventually on force. As civilization advances—and civilization means, among other things, the careful cultivation of inhibitions—force is less and less used. But it remains in the background and is the eventual arbiter, and is an instrument of civilization so long as it remains on the side of law.

The transfer of force against law is anarchy, and that is what we now have in the world, and this country can no more continue its existence (*Continued on page 72*)



Twentieth Century-Fox

Columbia Pictures

dark victory



By GEORGE BREWER, JR.

AND BERTRAM BLOCK



Visualize Barbara Stanwyck in the role of Edith as you read. Insert, director Cecil De Mille.

EVERY Monday night, the Lux Theater of the Air brings the glamour and excitement of the stage into your own home. Now RADIO MIRROR is going a step farther, by recreating, in these pages, one of the Lux Theater's greatest dramatic hits.

Adapted to the printed page, here is the essence of the play of the same name that scored a Broadway success a few years ago when Tallulah Bankhead was its star. Later it was presented on the Lux Theater, with Barbara Stanwyck and Melvyn Douglas in the leading roles, in a broadcast version that left its listeners in tears. This winter the play will go before the Warner Brothers cameras, in its screen adaptation.

Recall for a moment the many hours of pleasure Monday nights have brought you since the Lux Theater began its broadcasts. The lights are dimming, the announcer steps forward, and you hear:

"Barbara Stanwyck and Melvyn Douglas in *Dark Victory*, the Broadway play hit by George Brewer, Jr., and Bertram Block. . . .

"Our scene is the consulting room of Dr. Fred Steele's office on Park Avenue, where Dr. Steele is engaged in an argument with an older colleague, Dr. Parsons."

PARSONS: I'm not here to persuade you to give up your fool plan of chucking a good practice and starting a new one in Vermont. I've tried everything I could on that score and failed.

STEELE (*Ironically*): Thank God for that.

PARSONS: I'm here to ask you a favor. I want you to see Edith Traherne.

STEELE: I can't. I'm leaving New York at eleven-thirty.

PARSONS: Put it off a day.

STEELE: Parsons, I closed my office two weeks ago, and I've absolutely refused to see any patients—I'm sorry, but I can't make any exceptions.

PARSONS: In heaven's name—*why* this rush to go to Vermont and be a country doctor?

STEELE: Because I've messed things up rather badly in New York.

PARSONS: You're at the top of your profession.

STEELE: I have no profession—here. I'm nothing but an efficient impersonal machine, so busy doing my petty job that I've never had time to be a physician. I couldn't recognize most of my patients six months later—except by their scars.

PARSONS (*He makes a puzzled, disgusted sound*): Oh—well, it's no use. You're too set in your ways—too Yankee—too stubborn.

STEELE (*More helpfully*): But I have a few minutes, and if you want to talk over the case—fire ahead!

PARSONS: That girl is desperately ill; she's losing ground every day.

Re-live one of Lux Theater's greatest hits with this exclusive version of a thrilling Broadway stage success

Cast as Edith's sweetheart, Dr. Fred Steele, in the "Dark Victory" broadcast—Melvyn Douglas.

STEELE: You say she's a crack horsewoman?

PARSONS: The best.

STEELE: Then why did she let her horse throw her?

PARSONS: Well, it was a queer sort of accident. She and Ronnie McVicker were riding cross-country, making for an open gate. She was on his right. As they came near the gate, he kept well over to the left to give her room; but instead of riding through the opening, she went head on for the fence—almost as though she hadn't seen it.

STEELE (*Interested*): What's that?

PARSONS: McVicker said she held her horse straight for the fence about six feet from the opening. Naturally he shied and threw her.

STEELE: I see. And when was this accident?

PARSONS: About three weeks ago.

STEELE: Well, on the whole I think your best bet's Dr. Findlay.

PARSONS (*Irritably*): I don't want Findlay or any of the rest of them. I want you.

STEELE: Can't be done.

PARSONS: All the same, it's going to be a little embarrassing for you. She's out there in your waiting room.

STEELE: Do you think you can catch me with that kind of a trick?

PARSONS: But you're the one person who can help.

STEELE: Why should I upset my plans for some spoiled, undisciplined Long Island flapper?

PARSONS (*Very earnestly*): Because it's a doctor's business to cure sick people. Because she'll die if you don't. Because I'm an old friend of yours and I'm desperate.

(*Pause.*)

STEELE: Very well. I'll see her.

(*Silently, Parsons goes into the waiting room. Then Edith Traherne enters, alone.*)

STEELE: How do you do? Won't you sit down?

EDITH: Thank you.

STEELE: Does the light from that window bother you?

EDITH (*More sharply than necessary*): No.

STEELE: How old are you, Miss Traherne?

EDITH: I'm twenty-seven and an only child. My father is dead, my mother lives abroad. My surroundings were and are thoroughly hygienic. I take a lot of exercise; I'm accustomed to a reasonable amount of tobacco and alcohol; I'm said to have a sense of humor.

STEELE: That light is in your eyes.

EDITH: Why do you keep insisting on that! There's nothing the matter with my eyes.

STEELE: You're squinting . . . There, that's better. Now, what did you do yesterday?

EDITH: I went to a matinee in the afternoon, had dinner out and played bridge in the evening.

STEELE: Other way around, wasn't it? Yesterday was Monday, and there are no matinees on Mondays.

EDITH: Why . . . yes. I guess it was.

STEELE: How did you come out at bridge?

EDITH: I . . . I can't remember.

STEELE: I know you lost.

EDITH: Yes, I lost.

STEELE: How much?

EDITH: How can I remember? I play bridge every day. . . .

STEELE: You've been losing a lot lately, haven't you? Forgetting what cards are out; and what's been bid?

EDITH (*Angrily, but frightened too*): Why do you ask me all these silly questions?

STEELE: Wait. . . . How long have you had those headaches?

EDITH: Oh, I—I don't have them.

STEELE: You have one now.

EDITH: I—oh, all right. I have. I noticed them first months ago.

STEELE: Now I'm going to ask you to go into the examining room where the nurse will take some X-rays.

(*We hear the door close behind Edith. Then Steele calls:*)

STEELE: Dr. Parsons!

PARSONS (*Returning from the waiting room.*) Well? What luck?

STEELE: Got it.

PARSONS: Thank God.

STEELE: I'm not so sure. It's brain tumor—glioma of the brain. She has a right visual defect. Her memory is shot to pieces. She can't concentrate. The reason she drove the horse for the fence was simply that she couldn't see it.

PARSONS: Good Lord. Is it operable?

STEELE: With luck—yes. But—if the X-rays show that it's diffused, as I think it is—

PARSONS: She'll get a recurrence.

STEELE: Yes.

PARSONS: And that means. . . ?

STEELE: About ten months to a year. There's only one decent thing about it. She'll probably never know until the last. Then she'll go blind. Her blindness will only last for a minute, but that's the signal. There'll be only a few hours after that.

PARSONS: Are you going to tell her?

STEELE: Would you want her to know?

PARSONS: No.

STEELE: That's the answer.

A NURSE (*Entering*): The patient is ready, Dr. Steele. But you'll have to leave now if you're going to catch your train.

STEELE: Train! (*As Edith Enters.*) Do sit down. You must be done up after all this questioning.

EDITH: Just a bit. Sorry I was so difficult.

STEELE: I liked the way you fought back at me. You've been a good sport. . . . I'm afraid this may be a shock. You see, something's gone wrong in that incredible labyrinth, the brain. I'm afraid it means an operation.

EDITH: Oh, that's absurd! I won't let you. . . . (*Then in a changed tone.*) It must be pretty serious.

(*Continued on page 60*)



At the mike—Barbara Stanwyck broadcasts for the Lux Theater.



Above, our Hollywood reporter (right) interviews Jack Haley on the air; left, the movies' "Four Daughters," The Lane Sisters and Gale Page, may go on the air soon.



Above, a newcomer to radio—Charles Boyer (dining with his wife), on Sunday Playhouse.

HOLLYWOOD RADIO WHISPERS

For some lively listening, tune in George Fischer's Hollywood Whispers, Sunday nights on Mutual.

FRANCES LANGFORD was so homesick for her husband Jon Hall during her recent personal appearance tour that she cancelled her last week's engagement to cut short her trip in order to rejoin Jon. The couple say they're "Mad About Marriage." In all probability they'll be co-starred in a picture of that title.

* * *

You can bet your bottom dollar that Eddie Robinson's old film contract with Warners will be torn up and a new one substituted: Eddie's been clicking big on the air and on the screen!

* * *

Don't be a bit surprised if the "Four Daughters" of the screen continue their story over the radio. Lola, Priscilla, and Rosemary Lane and Gale Page have all been top names on the air for years, and

would like nothing better than to continue their roles on the ether.

* * *

Most people are commenting on the remarkable acting job performed by Bing Crosby in "Sing You Sinners." One noted reviewer remarked: "It may sound ridiculous to say so, but it wouldn't hurt at all to see such a performance receive an Academy Award. You try to pick a flaw in it—I can't!"

* * *

When the Warner Brothers-Dick Powell show left the air last fall, it was believed that the studio would return this year. But I am told confidentially that Jack Warner just nixed a radio offer of \$20,000 a week for an hour program built around the film studio's talent. Warner, I understand, gave instructions to the studio's contract department not to okay any broadcasting con-

tracts for Warners' name players that would call for more than a single performance. Dick Powell, however, is one of the few WB stars whose contract carries a clause that he may accept a radio series—if offered!

* * *

CONFIDENTIALLY! Your reporter has been signed to emcee and report more Hollywood News on a half-hour transcription show with Lou Bring's orchestra and smart singer, Frances Hunt. It will sell, of all things, Walnuts! Hope you like it!

* * *

Although Charles Boyer is presiding over the Sunday Playhouse spot occupied by Tyrone Power last season, Ty is by no means out of the picture. He will return to the program January first.

(Continued on page 57)

Adventurer IN TOP HAT

BY BERTON BRALEY

Continuing the first authorized biography of
Lowell Thomas, wanderer de luxe and voice
of the news to millions of people every week

Start Lowell Thomas' remarkable life story now:

THERE'S just one word that explains the career of Lowell Thomas—SCOPE. In 1917, at the age of twenty-five, he floated a loan of \$70,000, got married, and went to Europe. That was salesmanship, but salesmanship with scope. Early in his life, Lowell discovered that drive enough to push a small deal through to completion will push a large one, too, if it's geared right.

Lowell's early life molded his character. He was born into a happy home, but the home kept moving. As the son of a country doctor, he lived and went to school in half a dozen different parts of the United States. Later, he went to as many colleges. While he was getting his Master's degree at Princeton he began his public-speaking career by lecturing on Alaska. These lectures brought him to the attention of Secretary of the Interior Franklin K. Lane, who recommended him to the President for the job of official photographer for the A. E. F. in France. The job was a good one, but it didn't pay any salary—so Lowell, who wanted to take it and also wanted to get married, persuaded eighteen creditors to lend him \$70,000, with which he took both wife and job.

His wanderings through Europe during the war finally led him with General Allenby to the Holy Land, where he met and talked to Lawrence of Arabia. Lowell was the first man to get Lawrence's romantic story, and armed with it he returned to New York, planning to lecture on the man who was called the Uncrowned King of Arabia. Before he was thirty, Lowell had made

more than a million dollars from his Lawrence lectures—and had also lost it all by attempting to send out several shows at once, in charge of guest lecturers, instead of confining his activities to the one show he could appear in himself.

PART II

AN analysis of why Lowell's multiple-lecture-tour project was so complete a bust requires no detailed study. It's in three words, "Thomas sells himself." But he can't deputize his aura. The only industry he can be captain of is his own. His World Wide Lawrence Enterprises (this biographer's name for it) flopped because it didn't have the Thomas Touch.

Some of Thomas's best friends as well as his severest critics have intimated that he has no sense of humor. His ability to take a million dollar failure facetiously would indicate that he has.

But having a sense of humor and being a Humorist are not always the same. There are two schools of thought about Thomas as a Humorist. Lowell, and the bulk of his vast audience, think he is.

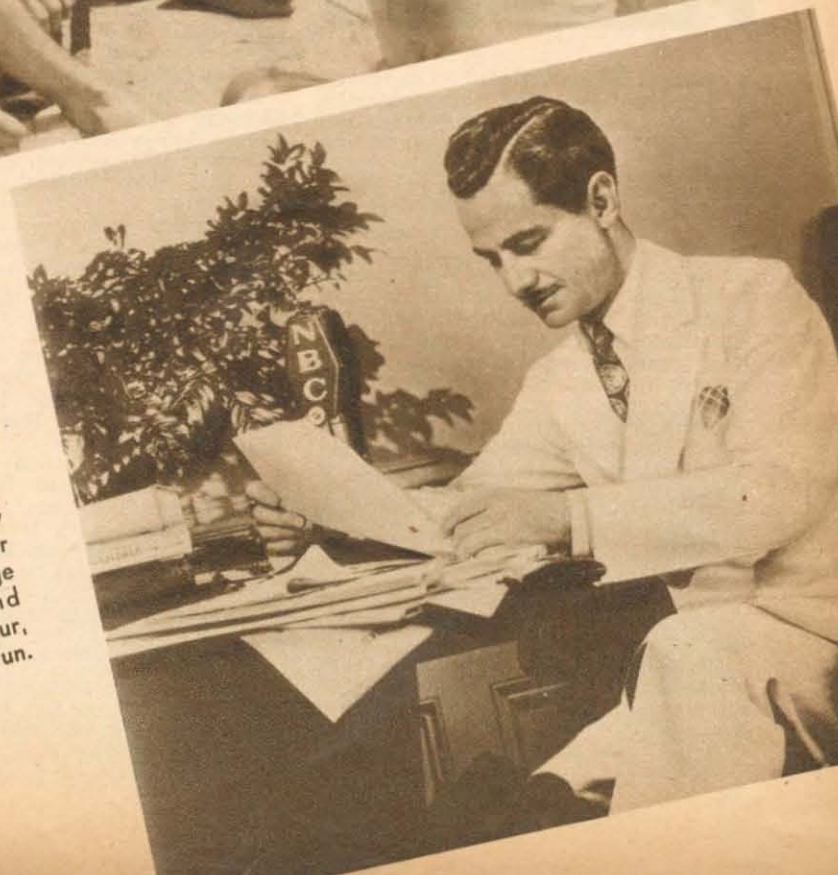
A large section of the Cognoscenti—including some of the more Sophisticated Wits—think he isn't.

But since 20,000,000 people take Thomas seriously as a Humorist, Lowell should lose sleep over 20,000 taking his humor lightly!

For the next decade Thomas went places in a large manner. He (Continued on page 49)



Above, in 1922—Lowell Thomas travels with natives down one of the swift, treacherous rivers of Malaya. "His were large scale safaris, requiring, as means of transportation, chartered ships, special trains, caravans of camels, and cavalcades of ox carts."



Right, Lowell broadcasts an evening's program from his home in Pawling, New York. "He's a precision machine for slicing seconds and he works an average fifteen-hour day—sixty golden—and golden is right—minutes to the hour, and every driving minute of it is fun."



Above, the Paul Whitemans; below, Enoch Light, the music world's newest success story.



FACING THE MUSIC

By

KEN ALDEN

Dowell's lower extremities started the whole story.

Hal Kemp was playing dance dates, although still a student at North Carolina University. His drummer was Ennis. His sax man and vocalist was Dowell. The only time Skinnay ever opened his mouth was to suggest some new arrangement. But it was Saxie who did all the singing.

Then a playful Delta Tau Delta brother of Saxie kicked him down a flight of stairs in the fraternity house on the afternoon preceding a dance engagement. Saxie wound up pained and peeved, and Skinnay sang that momentous night. But instead of singing he nervously chanted. Instead of keeping a note, he dropped it and quick-witted instrumentalists filled in with impulsive staccato notes.

Pretty soon the feminine escorts began to spoil the act. They left their partners' waiting arms to cluster around the tiny bandstand and sigh sentimentally over the dreamy-eyed drummer boy.

It's been like that for twelve years. Suddenly out of a dimly-lit band shell, an angular kid drops his wire brushes, slips over to the mike, and "walks" through the lyrics. A sea of faces stretch up to catch every mannerism. For Skinnay Ennis had unconsciously developed a rare style.

The style gave birth to Hal Kemp's staccato arrangements. Bandleaders throughout the nation could never have concocted it, no matter how much midnight oil they burned.

Ah, but this story is not yet finished. Skinnay never got any fatter (he weighs 145 pounds) but his head got wider as ideas swam around inside. He had that musical disease, the baton bug.

My story has no villain. Kemp didn't flare up and mortgage Skinnay's traps. Instead he decided to sponsor the new band, got his friend a trial engagement in Victor Hugo's Hollywood Cafe.

One night Bob Hope sauntered in. He sauntered out as the dawn came up like thunder and tired waiters gnashed their teeth. Hope had signed Skinnay for his new fall radio series.

Still single, Skinnay shares an apartment with John Scott Trotter, Bing Crosby's musical man Friday. Well equipped with arranger Claude Thornhill and singer Maxine Gray, Skinnay is anxious to disprove the rumors that he is no more than a mediocre drummer, unless properly aroused.

For the first time in eight years the bandstand of the Hotel Taft in New York has a new bandleader. Instead of George Hall, Enoch Light



Donna Dae, says Fred Waring, will be as big a star as her predecessors, the Lane girls.

is dispensing dansapation across the crowded dance floor.

The change occurred so quickly that Enoch is still walking around in a daze. Last spring the band was set to leave for Montreal when Enoch was asked to audition for the Taft spot. The boys rushed over in taxis, played for five hours, then dashed to the railroad station.

Forty-eight hours later they got the good news on a Canadian bandstand.

Not so long ago Enoch Light was playing in another New York hotel and not so happy about it. At that time he said, "If I had my life to live over again I would have finished my medical studies at Johns Hopkins."

When he was reminded of this remark, he blushed, then said: "Well perhaps I would still like to be a doctor. I thought the real break would never come along. Well, it finally arrived. Look at that rhythm section. Have you heard my band-in-a-band? Don't forget to mention my two kid singers, Peggy Mann and George Hines. . . ."

Enoch was all words, bubbling over like a high school kid playing his first date. The Johns Hopkins med student

(Continued on page 64)

HAL KEMP is planning to marry a southern siren named Martha Stevenson . . . Raymond Scott is tiring of his sensational quintet and planning to organize a full dance band . . . Russ Morgan gets the Paradise Restaurant spot in New York . . . Larry Clinton has changed his mind and will not open in the Hotel Lincoln in New York on October 6. Instead he will play in the vast International Casino . . . The Lincoln will probably substitute Art Shaw . . . Paul Whiteman plans a special Christmas Night concert in Carnegie Hall, presenting only original compositions. He has commissioned Raymond Scott to write one entitled "Something for Quintet and Orchestra." . . . Dick Todd, a young baritone, is getting an unprecedented buildup by RCA on radio and records. They think he's another Bing Crosby.

A kick in the pants has given the kilocycles its latest dance band sensation.

It's Edgar C. "Skinnay" Ennis, Jr., of Salisbury, N. C., who grabbed the band honors on Bob Hope's new CBS fiesta.

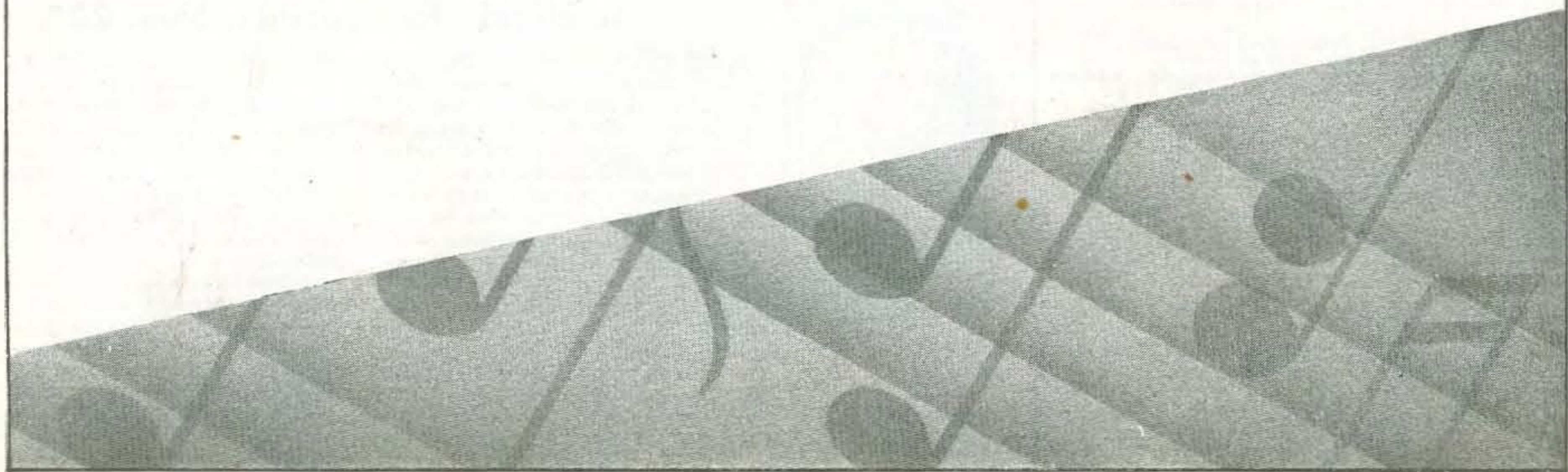
A playful poke aimed at Saxie

RADIO MIRROR •

almanac

OCTOBER 26 TO NOVEMBER 24

A GREATER RADIO SEASON WITH RADIO MIRROR! HERE'S YOUR INDISPENSABLE GUIDE TO ALL THE NEW SHOWS—PLUS THE IMPORTANT SATURDAY AFTERNOON FOOTBALL GAMES



WOODEN ANNIVERSARY

More Like a Honeymoon!



SMART WIVES USE THIS EXTRA BEAUTY CARE...THEY CREAM EXTRA "SKIN-VITAMIN" INTO THEIR SKIN*



Princess—H. R. H. Princess Maria Antonia de Bragança (Mrs. Ashley Chanler) is a great believer in creaming "skin-vitamin" into her skin. She says: "I'm glad to get this extra beauty care in Pond's—the cream I've always used."



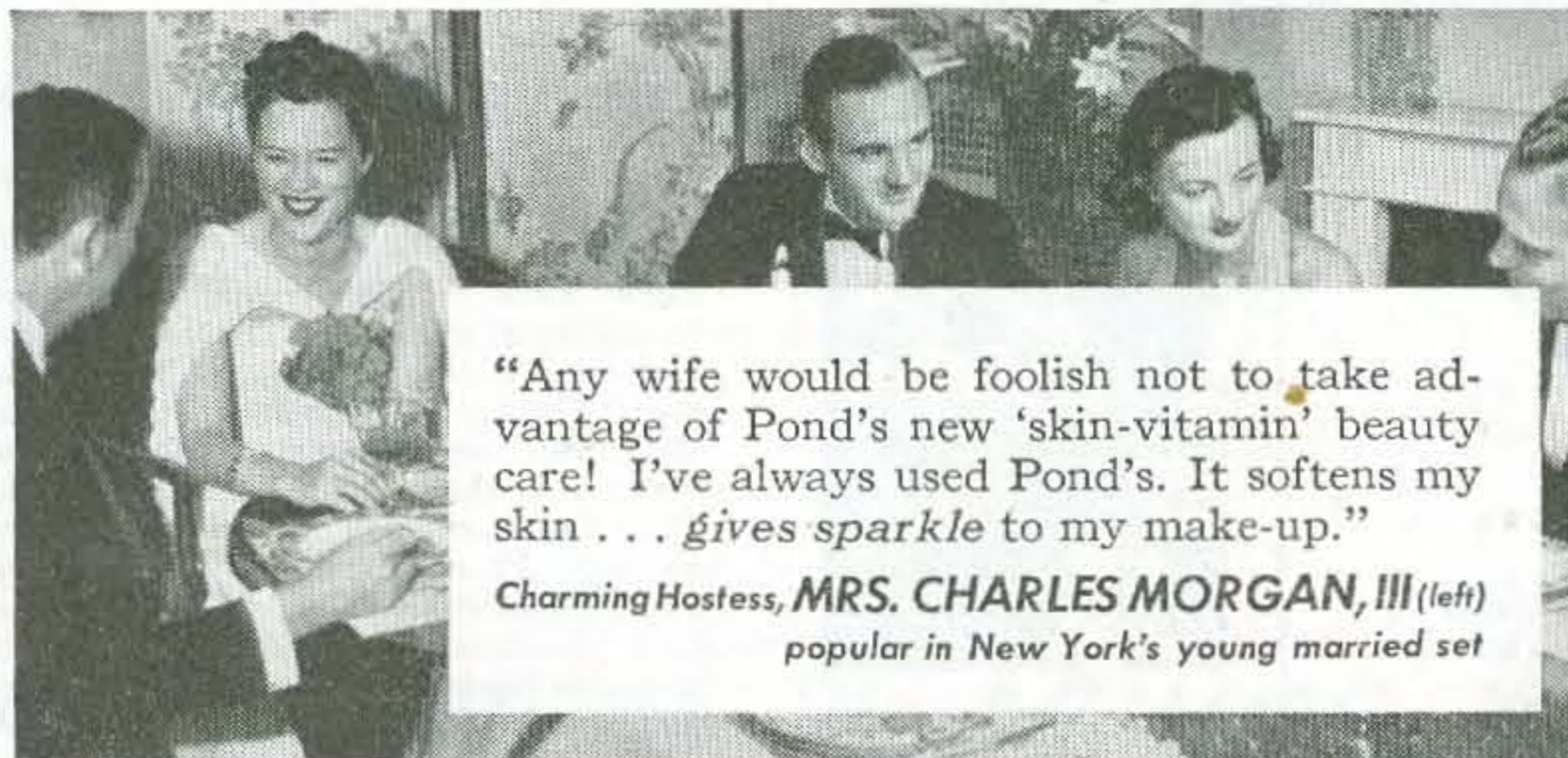
Earl's Daughter—Lady Cynthia Williams, popular member of British aristocracy, has used Pond's since her deb days... "Now I'm more enthusiastic about Pond's than ever. Extra 'skin-vitamin' in Pond's Cold Cream



helps provide against possible lack of it in my skin." (above) At her ancestral home, Waldershare Park, Kent, England—introducing her baby daughter, Juliana, to the hounds.

Vitamin A, the "skin-vitamin," is necessary to skin health. In hospitals, scientists found that this vitamin, applied to the skin, healed wounds and burns quicker.

• Now this "skin-vitamin" is in every jar of Pond's Cold Cream! Use Pond's night and morning and before make-up. Same jars, same labels, same prices.



"Any wife would be foolish not to take advantage of Pond's new 'skin-vitamin' beauty care! I've always used Pond's. It softens my skin... gives sparkle to my make-up."

Charming Hostess, **MRS. CHARLES MORGAN, III** (left) popular in New York's young married set

Amazing Pond's Offer

With purchase of large jar of Pond's Cold Cream, get a generous box of Pond's "Glare-Proof" Powder. BOTH for the price of the Cold Cream. LIMITED SUPPLY...

GET YOURS TODAY!



SOCIETY BEAUTIES USE POND'S

* Statements concerning the effects of the "skin-vitamin" applied to the skin are based upon medical literature and tests on the skin of animals following an accepted laboratory method.

Tune in on "THOSE WE LOVE," Pond's Program, Mondays, 8:30 P.M., N.Y. Time, N.B.C.

Copyright, 1938, Pond's Extract Company

"I was mad enough to jump overboard"

Gee—was I sorry for myself! And mad, too! Five precious days of the cruise I'd planned and saved for—to be spoiled by chafing discomfort and annoyance! I thought of the dancing and gay deck games, and inwardly wailed . . . Oh, *why* was I born a woman?



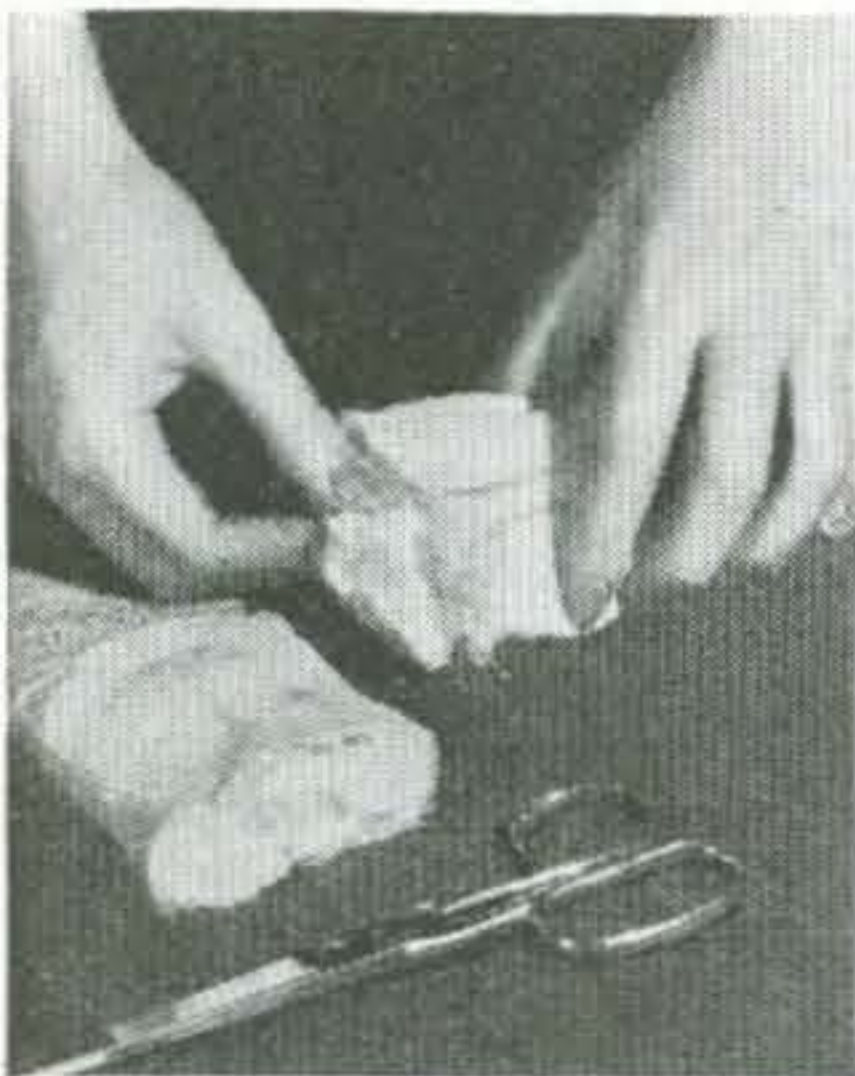
Well—at least I've drawn a nice cabin companion, I consoled myself, when I met the girl who was sharing my stateroom. And apparently it was mutual, for before we were unpacked we were friends . . . and I was telling her my troubles.



"Me, too"—she grinned. "But it doesn't get me down. Though I used to feel just as you do about it until I discovered Modess. But now—with Modess—I'm so completely comfortable I just don't think about it . . ."



"Here"—she continued, offering me a box of Modess. "Help yourself. Fortunately, I brought an ample supply." And while I finished unpacking, she explained how Modess is made and why it's so wonderfully comfortable . . .



"It's made differently," she told me. And she actually cut a Modess pad in two so that I could see and feel the soft, *fluffy* filler . . . so unlike napkins made of close-packed layers. "Now," she added, "I'll show you how *safe* you are with Modess . . ."



Taking out the moisture-resistant backing, she dropped water on it. Not a drop went through! "And," she pointed out, "there's a blue line on the back of every Modess pad that shows how to wear it for the greatest possible comfort and protection!"



Well—every day of that cruise was glorious! Not a single uncomfortable moment—thanks to Modess. So, naturally, I've been a Modess booster ever since. And think, for all its comfort and security, Modess costs not one cent more than any other nationally known napkin!

Get in the habit of saying "Modess"!

IF YOU PREFER A SMALLER, SLIGHTLY NARROWER PAD, SAY "JUNIOR MODESS"

Adventurer in Top Hat

(Continued from page 38)

toured the British Empire with his own Lawrence unit—the only one to make money. He paraded India with the Prince of Wales, visiting viceroys and maharajahs in mobs. Exercising his genial genius for interesting important people in his plans, he got backing for expeditions into Malaysia and Upper Burma; and wangled himself an invitation from King Amanullah to visit him at Kabul, an invitation so personal that the Afghans wouldn't let his companion—though he was Major Yeats Brown, the Bengal Lancer—cross the border with him.

Whatever places he went, Afghanistan or Australia, Sudan or the South Seas—and he covered them all—batteries of movie-cameras and troops of operators went along. So did Mrs. Thomas, as his chief aide.

These were large scale safaris, requiring, as means of transportation, chartered ships, special trains, caravans of camels, flocks of elephants, herds of horses and cavalcades of ox-carts.

THUS, between 1919 and 1924 Lowell traveled somewhere between half a million and a million miles, shot several thousand miles of film, delivered a couple of thousand lectures, on Lawrence, India, Australia and Malaysia, accompanied the U. S. Army planes on what was the first world-flight, wrote, syndicated, and acted as chief salesman for the history of that flight, and turned out three or four books, "With Lawrence in Arabia" being the first—and incidentally, the most successful of the thirty he's published to date.

Lowell came home in 1925 and except for a twenty-five-thousand-mile plane trip in 1927, which, Lowell says, was "some kind of a record or other," the next five years were a continuous platform performance.

Lowell got his radio job because, in the opinion of the Cuddihys, who owned the Literary Digest, Floyd Gibbons, their then broadcaster, talked too fast; was too wet (in the handling of the Digest's prohibition poll); and cost too much—\$3,500 a week—while they could get Lowell for only \$2,000 a week.

According to Lester Cuddihy, there came a crucial moment in the third week when Lowell's air-chances were suspended in mid air, and then "a wave of fan mail put him on the crest of the radio wave."

He has swum with the tide comfortably since, switching, without missing a stroke, to his present sponsors after a year or so with the Digest. His five times a week radio audience is estimated at ten million. His twice a week "flashing of the news by Movietone" must hit another ten million ears. He has been broadcasting for eight years, and screen-casting for five.

He originated the Tall Stories feature of his earlier broadcasts as a lure for fan mail and it worked. Enough whoppers came in so that Lowell was able to gather them in a book, which, strangely enough, he called "Tall Stories."

Since the beginnings of the Lawrence show Lowell has employed

(Continued on page 51)



Gloria Stuart*

(Hollywood Star)

TELLS GIRLS:

"Smooth HANDS are important"

"EXQUISITE HANDS are essential for feminine charm", says GLORIA STUART* co-starring in Columbia's "The Lady Objects." "A little regular care helps keep a woman's hands smooth and lovely." Try caring for your hands with Jergens! Used regularly, it prevents chapping!



*Gloria Stuart has lovely hands. With Lanny Ross in new Columbia Picture success "The Lady Objects"

How to help keep Your HANDS Smooth and Soft

HAND SKIN SUFFERS from loss of natural moisture, when exposed to cold and wind, or frequent use of water. Looks coarse and older, feels harsh. Girls, furnish beautifying moisture for the skin by using Jergens Lotion. No stickiness! Jergens contains 2 ingredients, so effective to help whiten and soften the skin that many

doctors use them. Quickly soothes chapping! Use Jergens regularly for soft, smooth hands that kindle love's flame. At business—have a bottle in your desk drawer; at home—keep Jergens in kitchen and bathroom. Use after every hand-washing. Only 50¢, 25¢, 10¢ — or \$1.00 for the special economy size—at any beauty counter.



Its 2 effective ingredients help even rough, neglected hands to be delightfully soft and velvet-smooth.

JERGENS LOTION

FREE: GENEROUS SAMPLE

See—at our expense—how wonderfully this fragrant Jergens Lotion helps to make red, rough, chapped hands smooth and white.

The Andrew Jergens Co., 648 Alfred Street, Cincinnati, Ohio. (In Canada, Perth, Ontario)

Name _____ PLEASE PRINT

Street _____

City _____ State _____

(Continued from page 49)

a succession of clever, and usually picturesque, experts in ballyhoo, many of them adventurers themselves.

He boosts his own game on every legitimate occasion, as a matter of business, but is generous with air-publicity for fellow writers, adventurers and showmen. His sponsors like it as giving the news-broadcast more personal color.

Besides his five broadcasts a week, Thomas has the following "steady" jobs: Voicing two Fox Movietone reels a week. Voicing two commercial films a week. Writing two magazine articles monthly. Producing one to three books a year.

He is also President of the New York Advertising Club, and master of ceremonies of a weekly Ad Club luncheon with ten to fifteen speakers.

(When offered this purely honorary job, Thomas, for once, didn't see how even his Scope could include it. He made what he thought was an impossible condition—the appointment of a \$12,000 a year special club-secretary as his presidential aide and luncheon-executive. The secretary was appointed and Lowell has the job.)

Those Thursday luncheons are, by the way, something for all emcees to study for smartly-timed, swift-moving, neatly joined program-building and conducting.)

LOWELL is, further: Editor in Chief of the Commentator.

Contributing Editor to Your Life. General Manager of a two thousand acre real estate project near his Pawling, N. Y. home.

A manorial estate like his own 400 acre farm is usually about as profitable as a steam yacht. Lowell felt he could swing it as long as he himself was alive, but was worried about leaving this huge headache to his wife, if anything happened to him.

Here was more exercise for the Thomas Technique.

He recalled a man who made significant sums out of fur farming. He bought from him a stock of mink, fitch and silver fox cubs, and an expert fur-farmer to raise them. When this fur department began marketing pelts, Lowell arranged to cut out the four or five profits of brokers, jobbers and commission men, by selling direct to a New York department store.

Now Mrs. Thomas manages the fur department, and it carries the greater part of the Pawling expenses.

Saturdays and Sundays are Thomas' home and play days. His summer-time play is tennis, swimming, softball games, and riding. In winter the emphasis is on skiing, usually at Pawling, often at Lake Placid.

We now turn to the Organization phase of Thomas' work week. The list of Lowell's jobs heretofore noted will serve as a skeleton schedule of his five day week. Dressing that skeleton with flesh and blood gives it an extremely muscular appearance.

The week goes into gear with the pulling out of the seven-thirty morning train from Pawling to New York. Thomas dictates to a stenographer all the way.

This dictation is to go on and on, as an irregularly constant recurrence. It is polka-dotted through the days, Lowell filling in what would otherwise be waits and pauses with phrases and clauses.

One of his two secretaries, Mary
(Continued on page 53)

MY OWN PERSONAL
FORMULAS IN

Skin Care



From the moment I first faced footlights, as a little girl of five, and later, before the motion picture camera, I have had to use cosmetics. Naturally, the discovery of pleasing, effective, and beneficial beauty aids became a very practical necessity. Eventually, with the help of competent chemists, I developed my own beauty requisites.

These products have so satisfactorily met my exacting social and professional requirements that I have formed my own company, offering to the women of America at extremely moderate prices the identical beauty aids I personally use. As a matter of fact, when I had them made up just for my personal use, they cost me considerably more than the prices at which I am offering them to you. I am enthusiastic about these preparations, and I am sure that if you will try them, you will be as gratified with the results as I have been.

Mary Pickford



- CLEANSING CREAM . 60c
- COLD CREAM . . . 60c
- TISSUE CREAM . . . 85c
- SKIN FRESHENER . . 60c
- BEAUTY SOAP . . . 25c
- FACE POWDER . . . 60c
- LIPSTICK 60c
- ROUGE 60c

On sale at the better department and drug stores. Ask for booklet

MARY PICKFORD
COSMETICS, INC.
New York · Hollywood

(Continued from page 51)

Davis and Electra Ward, acts in turn as his alter ego, and goes where he goes. He averages two hours a day in taxicabs—and dictates on the way. He dictates on trains and ships, and though he says it is impossible on a camel, he has dictated in an elephant howdah.

He uses the slack periods between movie-reels at the Fox studios in more dictation, or in reading proofs, or revising manuscripts, or reading (a book or two a week).

His eight-room suite of offices is in the R. C. A. building. There isn't any name on the door and the telephone isn't listed. Yet there are so many visitors and telephone calls that Thomas uses the office only as a parking place for his staff and his records. He ducks in, gathers up the mail requiring his personal attention, and ducks out again and over to the apartment he maintains in New York.

THE mail is enormous—and variable. It may be a thousand letters, and it may be fifty thousand. Most of it can be answered by forms, but Lowell himself handles a tremendous amount. He says, "You can't organize the personal element out of your organization. If you do, you soon won't need any organization."

With the correspondence pretty well cleared out by 12:30, Lowell and the stenographer hop a taxi for the Fox Film luncheon-conference. This usually lasts until 3:30.

Another taxi to the Radio City office where he picks up more mail. Then to the apartment for more dictation and sundry whatnots. Or perhaps an hour or two at a commercial film studio where he sound tracks the ad that goes with the pictures.

Then the daily broadcast.

And so at seven, to dinner—and then to the Fox studios for an all-night shift which carries Monday over into Tuesday morning, around five.

Tuesday Lowell practically loaf. There's the mail—there's always the mail—a few hours of dictation, and some rag tag and bobtail requiring four or five hours' work here and there—Thomas' idea of an idle lull.

That Tuesday Dutch Treat Luncheon is the only one in the week which he doesn't consider as a business engagement. The Dutch Treat roster is that of a male Who's Who in the Arts, and the average attendance is around two hundred. Lowell figures the day practically lost if he doesn't get to talk to at least thirty of them.

With those two days as a pattern, you can round out the rest of the outlined week for yourself, including another all night film-job Wednesday. But you'll have to make it fuller and solidier as it goes on. It works out to an average fifteen hour day—sixty golden—and golden is right—minutes to the hour, and every minute fun.

The man enjoys himself. He gets the same lift out of this incredible intensity that a car-fan gets out of speed—speed for speed's sake when the highway's straight and no cop in sight.

Coming next month—still more intimate sidelights upon the man who made adventure into a career: His earnings, his family, his corps of assistants—and much more that you must know before you can explain Lowell Thomas, modern phenomenon.

Texaco Dealers
PRESENT
THE TEXACO
STAR THEATRE

SIXTY MINUTES of comedy, music, drama provided by the brightest stars of stage, screen, and radio. Laugh with Charlie Ruggles and Una Merkel . . . expect a new high in dramatic values in the series of sketches directed by the internationally famous Max Reinhardt, with a celebrated guest star each week . . . enjoy the polished performance of Adolphe Menjou as Master of Ceremonies . . . the singing of Kenny Baker and Jane Froman . . . the music of the great Texaco Orchestra and Chorus under the baton of David Broekman. Tune in The Texaco Star Theatre every Wednesday night . . . presented on the CBS Network with the compliments of your Texaco Dealer.

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GUEST STARS
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MENJOU
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EVERY WEDNESDAY NIGHT
COAST TO COAST CBS NETWORK
9:30 E.S.T. 8:30 C.S.T. 7:30 M.S.T. 6:30 P.S.T.



The Hidden Chapter in the Lives of Hedy Lamarr

and Rudy Vallee

(Continued from page 9)



I CERTAINLY WAS
LUCKY WHEN I
MARRIED YOU!



Now—read her secret

"FRANCO-AMERICAN Spaghetti is one of my best helps," she'll tell you. It means tasty, appetizing meals without long hours in the kitchen. It means being able to serve cheaper meat cuts and left-overs and get compliments on them! It means a nourishing hot lunch for the children in next to no time. Its zestful, savory cheese-and-tomato sauce makes Franco-American far superior to ordinary ready-cooked spaghetti. Try it.



Franco-American SPAGHETTI

Made by the Makers of Campbell's Soups

Send for FREE Recipe Book

CAMPBELL SOUP COMPANY, Dept. 4312
Camden, New Jersey. Please send me your free recipe book: "30 Tempting Spaghetti Meals."

Name (print) _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____

and pose with Rudy because pictures of Vallee and movie celebrities are easy to "plant."

He came over to their table late in the evening—almost just before the last number. Suave, immaculate Rudy with his college accent and his electric temper just below the surface of a white shirt front.

Their eyes met—and something happened to Hedy's heart. It did a little flip-flop. Perhaps flattery was mixed up in it. He was the hero of the evening. And when he sat down—and remained there the rest of the evening—every eye in the place was on them.

If you think the drama of it escaped the excitement seekers you don't know your Hollywood. In fact, it developed into something of a situation. Miss Youngblood, occupying her table in solitary glamour, sent a waiter several times to remind Mr. Vallee she was alone. But possibly the waiter forgot—because things reached a fine old pitch when Gloria drowned herself in Silver Fox and swept out of the place! Hollywood giggled. It was a funny start for a secret and unhappy little love story.

THERE'S a peculiar child-like quality about Hedy. Reggie Gardiner, who knows her better than anyone, says she has mistaken experience for maturity. Her reactions are like a child's—and when she met Vallee she was a lonely one.

After the Grove—they went to a private little cocktail bar off the lobby where the door opens only to those who know the right way to knock for admittance. And while the publicity girl and her beau yawned in a corner, Rudy talked to Hedy until dawn.

He told her a great deal about his life. Women had not been particularly kind. He had been hurt, he had known loneliness, just as Hedy was knowing it now. He talked, and she listened. Her great brown eyes watched every move he made, drank in every word he said. When dawn began to show through the drapes of the cocktail room—she was in love with him.

Her heart sang all the next day with that purely feminine excitement of a new romance just beginning. It is that time in a love story when the telephone is the most exciting thing in the world.

She sent out for all his records and played them again and again in the sanctity of her small living room.

When it grew late and he didn't call, she phoned his hotel. Miss Lamarr calling Mr. Vallee? Just a moment, please. Sorry, Mr. Vallee doesn't answer. He is still resting.

Still later: Miss Lamarr calling? Sorry, Mr. Vallee has gone into the Grove for a rehearsal. Yes, the message was delivered—but Mr. Vallee can't be disturbed now.

It is a telephone chant that is probably pretty well known to a lot of women who have been in love at one time or another. From there on the whole thing was a slow, dullish, inexplicable ache. Sometimes on off-nights she went alone to the Grove and listened and watched from a far corner. When she was alone he would come and talk to her between songs.

When she wasn't with him she thought about him constantly. She would play the records again and again. How could she be so juvenile as to tear herself to pieces over a midnight to dawn conversation—like a schoolgirl infatuated with a matinee idol's profile? What was this strange enchantment he had thrown over her?

She couldn't work. She couldn't study. Even the diet went hang. It didn't even have the dignity of a grande passion. She was hypnotizing herself with an illusion that was no more real than a schoolgirl's first crush. But it hurt—as wounded pride always hurts a beautiful woman.

It wasn't anything in particular that ended it. Perhaps a forgotten telephone call. Perhaps a little note in the paper that Rudy was visiting Gloria Youngblood on the set. Roses that didn't come. Or perhaps it was Hedy's own will to go upward and onward in Hollywood—with nothing, not even little heart tugs, in her way.

She stopped waiting for a telephone to ring. Every night she went to a picture show alone. She sat in the back row of a neighborhood theater listening to the American actors speak English, and repeating the words and phrases after them.

She was making a few friends—Edmund Goulding, the director. Reginald Gardiner. The English colony. Occasionally she went out with them. But mostly she studied and exercised and read and listened. Once a great executive from the studio sent for her. But she sent back word, "I am not ready yet—I must work a little harder—learn more before I even make a test."

So people began to say she was the most "career conscious" woman who ever came to Hollywood. She was thinking of nothing but herself, her chance, her opportunity!

The plaintive, crooning Vallee records weren't played any more. The telephone lost its excitement. Mr. Vallee calling Miss Lamarr? Sorry, but Miss Lamarr was having her English lesson and could not be disturbed. And then—at the very last—Mr. Vallee calling Miss Lamarr? She wasn't in. Yes, they would tell her he had called to say goodbye. She would be sorry to have missed him.

If this were a fiction story it might be titled, "Return Engagement" and have two possible endings. The famous band leader might return and fall in love with the girl who almost forgot Hollywood thinking about him. Or to make it even more story bookish, he might return to find she still cared for him—and it would blossom into a great love in full swing time.

But it isn't a fiction story and it won't end that way. Rudy is coming back for a return engagement at the Coconut Grove. And no doubt among the first nighters will be the new sensation, Hedy Lamarr, who wears provocative red veils the color of her lipstick. But it will be Hedy, the glamour girl, who goes to watch Mr. Vallee—not a lonely super-romantic "import."

And what happens won't matter very much because "every man in the room will be in love with her a little"—and she will know it!

"Why, Daddy?"

(Continued from page 19)

(Too sweet). Come in here with Daddy.

SNOOKS: Huh?

FATHER: There's something I'd like to ask you.

SNOOKS: I didn't set fire to Uncle Louie's curtains!

FATHER: I didn't say anything about Uncle Louie's curtains.

SNOOKS: Ohhh . . . Did Uncle Louie say anything?

FATHER: We'll get to that in a minute, Snooks. Come sit near Daddy, darling.

SNOOKS: I don't wanna.

FATHER: Why not?

SNOOKS: Because you're too nice!

FATHER: Well, Snooks—I'm quite sure you had a wonderful time in New York, didn't you?

SNOOKS: Did I?

FATHER: And I know you were a perfect angel at Uncle Louie's—weren't you?

SNOOKS: Was I?

FATHER: (Shouts) Stop answering my questions with a question!

SNOOKS: Why?

FATHER: (Controlling himself) One, two, three, four—

SNOOKS: What you doing, daddy?

FATHER: Nothing. Now Snooks—I want to talk about your trip to New York.

SNOOKS: Now . . . We already talked about it.

FATHER: I know we did. But I just got a letter from Uncle Louie.

SNOOKS: Ohhh . . . Daddy?

FATHER: What is it?

SNOOKS: I have to go upstairs and do my homework.

FATHER: Your homework will wait. Now, according to Uncle Louie's letter—

SNOOKS: Wahhh!

FATHER: What are you crying about?

SNOOKS: It ain't true!

FATHER: What isn't true?

SNOOKS: I didn't put the mousetrap in his bed!

FATHER: Nobody said you did!

SNOOKS: Didn't Uncle Louie say that in the letter?

FATHER: No.

SNOOKS: Then he didn't go to bed yet!

THE scene shifts. Snooks and Daddy are in the terminal cafe, five minutes before boarding a train for Grandma's.

FATHER: Go ahead and eat your salad, Snooks.

SNOOKS: I want some bananas.

FATHER: They haven't got any.

SNOOKS: Yes, they have. Right there—hanging on a stick.

FATHER: You can't have those bananas—they're still green.

SNOOKS: I like 'em!

FATHER: I know but they're not ripe.

SNOOKS: Why?

FATHER: Because they're green!

SNOOKS: Then I want some beer.

FATHER: It'll make you dizzy. Eat your lettuce.

SNOOKS: I don't wanna. The lettuce

is no good.

FATHER: Why not?

SNOOKS: Because it's green.

FATHER: What of it?

SNOOKS: Well, if it's green it aint ripe.

FATHER: Oh stop that nonsense. Of course it's ripe.

SNOOKS: You said the bananas aint ripe when they're green.

FATHER: I know I did.

SNOOKS: Then why is the lettuce ripe when it's green?

FATHER: Because that's the color of lettuce when it's ripe.

SNOOKS: Well, what color is it when it aint ripe?

FATHER: GREEN! It's green when it's ripe and it's green when it's not ripe!

SNOOKS: Did you drink some beer, daddy?

FATHER: YES!

SNOOKS: Did it make you dizzy?

And now the moment has come for Baby Snooks to be entered in a baby beauty contest.

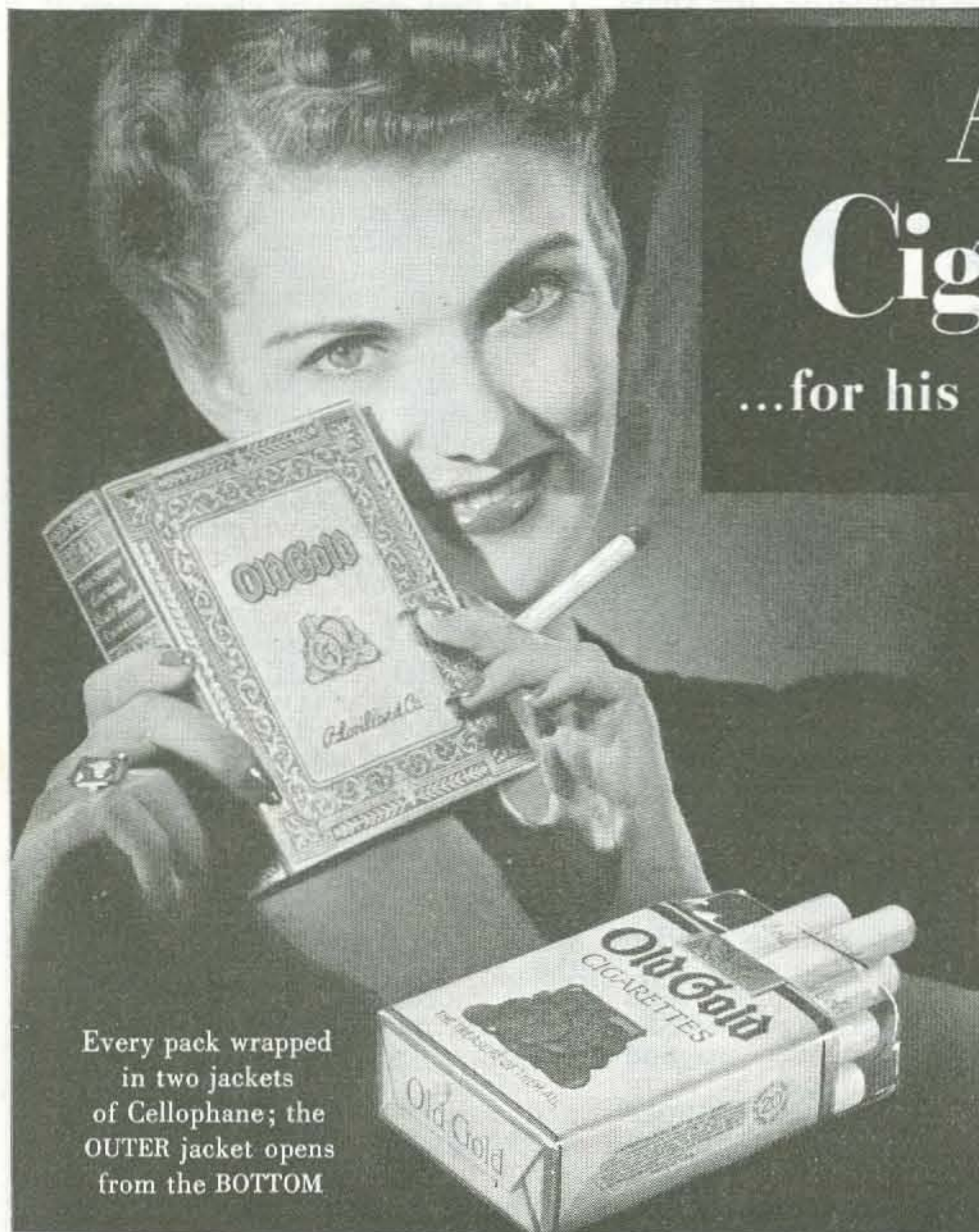
MOTHER: Now, please dear, put down that newspaper and take a picture of Snooks.

FATHER: Oh, why must I do it now? I'm tired!

MOTHER: Well, we can certainly use that \$500. Now hurry up before the sun goes down.

FATHER: Oh, all right—where's Snooks?

MOTHER: She's out on the porch. Just think, dear—our Baby Snooks might win the Most Beautiful Child



A Volume of Cigarette Pleasure

...for his or her Old Gold-en Christmas

HERE'S one "volume" that will never get tucked away in the book shelves to gather dust! It's filled with 100 Old Golds, the cigarettes that are as double-mellow as Santa's smile. And it costs no more than two regular "Flat-Fifty" packages.

What a handsome gift it makes! Give him this "True Story of America's Double-Mellow Cigarette," and you'll give him a whole volume of smoking pleasure. Ladies will be thrilled with this Old Gold gift, too!



1 It looks like a rare edition, richly bound in maroon and gold.



2 Open it up and you find 2 regular "flat-fifties" of Old Golds (100 cigarettes).



3 Open one of the "flat-fifties" and enjoy America's double-mellow cigarette.

Every pack wrapped in two jackets of Cellophane; the OUTER jacket opens from the BOTTOM

TUNE IN on Old Gold's "Melody and Madness" with Bob Benchley, every Sunday night starting November 20th, Columbia Network, Coast-to-Coast



WHY WAS CLEOPATRA

Never Kissed?

→ Authorities apparently agree that kissing, on the lips, as a sign of affection, did not begin until after Cleopatra's time. She died in 30 B.C. and the custom seems to have been established well after her day.

Cleopatra had one other misfortune, too.

She used skin lotions, but did *not* have the famous Skin Softener—Italian Balm. Her lotions were mixed, undoubtedly, with "a little of this and too much of that"—but today, no guesswork is permitted in making Italian Balm for milady's skin.

Here is a *scientifically* made skin-softening beauty aid that will help to keep your skin smoother and softer—fresher-feeling, more kissable and thrilling to the touch.

In Italian Balm you get not only a skin protection against chapping and skin dryness. You get also the costliest ingredients used in any of the largest selling lotions—yet the cost to use Italian Balm is negligible because it is rich, full-bodied and concentrated; not thin or watery. Try it FREE. Send coupon below.

Campana's Italian Balm

FREE CAMPANA SALES COMPANY
591 Lincolnway, Batavia, Illinois
Gentlemen: I have never tried Italian Balm. Please send me VANITY Bottle FREE and postpaid.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____
In Canada, Campana, Ltd., MAC 591 Caledonia Road, Toronto

Contest!

FATHER: Don't hope for too much!

SNOOKS: Hello, daddy!

FATHER: Hello, Snooks. What are you eating?

SNOOKS: Strawberry shortcake. Mummy said I could have it.

FATHER: Well, put it aside for a minute. I want to snap your picture. I have to send it to the newspaper and maybe win five hundred dollars.

SNOOKS: Will my picture be in the papers?

FATHER: Yes.

SNOOKS: Like Uncle Louie's?

FATHER: Yes.

SNOOKS: Then where's the number?

FATHER: What number?

SNOOKS: To hang around my neck! But the picture-taking ordeal is not yet over.

FATHER: Now, come stand over here in the sun and smile.

SNOOKS: Like this, daddy?

FATHER: That's it. Stand still.
SNOOKS: Awight—why you looking in the little box, daddy?

FATHER: So I can see you.

SNOOKS: But I aint in there, daddy.

FATHER: I know—but your reflection is! Stand still.

SNOOKS: I wanna look in it.

FATHER: Never mind . . . Just stand perfectly still and watch the birdie . . . Ready . . . one—two—

SNOOKS: I don't see any birdie.

FATHER: There isn't any birdie. I said that to fix your attention on something . . . Just pretend there's a birdie.

SNOOKS: Awight, daddy.

FATHER: Now—look at it and smile—One—two—

SNOOKS: Waaahhh!

FATHER: What's the matter?

SNOOKS: The birdie bit me.

FATHER: What birdie?

SNOOKS: The one I'm pretending!

What's New From Coast to Coast

(Continued from page 4)

Jerry Cooper's new contract with the Vocal Varieties program on NBC has made him do something he swore he'd never do. The Vocal Varieties show is broadcast on Tuesdays and Thursdays from Cincinnati, and Jerry, who would never set foot in an airplane, is doing a weekly commuting trip from New York by air. He leaves on Monday and returns on Friday—all because he can't bear the idea of being away from New York permanently.

* * *

In spite of its popularity, the Good News of 1939 show may leave the air when the contract between Maxwell House and Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer expires in December. Dissatisfaction on both sides, it's whispered, with M-G-M thinking that maybe the show is costing it too much money and getting it too little advertising and publicity return.

* * *

The Good News departure, if it happens, will be just another skirmish in the war between radio and movies, which has been getting very bitter lately. Radio men are cross because the movies are spending a lot of money on advertising—with practically all of it going to the newspapers. One Hollywood station has definitely stopped broadcasting previews unless the movie companies pay for the time, and other broadcasters have risen in meeting to express their approval of the step. And an association of New York theater owners have started figuring out how they can persuade the studios to keep their stars off radio programs.

* * *

The Lone Ranger almost landed two of his fans in jail the other day. An elderly couple, driving quietly and peacefully along a highway near San Francisco, suddenly speeded up and whizzed through a tunnel at sixty miles an hour. A motor cop stopped them and remonstrated—at which they explained that The Lone Ranger was on, the tunnel cut off reception on their car radio, and they had to hurry so they wouldn't miss too much of the action! . . . The cop let 'em go.

ROCHESTER, New York—“Network dramatic shows on a local station” might well be the slogan for Rochester's WSAY. They're so determined to do good plays on WSAY that often rehearsals are held in the small hours of the morning, because it's the only time a lot of busy people can get together.

WSAY is one of radio's newest baby stations—it went on the air for its first night-time broadcast only last June. Incidentally, that first night program was also its first dramatic show, when it did an adaptation of the short story, “Rich Little Poor Boy.”

The cast of WSAY's dramatic offerings is made up of Rochester people who have their regular daytime jobs, either locally or on the station itself. The leads are usually taken by Violet Crerar, who has had experience on New York stations, Evelyn Chevillat, John Bootleby, and sometimes Mort Nusbaum, who also supervises the productions and does the narrating. The director is Harold Kolb, of the Eastman Theater. And just about every one of WSAY's announcers and continuity writers has been pressed into service at one time or another. Usually the rehearsals get under way at midnight, when the station signs off, and last until three or four in the morning—simply so everybody in the cast will be free to participate.

CINCINNATI—WLW is taking its farm listeners seriously these days, and really giving them something that will make it hard for them to leave the house in the mornings and get those chores done. Every fifteen minutes, during the Top O' the Morning program, from 6:00 to 8:15, WLW broadcasts information of importance and value to farmers—weather and market reports, Four-H Club lesson, lesson assignments and news, and all sorts of data the farmers ought to have. In charge of the farm broadcasts is John F. Merrifield, himself a farm boy and an Iowa State graduate.

Hollywood Radio Whispers

(Continued from page 37)

Dave Broekman is the most talked about radio maestro in years. Dave should be good, for I have it on excellent authority that he's spending nearly three thousand dollars a week on his music for the Texaco Show—including arrangements and musicians!

Bob Hope was displaying his golfing prowess at the Lakeside Golf Club, before a Paramount newsreel camera. He took three practice putts—and missed them. Then the camera started to grind: Click! And Hope hit a putt forty feet long which dropped right into the cup! With the cameras still grinding, he dropped two more perfect putts from shorter distances. Which only goes to prove, he says, that once an actor always an actor. Now, every time they play with him, his golfing partners search his golf bag for a movie camera, just in case!

Robert Benchley's contract permits him to broadcast from any point in America.

Nancy Kelly, who has been given a terrific screen build-up at Twentieth Century Fox, appearing in "Splinter Fleet" with Richard Greene and "Jesse James" with Ty Power, got her experience while acting on the March of Time radio program in New York.

Don-Lee executive, Willet Brown,

has invited most of Hollywood to celebrate the housewarming at his new estate adjoining Rancho Santa Anita.

Add Real Names: Priscilla Lane is really Priscilla Mullican. She got her name because her sister, Dorothy Mullican, was discovered by Gus Edwards and called Lola Lane.

Strange as it may seem, the most popular man with the girls in Hollywood is not a screen star. The fellow who causes the beautiful young things to swoon is radio singer Kenny Sargeant. Film producers should take a tip from me and test the good-looking Sargeant—whose phenomenal pull with the fair sex proves he has what it takes to equal or better Bob Taylor's popularity with the nation's lovelies!

CLOSEUPS OF A LONG-SHOT TOWN

Parkyakarkus' new ranch in the San Fernando Valley will be called "Parkay-Acres."

Bing Crosby, in addition to trying to improve the breed of horses at his Del Mar track, is turning horticulturist. He is growing four varieties of fruit on one tree on his Rancho Santa Fe.

A radio director, when told who would be his femme lead in a new radioshow, said: "Bergen took a hunk of wood and made a personality out of it. Why don't you hire him and see what he can do with this gal?"

If the King of Pugilists, Slapsy Maxie Rosenbloom, could only learn to read lines, he could have any radio spot he wanted. Every time Maxie auditions for a program, he stumbles so badly over the script he's licked before he ever gets started. Some day, however, he'll memorize the script and be a sensation!

A radio comedian, discussing the beauty of Hedy Lamarr, said: "She is so gorgeous I get a kick out of seeing her even when she is with her boyfriend, Reggy Gardiner!"

"Passing Parade" Announcer John Conte, who came to Hollywood to be a singer and got side-tracked into his present occupation, has at last realized his ambition. In addition to his announcing chores, Conte is now heard weekly over the Pacific Coast Don-Lee-Mutual Network in his own program of songs and chatter. Next, I predict, John will be in line for a movie job—he has quite a flare for acting, too!

Republic Studios closed a deal to make another "Lone Ranger" 15-chapter serial. It will be called "The

Achieve This →

Pond's "Glare-Proof" Rose Shades reflect only the softer rays—add thrilling glow.

Avoid This →

Brilliant lights drain the color from your face—kill your make-up!



Here's your Big Chance to get POND'S

GLARE PROOF Rose Shades

EXTRA-EXTRA-EXTRA!

This Amazing Pond's Offer at local stores

Choice of 4 shades:

Light Natural Brunette
Rose Cream Rose Brunette
(Natural)



Now—with purchase of large jar of Pond's Cold Cream get a generous box of Pond's "Glare-Proof" Powder—

BOTH for the Price of the Cold Cream

FOR a limited time only, you can test any of four flattering Pond's "glare-proof" shades with your regular purchase of Pond's Cold Cream. Rose Cream (Natural) and Rose Brunette for the rosy-pink coloring fashion demands. Also Light Natural and Brunette.

Don't delay—go to your store at once! Ask for your Pond's Combination Package!

POND'S "GLARE-PROOF" ROSE SHADES—soften glare, reflect rose-touched rays

FOR A LIMITED TIME ONLY—GET YOUR COMBINATION PACKAGE TODAY

CHERAMY April Showers Talc



IT'S RAINING FLOWERS

For that radiant feeling after the bath, a shower of *April Showers Talc* is unsurpassed. Its delightful floral fragrance perfumes body and lingerie, and lasts for hours. *Exquisite but not expensive*, it is called "the best-loved, most famous talcum powder in the world."

The Talc, 28¢ and 55¢
The Eau De Cologne, 50¢, 90¢, \$1.50
The Perfume (purse-size), 28¢, 50¢, \$1

Lone Ranger Returns."

* * *

The Stroud Twins are on a personal appearance tour now that they have finished with the Chase and Sanborn hour.

* * *

Two boys can thank Al Jolson for a job, and the "Motion Pictures Are Your Best Entertainment" drive is indebted to him for a clever piece of promotion. In front of a theater at a preview, Al was invited by two young men to autograph the side of an old car parked in front. He took the proffered white paint, daubed his name on the side of the machine, then persuaded his wife, Ruby Keeler, to do the same. Other stars added their names in the next few days. Then a quick-thinking publicity man saw the machine covered with the painted autographs. He hired the boys to drive it across country as a stunt for the "Movies Best Entertainment" campaign. At last report, the "autographed flivver" tour was meeting with great success.

Cowboy Gene Autry has been flirting with a radio show for so many weeks that it wouldn't surprise me to hear him on the air by edition time. Gene's vast following is clamoring for his return to the radiolanes. If and when Gene does hit the ether, look for comic Smiley Burnette to co-star with him. They're inseparable on the screen!

* * *

What comic, heading a network show, has a clause in his contract stipulating that if he mistakes the bottle for a microphone, there will be no payoff?

* * *

Dick Foran, who will hit the airwaves this winter, has the right idea. He'll produce his radio program exactly as if he were making a Western picture. He's already signed songwriters Scholl and Jerome, famed for "My Little Buckaroo," and arranger Joe Dubin to handle the music. Foran's show will be an hour long, and will be in the nature of a musical western!

Don't Let Your Children Spoil Your Lives

(Continued from page 13)

growing and flourishing and be something exciting for the grandchildren to visit, instead of depressing and more or less dependent in-laws.

In order to achieve this, most of us need to plan our future course of action carefully, and the period when the children are in grade school, and can dress themselves and eat without fussing, and do simple things with moderate intelligence, gives us a little freedom to look around and plan for adolescence. The shocks we are going to suffer will be of three kinds. There will be a shock of affection, a shock to our personal pride and self-importance, and a shock to our moral sense.

SO first let us think about family affection and what it should mean to us all, as they grow up. The time is coming when the children will resent petting, and won't want mother bothering much about their private belongings. They will have little secrets and wish to keep them to themselves, and yet they will long unutterably to talk about their puzzles. They will be offish and disagreeable, and yet in their hearts lonesome and aching for affection and notice. And we, seeing our babies leave us, shall be a little sore and lonesome too. So, as they get beyond the age when they really like to be petted, and before they become self-conscious and edgy, it is well to build up little affectionate family customs in which we can all take refuge from emotional strain. Now little daughter sits on father's knee, but in a few years she will be carefully avoiding it. So build up some other kind of companionship—something she always does for father and is proud of doing it—going fishing with him, saving jokes and stories with him.

One little daughter I know of always calls her father in to listen to certain favorite radio comedy programs with her. "I need father to laugh with me," she says. "The rest of this family are afraid a joke will crack their faces." And father always drops anything when she calls him,

and comes running, sheepish but pleased. So with the mother. The classic service is letting her stay in bed some mornings and bringing her a tray nicely made up. Boys and girls can both be taught to do this, and at the age when they hate to have mother fuss about them, it does them good to fuss about mother instead.

At this time too, I think wives and husbands should take special pains to set each other high in the eyes of the children, to keep some part of the budget and some part of the house for grown up fun together, and to restore some of the old usages of courtship and companionship which they may have allowed to lapse during the busy years when the children were little. Wives are often very heartless about this. They don't realize how, in his narrow business life, with only short periods at home, a man may have treasured little usages of companionship with which growing up children rudely interfere. It is easy enough to tell son or daughter to drive down to the station for father, but suppose this poor dumb man has been counting for twelve years on the moment when he sees your face peering at him from under the hood of the car! At the age when children over-ride us and are determined to make us feel out of date and ready for the junk pile, man and wife need to hold each other up, and show the young whipper-snappers that there is some life and fun and style and love in the old folks yet.

WHILE our children are busy dealing shocks to our affection for them, they are simply walking on our pride. They think they know more than we about most things, especially about dress and social manners and what is and isn't being done—and unfortunately they often do.

One way of dealing with this is to get ahead of them. If we have been able to provide them with an education, or with social accomplishments superior to our own, let us study right along with them, and what they

learn, let us learn too. During the hard days of the Civil War, President Lincoln, busy as he was, kept repairing holes in his own education by studying whatever Robert and Tad were studying.

As the children reach the social age and begin to go out to parties, they will probably put their attention, day and night, on clothes and make up, on styles, on smart current small talk, on radio comedy programs, on popular song hits, and on new dance steps. They will have ideas on current etiquette, and will tell us loftily that what we think is proper just isn't being done now. Most of their information on these subjects they will get from advertisements and newspaper columns, from the radio and motion pictures, and from observation of the life they see around them—especially in public dance places, cocktail lounges, and so on.

MANY of us were interested in these matters once, but during the intensive days of raising a family and paying the bills, we have something better on our minds. But as the children begin to grow up, it is a good idea to bring ourselves socially up-to-date. Don't be afraid to think about style and make up, and when you undertake to advise your children on these subjects, let them see that you know the present social picture as well as they, and perhaps better, and aren't thinking instead of a photograph album of your youth. Listen to the song hits, and admit that the latest one is a pretty tune, even if they do sing it to death. And if you prefer a good old fashioned melody, try not to go any further back than *Harbor*

Lights. As for jazz, you don't like it? Maybe you don't really know much about it. As for dancing, it is my private opinion that every one of forty ought to go straight to a dancing school, and learn all the new steps and get the new music into his system.

AND meanwhile look around and try to see what these roadhouses, hamburger stands, drug stores, dance halls, etc., that the children wish to frequent really are like. Never let yourself get into a panic about their doings. The panicky parent suffers from a double blindness. In nine cases out of ten he thinks matters are worse than they are and in the tenth he has no idea how utterly outrageous the situation is. Don't do any blanket forbidding. What you wish to forbid, forbid specifically and make it clear that you know exactly what you are talking about. Don't think you can tell your children what to do by sitting home with your eyes shut. If you will go about a bit, and try to see the modern social world from their point of view, you will be surprised to find that most of the doings of the wild young generation are not only harmless—they are great fun. And in adjusting yourself to your growing up children, you will find that they have magically given you back your youth.

IN making these adjustments, genuine ethical questions will, of course, arise, and social problems which it is pretty hard for any of us to solve. Problems like smoking and drinking, like unchaperoned rides to unknown parts in cars, and that youthful game

which they so horribly call "necking." How much of the current social freedom should our children have? If we put a limitation on it, are we going to make them queer or unpopular, build up a sense of inferiority, establish mother complexes and make all the other mistakes the psychologists warn us against? In a brief radio program, I cannot undertake to discuss this colossal subject. All I want you to do is to realize that it is colossal, and that you can't wait to make up your mind on these matters till your children grow up and the problems are right there on your doorstep.

All I can say is begin to think of it early, and keep on thinking and seeking light, in adult education centers, in books on psychology and modern behavior, in frank discussion within the family, between father and mother, and between the parents and the children. Adolescence is the time when everything that is weak, vague, or uncertain in our own adjustment to life shows up in glaring colors in the behavior of our children.

What we want to be is the kind of parents who can really ride high and serene, helpful but detached, above the flurry and self conceit and windy experiment of youth. As our own youth fades, we want to build up personality, moral assurance, dignity, and social competence to take its place. Then we shall never resent youth, because we shall never compete with it. We shall be only too glad to have finished being as young as that, and we shall be able to show our children that the real joy in life isn't in being young, but in being really grown up.

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***1st STEP**
Mixing Takes a Minute



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3rd STEP
Resting For 20 Minutes



4th STEP
Rinsing Off Completely



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Dark Victory

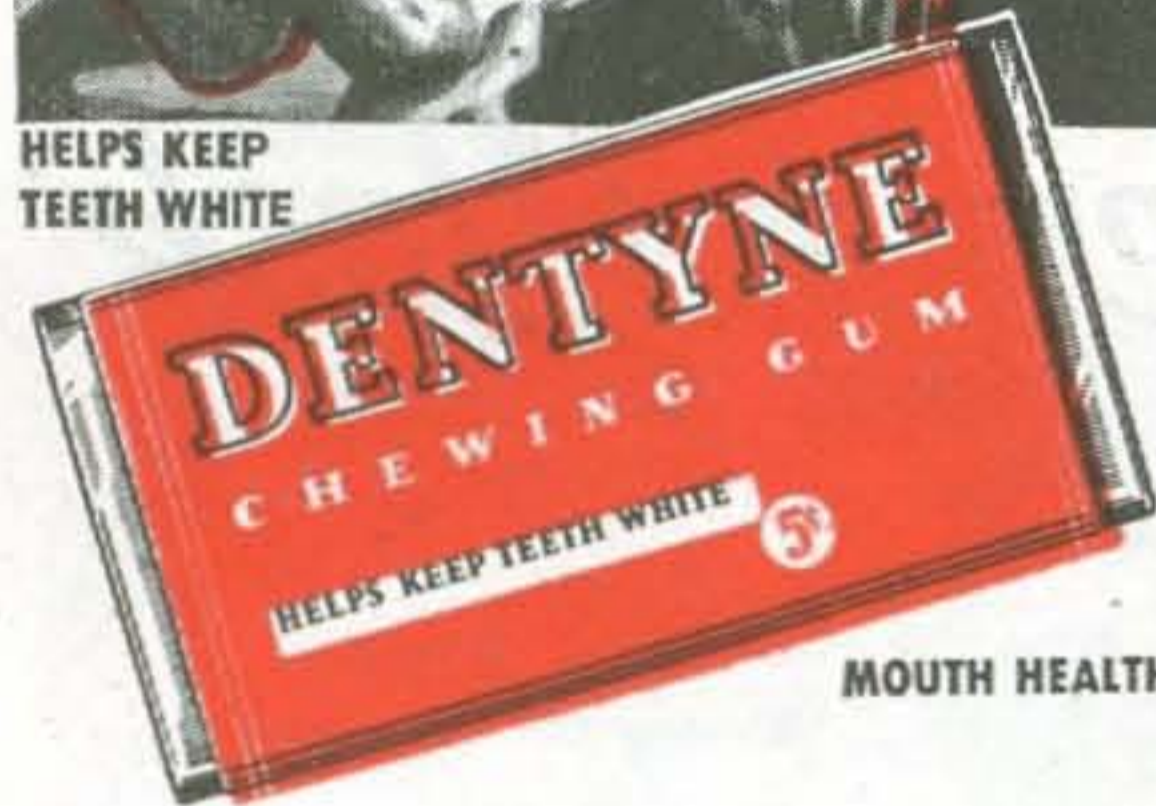
(Continued from page 36)

LUCKY BELLE OF THE ARCTIC

Explorers praise the beautiful smiles of the maids of the frozen north. Chewing tough, primitive foods keeps their teeth healthfully exercised, polished and strong. We dwellers in more civilized lands eat softer foods, giving our teeth too little healthful exercise.



HELPS KEEP TEETH WHITE



MOUTH HEALTHY

WISE MODERNS

CHEW DENTYNE

Dentyne's extra firm consistency invites more vigorous chewing—healthfully stimulates circulation of the blood in gums and mouth tissues, and stimulates the salivary glands, promoting natural self-cleansing. It helps keep your teeth sounder, more sparkling white!

YOU'LL DELIGHT IN THAT SPICY FLAVOR!

Fragrant—alluring—its aroma tempts you—its rich spiciness delights your taste! You'll also take real satisfaction in the convenient shape of the flat, round-cornered Dentyne package, specially designed to slide handily into pocket or purse.

DENTYNE

DELICIOUS CHEWING GUM

STEELE: It is—very serious. I shall need all the help you can give me, Miss Traherne—all your trust.

EDITH: I—I trust you. Only, after the operation, will I be able to live a completely normal life?

STEELE: You will make a complete surgical recovery.

EDITH: What does that mean?

STEELE: It—means that you will get well. No worries now?

EDITH: None—I just wanted to be sure I knew the whole truth. That you won't keep anything back from me. I do now—you see, I trust you.

(And we hear the applause and the music as Act I of "Dark Victory" ends. Then the announcer returns to set the scene for Act II.)

ANNOUNCER: It is ten weeks later, in the luxurious living room of Edith's home on Long Island. As the curtain rises, Dr. Steele is alone on the stage. Then the door opens and Edith enters. She is a different girl from the Edith of the first act—buoyant, vital, gay. She is dressed in riding clothes. She speaks first, in surprise:

EDITH: Fred! Oh Fred, I'm so glad to see you. I thought you'd gone back to Vermont.

STEELE: Certain things turned up to hold me over.

EDITH: And I was thinking of you on that train—being carried out of my life. You see, I'd made up my mind yesterday that it was good-bye. Now we shall have to say it all over again.

STEELE: Will that be an ordeal?

EDITH: It wasn't easy yesterday.

STEELE: I like you in those riding clothes. You look fit—ready for work.

EDITH: I'm just back from my first ride.

STEELE: How did it go?

EDITH: How can I tell you? I was nervous at first. I couldn't forget that last ride when I crashed the fence. Then all at once I put my mare to a hedge. We cleared it beautifully, and I was free. How shall I thank you for all you've done?

STEELE: Don't let's talk of thanks. Seeing you as you stand there now, has repaid me a thousand times for anything I've done.

EDITH: That's the nicest thing anyone ever said to me. . . . What happened to hold you over?

STEELE: To put it simply, I found out I was running away. I discovered I couldn't do it—where you were involved.

EDITH: What do you mean, Fred?

STEELE: I once asked you for something very important—your complete trust. Now there's just one thing on earth I want more—your love. I discovered that I was in love with you. I've never been in love before. I know now that without you I'm no longer a complete person.

EDITH: I know—in spite of all your strength—all your greatness—you're not happy. Do you really think I could make you so?

STEELE: I think that life together would be boundless.

EDITH (Almost fearfully): Our backgrounds and our ways of life are so different. You're a very great person; I'm not. I'm shallow. You have a great purpose and a great faith; I have neither. Believe in your work, Fred; believe in yourself—but leave

me out of your belief—I'd only let you down.

STEELE: I don't accept that statement because I know it isn't true. . . . Edith. . . . You believe that a person who's making a very important decision is entitled to know the truth, when if it were withheld, he might decide differently—don't you?

EDITH: Why—yes, of course. . . . Why, Fred?

STEELE: I just wondered. . . . I hope we'll always tell each other the truth and that we'll always share it—face it side by side.

EDITH: I—hope so.

STEELE: We're starting on a very strange and beautiful adventure, my dear.

EDITH: There have been millions of lovers.

STEELE: None like us, none with so many problems to face, and none that ever needed our courage.

EDITH (Sharply): What is it? What's going on in your mind, Fred? What are you afraid of?

STEELE: So long as we're together—what is there to fear?

EDITH: Parting, I suppose.

STEELE: As I think of it, parting isn't terrible. The only terrible thing is not to have lived.

EDITH: Oh, thank God, I'm still young. I love this earth and the good things on it and I do not want to give them up.

STEELE: I want to help you find them, if I can.

EDITH: And yet you speak as though we weren't to have them for very long. . . . What do you mean?

STEELE: That you're part of an adventure that can't be measured by time because it's eternal. Your birth was part of it, your beauty is part of it and—your death will be part of it.

EDITH: (Slowly, in dawning horror) My . . . death! (There is a long pause.) Then you knew all along?

STEELE: Yes.

EDITH: Wouldn't another operation be possible. . . . ? No, I understand. You knew all this and yet you want to marry me and take me to Felsboro?

STEELE: More than I ever wanted anything before.

EDITH: That's very chivalrous of you, Fred . . . so like you. . . . When shall I die?

STEELE: One can't be sure, Edith dear. . . . Certainly not for at least six months.

EDITH: That's not very long.

STEELE: It may be even more. And I can promise you you'll be perfectly fit up to the last. Though there may be a few moments toward the end, when you won't be able to see quite as usual.

EDITH: You mean I'll go blind?

STEELE: Only for a moment. It will pass, and you'll be quite normal, only it will be very soon after that—just a few hours.

EDITH: And is there no way out? No escape?

STEELE: I'd give you my own years if I could.

EDITH: I know, and I believe you. And I'm glad you told me. Just give me a minute, please . . . God! Life gives something with one hand and takes it away with the other . . . and I was just thinking of us . . . and the

terrible differences between us . . . thinking how time might bring us together. And now—there's no time! Even that's been taken away. And I can't have you. I can't accept what you have to offer. . . . I'll stay with what I know, where I can be safe—where I can forget; for that's all I want now . . . just to forget, and then to be forgotten.

STEELE: You're going to forget this place—you're coming with me to Felsboro as my wife.

EDITH: (*Violently*) I'm going to stay right here and live so fast and so hard that I won't be able to think.

STEELE: (*Gently*) Where is that going to lead, Edith?

EDITH: Where all roads lead in six months!

STEELE: What you're planning isn't life—it's a denial of life. You said you loved me.

EDITH: I didn't! Or if I did I didn't know what I was saying. I don't believe in love. You're sorry for me, that's all.

STEELE: Edith, I know your world has crashed, but so has mine! We've got to rebuild it together.

EDITH: Forget about me, give yourself to your work and be happy. If you must think of me, then think of me as your patient. Ten years from now you can look the case up in your files: "Traherne, Edith—aged twenty-seven—diagnosis March tenth—operation March fourteenth—patient made brilliant recovery—died, six months later."

STEELE: Stop it, Edith!

EDITH: Don't have me on your conscience. I have my friends. They'll help me to forget—they'll help me to

live!

STEELE: (*Very softly, very sadly*) Good-bye, Edith.

(*And so ends Act II of "Dark Victory."*)

ANNOUNCER: Act III begins on the evening of a day four months later, in the living room of Dr. Steele's house in Felsboro, Vermont. It is a typical man's room—comfortable, though perhaps a bit bare. Dr. Steele has just come in from outside, and is hanging up his coat as he talks to Miss Jenny, his elderly housekeeper.

MISS JENNY: You're late tonight, Dr. Fred. It's after nine o'clock.

STEELE: I had to stay at the Frasers' longer than I expected.

MISS JENNY: Well, your supper's on the table. If you stay up, you'd best put another log on the fire. . . . Good night, Dr. Fred.

STEELE: Good night, Miss Jenny. (*She goes out, and we hear Steele arranging the fire. Then there is a knock on the door.*)

STEELE: Come in! . . . Edith!

EDITH: Yes—I did come.

STEELE: Your eyes! They're all right, aren't they?

EDITH: Yes.

STEELE: Thank God! . . . You're half frozen. Here, drink some of this. . . . How did you get here?

EDITH: Walked . . . from the station. Fred, I must talk to you. I've come to tell you something very important. I've done what I said I would.

STEELE: I thought you would.

EDITH: I carried through to the last empty boast—I lived fast and hard—but I wasn't able to forget.

STEELE: Why do you tell me this?

EDITH: Because I couldn't die knowing your bitterness toward me—you mustn't think of me like that. Please don't, darling. How good it is to call you that. . . . I couldn't bear to have you go on feeling that way.

STEELE: Stop it, Edith. Do you think you're the only one who has discovered anything? Do you think I have found contentment here in this empty house? I should have taken you with me—but never have told you a word.

EDITH: It wouldn't have worked. I wasn't ready.

STEELE: Edith, I failed you.

EDITH: I failed myself. I found that out at last. So I've come. I won't demand much—your strength can help me face myself.

STEELE: I love you, Edith. . . . I'm never going to let you go again.

EDITH: A man and a dying girl have met to love. . . . (*Suddenly frightened*) Oh, Fred, it's too late!

STEELE: We'll have all that lovers ever have. A few imperishable hours.

EDITH: I must never interfere with your being a doctor—you must promise that. It must be part of our bargain together.

STEELE: But you're going to help me. It's through you that I'm going to be the kind of doctor I've always believed in being.

EDITH: (*After a long pause*) Must . . . tomorrow . . . come?

STEELE: Ssh—Darling—you're in my arms—at last.

(*We hear a few bars of music—and then it is an afternoon two months later. The living room has changed since last we saw it—become more feminine, more homelike. Edith and*

What a Marvelous Difference Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids Do Make!



Solid-form Mascara, in brilliant gold-colored metal vanity. Black, Brown, Blue. • Cream-form Mascara, with Brush, in dainty zipper bag. Black, Brown, Blue. • Eyebrow Pencil. Colors to match your Mascara. Black, Brown, Blue. • Eye Shadow. Blue, Gray, Blue-Gray, Brown, Green or Violet.



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Check Shade of Flesh Rachel Light
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City _____ State _____ MA128

Miss Jenny are going over the household accounts.)

EDITH: We have a deficit for the month, Miss Jenny, of forty-three dollars and seventeen cents.

MISS JENNY: That's splendid, Mrs. Fred. As I recall, it was over a hundred last month.

EDITH: At this rate, we'll soon be living within our income.

MISS JENNY: Don't tell your husband or he won't ever mail his bills. *(The telephone rings.)*

EDITH: That's long distance—I can tell by the ring. . . . Hello? Yes. . . . Montreal calling Dr. Steele? . . . No, he isn't. . . . I see—an emergency call from Dr. Platt. . . . Well, you might be able to reach him at Felsboro 93. But he's probably on his way home now. If you can't reach him at 93, and he doesn't call back to you in five minutes, call me back and I'll get hold of him somehow. That's right. Good-bye. . . . An emergency call. I don't like that. Miss Jenny, they wouldn't call him to Montreal?

MISS JENNY: It's possible. Now don't worry, Mrs. Fred, even if he has to go, he'll soon be back.

EDITH: I know. . . . Miss Jenny? You—you'll always look after Fred—I mean Fred and me, of course—won't you?

MISS JENNY: If you want.

EDITH: Oh, I do, I do! Only I want you to promise!

MISS JENNY: *(Good-humoredly)* I will promise anything you want.

EDITH: Thank you, Miss Jenny. . . . I wish it wouldn't cloud up like this.

MISS JENNY: *(In surprise)* What?

EDITH: I don't like it's getting overcast so suddenly. It means a storm.

MISS JENNY: But the sun's out! It's bright today.

EDITH: But . . . it's getting dimmer every second. . . . *(Then, as she realizes, she gasps in terror.)* Ah!

MISS JENNY: What is it, dear?

EDITH: *(Fighting to gain control of herself)* N-nothing. I—I was just being poetic. Don't you see? It's only dark because he is going away. I'm just a goose—don't pay any attention to me. *(She laughs.)* Now don't you worry about me—I'm all right. I think I hear a car—it must be Fred.

MISS JENNY: It is. *(And in another moment he enters.)*

STEELE: Hello, darling. Everything all right?

EDITH: Of course. Fred, Montreal has been trying to get you.

STEELE: Montreal?

EDITH: Yes—an emergency call.

(And at that moment the telephone rings again.)

STEELE: Hello! Yes, this is Doctor Steele. Dr. Pratt? Put him on, please. . . . Hello, Stephen. Did you want me? . . . Skidded off the bridge? Fractured skull? . . . What are the chances? . . . I see. Stephen, I don't see how I can. . . . Yes, but it means at least three days! No, no one very sick at the moment, but anything might happen. . . . No, not from what you say. No chance unless you operate. . . . Yes, I've had good results—but really, there must be someone in

Montreal—

EDITH: *(Interrupting)* You must.

STEELE: But darling, I'd be away at least three days.

EDITH: *(Firmly)* But you must. Remember our bargain.

STEELE: Well . . . all right, Stephen. At the Windsor Station, tomorrow morning. I'll just have time. . . . One moment! What's the number of the hospital? . . . Mount Royal 9000. Right. Good-bye.

EDITH: I'll get your bag, dear. It's already packed.

(As she goes, Steele speaks to Miss Jenny.)

STEELE: Miss Jenny, I'm just making a list of trains, telephone numbers, and so on. I'll give it to you, in case you need it. If anything goes wrong, of whatever nature, you're to telephone me immediately. . . . You'll take good care of Edith?

MISS JENNY: *(As she leaves the room)* Of course I will, Dr. Fred.

EDITH: *(Returning)* Here are your things, Fred.

STEELE: Edith—dear—

EDITH: Hasn't it been a perfect day? I walked down to the mill dam this morning.

STEELE: I haven't been there lately.

EDITH: We must go soon.

STEELE: Yes. . . . Edith, dear, I—er—left a memorandum there. Don't lose it. Otherwise you might not be able to reach me . . . if anything . . . should happen. . . . Oh, my God, Edith!

EDITH: Sh, darling. . . .

STEELE: Edith—I'm not going. I'll call Platt—

EDITH: My darling, remember our bargain.

STEELE: Words, just words! I didn't know what they meant. I didn't know what I was to lose. It's my life now. Mine. God, to be given so much! This little time in all my life and then to have it taken away.

EDITH: *(Her voice very firm, very crisp)* Fred, we have just one minute together. Look at me—I was never to fail you or keep you from your best. We've had our love and we're complete. Nothing can hurt us now, for what we've had can never be destroyed. That's our victory—our victory over the dark. And it's a victory because we're not afraid.

STEELE: *(In a changed, calmer voice.)* Thank you, Edith.

EDITH: And you'll never, never look back.

STEELE: Never.

EDITH: Hold me close, darling.

STEELE: I shall hold you this way—forever.

EDITH: Forever is now?—Isn't it?

STEELE: Yes. . . . Good-bye, good-bye! *(And the door slams behind him.)*

MISS JENNY: *(Coming into the room)* He's gone? Did he leave you that list of places we can get in touch with him?

EDITH: Yes—I have it here. *(There is the sound of tearing paper.)*

MISS JENNY: Mrs. Fred! That's his list you're tearing.

EDITH: *(Quietly.)* We won't need it, Miss Jenny.

Curtain.

ARE YOU SATISFIED WITH YOURSELF?

Of course you aren't—nobody is. And that's why Dale Carnegie's messages of inspiration have helped so many people. In next month's Radio Mirror you'll find some real success secrets brought you by Mr. Carnegie, himself, as broadcast on his new program.

His Gags Have Zippers

(Continued from page 17)

His romantic "Thanks For The Memory" is still breathed down more necks by more people than any sexy love song to come out in some time. He steps lithely and blithely from lover to comic, comic to lover, all in the same picture and people believe and accept him.

Bob gives. He showers, to be exact. The air is literally polluted with Hope gags, and plenty good they are. There's always more where those come from, so why not, he figures. And then the moment the interviewer is howling at Bob's nonsense, he'll lean across the table and very softly sing his newest love ballad, "Just Two People by Dawn's Early Light, Too Sleepy To Talk, Too Much In Love To Say Goodnight," and the comic has gone. Little tingling sensations creep up the spine—a friend in passing pauses to listen and then another, and presently the air is pulsating with a hot love song, and everyone is so engrossed in Bob, the lover, that Bob, the comic, is completely forgotten.

It took a tenor drummer in the small town of Newcastle, Pennsylvania, to give Bob the hint that started him off on his Scotch joke telling way. Teamed with a friend, Bob was engaged in a very bad act, when one day the Newcastle Theater owner said, "Say, will one of you fellows go out and announce next week's Whiz Bang review?" And Bob went. What the Whiz Bang review had to do with

the Scotchman who insisted on being married in the backyard so the chickens could eat the rice, I'll never know. But Bob told it and the audience liked to die at the blank look on Bob's face when nobody laughed (and therein lies his secret of success—looking wounded to the heart when his jokes lay ostrich-sized eggs as he intends they shall). But anyway it was great fun and SO DIFFERENT. The manager was tickled pink and Bob did it before every audience. At his last performance, the tenor drummer called Bob aside. "Say, fella," he said, "why don't you give up your lousy act and go on with your monologue? Do you know in Chicago they pay Master of Ceremonies \$150 a week?"

"No kidding," Bob cried.

"Sure," answered the tenor drummer, and Bob, after a friendly parting with his partner, hied himself to Chicago and slow starvation. Three months went by before he landed a one-day job in a small time theater for twenty-five dollars a day. The one-day job placed him as Master of Ceremonies at a bigger theater and from then on he skyrocketed. The days of hiding his brown derby and his one sheet of music under his coat while riding to small time theaters on buses (he worked in the derby) were over. The days of blacking up the face which hid all his blank, side-splitting facial expressions were gone with the derby. The days of waiting outside inns to see if hotel managers

would allow scummy show troupes to sleep within their walls, were past. Such nights as the one wherein he went up to the leading lady's room to have his congested chest rubbed with Vicki Baum, or something, and the hotel manager appeared with a shotgun and ordered Bob and his double pneumonia outside or else, were over.

OVER, yes, but they left their mark. They mellowed, softened, left a knowledge and understanding and a twinkly-eye love for people, every kind in every walk of life. From small-town theater folks where the orchestra couldn't rehearse 'til six o'clock because the local butcher couldn't get off 'til then to play the fiddle, to nervous big-time high-strung musicians in big-time theater pits. From sophisticated glittering audiences to Thoid Avenue crowds. From little intimate theater groups to Hippodrome mobs, "where a tomato thrown from the second balcony died of old age before it hit the stage," to quote Bob.

All these things, places, people, boiled and stirred together contributed to the humanness of the man Hope—who remains a human being before comedian, with nothing of the neurotic, nervous, worried genius about him. He's as much a part of his own audience as you. If a joke dies, Bob verbally suggests everybody move over and let him in on the wake, which makes even a dead joke

HOW MOVIE STARS KEEP THEIR YOUTH



GLORIA STUART

20th Century-Fox featured actress who will soon appear in Alexandre Dumas' "The Three Musketeers"



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THEY AVOID FATIGUE!

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- ★ Only Kotex offers three types—Regular, Junior and Super—for different women on different days.

(*Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Patent Office)

KOTEX*
SANITARY NAPKINS

comical. His very features suggest the lover-comic dual personality, the Jekyll and Hyde of the "A-tiska-a-taska" era. His hair is sleek, and smooth and plentiful. His eyes are a romantic brown. On the other hand his nose is not so much a nose, Bob explains, as a ski-jump. It goes straight down for a distance and then suddenly shoots straight out. Into space. For no reason. And his chin—well, Bob claims in his first test his chin was on the screen five minutes before the rest of him.

He's the world's most honest man where jokes are concerned. "Did you hear Benny's or Oakie's or Cantor's gag about so-and-so?" he'll ask. But if it's his own, he'll merely say:

"Did you hear about the actor out here who has gone completely North Hollywood?"

Then you know it's Hope's own. For a comic to steal a gag from another comic is to Hope the one unforgivable sin. When Milton Berle began using one of Hope's best gags it was then Hope handed down the classic comment of "Rich man, poor man, beggar man, Berle."

Berle loved it. He played his first straight romantic role with Martha Raye in "Give Me A Sailor," and is now playing the lover-husband of Shirley Ross in "Thanks For The Memory." And yet the comic in him is ever bubbling forth. During a scene, Shirley accidentally knocked a spoon against a drinking glass bringing forth one loud, clear "BONG."

"My Gawd," cried Bob, looking wildly around, "one bell from Fidler already."

His new radio show for Pepsodent

finds him on the eve of its opening, normal, quiet, calm with nothing for the second spot. He has so enriched the flow of natural hilarity that is his, instead of stopping it at the font with worry and secrecy, he knows he need only open his face and out of it will pour puns and jokes, not good perhaps, but for even that emergency he's prepared. He'll merely say, "You know I didn't think that joke was so good either," and we will laugh. And it's laughs he's after, isn't it?

He's happily married and has been for five years, and is thrilled over his wife's prowess as a champion golfer. A former singer, he hopes eventually to launch his wife on his new radio show, and his friends are urging him on. "With the sunshine out here and the lovely golden dollars," he'll say, "I'm so contented, if I were a cow I'd give cream."

YES, he's the latest style in screen lovers with a comical gift of gab. He's light-hearted, he's natural, he's new, and more than that, he's a living threat to the worry-worry school of boys whose only hold on fame is topping last week's gags.

But this Hope now, he can love and kiss and tell—jokes as well. Mostly on himself. For instance he tells of the young lad who awaited him one morning as he came out of the front door.

"Please sign my autograph, Mr. Hope," the lad said, handing Bob a leaky fountain pen that ran over the actor's hands and shirt and trousers.

"This pen leaks," Bob said to the boy.

"Well," shrugged the boy, "we're even now. I saw 'College Swing.'"

Facing The Music

(Continued from page 40)

now prefers to be called Doctor Rhythm.

* * *

OFF THE RECORD

Some Like It Sweet

Bambina; Monday Morning (Victor 26031) Hal Kemp. Hal once told me that he liked to play a tango more than anything else. After hearing this exotic exaltation to Bambina, I know a Kemp means what he says, suh.

Pocketful of Dreams; Don't Let That Moon Get Away (Vocalion 4226) Sammy Kaye. The last thirty-five cent platter by kilocycle Kaye. Hurry, hurry, hurry. Don't let this delightful record get away.

Love Is Where You Find It; Don't Cross Your Fingers (Brunswick 8193) Kay Kyser. Catchy rhythms dished out by the dean of America's fully-carpeted campus. Harry Babbitt gets an "A" on his vocal report card.

Small Fry; Gallagher and Shean (Decca 1960B) Bing Crosby and Johnny Mercer. It's getting embarrassing to this impartial reviewer, but again it's Crosby month on the waxworks. Here's something to get excited about even though little Johnny Mercer almost steals the platter away from Bing.

By a Wishing Well; This May Be the Night (Vocalion 4255) Tony Martin. A superior recording that finds Alice Faye's spouse in good voice.

Some Like It Swing

I'll See You In My Dreams; Stop Beating 'Round the Mulberry Bush

(Victor 26012A) Tommy Dorsey. First Dorsey shows what can be done with an old Isham Jones melody, ably abetted by Jack Leonard and his glee club. Then the versatile trombonist gives out plenty of solid swing on the reverse to suit anyone's musical palate.

Begin the Beguine; Indian Love Call (Bluebird B7746B) Art Shaw. A sincere effort to revive the beguiling Beguine which never really clicked. Not too easily forgotten clarinet work by the maestro.

Pretty As a Picture; Rhythm Jam (Brunswick 8198) Gene Krupa. The Krupa ensemble perks up with this one, after too many false starts.

Figaro; I'm Gonna Lock My Heart (Decca 1924B) Henry Busse. The best of the record salutes to the streamlined Barber of Seville with clear lyricizing by Don Huston.

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Facing the Music,
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New York City.

My favorite orchestra is.....

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Name

Address

.....

The Gracie Allen Murder Case

(Continued from page 32)

"I was terribly worried this morning after George had gone. And do you know what I did? I went uptown and talked with Delpha. I always go to Delpha when I have any troubles—sometimes even when I haven't any. And she always says she's glad to see me, because she likes to have me around. I guess it's because I'm so psychic. And having psychic people around makes it easy for you to concentrate, doesn't it? . . . She's got the queerest place, Delpha has. It makes you feel spooky at first. She's got long black curtains hanging all around, and you can't see any windows.

"And then, Delpha has great big pictures of hands on the curtains, with lots of lines on them. And funny signs, too—Delpha calls them symbols. And there's a big glass ball on a table, and a little one. And maps of the stars, with funny words around them which mean something in case you're a crab or a fish or a goat."

"And what did Delpha tell you?" Vance asked with kindly interest.

"OH! I didn't tell you, did I?" The girl's face brightened. "She was very mystical, and she seemed terribly surprised when I told her about George. She asked me the funniest questions: all about the men that came to the house, and about the cigarette-case; you know, like she was trying to draw me out. Anyhow, she said that nothing was going to happen to George—just like you say, Mr. Vance. Only, she said I must help him. . . ."

She looked at Vance eagerly.

"You'll let me help you get George out of trouble, won't you? Mother said you told her you were going to do everything you could. I know I can be a sort of detective, if you tell me how. You see, I've simply got to help George."

"So you want to be a detective!" Vance said cheerfully. "I think that's an excellent idea. And I'm going to give you all the help I can. We'll work together; you shall be my assistant, so to speak. But you mustn't let any one suspect that you're doing detective work—that's the first rule."

"Oh, that's wonderful, Mr. Vance! Just like in a story." The girl's spirits immediately rose. "But now tell me what I must do to be a detective."

"Very well," began Vance. "Let me see. . . . First, of course, you must make note of anything that will be helpful. Footprints in suspicious places are a good starting-point. If people walk on soft earth, they naturally leave their tracks; and then, by measuring these tracks you can tell what size shoes they were wearing. . . ."

"But suppose they were wearing another size shoe, just to fool us?"

Vance smiled admiringly.

"That, my child," he said, "is a very wise observation. People have been known to do that very thing. However, I do not think we need be concerned with that question just yet. . . . To go on, you should always look at desk-blotters for clues. Blotted writing can generally be read by holding it up to a mirror."

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*S.S.S. Tonic stimulates the
appetite and helps change weak
blood cells to strong ones*

He demonstrated this point for her, and she was as fascinated as a child watching a magician.

"And then, y'know, cigarettes are very important. Should you find the butt of a cigarette, you might be able to tell who had smoked it. You would start by looking for a person who smoked that brand. And sometimes the tip of the cigarette will give the smoker away. If there is rouge on it, then you know it was smoked by a lady who used lip-stick. And there are many other ways of verifying your suspicions about people. For instance—"

"I know one!" she broke in triumphantly. "What about perfume? For instance, if we found a lady's hand-bag, and it smelled like *Frangipanni*, then we'd look for a lady who used *Frangipanni*—not one who used *Gardenia*. . . . But please go on, Mr. Vance."

Vance did go on, for more than half an hour, carefully impressing upon her the things he knew would interest her.

When she had gone, Vance said to me, "The feeling of having something to lean on, as it were, will do the child a world of good at present. She's really most unhappy, and not a little frightened. Her imagined new occupation should prove a much-needed temporary tonic."

Folk-Lore and Poisons

MARKHAM telephoned Vance at nine o'clock that evening. Vance listened attentively for several minutes. Finally he hung up the receiver and turned to me.

"We're going down to Markham's. Doremus is there. I don't like it—I don't at all like it, Van. Doremus called him a little while ago full of news and mystery. And only some cataclysmic upheaval would get the peppery Doremus sufficiently excited to seek the District Attorney out in person, instead of merely turning in his official report. Very mystifyin'."

Fifteen or twenty minutes later a cab let us out in front of Markham's home. A gruff call halted us just as we were entering the building, and Heath came bustling down the street.

"I just got the D. A.'s message at home, and beat it over," he panted.

The butler was holding the door ajar for us, and we followed him into the library, where the District Attorney and Doctor Emanuel Doremus, a small, fiery man who gave the impression of a crabbed stock-broker rather than of a highly efficient scientific man, were awaiting us.

The doctor squinted malevolently at Heath. "It *would* be one of *your* cases," he blustered. "Why can't you ever dig up a nice, neat, easy murder, instead of these fancy affairs?"

"No, doctor," put in Vance placatingly; "the unhappy Sergeant is merely an innocent onlooker. . . . What seems to be the difficulty?"

"You're in on this too, eh?" Doremus retorted. "I might have known! Say, don't you like to see people shot or stabbed, pretty and clean, instead of being poisoned so I've got to work all the time?"

"Poisoned?" asked Vance curiously. "Who's been poisoned?"

"The stiff I'm talking about," shouted Doremus; "the fellow Heath handed me. Philip Allen. And what makes me sore is I don't know

any more about what killed him than if he was a dead Zulu in Isipingo."

"You spoke of poison, doctor," prompted Vance calmly.

"I did," snapped Doremus. "But *you* tell me what kind of poison. It doesn't check with any books of mine on toxicology. The poison—whatever it is—was undoubtedly absorbed through the derma or the mucous membrane. It might have been lots of things. But I couldn't get any straight-cut reaction from the regulation tests. It might have been a combination of some kind." He grunted. "I'll find it, all right. Not tonight, though. It may take a day or so. It's the worst thing I've ever been up against. Not only was it poison, but it was a quick, powerful poison that could have taken effect at once."

"I believe Doctor Mendel spoke of some burns," Vance commented. "What of them?"

"You tell me." Doremus seemed annoyed with the world in general. "My whiff of the lungs indicated a probable inhalation of something."

"Might it have been nitrobenzene?" suggested Vance.

"I wouldn't know—I'm just a medical man."

"Come, come, doctor," Vance said good-naturedly. "I'm merely trying to steer you clear of ancient toxic lore."

Doremus sat up with a jerk and grinned apologetically.

"I don't blame you, Mr. Vance. I'm hot and annoyed. Maybe I do sound as if I was messing around with ancient Egyptians, and secret Gypsy potions, and witches' ointments with their henbane, and Borgia poisons, and Perugia water, and *aqua Tofana*—"

"Did you say Tofana, doc?" interrupted Heath. "That's the name of that fortune-telling Delpha, Mr. Vance. And I don't put poison beyond her and her husband."

"**N**O, no Sergeant," Vance corrected him. "The Tofana the doctor mentioned died in Sicily in the seventeenth century. And she wasn't a fortune-teller. Far from it. She devoted her talents to mixing a liquid which has since come to be known by her name. *Aqua Tofana* was a deadly poison; and this woman plied her poisoning trade on such a wholesale scale that the name of her concoction has never been forgotten. That's the lady, dead for centuries, to whom Doctor Doremus refers."

"I still say Rosa Tofana ain't beyond the same kind of tricks," insisted Heath doggedly. "Could you say when he died, doc?"

Doremus glared at the Sergeant. "How would I know? I'm no necromancer. I didn't even see the body till this afternoon. I talked with Doctor Mendel, but he wouldn't venture a guess. Said there was no *rigor mortis* when he first saw the body. But you can't time stiffening of the muscles with a stop-watch. From what I've been able to learn, the fellow could have died within a couple of hours before he was found, or he could have died as long as ten hours before. . . ."

"Well, Vance," said the District Attorney, "how are you going to fit that situation into your story?"

"I don't know, Markham. There are too many questions in my mind crying out for answers. How, for instance, did the chap get into

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Mirche's office again after Hennessey saw him at six o'clock?"

"Hennessey musta been lookin' the other way," said Heath stolidly.

"That's not likely, Sergeant." He smoked for a while in silence.

"I wish I could see the plans for the remodeling of that old house when Mirche took it over for his café. There might be something suggestive about them."

"I don't see how those plans would do you any good," said Heath. "But if you really want 'em, I can get 'em for you easy in the morning."

A Strange Discovery

BY half-past eight the next morning Vance was completely dressed and had drunk his coffee. Shortly after nine, Sergeant Heath arrived.

"Here you are, Mr. Vance," he announced, placing a long cardboard tube on the desk.

Vance drew the plans from their holder and spread them on the desk. He scrutinized them all, inspecting the sheet for each floor in turn.

"Quite conventional," Vance murmured, tapping the sheets with his finger. "An excellent bit of planning."

At this moment Gracie Allen unexpectedly arrived. She preceded Currie into the room, making his announcement superfluous.

"Oh, I just had to come and see you, Mr. Vance! Somehow I don't seem to be getting anywhere—and I worked so hard. Honest, I did!"

"But my word! young lady,"—Vance spoke pleasantly—"why aren't you at the factory this morning?"

"I just couldn't go there," she returned. "I've got so much on my mind—that is, terribly important things. And I'm sure Mr. Doolson won't mind. . . . George didn't go to the factory today, either. He phoned me last night and said he couldn't possibly do anything. He's so upset."

"Well, perhaps after all, Miss Allen, a few days' rest—"

"Oh, I'm not resting." She appeared hurt. "I'm frightfully busy every minute. You yourself said I have to keep busy. Remember?" She caught sight of Heath, and a frightened look came into her large eyes.

Vance eased the situation by casually introducing the Sergeant.

"He is working with us, too," he added. "You can trust the Sergeant. I explained his error to him yesterday, and now he's on our side. . . . Furthermore," Vance went on, "he has five letters in his name."

"Oh" Her fears were somewhat allayed by this information, though she looked dubiously at Heath again before she broke into a faint smile. Then she pointed to the desk. "What are all those blue papers, Mr. Vance? Maybe they're a clue, or something. Are they?"

"No, I'm afraid not. They're just plans of the *Domdaniel* where you were Saturday night." Vance bent over the desk with her. "See, this is the big dining-room, and the entrance-door from the hall; and over here is the kitchen, and the side door; and right along here is the driveway that goes under the arch; and right in this corner is the office, with the door opening on the terrace; and—"

"Wait a minute," she interrupted. "That's not really an office."

She bent closer over the chart and traced corridors and directions with

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her finger, calling them off as she did so. She ended by following the outline of the small room. Then she looked up.

"Why, that's Dixie Del Marr's private room. She told me so herself. . . . Don't you think she's just beautiful, Mr. Vance? And she can sing so lovely, too. I wish I could sing like her. You know, classical songs."

"I'm sure your singing is much prettier," Vance told her gallantly. "But I think you're mistaken about that room being Miss Del Marr's. It's Mr. Mirche's office."

Gracie Allen bent still lower over the papers.

"Oh, but it is the room I was in," she asserted conclusively. "I'll show you:—that window looks right out on the driveway; and here's the street, through those tiny windows. It even says '50th Street' right on the picture. Why, it's got to be Miss Del Marr's room. And you can't have two rooms in the same place, can you—even in a picture?"

"No, not very well—"

"And aren't the walls all done in mauve? And aren't there three or four big leather chairs along this wall? And isn't there a big dead fish on a board, hanging up here?" She pointed out the locations as she spoke. "And isn't there a funny little glass chandelier hanging—Oh, where's the ceiling, Mr. Vance? I don't see any ceiling on this picture."

Heath had become highly interested in the girl's inventory.

"She's dead right, Mr. Vance," he said. "But see here, Miss, when were you ever in that room?"

"Why, I was in it just last Saturday night."

"What!" bellowed Heath.

The girl was startled.

"Did I say something wrong? I didn't mean to go in there."

Vance spoke now.

WHAT time during the evening did you go in there, Miss Allen?"

"Why, you know, Mr. Vance. When I went to look for Philip, at ten o'clock. . . . But I didn't see Philip. He wasn't around. And he didn't come home yesterday, either. I guess he's gone on a vacation somewhere. And he promised he wouldn't quit his job."

Vance diverted the girl's chatter.

"Let's not talk about Philip now. Just tell me how you happened to go out on the terrace looking for your brother."

"I didn't go out on the terrace." She shook her head emphatically. "What would I want to go on the terrace for, anyhow? I'd have caught cold in that thin dress I was wearing."

"But you must have forgotten—the only way to get into that room is from the terrace."

"Oh, but I went in the other way—through the door at the back." She pointed to the wall directly opposite the street door of Mirche's office; then her eyes opened wide as she scrutinized the blue-print. "There's something awfully funny here, Mr. Vance."

Vance came closer to her.

"You think there should be another door shown at that spot?"

"Why, of course! Because there is a door right there. Otherwise, how could I have gotten in Miss Del Marr's private room?"

"Look here at the plan a minute. . . . Now, here's the archway through

which you left the dining-room—"

"Uh-huh."

"And then—let's see—you must have gone this way in the hall—"

"That's right. George wanted me to stay and speak to him, but I was in a hurry. So I went right on back, until I passed another little hallway. And then I didn't know which way to go."

"You must have turned into that narrow passage, and walked down to this point, here." Vance brought to a stop the pencil with which he was tracing her course on the blue-print.

"That's just what I did! How do you know? Were you watching me?"

"No, my dear," Vance answered patiently. "But maybe you're a little confused. There is a door here, at the end of this narrow passage, where you say you walked down."

YES, I saw that door. I even opened it. But there wasn't anything there—only the driveway. That's how I knew I was lost. And then as I stood there leaning against the wall and wondering how to find Philip, this other door I was telling you about—you know, the one into Miss Del Marr's room—opened right behind me." She tittered, as at some joke she was just about to relate. "And I fell right into the room! It was terribly embarrassing. But I didn't spoil my dress at all. And I might have torn it, falling like that. . . . I guess it was my own fault though, for not looking where I was leaning. But I didn't know there was a door there. I didn't see any door at all. Isn't that silly—not seeing a door and leaning up against it, and then falling down right into a lady's room?" She laughed engagingly at the recital of her mishap.

Vance led the girl to a chair and arranged a pillow for her.

"Sit right there, my dear," he said, "and tell us all about it."

"But I have told you," she said, arranging herself comfortably. "It was awfully funny, and I was so embarrassed. Miss Del Marr was embarrassed too. She told me that was her private room. So, I told her I was awfully sorry and explained about looking for my brother—she even knew Philip. I guess that's because they both work at the same place, like me and George. . . . And then she showed me back down the hall, and pointed out the exact way to the landing on the kitchen stairs. She was awfully nice. Well, I waited a long time, but Philip didn't show up. So I went back to Mr. Puttle. I knew how to find my way back, all right. . . . And now, Mr. Vance, I want to ask you some more questions about what you said yesterday—"

"I'd love to answer them, Miss Allen," Vance said; "but I really haven't any time this morning. Maybe this afternoon. You won't mind, will you?"

"Oh, no." The girl jumped up quickly. "I've got something very important to do, too. And maybe George will come up for a while." She shook Vance's hand, nodded to Heath, and in a moment she was gone.

"Holy suffering sauerkraut!" exploded Heath, almost before the door closed on Miss Allen. "Didn't I tell you that Mirche was a crafty customer? So he's got a secret door! The dizzy doll didn't see it—sure she didn't! Somebody musta got careless

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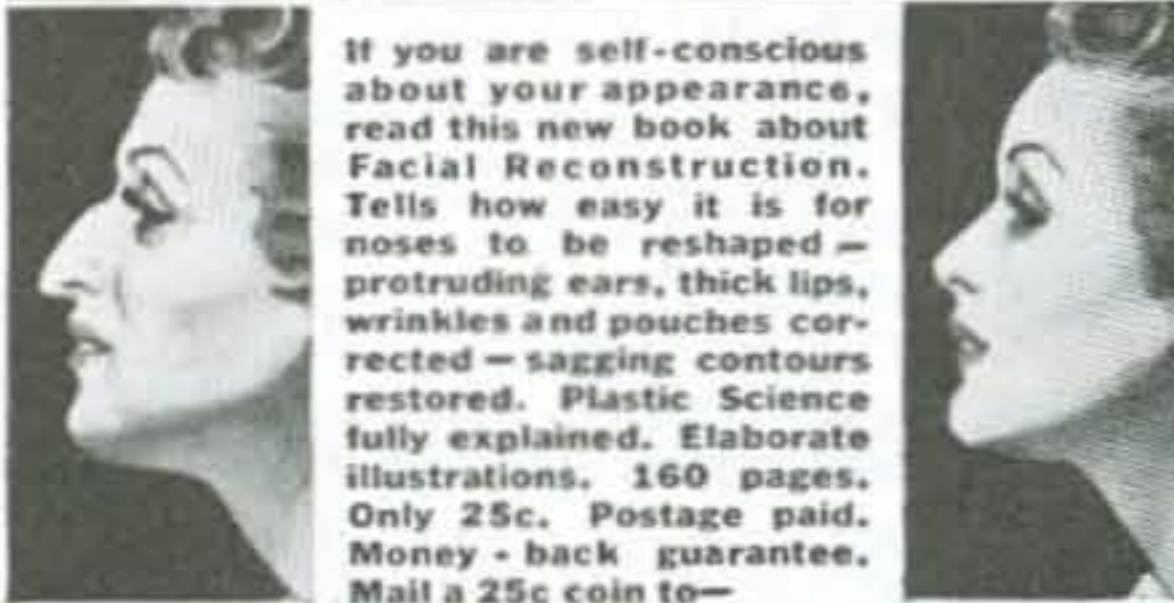
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A PIMPLE-FACED OUTCAST AT 17?

Read how to help protect the skin against intestinal poisons

Are you shunned and pitied because of repulsive-looking hickies? Then why not get right at a common cause of this trouble—and take steps now to help overcome it?

Between the ages of 13 and 25, final growth takes place. This is often accompanied by disturbances throughout the body. The skin may become oversensitive. Waste poisons from the intestines often get into the blood, then ugly pimples may break out.

Many young people help solve this problem—simply by eating Fleischmann's Yeast. Each cake of this famous fresh food helps eliminate intestinal waste poisons from your body before they can get into the blood stream . . . and so gives these pimples a chance to clear up. Don't run the risk of permanent scars by neglecting such pimples. Start eating Fleischmann's Yeast now—3 cakes daily—one cake ½ hour before meals. Begin now!

—her leanin' up against an invisible door and goin' plop—right into the room where her brother was killed!"

Vance smiled grimly. "But, after all, Sergeant, there's no law against a man having a secret door to his own office. And that, undoubtedly, is our answer to the question of how the dead fellow got in there without being seen by Hennessey. But some one must have been in there with him. Not Mirche: he was at my table between ten and eleven. And certainly no dead man was there at ten."

"I'd like to go up to the *Domdaniel* and smash that fake door in!" Heath asserted. "If this *Domdaniel's* the headquarters for a crooked ring of some kind, like I've always suspected, nothing'd give me more pleasure than smashing the whole place—and Mirche along with it."

"Quite—quite," mused Vance. "But I think we should for the present concentrate on ascertaining who killed the poor chap."

YEAH? How? By checkin' up a little closer on Mirche?"

"Precisely, Sergeant. And I shan't overlook Dixie Del Marr either."

"And just how do you intend doing it, Mr. Vance?"

"Quite openly, Sergeant. I shall drop in for a chat. . . . Where, by the by, does brother Mirche reside?"

"That's easy," Heath told him. "Upstairs at the *Domdaniel*."

"I thought as much. . . . And could you answer with equal ease if I asked you the habitat of Miss Del Marr?"

"Sure," Heath grunted. "You'll find her at the Antler Hotel."

"I'll try to commune with Mirche and Miss Del Marr this very morning. After that, I'll endeavor to lure Mr. Markham to lunch. Then I should be charmed to meet you here again at three this afternoon."

"It's still your case, Mr. Vance," mumbled Heath. "I'm not goin' to tell you how to handle it." He remained another half-hour before taking his departure.

Then Vance telephoned to Markham, after which he sat down and lighted a cigarette, with more than ordinary deliberation.

"Still another amazin' facet in the gem, Van," he said. "Markham was on the point of calling me when I was put through to his office. Mr. Doolson—he of the In-O-Scent Corporation—had just come and gone. Markham promised he'd pour forth the story when I see him later. We're to be at his office round one o'clock. I told him if we weren't there by two, to send a posse of trusty stalwarts to our rescue at the *Domdaniel*."

Gracie is turning out to be a better detective than the great Philo Vance himself. Her latest clue leads—next month—to the sinister "Owl" Owen, madman, racketeer, strange enigma. Order the January issue of Radio Mirror now, to be sure you won't miss the next chapters of this mystery.

ANSWERS TO SPELLING BEE

1. Semaphore. 2. Courteous. 3. Density. 4. Emigration. 5. Talesman. 6. Worrisome. 7. Apotheosis. 8. Camomile. 9. Zigzags. 10. Recurred. 11. Imagery. 12. Familiar. 13. Brigandage. 14. Depredation. 15. Convalescent. 16. Langur. 17. Tatterdemalion. 18. Frankincense. 19. Braggadocio. 20. Palfreys.

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If you don't find FEEN-A-MINT the grandest way to chase the blues of constipation, you'll get back every penny you paid for it. FEEN-A-MINT, you know, is the delicious chewing gum way to relieve constipation. FEEN-A-MINT is so modern, so effective, so completely different from ordinary methods. You get all its splendid benefits simply by chewing this marvelous-tasting gum. Think—how easy and pleasant! No wonder folks say: "Why, it seems like magic!" Already millions use it— young and old. Try FEEN-A-MINT yourself!

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And because Velure is a scientific, alkali-free, fast-acting lotion, it requires no tedious rubbing . . . leaves no sticky, gummy film to stain your gloves or clothes.

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- NON-STICKY
- NON-GUMMY
- NON-ALKALI
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PROFESSOR QUIZ

1. Multiply ten by 1266 and divide the result by 5280, the number of feet in a mile. The answer is 2.39 miles.
2. West to east.
3. It's hotter in New York.
4. Mercury, or quicksilver.
5. He walked nine days, an average of 13 miles a day. Thirteen miles must therefore be the distance he walked on the fifth (middle) day. On the first day he walked four miles less, or nine miles; on the last day he walked four miles more, or seventeen.
6. All five are the "Evening Star" at different seasons of the year and in different parts of the world.
7. Andrew Johnson. Acquitted.
8. No. George Washington was the first President under the Constitution, but was preceded by eight Presidents of the Continental Congress, who signed themselves *President of the United States*.
9. California, Arizona, New Mexico, Texas, and Oklahoma.
10. The Duke of Wellington, William Jennings Bryan (or William Pitt), Abraham Lincoln, Joan of Arc, and William Shakespeare.

TRUE OR FALSE

1. True: Oklahoma was admitted on November 16, 1907.
2. False: Platinum is the world's most precious metal, but iron is its most valuable, because it can be profitably used for so many purposes.
3. True: Both are made of carbon.
4. False: It was her father, Powhatan, acting on Pocahontas' pleas.
5. False: It is the name of an arm of masonry in Gothic architecture.
6. True: It is a mammal.
7. False: It is an epic poem about Rome by the classical poet, Virgil.
8. False: He is elected by the Electoral College, delegates to which are elected by the people.
9. True.
10. True: They are three names for the edible seed of the pinon tree.

KAY KYSER'S MUSICAL CLASS

1. A Tisket, a Tasket—or Here We Go 'Round the Mulberry Bush.
2. says my heart.
couldn't be smarter.
it makes me merry.
got that old feeling.
and then some.
3. Enoch Light. Sammy Kaye. Phil Harris. Skinnay Ennis. Robert Armstrong.
4. Lovely (or Low).
Heaven.
Dust.
Words Right Out of My Heart.
Thing Called Love.
5. Tommy Dorsey; Henry Busse or Red Nichols; Eddy Duchin or Duke Ellington; Benny Goodman; Jimmy Dorsey or Rudy Vallee.
6. Vincent Lopez.
7. Martha Tilton, Benny Goodman; Edythe Wright, Tommy Dorsey; Judy Starr, Hal Kemp; Dolly Dawn, George Hall; Marion Mann, Bob Crosby; Joan Edwards, Paul Whiteman; Don Huston, Henry Busse; Virginia Simms, Kay Kyser; Peggy Mann, Enoch Light; Maxine Gray, Skinnay Ennis.
8. If you named any five of the following seven, you scored a hundred per cent: Will Osborne and Rudy Vallee; Fred Waring and Horace Heidt; Benny Goodman and Tommy Dorsey; Tommy and Jimmy Dorsey; Ernie

Fiorito and Ted Fio Rito; Kay Kyser and Sammy Kaye; Jan Garber and Guy Lombardo.

9. Sing, You Sinners.
Give Me a Sailor.
Cowboy from Brooklyn.
Alexander's Ragtime Band.
Cocoanut Grove.
10. Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers; Fred Astaire; Fannie Brice; Bob Hope; Al Jolson.

INFORMATION, PLEASE

1. Professor Beware; The Shopworn Angel; Letter of Introduction; Yellow Jack; White Banners.
2. Agricultural Adjustment Administration, or American Automobile Association; Adjective; Incorporated; Independent Order of Oddfellows; (He) painted it.
3. Oliver Wendell Holmes: "The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table."
Herman Melville: "Moby Dick."
Richard Henry Dana: "Two Years Before the Mast."
Harriet Beecher Stowe: "Uncle Tom's Cabin."
Nathaniel Hawthorne: "The Scarlet Letter."
4. He took it from the call of the Mississippi boatmen as they measured the depth of the river: "Mark two fathoms," changing the "two fathoms" to "twain."
5. A prophet. The New Testament of the Bible.
6. Solon.
7. Any five of the following: Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne, Dick Powell and Joan Blondell; Errol Flynn and Lili Damita; Franchot Tone and Joan Crawford; Fredric March and Florence Eldridge; George Burns and Gracie Allen; Gene Raymond and Jeanette MacDonald.
8. Any five of the following: John Adams, John Quincy Adams, Henry Adams, Samuel Hopkins Adams, Maude Adams, James Truslowe Adams, Franklin Pierce Adams.
9. To a gossip—a muffler. To an explorer—a cape. To a prizefighter—a sock or a belt.
10. Charles Dickens. Rev. C. L. Dodgson. Finley P. Dunne. J. M. Barrie. Benjamin Franklin.

WHAT'S MY NAME?

1. Greta Garbo.
2. The Duchess of Windsor.
3. Helen of Troy.
4. Carrie Nation.
5. Helen Hayes.
6. Eddie Cantor.
7. King Henry VIII of England.
8. Howard Hughes.
9. Albert Einstein.
10. Yehudi Menuhin.

THE WORD GAME

1. Transpose the third and fourth letters making the word *untied*.
2. Maroon.
3. Yes. *Egoism* is thinking too much about yourself; *egotism* is talking too much about yourself.
4. *Out, out of, from or beyond*. Before a title it means *former*.
5. Add *age* to *mess*, and you get *message*.
6. To get away in a hurry.
7. No. A *dogma* is a doctrine or an opinion.
8. Bass.
9. No. Criminals are *hanged*; clothes or other objects are *hung*.
10. A *bole* is the trunk of a tree; a

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Many of those gnawing, nagging, painful backaches people blame on colds or strains are often caused by tired kidneys—and may be relieved when treated in the right way.

The kidneys are Nature's chief way of taking excess acids and poisonous waste out of the blood. Most people pass about 3 pints a day or about 3 pounds of waste.

If the 15 miles of kidney tubes and filters don't work well, poisonous waste matter stays in the blood. These poisons may start nagging backaches, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness.

Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from the blood. Get Doan's Pills.



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NAME _____ ADDRESS _____

boll is the seed pod of a cotton plant; a bowl is a circular vessel.

THE ASK-IT BASKET

1. Union of Soviet Socialist Republics.
2. Mrs. Beryl Markham.
3. Sinclair Lewis.
4. Connie Mack, manager of the Philadelphia Athletics.
5. Eli Whitney. Samuel Colt.
6. The earth, of course.
7. Radium.
8. Australia.
9. By either. Both can grant naturalization papers.
10. In Hawaii—part of the Island of Hawaii is a National Park.

Cupid Runs The Wrong Way

(Continued from page 16)

What did it matter that Tom Reller was the instrument of Sweetwater's victory—it was victory all the same!

Then something happened. The ball came sailing through the air, bound from one State man to another. But it came to earth a foot or so short of where the passer had intended, and nestled lovingly in Tom Reller's arms.

Tom had been standing near the boundary line on the south side of the field, only a few feet from Clump, and as Tom began to run, Clump ran with him, talking into the microphone as he went.

Only ten yards from the goal line Reller dodged a leather-helmeted fury, swerved nearer to the boundary line. The time he took in doing so let Clump gain a few feet. Clump twitched the long wire which trailed from the microphone, and like a malevolently inspired thing it flicked out into the field, directly into Reller's path, and brought him thundering to earth.

It also yanked Clump out of the sidelines into the field, and deposited him on top of Reller.

The next instant twenty-one yelling football players inundated them both.

Clump had time for only one horrified thought, one terrible moment of guilt. To have kept Sweetwater from turning a tie into a victory! To have practically thrown Arlene into Tom Reller's arms!

Then he fainted.

When he came to, he was stretched out on the grass beside the field. A circle of heads surrounded him. But there was something peculiar. Nobody looked mad. The Coach was grinning from ear to ear. "Quick thinking, Clump," he said approvingly.

"What—what?" Clump said.

Coach continued to grin. "They're trying to figure out a way to penalize us," he said cheerfully, "but I don't see how they can. Quick thinking, Clump."

Clump struggled to raise himself on one elbow. "Where's Reller?" he asked. "Is everything all right?"

"Sure, thanks to you," Coach said. "Reller didn't think so, though, when he came to and found out he was running the wrong way."

The circle of heads parted to permit the entry of one more, made of spun-sunlight. Warm arms went around Clump's neck.

"Darling," Arlene said. "You were wonderful."

Clump Hamp had already fainted once that afternoon. Now he repeated the performance.

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...without cream!

Amazing New Lotionized Cleansing Pads Won't Dry the Skin... Actually Soothe and Soften!



Use to completely remove stale make-up at HOME OFFICE PARTIES THEATRE or ANYWHERE

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When you're miles away from your dressing table and you need a complete new make-up before meeting HIM... a dainty QUICKIES Cleansing Pad will save your face, your charm, and his enthusiasm for you!

QUICKIES are downy-soft circles of special cloth all ready saturated with a marvelous cleansing and refreshing lotion. One QUICKIES whipped out of the cute QUICKIES purse vanity magically wipes stale make-up away... softens, smooths, tones... refreshes your face... and leaves a base that powder will really stick to. Actually helpful to dry "winter skin." Carry QUICKIES with you always for a facial any time, anywhere. Humidor jar of 100 ready-to-use QUICKIES and airtight purse vanity filled with 15, all for only 55c.

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These lovely new Oriental Jinken Satin Pajama Suits are the smartest of garments — for lounging, sleeping, etc.—make ideal Christmas gifts. Come in rich Black Satin with trim in Chinese Red. Also Red with White; Royal Blue Satin with Gold trim. All hand-embroidered in silk floral designs. Belt to match. Please state size wanted.

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Can the United States Stay Out of It?

(Continued from page 33)



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Address.....
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as a free democratic nation in a world of anarchy than the State of Vermont could continue its democratic existence in a nation given over to anarchy.

We are part of a world order, whether we want to be or not. We are tied up with the world by commerce. We have investments and factories in nearly every country on earth. Maybe we operate them for profits, but the profits also go to workers.

We have communications with every country. Our exports are only 10 per cent of our total trade, but that 10 per cent is the margin between prosperity and panic. Not only that, we are tied to the world by innumerable imponderables of culture. We are part of the world of ideas. Every revolution in the world since this nation was founded, and including the American revolution, has had repercussions upon this country and vice versa, even in the days when we were enormously farther separated from the rest of the world than we are today. We are living right in the middle of a world revolution, one of whose instruments is international war, and we talk about isolation!

Let's get clear just what isolation means. It means getting off the face of the earth; if it is going to be carried to its final consequences—and if it isn't, then it doesn't mean anything—it means taking our ships off the ocean and our cargoes off other people's ships. It means abandoning our investments wherever they may be. It means detaching our currency from the world exchanges. It means suppressing all news which may exacerbate our people. It means, eventually, suppression of free speech. And all of these together mean economic and social revolution, and a panic that can only be averted by a dictatorship and complete government regulation and control of foreign trade and everything else.

WE have heard the argument that if we get brought into a war we shall have dictatorship in this country. That is true, but there is something beyond that fact, namely, this: that if the present condition of anarchy continues in the world, we shall also have dictatorship in this country. We are going to get it, coming or going, unless this thing stops. It is not enough to keep out of war. We have got to use our power in combination with others who want peace and justice to prevent this war from going on.

We have tried isolation for 150 years; it has been our continual policy—no entangling alliances—and in all that time we have never been drawn into a minor European conflict. But we have been drawn into both major conflicts in the 150 years, into both world wars, the Napoleonic War in 1812 and the World War. There is nothing in our present condition that makes us less a part of the world than we were 100 or 125 years ago. I ask you to use a little logic. We do not want to fight for the British Empire. But it does matter to us whether the British Commonwealth of Nations dissolves either by war or by gradual encroachment, whether the French and Dutch empires crumble, whether Germany and

Italy become masters of Europe, whether Japan becomes the undisputed dictator of Asia, impinging upon New Zealand and Australia. Do we honestly think that if this happens the still unexploited resources of South America will not be involved? What would be the position of democratic United States, standing alone in such a world, a world ruled by new forms of despotism, heading mobilized peoples governed by military collectivism?

The world has actually been given a blueprint of what is to occur, and step by step that blueprint is being followed, and still the world, like Mr. Micawber, thinks that something is going to turn up and God is going to pass a miracle to save us. Mussolini announced that he intends to erect a new Roman Empire and has proven that he means it. Hitler has announced that he intends to govern all Europe east of the Rhine. We know what these governments mean. But these things can't be done without more militarism and more blackmail and more Austrias and more Spains.

So, either another general conflagration or a continuation of the present undeclared wars will go on and will mean eventually the ruin of this democracy. They will set in motion social forces and economic cataclysms that cannot be halted at any borders. Nation after nation will be bankrupted, and that bankruptcy will lead to the establishment of new economic systems which will prey upon the rest of the world with every kind of unfair competition backed up by the blackmail of the threat of further war. We will live in a world governed by super-rackets.

Fascism and any other sort of military collectivism can survive in a world of anarchy as long as it suffers no overwhelming military defeat and is not strangled by collective economic sanctions.

Actually, 80 per cent of the manpower, wealth, and natural sources of the world are in the hands of America, the French, British, and Dutch empires and the Scandinavian states—all liberal democracies, or something approaching the liberal democracies. And these democracies, if they had the will and determination to do so, could enforce order throughout the world, and at the same time they could offer prosperity to the whole world by establishing greater justice and by presenting opportunities for peaceful trade expansion along lines which have been proposed by Secretary Hull and expanded by Premier van Zeeland of Belgium.

But 80 per cent of the world is being terrorized by 20 per cent, simply because the 20 per cent are organized and audacious and the 80 per cent are disorganized, and paralyzed by fear. We don't have the choice between security and risk; we only have a choice between two risks. The one is perfectly clear—it not only is clear, it is right on the doorstep—world anarchy, world revolution, and world conflict, creeping from sea to sea and border to border. The world is always run on somebody's terms. I prefer, even on behalf of the peoples living under dictatorships, that it should be run on the terms of the democracies, on the terms of the 80 per cent.

I Wish I Could Laugh

(Continued from page 11)

down and live like normal people, with dinners at regular times, and have a home of our own?"

What woman could resist the picture conjured up in those words? Of course I was tired of roaming around the country. As I lay there in the darkness, I let my imagination play over the home I would make for the two of us—and perhaps, I thought, if everything worked out well, for one or two more. Both of us hoped, some day, to have children—and with some sort of permanent arrangement, such as this radio contract seemed to promise, that some day might be soon!

Those dreams of mine are funny, in the light of what actually happened. But there again—I don't laugh. We have the home, but it's more like a convention hall most of the time. And the children—well, perhaps next year. . . .

Ned soon discovered that radio wasn't the easy job it had appeared from a distance. He'd thought, of course, that doing a thirty-minute program once a week couldn't possibly mean more than a day of rehearsing, and that for the other six days his time would be his own, to be spent in leisurely preparation of the material for next week's show. At first, naturally, he expected to be rushed a good deal, since he realized he didn't know much about how comedy must be paced and timed for radio. But the weeks passed, he learned more about his job—and still the hectic race against time continued.

SINCE Ned entered radio his time has never been his own. When a script was completed it always had to be read and approved by the sponsor, the agency, and the network—with the result that it inevitably came back so mangled and changed that it had to be done all over again.

There was one New Year's Eve—to take just one instance. I had persuaded Ned, heaven alone knows how, to forget radio for one night, at least. We planned to go to a friend's home for dinner and to spend the evening. Ned had his script all finished ahead of time, it had finally been approved by the agency and the client, and we were both looking forward to an evening of fun and relaxation. Ned and I were dressing, late in the afternoon, when the telephone rang. He answered it, and almost at once I heard him explode in a typical Ned fashion.

"What! But that's impossible! There's nothing wrong with that sequence—everybody else passed it. Tell 'em to—No, I won't. I'm going out tonight and I won't work!"

He slammed the receiver down, stood there a minute, and then turned wearily away. "Well, Jill, there goes your party," he said. "Those censors up at the network have decided that my whole snow-ride sequence is immoral! Half the program, and I've got to change it in time for rehearsal day after tomorrow."

"But didn't you just tell them you wouldn't?" I asked.

He gave me a wry smile. "That was just blowing off. They know I will. I've got to."

So, while the whistles blew and the rest of the city had its holiday, Ned sat cooped up in his den, pound-



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ing away on his typewriter.

For the first three years of Ned's radio career he broadcast for the same sponsor, fifty-two weeks a year, summer and winter. But then he changed sponsors, and in his new contract he specified that he must be given thirteen weeks of vacation every summer. We've had three of those summers now, and not one of them has been a real vacation. The first year we planned a trip abroad, but a movie company came along and wanted Ned to go to Hollywood to star in a picture. We almost quarreled over that offer. Of course, I wanted Ned to reject it, but he was as excited as a child who has been promised a new toy.

So we went to Hollywood and Ned made his first picture.

It wasn't a success. Oh, it wasn't a colossal failure. It was just another movie, and didn't help Ned's career at all. He blamed the story and the director, and they certainly had something to do with it, but the failure still rankled.

The next summer we did go to Europe, but Ned had made some bad investments, so when an international booking office told him it could get him some very profitable personal appearance dates in London and Paris, he decided to recoup his losses.

And then, last summer, we went to Hollywood again, to make another picture. As I said, his first failure in the movies always bothered Ned, and he leaped at the second offer as a chance to redeem himself. We are still in Hollywood as I write this, for Ned's sponsors have decided to broadcast the program from there in the future. The picture is finished, but it hasn't been released yet.

WHEN Ned changed sponsors, three years ago, he also changed from a half-hour program to a full hour and—ostensibly—stopped writing all of his material himself. I say "ostensibly" because, although three script writers were hired to help him, Ned continued to do nearly all of the creative work himself. And those script writers—the parade of script writers that has passed through our lives—have been something to upset anybody.

I don't know how many of them, all together, Ned has had. It seemed as if every time I looked around, there was a new script writer. Usually there were three on hand at a time. You could count on just one thing, with a script writer—he'd hate the other two he was working with. I never really saw jealousy at work until I saw three of Ned's writers sitting down to a script conference.

Those script conferences invariably turned our home into a bedlam. They were held once a week, each writer bringing in his ideas for the next week's program. Because Ned's office was too small, they'd always settle down in the living room, which was littered with cigar ends, dirty glasses, and wads of scribbled-on paper by the time they'd leave. Sometimes they got into wild and bitter arguments and screamed so loudly I was afraid the people next door would send for the police—or that one of them would lose control entirely and murder one of the others. And Ned would emerge from the conferences looking like a man who had just spent three hours sitting on top of a volcano, wondering

when it would explode.

Ned's greatest need is to get away from radio occasionally, but his job obsesses him so much that even when he does manage to snatch a few hours of spare time, he can't use them properly. Even our leisure hours are filled with talk of radio, post-mortems on past programs, the creation of ideas for coming ones. We have no friends who aren't also in radio, no friends who can talk about other subjects. And, speaking personally, that means I have no friends at all, because I'm on the outside looking in. When Ned and some of his radio pals get together to talk about radio, I'm forced to sit on the sidelines, without cheering. And I don't mind admitting that radio talk, and nothing but radio talk, drives me a little bit crazy.

I DON'T know whether radio is ruining Ned's health, or he just thinks it is. It is true that when we were first married I never heard him complain about anything—he could eat anything and sleep any time. Now, he tells me that he hasn't any stomach left, and I have a list of diets that he's tried which, put all together, would forbid him to eat anything at all. He's also troubled by insomnia. Long ago we changed to twin beds, and every night Ned goes to bed with a detective story which he reads until he falls asleep. I don't know how many times I've waked up in the early hours of the morning, to find Ned's light still on, the book fallen from his hands, and he himself slumped down in the pillows, fast asleep. I get up and take the book away and turn the light off, and sometimes I sit on the edge of the bed, looking at him and thinking about him, wondering if we're ever going to have a normal life of our own, with friends and children and fixed hours for doing things.

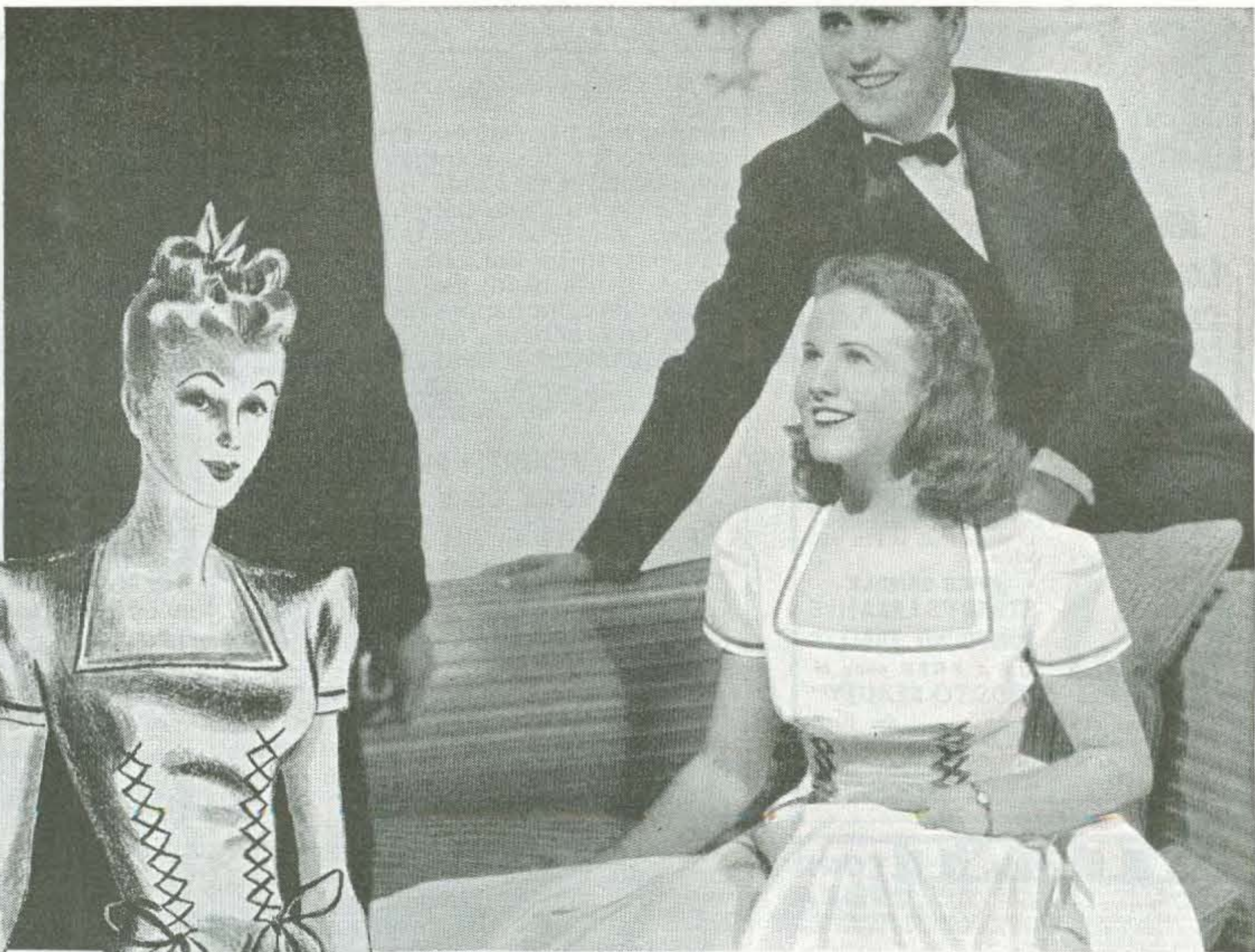
And I wonder most of all about the problem of children. It's a long time now since we have spoken of it, and perhaps Ned no longer feels the need of them. I still want them. But I don't feel, even now, that our life is stable enough.

But then morning comes, and things don't look so very black after all. Right now, for instance, I'm thinking that radio is growing up, and that finally—at long last!—Ned has found himself a trio of script writers who can work together efficiently and harmoniously. Hollywood did that for him, at least. And I've seen a few rushes of the new picture, which indicate that this time Ned has achieved his ambition and turned out a success. With that in back of him, maybe he won't take radio quite so hard—maybe he'll be willing to do the best he can on it, and stop worrying.

After all, life isn't entirely easy for anyone. I know that. We all have our own compensations, and I, particularly, am proud to think of the vast numbers of people who turn from their own difficulties every week to tune in on Ned and get a few hearty laughs to give them encouragement.

But—while they're tuning in, and laughing, I'm at home bending over my radio, taking notes, getting ready to answer all of Ned's questions about the show when he returns. Did the burlesque play get over? How about his foreign-minister imitation? Was the Hollywood gag timed right?

And I still don't think it's funny!



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What Do You Want To Say?

(Continued from page 7)

than size to live down the hurts that seem to be the common lot of the over-stout. I feel that this article will bring courage and happiness to many hearts, and the very title, "It is no Tragedy to be Fat," will be music to the ears of any fat girl. And many a despondent, unhappy fat girl will, I hope and believe, say, "Kate Smith made good and so will I."

MRS. OLIVE BRYDE,
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FOURTH PRIZE A NOBLE DEED, JESSICA

I would like to tell of a quiet deed of generosity on the part of a radio celebrity, which I am sure is known to only a few and which I believe is only one of many unpublicized kindnesses.

In the mountains is a convalescent home for self-supporting people who still need care after sieges of sickness, and who, after paying doctors, nurses and hospital bills have little money left for the luxury of getting strong. Usually these patients are brave, fine men and women who are burdened with financial and health problems. Not long ago in the cheerful living-room of this home a number of residents were chatting. "Let's sing," said one of them. An old song book was found, someone moved to the piano and soon illnesses and worries were forgotten.

Among the voices rose one clear, true and well-toned, not strong but appealing. "Sing alone, Hazel," said one of the singers. So the young girl sang, "When you come to the end of a perfect day." Then she told about her lessons.

For a long time she had wanted to study singing, but she has never been strong and her family barely makes ends meet. Some of her friends knew her love of music and her desire to sing not only pleasingly but correctly. They told Jessica Dragonette's sister, who, in turn talked with Jessica. Hazel knew nothing about the investigations that were made and was dumbfounded when she received a letter from Miss Dragonette asking her to go to a certain well-known teacher for a voice test.

So, today this young girl is having lessons with a truly great teacher, and is taking courses in French and Italian. Her outlook has broadened amazingly and her voice is developing in strength and beauty. Nowadays there is so much joy in her life that all past worries and future uncertainties are mere shadows. Wherever she is, she radiates this joy to others.

Miss Dragonette will never get a world's applause for her gift to Hazel, a gift that is reaching out to bless lives which have never touched Miss Dragonette's life and probably never will.

JOAN GREGORY, New York, N. Y.

FIFTH PRIZE A PLEA TO SCRIPT WRITERS

It may be out of order for a mere layman to criticize professional script writers, but it does seem that they could write serial programs more true

(Continued on page 78)



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Starting with a liquid foundation, down to the final touch of the lipstick, Joan



Edwards gives her make-up regime as recommended by a leading beautician.



Photographs by CBS

NO one today disputes the fact that much outward charm is the result of a clever use of make-up. But make-up should not be used to cover up imperfections, rather, it should be used to enhance a girl's good points. That is not to say, of course, that we cannot work wonders in accenting natural charm. A plain girl can be made attractive and a pretty one, downright beautiful through the adroit use of cosmetics. One way to achieve greater facial beauty is to choose the right cosmetics in the right shades and then to apply them skillfully.

Make-up is glamorous only as long as it is well-done. Joan Edwards, lovely brunette soloist with Paul Whiteman, demonstrates a few of her own favorite beauty tricks. She has dark hair, large, expressive brown eyes, and olive complexion and favors simple, tailored, junior miss clothes. Her favorite hobbies are tennis, motoring, and dancing.

First, she uses a delicious-smelling liquid foundation which, incidentally, is an excellent skin-tonic. The base is an essential item in make-up, because it provides a smooth lasting foundation for powder and rouge. She shakes the bottle well before each application, using just a few drops and blending them on her face and neck with a dab of cotton.

Powder is patted on with a large puff, starting at the base of the neck and working upward toward the hairline. After it has been patted over the neck and face, a complexion brush is used lightly, to remove excess powder and leave a smooth finish. The best way to determine what shade of powder suits your complexion best is to actually try it. If, at the time of purchase, you don't want to remove your make-up, you can test the shade by powdering the skin on the under side of your arm, just above your wrist.

Rouge is the next step, and Joan gives us a good hint for applying it. She says, "Smile when you apply rouge; it will give you the focal color point. Blend towards the temples—never towards the nose—and remember that the secret in applying rouge is not how much, but how. Never put it on in haste nor with a heavy hand."

Eye-brow pencil should be used to accent the brows—not to take their place. First, brush the brows up, then out along the natural hair line. Pencil the brows with short light strokes and keep to the contour of the brow rather than attempt a high, unnatural arch. Carry the line out at the sides a little farther than the brows grow, if they have that stopped-short look.

Tricks

OF

THE BEAUTY TRADE

Learn to use

cosmetics to

glamorize your

good points

By JOYCE ANDERSON

IN choosing eye shadows, be governed by the color of the gown you are wearing in addition to the color of your eyes. Joan prefers a blue-gray tone with a slight iridescent touch, to go with her favorite black and silver gown. With the merest touch on her fingertip, she places the eyeshadow on the center of her eyelid, as close to her lashes as possible. Blending it carefully over the lid, she extends it toward the temples. Mascara is brushed on the upper lashes only. She uses a little at a time and goes over them again and again until the desired effect is obtained.

Lipstick is applied with a light, sure hand. Miss Edwards believes in following the contours of her own lips, and uses a lipstick of medium consistency which is indelible and spreads easily. She applies lip coloring first to her upper lip, outlining its contours carefully. Then she presses her lips together, transferring the lipstick on the upper lip to the lower and fills in the outlines with more lipstick. After it has "set" for a few seconds, she presses a piece of tissue between her lips to remove excess coloring. Joan powders over her lips again lightly and then moistens them. She has discovered that lipstick need not be renewed nearly so often when applied in this way.

RADIO MIRROR

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FOLLOW NOTED DOCTOR'S ADVICE. FEEL "TIP-TOP" IN MORNING!



If liver bile doesn't flow freely every day into your intestines—headaches, constipation and that "half-alive" feeling often result.

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Pertussin stimulates these glands to pour out their natural moisture so that the annoying phlegm is loosened and easily raised. Quickly your throat is soothed, your cough relieved!

Your cough may be a warning signal! Why neglect it? Do as millions have done! Use Pertussin, a safe and pleasant herbal syrup for children and grownups. Many physicians have prescribed Pertussin for over 30 years. It's safe and acts quickly. Sold at all druggists.

PERTUSSIN

The "Moist-Throat" Method of Cough Relief

(Continued from page 76)

to life. For instance, what real mother, trying to make her daughter happy, would do as Stella Dallas did and make her daughter think she was a drunkard? How could she expect to have influence with her daughter if she didn't have her respect?

Also, why is it necessary to have women crying all over the place? It sounds so maudlin. Of course there is tragedy in everyone's life, but why not have their women meet it with courage, as some of us try to do, rather than with a bunch of hysterics?

So, here's an orchid to good, clean, wholesome, uplifting programs, with a good laugh once in a while, a little joy, a little sorrow—but, please not so many hysterical women.

MRS. M. L. COOLEY, Tulsa, Okla.

SIXTH PRIZE

THERE'S SOMETHING TO IT AFTER ALL

People like to laugh at the "success story" advertising of the commercials. But this advertising, to my mind, has one great advantage for the American people. It teaches that failure is caused not by bad luck or the ill-will of others, but by some lack in ourselves.

Using a certain brand of soap, toothpaste, or razor blade, may not insure business or social success, but the extra grooming entailed by that use, may bring success.

We may not become angels by eating certain foods, or taking certain medicines; but we do improve our tempers by realizing that we should not have those tempers, and the resulting physical check-up, may even save our lives.

So don't laugh at the often far-fetched claims of the commercials. At least they teach us that, "The fault is not in our stars, but in ourselves that we are underlings."

HELEN P. GLOYD, Plainfield, Mass.

SEVENTH PRIZE

PET PEEVE

I believe if I live to be a hundred years old, the radio will never cease to be a miracle to me. With its wonderful symphonies, orchestras, operas, the endless variety of entertaining music and comedy, sports events, and up-to-the-minute news! But there is a big buzzing fly in my vial of joy. My pet peeve is the Romance Play. I am weary from searching the radio dial for a mid-day program that does not have a glib announcer shouting:

"Romance need not pass you by even though you are thirty-five or more" or "The Story of Mary Marlin, a Woman's Search for Happiness," and then follows an exaggerated drama or "sappy" playlet that is anything but entertaining.

Nor am I alone in my "hate." Everywhere I go I see people rushing to the radio to "kill" the voice of some announcer proclaiming the Romance of Blah-Blah. At bridge tables I hear over and over, "I can't stand them! We don't object to a sponsor advertising his wares but we do object to these over-dramatic, tiresome, continued romance and triangle plays."

MRS. J. DONALD BROWN, Burlington, Colo.

CASH FOR READERS' TIME

Leaf through the advertisements in this issue, pick the one that you like, or dislike, most. Then write us a letter telling us why in about fifty words. Fancy composition not important. Macfadden Women's Group* will pay \$2.00 for each contribution accepted. Address letters to:

Advertising Clinic
MACFADDEN WOMEN'S GROUP
122 East 42nd St., N. Y. C.

*The Macfadden Women's Group consists of five magazines: True Romances, True Experiences, Love & Romances, Movie Mirror and Radio Mirror. These five Macfadden publications are sold to advertisers as a single advertising unit.

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Prove it yourself no matter how long you have suffered or what you have tried. Beautiful book on Psoriasis and Dermoil with amazing true photographic proof of results also FREE.

Don't mistake eczema for the stubborn, ugly embarrassing scaly skin disease Psoriasis. Apply non-staining Dermoil. Thousands do. Grateful users, often after years of suffering, report the scales have gone, the red patches gradually disappeared and they enjoyed the thrill of a clear skin again. Dermoil is used by many doctors and is backed by a positive agreement to give definite benefit in 2 weeks or money is refunded without question. Generous trial bottle sent FREE to those who send in their Druggist's name and address. Make our famous "One Spot Test" yourself. Write today for your test bottle. Print name plainly. Results may surprise you. Don't delay. Sold by Liggett and Walgreen Drug Stores. Lake Laboratories, Box 6, Northwestern Station, Dept. M-35, Detroit, Mich.

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MARGARET
SIMPSON

Pastry success
is simple with
these new, mod-
ern recipes

HOLIDAY BAKING MADE EASY



Mary Eastman,
singing star of
Saturday Night
Serenade, recom-
mends this mo-
lasses crumb pie.

HAVE you done any baking lately? If you haven't this is a mighty good time to start in for these crisp fall days, with holidays just around the corner, seem to call at meal time for something extra—hot biscuits, dumplings with chicken, stew, or that all-time high in desserts, home made pie. In fact every day should be baking day in the modern home and it can be for the wise housewife who cuts her labors in half and assures herself of perfect results by using ready-mixed preparations, those excellent flours which have shortening, salt and other ingredients added and need only the addition of water or milk to make the flakiest pie crust and the fluffiest biscuits you've ever eaten.

Even the delectable molasses crumb pie, pictured here, which Mary Eastman, star of the Saturday Night Serenade on CBS, votes her favorite dessert, is no trick at all when the hard work, that is the preparation of the crust, is eliminated by using one of the prepared pastry flours. To half a box of the pastry mixture, add sufficient water to form a soft dough, roll it thin and with it line a nine-inch pie plate. Then fill the shell with the following mixture:

MOLASSES CRUMB PIE

- 1 cup New Orleans type molasses
- ½ cup boiling water
- ½ tsp. baking soda

Crumbs

- 2½ cups all purpose flour

- 1 cup granulated sugar
- 1 tsp. baking powder
- Butter, the size of an egg

Blend together the liquid ingredients. Work the butter into the dry ingredients to form crumbs. Fill the pie shell with the liquid and the crumb mixtures alternately, finishing with crumbs on top. Bake in moderate oven (350 degrees F.) until the crust is crisp and the filling will not adhere to a straw, about an hour. Serve hot or cold, with whipped cream on the side.

There are other uses for this prepared pastry mixture, too, such as the rich, flaky cheese sticks and ham sticks to be served at tea or cocktail time. To make them, cut thinly rolled pie dough into one-inch strips, spread with grated cheese or potted ham and bake in a moderate oven until crisp and browned, about thirty minutes.

There's nothing better for breakfast than hot biscuits with butter and jelly and with one of the standard biscuit mixtures they take no longer to prepare than the morning bacon and eggs. For variety, with an omelet and salad luncheon, serve cheese biscuits, made by adding four tablespoons of grated cheese for every cup of prepared flour. The biscuit mixture also takes its place at dessert time, for it is the base for pineapple shortcake.

PINEAPPLE SHORTCAKE

- 2 cups biscuit flour
- 2 tbs. sugar
- ¾ cup milk

Combine ingredients to form soft dough. Divide into two portions and form into layers. Place one layer in baking tin, brush with melted butter and place second layer on top. Bake in hot oven (450 degrees F.) until done (twelve to fifteen minutes). While the shortcake is baking, drain one can of crushed pineapple. When shortcake is done split the layers apart and spread pineapple between layers and on top. Serve with whipped cream or with pineapple juice to which a few drops of lemon juice have been added.

Although they are not on the list of baked foods, dumplings that are light and fluffy offer as great a test of our cooking skill as any thing that ever came out of an oven. The recipe

below will enable you to pass the test with flying colors when next your family asks for stewed chicken and dumplings.

DUMPLINGS

- 2 cups all purpose flour
- 5 tsps. baking powder
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1 cup milk

Sift dry ingredients together, add milk and mix rapidly, using a knife. (These preparations should be made about fifteen minutes before the stew is ready to be served.) The mixture should drop from a spoon without sticking; if it sticks, add more flour until the proper consistency is reached. Test a dumpling by dropping one into the boiling stew; if it does not hold its shape work in a little more flour. When the sample dumpling has passed its test, drop in the remaining dumplings, cover the cooking vessel tightly and cook, without uncovering, for twelve minutes.

A GOOD TOP-OFF

ASIDE from their delicious flavor, which appeals to everyone, nuts are rich in the energizing vitamins we all need during the harsh winter months and rate an important position in winter menus. They can be served in numerous ways and many an every day dish takes on added interest when chopped nuts are added to the recipe. Half a cup of chopped Brazil nuts will give a new and subtle flavor to chicken a la king, and there's no better spur of the moment dessert than equal portions of orange sections and shredded coconut topped with chopped pecans or almonds. Another dessert that makes an instant hit whenever it is served combines English walnuts and apple.

WALNUT AND APPLE DESSERT

- 1 cup sugar
- 1 heaping tbl. flour
- 1 tsp. baking powder
- 1 egg
- 1 apple (diced small)
- ¾ cup English walnut meats, chopped

Combine dry ingredients and beat in egg. Add apple and walnut meats. Spread thin on buttered baking sheet and bake (300 degrees F.) until apples are cooked through and mixture is golden brown (about forty minutes). Cool. Rub between palms of hands to form coarse crumbs. Combine crumbs with an equal quantity of whipped cream and serve in sherbet glasses.

BAKING DAY, that important day so dear to the tradition of American home making, is coming into its own again . . . For nothing so adds to that comfortable feeling of well being as home baked delicacies . . . Modern baking days, however, are easy days, for the new processes in flour milling and the development of ready-mixed flours have eliminated drugery and guess work, resulting in a saving of time, labor and money . . . Include some of these fine ready mixed preparations in your next grocery list . . . And treat your family to the delights of home-baked pies and biscuits, hot from the oven. . . .

RADIO MIRROR
HOME AND BEAUTY

WHAT DO YOU WANT TO KNOW?



Peggy Wall plays the part of the stepdaughter, Peggy Fairchild, in the Stepmother serial over CBS.

WE chose lovely Peggy Wall to tell you about this month. She plays the part of Peggy Fairchild, the vivacious eighteen year old girl in Stepmother, broadcast over the Columbia network Monday through Friday from 10:45 to 11:00 A. M.

"When I was in the eighth grade, I knew what I wanted to do," laughs Peg. "I have always said, I am going to be an actress." And she is. For a while Peggy thought it might be fun to be a concert pianist, but that didn't prove as interesting as she had hoped. After graduating from high school, she went to dramatic school, then tried her luck at radio and the Romance of Helen Trent gave Peg her first break. She has dark blonde hair, large gray eyes, is five feet two inches and weighs about 100 pounds.

Following are highlights on the remainder of the cast:

Sunda Love plays Kay Fairchild, the twenty-two year old newspaper woman who gives up her career to become a "stepmother." She was born in Chicago, June 30, 1910. Sunda holds degrees from three universities and was chosen as campus beauty queen at the University of Illinois.

Francis X. Bushman portrays John Fairchild. When he was thirteen he ran away from his Norfolk, Va. home to go to sea on a Liverpool cattle boat. Years later he was starred in more than 200 Broadway plays, but left Broadway to try motion pictures. After becoming one of the world's leading popular stars, he retired for awhile and lately turned to radio.

Edith Davis, who is Mattie, comes from Petersburg, Va., and played with a stock company at the age of thirteen. She attended school in Washington, D. C. . . . has appeared in plays with Geo. M. Cohan, Alla Nazimova and Walter Huston.

Bonnie Kay plays the part of "Bud" and has been in radio for five years. Iowa City, Iowa, is her birthplace, October 2, 1915 is her birthday. She graduated from the University of Iowa. Bonnie is five feet two inches tall, has brown eyes and hair.

M. R. Whiting, Cranston, R. I.—Edward Hooper (Ned) Wever, was

born in New York City on April 27, 1902. He studied at the Pawling School and then enrolled at Princeton University. After graduation, Ned won a part on Broadway in "The Fan." He also played in David Belasco's presentation of "The Merchant of Venice" with David Warfield. Ned is five feet ten inches tall; has blue eyes and black hair.

Eva Gonsalves, East Weymouth, Mass.—Robert Griffin, who plays Joe Marlin in the program, The Story of Mary Marlin, comes from Hutchinson, Kansas, and his birthday is July 31, 1903. He is just a trifle under six feet and weighs 180 pounds. Has black hair, brown eyes . . . Phil Lord and Phillips Lord are two different men.

FAN CLUB SECTION

Guy Lombardo's Fan Club is off to a fine start. Readers interested in joining up should get in touch with Josephine Fanara, Pres., 26 Ditmars St., Brooklyn, N. Y. There are many club privileges for the members to enjoy. They also receive Guy's personally autographed photograph, as well as a membership card with his photo printed on it. The club magazine is issued every four months and dues are seventy-five cents yearly.

A Del Casino Fan Club has now been organized. Prospective members should write to Angie Guadagnino, 16 Duryea St., Newark, N. J.

I just received word that a Jack Baker Dixie Friendship Club has been started. Mrs. Hattie Privette of 14 Fourteenth St., N. E., Atlanta, Ga., is President General. Each state has a president. Anyone wishing to join up should contact Mrs. Privette for their state president's name.

Several of our readers have inquired about a Nelson Eddy Fan Club. Frances Bradley is president and may be reached at 4211 Overlook Road, Birmingham, Alabama.

There is a Kenny Baker Fan Club. Readers wishing to become members should write to Allen L. Smith of 12 Wayside Ave., Lawrence, Mass.

Be Wise - Alkalize

An Alka-Seltzer Tablet in a glass of water makes a sparkling pleasant-tasting solution. Drink it and it gives quick relief from Headaches, Sour Stomach, Distress after meals and other common ailments. It also helps overcome excess acid condition so often associated with these troubles.

30¢ & 60¢ PKGS. OR BY THE GLASS AT DRUG STORE SODA FOUNTAINS

TUNE IN THE NATIONAL BARN DANCE SATURDAY NIGHT NBC NETWORK

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A MERRY CHRISTMAS TO YOU ALL. GOOD HEALTH AND JOY AND PEACE, WITH ALKA-SELTZER AT YOUR CALL, MAY ALL YOUR TROUBLES CEASE.

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