WE DIDN'T DESERVE TO BE PARENTS!
A Famous Star's Husband Confesses the Bitter Truth

"I'LL TRY!"—WORDS AND MUSIC OF A HIT SONG EVERYBODY'S SINGING

Evening in Paris Perfume, with depend-able atomizer; fragrant Eau de Cologne $4.00

Evening in Paris Triple Vanity $2.95 Others, $1.25 and $2.00

Purse flacon of Evening in Paris Perfume, slide-top Talcum, fragrant Eau de Cologne $1.50

DeLuxe Gift of Perfume, Eau de Cologne, Talcum, Rouge, Face Powder, Lipstick $5.00

Stunning box. Evening in Paris Perfume, Sachet, Toilet Water, Talcum, Face Powder, Lipstick and Vanity $10.00

Evening in Paris Perfume, in unique "moon and stars" bottle $2.00

Smart "flask-shaped" bottle of Evening in Paris Perfume, separate, distinctive blue and nickel atomizer $1.75

A silvery gift box that looks like a book. Contains Evening in Paris Perfume; fragrant Face Powder $2.25

Purse flacon of Evening in Paris Perfume; Daub-ette applicator $1.00

Smart Evening in Paris Perfume in unique "moon and stars" box $2.00

Evening in Paris Triple Vanity $2.95

Evening in Paris Perfume, atomizer; Eau de Cologne, Talcum, Face Powder, Sachet, Rouge, Lipstick $7.75

CREATED BY BOURJOS
GENIUS is a much maltreated word, kicked about verbally as mercilessly as a football. It is another of those Hollywood excesses we all like to indulge in so well—like superb! divine! wonderful! unbelievable!

I deliberately looked for a dictionary meaning of genius. "Extraordinary capacity for imaginative creation," I found. It's remarkable how that fits a friend of mine.

Radio isn't wont to spew forth genius. Because it is trying to find ways of pleasing the most people most of the time, because it is commercial, because business men run most of it. Yet there are fertile minds who manage to get around all the taboos, restrictions, and pitfalls carefully built by the conventional.

On October fourth a new series of broadcasts began called Everyman's Theater. The opening program starred Alla Nazimova in a searching drama, "This Lonely Heart." That series is the work of Arch Oboler, a man you would dismiss with a shrug and a "So what?" if he were pointed out to you at a party. He is too short, he has too little hair, too large a head, wears too thick glasses and talks too distractedly. His one really good point at parties—a very personal observation—is his wife, who looks to be a child bride until you talk to her and discover a mature woman.

Arch Oboler and neckties were born enemies, just as Arch and sweatshirts are boon companions. Partly because he likes to shock people and partly, I suspect, to make people know he is different, he wears hideous clothes, whether he's in dignified Radio City in New York or studiedly careless Hollywood.

But Arch fits that meaning of the word genius I found, for no one I know has a greater capacity for imaginative creation. He wrote me recently about working with Bette Davis on some typically difficult-to-act drama he had written: "Bette has often told me that when she dies there's only one person she wants buried alongside of her, and this is Arch Oboler, and on my tombstone she wants this chiseled: 'He helped drive her there!'"

I recommend to your listening, Everyman's Theater by Arch Oboler. Tune in next Friday at 9:30 on NBC's Red network.

HELEN HAYES has returned to broadcasting every week. That couldn't be happier news to me, for I am as nearly as unquestioning a fan of this actress as any critic ever can be. She has the power to bring tears to my eyes with the most simple words. Miss Hayes broadcasts every Sunday night on CBS.

A CBS wizard, Peter Goldmark, recently supervised a private showing of color television that left a hard boiled audience of newspaper and magazine sceptics in breathless wonder. The scenes we saw flashed on the screen seemed to have greater clarity than the usual black and white pictures. They had depth and warmth and an air of reality television never had before. For the first time, I felt really impatient with all the delays that have kept this miracle from becoming a common, everyday occurrence.

FRED R. SAMMIS
DECEMBER, 1940

ON THE COVER—Helen Menken by Sol Wechsler
(Photo courtesy of Columbia Broadcasting System)

THE LOVELIEST THING IN MAKE-UP

Chiffon All-Purpose Cream 10¢

I love the excellence of this marvelous cream—so new, so different. It's the only cream you need for cleansing, to help clarify and soften the skin, and as a perfect foundation.

Chiffon Powder 10¢

I love this perfect face powder of finer, longer-clinging texture—shine-proof—cake-proof—in seven high fashion shades:

Rachel, Natural, Dark Tan, Beige, Brunette, Rose Petal, Rose Beige

SPECIAL FEATURES

We Didn't Deserve to be Parents
A radio star's husband admits the bitter truth

Happy Year
This is a love story you will remember a long time

The Beauty Blunder Most Women Make
Do you look your best right now?

We The Abbotts
The story of a wife who discovered the man she really loved

Club Matinee—Idols
Bill Perron and Ray Keys
Ransom Sherman and Garry Moore brought you in person

Mystery House
Kathleen Norris
The girl who craved adventure wins two dangerous proposals

When it's Mr. & Mrs.
Maud Cheatham
Love built this beautiful home, laughter furnished it

I'll Try
Words and music of a song from the heart

The Scorpion's Thumb
An Ellery Queen mystery of a love that killed

The Guiding Light
Irna Phillips
Radio's great drama of real lives and loves now in story form

I Got $4,000 Out of the Air
Myrtle Garvey Juraniics
The amazing confession of a desperate listener

Let's Talk Turkey
Kate Smith
Recipes guaranteed to make your cooking successful

ADDED ATTRACTIONS

Something to Talk About
Fred Sammis

What Do You Want To Say?
3

What's New From Coast to Coast
Dan Senseney

Radio's Photo-Mirror

Portland Hoffa

Television Starlet

Facing The Music
Ken Alden

Inside Radio—The Radio Mirror Almanac

Eyes Right
Dr. Grace Gregory

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“Politeness has its limits—I just won’t dance with Peg!”

Every day... and before every date... prevent Underarm Odor with Mum. Stay popular!

PEG's tops on first impression—but you can’t be a belle on that! She’s plenty pretty, but prettiness alone won’t make a welcome dancing partner—when underarms need Mum!

In winter—when social life is so important—underarm odor often goes unsuspected. Those who offend may see no moisture, yet winter’s confining clothes and indoor heat can actually make the chance of odor worse.

After your bath, you’re fresh and sweet. Then is the time to prevent risk of future odor with a daily underarm dab of Mum. A bath for past perspiration, then Mum... makes you sure you’re safe!

More women use Mum than any other deodorant—all year ’round. Read why!

MUM IS QUICK! Half a minute and underarms are protected for hours!

MUM IS SAFE! The Seal of the American Institute of Laundering tells you Mum is harmless to fabrics. Even after shaving, Mum won’t irritate your skin.

MUM IS SURE! Without attempting to stop perspiration Mum prevents odor all day or evening. (One reason why men like Mum, too!) Get Mum today. Mum helps keep you popular all winter long!

SUMMER AND WINTER—MUM GUARDS CHARM!

For Sanitary Napkins

Women everywhere prefer Mum for Sanitary Napkin use. It is gentle, safe, prevents odor. Avoid embarrassment... use Mum!

MUM TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

WHAT DO YOU WANT TO SAY?

FIRST PRIZE

TEN RADIO COMMANDMENTS

1. Keep your radio tuned down—always.
2. Consider the neighbors—and the hour.
3. Don’t expect to hear it all over the house—or the street.
4. Two radios are better than one—but let them be far apart.
5. Maybe the guests you are entertaining don’t like that program.
6. Don’t let conversation and radio run a race—turn one off.
7. Don’t monopolize the radio—give the rest of the family a chance.
8. Selectivity of programs counts most—it gets the best out of radio.
9. Don’t find fault with the type of program your friends like—the radio is aimed to please everyone.
10. Remember there are times when, where the radio is concerned—it is best silent.

—Mrs. A. E. Wilson, Utica, New York.

SECOND PRIZE

“HEAR AMERICA FIRST”

“See America First” is a famous slogan, but did I did even better. I HEARD America as well. Recently my family and I took a cross-country tour, and came back by the coastal route, therefore seeing a great part of our lovely country, but with our radio in the car we heard America too.

It was most interesting dialing local stations as we crossed border after border. Listening to the various types of music and entertainment to which different parts of the country responded, and hearing different local commentators was like coming to know the opinion of that particular locality. The different accents told us where we were as surely as our road map.—Curtis Nelson, Bargerton, Ohio.

THIRD PRIZE

A DREAM COMES TRUE

Years before radio became practicable, I used to often remark: "If I were rich, I would have an orchestra (Continued on page 69.)

THIS IS YOUR PAGE!

YOUR LETTERS OF OPINION WIN

— P R I Z E S —

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 27, 1940. All submissions become the property of this magazine.
\textbf{WHAT'S NEW FROM COAST TO COAST}

\begin{center}
\textbf{BY DAN SENSENELY}
\end{center}

\textbf{Rage of the Broadway stage and now singer on Ben Bernie's NBC show Tuesdays is Carol Bruce.}

Right—is it romance between the Hit Parade maestro, Mark Warnow, and Helen McGowan, society girl?

\textbf{IF YOU OWN a push-button radio set you're going to have to spend a little money next March 29. That's the date the Federal Communications Commission has set for changing the wave-lengths of most American radio stations. If your receiver doesn't have a push-button tuning device the change won't cost you anything, but you'll have to learn the new tunings to get your favorite stations.}

Not quite all the stations will have new wave-lengths—to be exact, 77 out of a total of 665 will be changed. All those below the 720-kilocycle mark will remain as they are now. The cost of adjusting push-button sets to bring in the new tunings will be about $2 per set, according to radio service men—although in your home territory it may run a little higher or a little lower.

It's beginning to look like romance between Mark Warnow, the Hit Parade maestro, and Helen McGowan, society girl. They've been seen everywhere together. Mark recently bought a beautiful new home on Long Island.

Ben Bernas, novelist on his new Tuesday-night NBC program is Carol Bruce, the find of Broadway's musical comedy season. Of course you can see her on the Old Master's show, but maybe it will help if I tell you that she's prettier than anything a beauty contest ever discovered.

When Mary Margaret McBride started working for WOR, Martha Deane left WOR, a New York station on which she was a favorite star for a long time. As you may or may not know, Martha Deane and Mary Margaret McBride are the same person, but Mary Margaret McBride is the name the lady was born with, while Martha Deane is the one she started working with.

\textbf{I took when she began broadcasting on WOR. And WOR owns the name of Martha Deane as its exclusive property. Two years ago, when Mary Margaret was on CBS (as Mary Margaret) she kept up her WOR program too, but it was too much of a strain so this year she was forced to drop it. The funny thing is that although WOR owns the name of Martha Deane it's no good to them because listeners know the Deane-McBride voice as well as any other feminis commentator could possibly take her place and name.

To celebrate her twentieth birthday Marvel Maxwell has acquired her first automobile—brand new, and paid for entirely by her earnings as vocalist of NBC's Beat the Band program.

That's no double you hear singing occasional Irish tunes in the character of Frankie McGinnis on NBC's Girl Alone. John Larkin, the Irish actor who plays Frankie, used to sing professionally before he got into the acting business, and he looks forward to the day that he and the rest of the scripts that require him to burst into melody.

Who said Swing was only a passing fad and was already on the wane? In a recent New York survey more than half of all radio audiences were tuned to Swing—thirty-two per cent to the musical variety and thirty-nine per cent to the Swing which is a news analyst and whose first names are Raymond Gram. CINCINNATI—There's nothing Michael Hinn, newscaster on Cincinnati's station WLW, admires as much as enthusiasm for one's job. Yet even he has to admit that sometimes enthusiasm carries you too far. For instance, take the night of August 30, 1939.

If you know your modern history, you remember that was the day before Europe plunged into war. In WLW's newsroom men clustered about the teletype machines, watching every new dispatch from abroad as it appeared. Nobody watched more closely than Michael Hinn, because he was to go on the air at 8:15 the next morning and he wanted to tell his listeners the full story of what was happening. All night long he stayed up, watching the news machines and listening to short-wave broadcasts from London, Paris and Berlin. By 8:30 in the morning he had his story. It was to be war.

Michael was tired. He decided that a half-hour's rest before writing his script would do him a world of good, so he set an alarm clock and lay down on a cot in an unused studio. And the next thing he knew, someone was shaking him and saying, "Wake up. It's 8:25. You've missed your broadcast!"

That's how Michael Hinn failed to be on the air with the biggest news story of the decade. Too much enthusiasm. Michael's life has been anything but dull. Born in the lumber and mining town of Virginia, in northern Indiana, he went through high school in a little one-room district school. He divided among five cities, from Kentucky to the Gulf of Mexico, before he began two years at the University of Wisconsin, working his way at jobs that varied from orchestra leader to road construction crew, drove a truck and finally tried his hand at newspaper reporting and advertising. Somewhere along the line he learned to fly an airplane, which had been his ambition ever since he was thirteen. That's important, because whatever Michael wants he eventually gets. He wanted an airplane, and now he has one. He wanted to marry Helen Diller, singer with the WLW's Boone County Jamboree, and now she's Mrs. Hinn.

SALT LAKE CITY—It's quite a change from staying up all night to getting up before sunrise, but Charlie Michael Hinn is WLW's newscaster.

\textbf{FEEL its new softness PROVE its new safety COMPARE its new, flatter ends}

\begin{center}
\textbf{A sure way to fatten your pocketbook is to wad money up in bunches. But folded bills buy just as much—and are lots less bulky!}
\end{center}

Elementary? Certainly! And for just that same reason Kotex sanitary napkins are made with a soft folded center! This naturally makes Kotex less bulky than napkins made with loose, wadded fillers!

\begin{center}
\textbf{Snip your fingers at worry! For safety's sake, an improved new type of moisture-resistant material is now placed between the soft folds of every Kotex pad... And that's not all! Kotex has flat, form-fitting ends that never show... never make ugly bulges...the way napkins with thick, stubborn ends so often do!}
\end{center}

\begin{center}
\textbf{Michael Hinn is WLW's newscaster.}
\end{center}

\begin{center}
\textbf{Kotex} comes in three sizes, too! Unlike most napkins, Kotex comes in three different sizes—Softer—Regular—Junior. (So you may vary the size pad to suit between the soft folds of every Kotex pad...)
\end{center}

All 3 sizes of Kotex have soft, folded centers...flat, tapered ends...and moisture-resistant "safety panels." And all 3 sizes sell for the same low price!

\begin{center}
\textbf{Charlie Buck woks KDYL listeners.}
\end{center}

\begin{center}
\textbf{Back, station KDYL's human alarm clock, says it's a beneficial one.}
\end{center}

Charlie has a whole hour and a half of the station's time to himself, to broadcast anything he likes, at the start of every day. Just now, the first (Continued on page 68)
We didn't deserve to be parents

I was paying a personal visit to Hits and More Hits, Ed Martin's music-publishing house, the day Doris walked into my life. I was proud of myself for making that visit. Ed Martin had given me my start in radio. I graduated from playing accomplishments and copying music there to my first radio-spot; and from then on the ride was like a toboggan-slide in reverse—up very fast.

Now that I was a radio singer-star, I liked to sweep into Ed's big, dingy premises off Broadway and act like the Crown Prince in a musical film—you know, the glad hand to Ed, big-eyed secretaries peering in for a look at the great Don Blaine, song-pluggers snapping up a kind nod. Yes, I thought a lot of myself. Life had been good to me, and too quickly.

Well, later I tried out some of Ed's latest music and then the accompanist was called away, leaving me alone in the rehearsal cubby-hole. A soliloquy made me look up. A girl stood in the doorway.

She was just above middle height, slim, with blonde hair under a funny little hat. She had the biggest, dreamiest eyes I had ever seen. She also had a determined little chin, which was more of an index to her character than her eyes. But I didn't know that then.

"Hello!" I said.

"Hello!" Soprano, with nice low glints in the voice. "Could you go over a couple of these new numbers with me?" she said.

She didn't recognize the great Don Blaine. She was taking me for an accompanist here. I grinned. "Delighted!"

Her voice was like a flute heard in a dream. That's the only way I can describe it. While I caressed her keys and she sang, the accompanist stuck his head in and I shoved him out behind her back.

"Bravo, bravissimo!" I said when she finished.

"Thank you. May I take this number along with me?" she said earnestly. "I want to study it."

I thought I'd have some fun. "Sorry. It's the only copy available. But you may copy it if you like. Here's some music-paper and a nice loaded fountain-pen."

"Um," she said. She made slow work of the job, her blue eyes narrowed, her lips tight. I let her struggle for a while, painfully putting down note for note. Then I said, "Here!" and I nonchalantly flipped down the music, just streamed it across the paper. Her blue eyes got bigger.

"You big show-off!" she said. "You let me wear my fingers off while all the time you could do this!"

Just then Ed came in and said, "Mr. Blaine!" and she blinked. "Oh—Don Blaine!" she said.

"What'll it be now, Mademoiselle, tea or cocktails?"

Her little chin lifted. "Neither, till you finish copying out this number," she said firmly.

And I did it, note for note, while Ed guffawed.

That was in May. By September I'd introduced her to the agency that paid me my salary for starring on the Gillman Coffee Hour, she'd been auditioned, and she was making her debut on the program, singing duets with me. She was wonderful. The sponsor thought so, the listeners thought so, and I thought so. We were married in December.

Funny, how differently marriage affects people. Ours made Doris more earnest and ambitious than ever in her life. It brought out all the softness in me. To tell the truth, I never was very fond of hard work and now I was too darn happy to start slowing. Life was big and full of pleasant things that it seemed a waste of time to work.

"Don, you really don't have to go in for those long cocktail sessions with the boys every afternoon. You don't need that kind of popularity, and it doesn't help your voice, either," Doris would say.

"Can I help it if I have social gifts? Come here, woman," I'd reply. And pulling her onto my knee, I'd hold her soft form close and kiss her until she relaxed in my arms. And then she'd jump right up and say, "We're late to that rehearsal. Come on."

"Oh, darling, we could sing those duets in our sleep!"

"That's just what people will think we're doing."

Doris was willing to make any sacrifice for her career. She was in bed at ten, up at six for a day of exercise, light breakfast, voice instruction, scales and vocal exercises, lunch, riding in the park, rest, language instruction and dictation, rehearsal—whew! My idea of singing was to open your mouth and let the notes come out. So while she worked. (Continued on page 75)
HAPPY YEAR

Happy Year, presented here for the first time in story form, was an original radio script by Arch Oboler and was presented on the Good News program with Claudette Colbert starring in the role of Mary.

JIM CRAIG entered the church diffidently; he was City Prosecutor and his work took him more often into the abodes of the devil than the House of God.

The shadows closed about him as he edged himself clumsily into a pew far to the side and rear of the nave. A wedding, a very small wedding, was going on at the altar. He could hear nothing of what was said, but he could watch. The bridal couple stood, solemn and straight, with their backs to him; besides the minister and Craig himself, these were the only people in the church. A very small and unimportant wedding indeed.

Craig looked at the boy and girl at the altar with interest. It was a whole year since he'd seen them. Had those twelve months, he wondered, been all the girl had said they would be? But just then she turned, smiling at the boy and holding her hand out for the ring to be placed on it, and as Craig saw her delicate profile, he knew the answer to his question.

A year could be a long time, he reflected, or it could be very short. For instance, it certainly didn't seem very long ago that this girl, this Mary Ryan, had burst into his office at City Hall, looking small and scared and yet defiant.

He'd asked her to sit down, he remembered, but she'd said, trying to hide her nervousness behind a brusque manner, that she preferred to stand if he didn't mind.

"I won't take long," she said. "I just wanted to tell you that Ed Blake didn't steal the money from the Stone-Hall Company."

A chuckle shook Jim Craig's big frame. "Now, Miss Ryan," he said, "Please! Every time a good looking young man is arrested for embezzlement, sooner or later his sweetheart turns up and tries to say she did it. Don't you be like that!"

"I'm not Ed Blake's sweetheart!" she snapped. "He doesn't mean a year in the penitentiary?"

"Not, no, he means a year in the penitentiary," Craig said, brusque manner, that she preferred to believe that Ed Blake means to get the facts."..."

"Mr. Craig—please!" she said, "Let me be alone with him just a few minutes, before you talk to him."

"But!" he said, unprepared for a change in tactics. He did like this girl—she was so young, and so transparently honest. A rotten liar, and working so hard at it!

"Yes," she stumbled on. "You see, I—I know why he confessed. He works at the desk next to mine in the office and—and of course he knows I took the money. I mean, he thinks he's helping me by saying he took it—but if I was alone with him a little while (Continued on page 74)

Illustration by D. F. Coall

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A modest income can make all the difference in the world to the way we feel.

After all, for most of us, a home is a woman's life, her career. The home is where a woman spends most of her time. She owes it to herself, to not notice, though sometimes he may say something. You'll feel and look "special" in slacks when painting—and the bandana will hide those curlers.

And, nowadays, it's so easy to wear attractive clothes every minute of the day! There is such a wide variety of well-made, inexpensive outfits to choose from that no woman of even a modest income can be excused for failing to look "dressed-up" in the home as well as out of it.

Why not wear three outfits a day—cleaning-up clothes in the morning, a slightly more formal change in the afternoon, and then, of course, one or two very special effects to don just before dinner. Every woman wants to look perfect for her husband, even if she is the best cook in the world besides. And don't be fooled for a minute. The man-in-your-life doesn't fail to notice, though sometimes he may not say anything.

Let's just go through a day-in-the-home, with attention to these three outfits.

First, the cleaning-up clothes. Slacks, you know, are your privilege, and they can be terribly smart. Cotton twills, for instance, launder in a flash. I simply live in them myself. And you can do any kind of work in them—scrub floors, wash windows, even paint!

Of course, slacks should be carefully fitted, and so should shorts. Some of the ones you've seen on the beach, for instance—but you've seen them yourself! In many cases, a few tricks with a needle might have saved them.

Let's say that even well-fitted slacks or shorts are all wrong for you. Well, then, you can get all kinds of a picturesque effect with jumper dresses and starched pinafores. Or regular Farmer Jones overalls, for that matter. Still another idea is a trim maid's uniform. You can slip it on or off in a second, it will launder perfectly, and always look trim and smart.

If you must keep your hair up in curlers, wear a gay scarf around your head. Or—particularly with the overalls—a bright Mammy's bandana, tied in a perky bow at the top. And remember you take on the color of your clothes so if the housework gets you down, be sure to wear something lively. I've found that pink perks me up, yellow makes me gay, and red always gets things done.

The main thing to bear in mind when you're selecting your cleaning-up clothes (and when you're selecting all your other clothes, too, as far as that goes) is that they must "do something for you," they must be practical for use to which you (Continued on page 70)
LOVE is blind,” the old adage says.
But I wonder. I wonder if real love doesn’t always see past the externals, into the heart. It seemed to me that I was in love with John Abbott eighteen years ago, when we were married, but I know now that I was not, and that simply because love was not there, I was blind.

I’ve been thinking about these things because Allen Thompson was here tonight for dinner, and seeing him took me back to those days. I suppose Allen realizes the part he played in John’s life and mine. I wish he didn’t. I am ashamed to have him know it.

John and I were married very suddenly, a few months after he graduated from the State University. We thought we knew each other very well, because we had been children together, but as a matter of fact we were almost complete strangers. For four years before our marriage, while John was in college and I was in a different college and then teaching in a public school, we hadn’t seen each other at all. And four years can change young people a great deal.

John had come back to town for a few days to settle up some final details connected with his father’s estate, and then he planned to go on to New York and begin a career. He tried to explain. “This—this is where I grew up, Emmy. It’s where I belong. Here, where you live close to the land and the weather is something more than a bulletin in the daily paper. I feel as if my roots were here. I’d be lost in a city.”

“Then why don’t you stay, John?” I said gently.

“I want to. But that isn’t all I want.” We were sitting on the brow of a hill overlooking town. It was a moonlit night, and the lights down in the streets looked pale and far away. John’s serious, intent face, with its long jaw and high cheekbones, was very close to mine. “I want you to marry me, Emmy.”

I had hoped he would ask me that. In the few days since we had met for the second time I had discovered all over again how much John meant to me. But before I could answer he spoke again, rather hurriedly.

“I understand now why John felt he had to tell me about Vee Stewart. Oh, I understand so many things now that I didn’t then. But at the time I wished he hadn’t. The Vee Stewart incident wasn’t important, really, but it hurt me to think that he had ever cared for someone else, even a little.

She was a girl he’d known in college during his senior year, a freshman who had done illustrations for the college magazine of which he was editor. She planned to leave our State University the next year and study in New York, and that was partly why John had wanted to go there too—not to marry her, for they hadn’t seriously discussed love or marriage, but simply to be with her.

It all sounded like one of those love-affairs that suddenly flower in college, come to nothing, and as suddenly are forgotten once the people concerned are out of the atmosphere which fostered them. I thought it was rather ridiculous of John even to mention it. What I did not realize was that Vee Stewart represented for him a world foreign to our quiet mid-western community, a world of artists and writers and famous people and sophistication. That was why he was important to him. And his deeply ingrained honesty would not permit him to keep silent about anything that seemed important.

It was only a minor misunderstanding on my part, and so misunderstanding at all on John’s, and I forget it when he took me in his arms. We were married soon after. We didn’t have much money—John’s small inheritance had been invested so that it brought in a few hundred dollars a year, and I had a little that I’d saved in two years of teaching—but it didn’t seem to matter much. Not then, at any rate.

We looked for a house, and found one that was much too old, and much too big, and frightfully gloomy. But the rent was low, and that was the important thing.

John didn’t intend to give up his writing, and after the first magical glow of being married had subsided a little, he settled down in front of his noisy old typewriter and began to turn out short stories—much to the amusement of my parents.

Dad and Mother approved of the marriage thoroughly, for they liked John. But Dad had worked hard
all his life, building up a small grocery business; about a year before my marriage he sold the store and retired, with enough to live on comfortably. He simply couldn’t understand that writing could be work fit for a grown man. I’m ashamed to admit that I shared his view, in my heart.

All of the stories John wrote and mailed out that summer came back. Our little store of money dwindled, and no more was coming in. I would see John bent over his typewriter—tapping away for a moment, then staring off into space, then tapping out a few more words—and against my will I would feel that he was wasting his time, and that it would be much better if he would find a job and keep his writing for a spare-time pursuit.

The time came, soon enough, when he was forced to do exactly that.

In September, the doctor told me I was going to have a baby. Walking home through the tree-shaded streets after my visit to his office, I dreaded telling John. It meant the end of our honeymoon—such a short honeymoon! But in a way, I admitted to myself, it was a good thing. Surely John would realize now that with this new responsibility he must really go to work.

He realized it, but in a way that surprised me. I had expected him to be at least a little sorry that a baby was coming so soon. Instead, he was overjoyed. The happiness in his eyes when I told him was genuine, sincere, and it was he who first remarked that now he’d have to go out and get a job. “What this family needs now is some ready cash!” he said, and a week later he’d gone to work as a clerk in Vin Miller’s drug store on Main Street. It was like him, when he once decided to get a job, to take the first one that came along, without stopping to think that a college graduate should be able to do better.

I don’t quite know how we got through the winter that followed. The big black furnace in our cellar gobbled up ton after ton of coal, and refused to give more than a trickle of warmth in return. Both John and I developed colds that shook off, and the doctor pursed his lips and warned me that I’d have to gain more weight if I expected to have a healthy baby. So, for three months, John and I were the parents not of one baby, but of two—twin boy and girl whom we named Jack and Barbara. John was like a child himself with them. He could never get enough of looking at them, touching them, admiring them, wondering whether they would be light like me or dark like him. It amused me to see how careful he was in caring for them—he was as expert as I was myself.

Looking back now, I’m shocked to see how frequently I criticized John, in my own thoughts—for wanting to write, for telling me about Vee Stewart, for accepting a clerk’s job instead of looking for something higher in the social and financial scale, for loving the children so much that he was willing to perform menial and un-manly tasks for them. I thought that none of these criticisms was important enough to affect my love for him, but I see now that they were all like the tiny rivulets of water that can wear away the hardest stone. Taken together, they were gradually altering my feeling for John.

None of them angered me as much, though, as something that happened the first summer after the twins’ birth. John came home one noon simmering with enthusiasm and announced that we were going to build a house of our own so we wouldn’t have to spend another winter in that draughty, cold old place.

For a moment I thought he was joking. But he told me he’d been thinking about it for several days, and now it was all settled.

“We’ll liquidate my inheritance, and use that money for a down payment!” said George Brighton, at the bank, saying he’d take a first mort­gage on the house and advance the rest.”

“But John—we can’t afford to burden ourselves with a responsibility like that!” I cried. “We can’t possibly keep up the payments—and we use up every cent of the income from your inheritance now.”

He saw the anger in my face, and put his arm around me. “We’ll make out some way, dear. I only know that we can’t spend another winter here—not with the children—and there isn’t rent high enough in town at a rent that’s much lower than the payments we’d have to make on a new one.”

Well, that was true, as I saw when he outlined George Brighton’s plan and I compared the figures with the rents I had been asked on my house-hunting tours. And about that time John got a small raise at the drug-store. All the same, I felt we were making a mistake, and I rankedled that John hadn’t talked things over with me before going ahead with his plan. But then my natural feminine desire for a bright new house began to get the better of me, and although I was still dubious I more or less gave my consent.

We selected a lot, signed a great many papers, and watched workmen begin laying the foundation.

I mentioned John’s raise at the store. He had been working for Vin Miller almost a year now, and Vin had decided to take things easy, leaving John to manage the store. He had been working for the store with the help of a registered pharmacist to make up prescriptions, and Crane, Vin’s son, who had just graduated from high school. Crane was a dark, handsome boy, very popular with the young people in town, but I didn’t like him very well. There was something sly and slick about his manner, I thought. John said I was wrong; that he wasn’t any too fond of Crane, and was grateful to John because he could be trusted to run the store and teach Crane the business.

Of course, there was no hope that John (Continued on page 59)
A new network and a new sponsor—but Portland still continues as feminine stooge for her husband, Fred Allen. She considers January 25, 1910 the luckiest day in her life, for that's the day on which she was born, and admits she's been lucky ever since, especially in having met and married Fred twelve years ago. The Allens spent the summer in Hollywood while Fred's new picture, with Jack Benny, "Love Thy Neighbor," was being filmed by Paramount. In New York now, they spend Wednesday nights at nine on the CBS Texaco Star Theater.
PRESENTING two stars with but a single thought: your amusement six afternoons a week. On your left, Ransom Sherman, husband, father, serious citizen, joker...

On your right, meet the other half of NBC's irresistible pair—Garry Moore who gets up at three every morning and yet manages to stay very happily married

By RAY KEYS

IMAGINE a husband who goes to bed at midnight, gets up at 3:00 a.m., goes back to bed at 9:00 and finally gets up for good at 10:45, except on Thursdays, when he makes up for a whole week's deficiency in sleep by snoozing from midnight until 4:00 p.m. the next day. Yet that's the routine of Garry Moore, the NBC comedian who shares Club Matinee honors with Ransom Sherman, and Mrs. Moore doesn't seem to mind. After all, he does feed the baby at 6:00, doesn't he?

Almost the exact opposite of Ransom Sherman in everything except laughter-producing ability is the 25-year-old Moore, who runs Club Matinee three days a week over the NBC-Blue network. Whereas Sherman works on a daytime schedule similar to that of a conscientious book-keeper, Moore insists on pounding out his wit and finally gets up for good at 10:45, except on Thursdays, when he becomes pretty scarce these days, Moore rushed to his typewriter and wrote it down. He suddenly realized that everything was quiet. Nothing to interrupt his work. That young son of his was asleep, so Daddy couldn't play with him. Why not write the entire show for the next Club Matinee program right then? That's what happened and it's been going on ever since, although Garry claims that the birds bother him sometimes with their early morning songs.

His unorthodox method of sleeping and working hasn't upset either his disposition or his health. He's gained 18 pounds since he started. Yet Sherman does, every day. He does it in order to begin his day's work, writing funny lines that the NBC-Blue network a few days later will carry to (Continued on page 71)

By BILL PERRON

...it takes Ransom Sherman to knock it into a cocked hat. For Rans, the comic of the NBC Club Matinee program (sharing this assignment with Garry Moore), has reduced comedy to a business efficiency in sleep by snoozing from midnight until 4:00 p.m. the next day. Yet that's the routine of Garry Moore, the NBC comedian who shares Club Matinee honors with Ransom Sherman, and Mrs. Moore doesn't seem to mind. After all, he does feed the baby at 6:00, doesn't he?

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Garry says it all started accidentally several months ago, in the following manner:

It was during the craze for identifying the non-existent Yehudi, a Jewish composer, that Maxwell Anderson's name was tacked on the title sheet," Garry explains, "but one producer told me that that-<!day

sandwiches and milk." That, however, ended when he became ill and was found to be suffering from malnutrition. Now he's a married man and isn't allowed to do anything that silly—unless you consider going to bed at midnight and getting up at 3:00 a.m. silly.

Many of the listeners who follow Garry Moore's mirthful way don't know that for some ten years, he battled long and hard to find some other niche than the fun corner in the show business. When he was a sophomore in high school in his native city of Baltimore he wanted to be a Broadway playwright. He introduced himself to F. Scott Fitzgerald, when the novelist visited Baltimore on a lecture tour. Fitzgerald was so impressed by the sincerity of the young man that he agreed to help him write a play. Garry quit school to devote his full time to the job and after weeks of hard labor, the play was finished.

For several more weeks he tramped around the country, peddling his wares. "I thought it would be a cinch to sell the play with that Fitzgerald name tacked on the title sheet," Garry explains, "but one producer told me that Maxwell Anderson's name couldn't (Continued on page 72)
The romance and adventure that is every woman's dream comes to Page Hazeltyne with breathtaking swiftness in this compelling story of a sinister mansion by the sea and a diamond of five people plotted to possess.

Page Hazeltyne craved adventure. At twenty-seven, beautiful, single, she felt that life held more than her drab existence in a San Francisco boarding house. In this need, it proved amazingly easy to accept a job that on another day she would have considered too odd and even sinister to think of taking. In the course of a few hours, she found life transformed, as she became a member of a strange household down on the fog-shrouded California coast. Page was installed there as nurse for a Mrs. Prendergast, whom the employment agency that hired Page had admitted was "queer." Much more than queer, Page decided, for since her son's death, old Mrs. Prendergast had never stopped adding to the mansion which the neighborhood called "Mystery House." There was always under construction a new wing, a new room or staircase, and every room was left unfinished. Page's nominal duty was nursing, an extra salary was being paid to her account in a San Francisco bank by a lawyer representing Mrs. Prendergast's niece. In return for this, Page was to report regularly on the safety of the famous Prendergast diamond and to watch Mrs. Prendergast's two companions, Dr. Randall Harwood and Flora Mochico. They, the lawyer told Page, were very possibly influencing the old woman in handling her huge fortune.

Page found Mrs. Prendergast in a wheelchair. It was evident from a whispered conversation she overheard, that Flora, daughter of Mrs. Prendergast's dead housekeeper, was in love with Dr. Harwood and that she didn't attract him. Later, Copyright 1940, Kathleen Norris.

"Didn't you know," Flora said to Page, measured, "that Randall Harwood and I are going to be married?"

Dr. Harwood told Page her real patient was a handsome young man named Lynn, the old woman's protege, who suffered from a mysterious mental trouble. Strangely attracted to Lynn, Page agreed one day to accompany him to his camp on a rocky island off-shore, and was shocked when he suddenly drew the Prendergast diamond from his pocket. "I'll give it to you some day," he said. "But not now, because you'd give it to—her—and she'd have me sent away," Page, pitifully, realized that Lynn was afraid of being sent to an asylum. He did, however, gain his permission to tell Dr. Harwood that he had the diamond.

A few days later, on a fresh, cold morning, Page walked with Randall to the farm. Flora was headachy, and remained in bed. Lynn had disappeared after breakfast, Page, comfortably dressed in slow sturdy shoes, nubby buttoned rough coat and brief skirt, felt ready for anything. The farm at Mystery House lay almost four miles due east from the house, at the highway.

Three families of Japanese managed the farm, all living together somehow in the one stark, weather-blackened old house. It was a part of the eerie isolation of Mystery House that these orientals settled down for the night at dark every evening, and that their living quarters were as black after sundown as the barns that housed the stock. Also at dark, the dogs were loosed—not particularly dangerous looking dogs, and not many. Yet there was something distinctly disagreeable in the idea of their proximity at night; Page had heard them barking furiously.

But, however dark and unfriendly it was a night, the farm was a pleasant rambling place in the daytime, and when Page arrived there with her cheeks glowing and her hair disordered, she enthusiastically accompanied Randall on his round of inspection, smiling at the women and children, eyeing respectfully the dairy and the hay barns, the fields and sheds and fences.
"Who told you she didn't have the diamond? Did she?" Rand's voice came sharply; he stopped short in the road.

Afterward she had a glass of cold creamy milk and rested while Rand talked to the farmers. She was fresh and brisk for the walk home.

"This is all very grand," she said, as they went along steadily, feeling themselves a little tired now. But I'll be so sleepy that I'll want to go to bed all afternoon!"

"Well, why don't you, then?"

"Oh, Mrs. Prendergast likes me to read and talk with her."

"The Duchess doesn't care how much time you take off," he said. "You're doing what she hoped you would do—getting Lynn to like you."

"Is he curable, Rand, do you think?"

"I don't know. He talks to you pretty rationally, doesn't he?"

"Wonderfully, sometimes. At other times he goes vague—he says his head aches a good deal."

"I think what he's got is migraine, for one thing. It's a horrible thing—a sort of super-headache."

"When he's well and happy you see what a wonderful person he would be if he were all right," Page said.

"Does he ever tell you anything about himself?"

"No. Everything seems completely confused.

They walked on; the air was filled with the
"Rand," Page said presently, "do you think that if the Duchess got the diamond back she'd really move to Connecticut or Pennsylvania or somewhere?"

"Who told you she didn't have the diamond! Did she?" Rand's voice came sharply; he stopped short in the road.

"I forgot you didn't know that I knew it. And I can tell only you," she added, in sudden recollection of her promise, "if you'll promise never—never to tell Mrs. Prendergast!"

"Did Flora tell you?"

"Lynn did."

"Lynn! He's got it, then!"

"I had it in my hand," Page said, enjoying Rand's amazement. He had stopped short; his face was pale.

"You mean he showed you the diamond!"

"Yes. Over on the Rock."

"He keeps it there, then?"

"He says he keeps it different places."

Rand stared at her; his voice shook with excitement. "Will you come up to my study?" he asked. "This is tremendous! She's been wondering for weeks if he had it at all. She has asked him, I believe, if he still has it. But he only laughs and goes silent."

"How on earth did he get it? Did the housekeeper—companion—whatever she was, Trudy Mockbee, did she have it?"

"No. Not that we know of. Trudy used to put it away for the Duchess, years ago. She could have substituted an imitation, I suppose. But it would have been a risky business, and in any case the copy would be there."

"It wouldn't have been any good to her," Page said thoughtfully. "She couldn't have sold it. Could any thief get away with a stone like that?"

"Well—" Rand said, pondering, "a professional crook might find a fence to buy it." His voice fell into an absent-minded murmur. "Could you get him to show it to you again?"

"And have people 'round to grab it?" the girl asked, her thought as quick as his.

"Ah, you'll get it now. You'll only have to tell him that you want it. It's obvious that the boy is in love—"

They looked at each other, and Page felt her color rising, and saw that his own face grew red. Neither was thinking of Lynn. For a long minute there was silence. Then Rand said somewhat awkwardly, "Well! Wouldn't it be the simplest way to have you just—ask him for it?"

Page reflected on this, frowning. "Suppose we leave it that if I get a good chance I'll ask him to give it back to Mrs. Prendergast? I'll tell him it's wrong to keep another person's property."

Rand pondered a moment. "Perhaps that would be the best way," he said, at last.

"Was Lynn here when you got here, Rand?" Page asked as they walked on.

"Three months ago? Yes; but he hadn't been here long. He had come from Europe on a Panama boat, and he either got sick after he got here—the Chinese were all down with it—or he had picked up some bug on the trip. What they had here was scarlet fever. The old cook and his grandson died of it. But what he had I couldn't figure out exactly. Finally I called the local man from Belmont in; he did what he could, but he had a fever for something like eighteen days. Afterward he was pretty weak—he's still taking a tonic—and while he seems to be built up physically, pretty well, he doesn't quite click mentally."

"Was he that way before he came here, perhaps?"

"I don't know. I never knew him before, you know."

"But Mrs. Prendergast did?"

"No; I think maybe he or his mother was Trudy Mockbee's friend. She knew about him, but she died only a few days after he got here."

"Then surely Flora knows?"

"Flora says she never heard of him before he turned up here."

"Did he see her mother?"

"Yes; and had one talk with her. He was in her room for an hour. It was while she was desperately ill. She may have told him then where the diamond was, and he possibly went straight and got it, and hid it before he was taken down himself. The day of the funeral they all thought he wouldn't get through, they tell me, and it was several days after that that the Duchess discovered that the diamond was gone."

"Don't diamonds make trouble in the world!" Page mused. "If I were Mrs. Prendergast I'd let the diamond go. She has money enough without that."

"It's a fortune in itself. Get it from him, and give it to her, and you'll not be sorry," Rand told her with friendly significance. "A few thousands make a very nice nest egg for a girl who wants to go to New York and get started!"

"A few thousand?" Her eyes danced. "Oh, it wouldn't be that!" she said. And then: "Rand, what is there in it for you?"

The man frowned at the fire. "Something like that, I suppose," he said. "Her proposition to me was to stay with her until her servants were well, and until things were straightened out. She wanted to get away; she wasn't well; they thought Lynn was dying. Then when she found that the diamond was gone she was distracted. Lynn went on just as he is now; but the (Continued on page 63)
When it's

- It took fourteen years to build this beautiful home where George Burns and Gracie Allen live—a house that grew up from dreams

By MAUD CHEATHAM

There's a beautiful home these goofy headliners have built. On a quiet tree-lined avenue in Beverly Hills, it stands as the tangible monument to a rare brand of humor that has brought laughter and happiness to millions of people, via stage, radio and screen. Gracie may be radio's dizzy comedienne when she's on the air with George Monday nights on the NBC-Red network, but in real life, she is the gracious matron, and the efficient housekeeper.

Making a home is an exciting adventure for any woman. Gracie has ideas of her own and one of the most persistent is an extravagant fondness for windows. So, windows are everywhere and the effect is wholly charming for in every room there is a feeling of space, a suggestion of living out of doors.

It's a cheerful home, with warmth and a fine integrity that is building the happy moments into enduring memories. Gracie never permits the friendly atmosphere to become clouded in "don'ts," (Continued on page 82)

- The front entrance with its trellised balcony. Gracie and George have gone in for gardening—beautiful flowers are growing everywhere. Right, the precious reasons why radio's comic team went domestic—Sandra, age six, and Ronnie, four.

- The only formal note is the drawing room, above, with its lovely French furniture and rich brocades. Below, the playroom has everything for amusement. Note the built-in piano and wall radio. The cabinet in the rear is a bar when open.

- The picturesque swimming pool; below, the dining room. The furniture is 18th Century English; the table seats twelve. Gracie loves to give informal dinner parties and most always chooses white flowers for table decoration.

- Gracie points with special pride to her collection of Sheffield silver, which shows to advantage on this quaint accordion cabinet in the dining room. Many of them are gifts from her radio sponsors.

Photos taken especially for Radio Mirror by the NBC studios in Hollywood.

- The most conservative room in the house is the bedroom—with its six by seven-foot bed of satinwood. However, leading off to the left is Gracie's dressing room which is a veritable Fairyland with its completely mirrored walls.
I'LL TRY

Here's the song that everybody's singing—a beautiful ballad
composed and featured by orchestra leader Frankie Masters—
to add to your collection of Radio Mirror's melody previews

Words and Music by
Keene-Bean
FRANKIE MASTERS
and Russ Smith

I'll try to fashion skies All dotted with stars Blinking their eyes
I'll try to fashion skies All dotted with stars Blinking their eyes

There's nothing I wouldn't do And while there's you

I'll try to borrow the moon Round about June, I'll try I'll try a
I'll try to borrow the moon Round about June, I'll try I'll try a

May-be a dream will come true I'll try to spend my days in making you smile

So many ways I'll try to make you say when, So until then I'll try

I'll try a

whispered line That's copied from some quaint Valentine
whispered line That's copied from some quaint Valentine
Mr. Herbert Weaver, of Weaver & McKay, Wall Street, was an odd sort of visitor to have on the day after Christmas. He was small, with a big head on which grew a poor crop of lank white hair, he wore sombre black clothes and a necktie of a dreary seaweed pattern, and he had a cough which he always produced with an air of great apology.

Ellery Queen's first impulse, when Mr. Weaver explained that he had recently discovered a short-age of $25,000 in his firm's accounts, was to tell the little man to consult the police. Embezzlement didn't in the least intrigue Ellery's mind, used as it was to more dramatic puzzles.

But Mr. Weaver's pale lips pursed into an O of dismay at the suggestion. He couldn't possibly, he said with a cough, do that, because the thief could only be one of two people. "And I wouldn't want to prosecute either of them," he said.

Ellery, still only mildly interested, said, "So you want me to find out confidentially which of the two it is—is that it?"

Weaver nodded violently. "But I can't really believe it's either of them! You see, the missing money is cash which we always keep on hand in a special safe at our brokerage office. Besides myself, the only two people with access to that safe are my partner, Steve McKay, and our office manager, Dave Robinson. And Steve McKay is a millionaire!"

"That would seem to put the finger on Mr. Robinson," Ellery remarked absently. His gaze strayed past Mr. Weaver to where Nikki Porter, his secretary, was demurely taking shorthand notes, and he thought, for perhaps the two million and forty-first time, how pretty she was....

"But it can't be Robinson!" Weaver was saying in distress. "Dave Robinson is my wife's father!"

"Haven't you ever heard of an embezzling father-in-law?" Ellery grinned.

"I'd as soon suspect myself! Dave's absolutely honest. He and my wife and her sister Sheila are the most upright people I've ever known!"

Ellery felt the first faint pinking of the curiosity that always came when a puzzle began to fascinate him. A crime that—if Weaver weren't mistaken—could have been committed by only two possible men—one of them a millionaire and one a paragon of honesty—this sounded like an impossibility, and Ellery doted on impossibilities.

"Won't you please investigate for me—confidentially?" Weaver pleaded.

"Why, yes," Ellery agreed, "I rather think I shall."

During the following week he made a brief visit to the brokerage firm of Weaver & McKay. Posing as an investor, he conferred again with Weaver, and met David Robinson, the office manager; investigated the office safe; wandered about Weaver's private office with typical Queen insouciance. Later, away from the Weaver & McKay office, he paid one or two other calls....

On New Year's Eve Ellery had an unexpected visitor—Steve McKay, Weaver's partner. He arrived just as Ellery, Nikki, and Ellery's father, Inspector Queen of the New York Police, were about to depart for the traditional festivities.

Nikki and Ellery led Temple stumbling to a chair. Suddenly he began to sob. Long locked in him disgust.
Steve McKay was the exact opposite of his partner. He was large and jovial and red-faced, and he apologized for his intrusion without embarrassment. He'd just listened from Weaver, he said, that Ellery had been retained to investigate the missing money. Now, as a special favor to him, he would like to have Ellery drop the case.

“You see,” he said with a short laugh, “I know who took the money, and I'd prefer not to prosecute. Herb Weaver really shouldn't have taken it upon himself to retain you—”

Ellery interrupted smoothly.

McKay’s eyes, light blue against the brick-red face, widened in surprise. “Really? Have you told Weaver yet?”

“Not yet,” Ellery told him. “I expect to have complete proof next week, and I'll tell him then. The odd thing about this case, Mr. McKay, is that the thief isn’t the obvious thief at all.”

“Not the obvious?” Steve McKay broke off, and appeared to ponder for a moment. “Mr. Queen,” he said, “I'll tell you what. If you'll destroy that evidence when you get it, and then shut up about the whole business, I'll make it worth your while.”

Inspector Queen had held out of the conversation as long as it was humanly possible for him to restrain his curiosity. Now he said, “See here, McKay, whom are you trying to protect?”

Before McKay could answer, Ellery said, “I know whom he’s trying to protect, Dad.... I’m sorry, Mr. McKay, but your partner engaged me in this business. I can’t possibly do anything now but tell him what I’ve discovered.”

The big man made a gesture of resignation. “I respect your attitude, of course. But look here—you can’t take any action until next week anyway—you just said so yourself. Tomorrow’s January first. Dave Robinson, our office manager, and his daughter Sheila hold open house on New Year’s Day. Won’t you—and your secretary and Inspector Queen too, of course,” he added less cordially, “call on the Robinsons tomorrow afternoon?”

“Why?” Ellery asked.

“Perhaps,” McKay said slowly, “because you’ll learn something that will convince you no action in this case is necessary.” He looked steadily at Ellery, then turned to the door. “Well, I'll be going along. Happy New Year!”

There was an air of strained gaiety about the party in Dave Robinson’s modest suburban house the next afternoon. Or so, at least, it seemed to Ellery and Nikki and Inspector Queen when they arrived. Steve McKay was there, his gestures exaggerated and his voice thickened by liquor. Sheila Robinson, who had answered the doorbell, was pretty in a neurasthenic way, and Dave Robinson, her father, was a man past middle-age who seemed willing to let Steve McKay assume all the duties of host. The only other guest was a thin man of perhaps thirty-five who was introduced as Conrad Long. Ellery noticed that when Long looked at Steve McKay his face wore an expression of elegant distaste—and this though McKay referred to him as “my best friend.”

“You haven’t got a best friend, Steve,” Long replied, laughing.

A table bountifully supplied with bottles, ice, and glasses had been set up in front of the big fireplace where cut logs crackled cheerfully, and as soon as Ellery and his party arrived McKay set to work mixing a fresh supply of cocktails.

“We're your son-in-law, Herb Weaver, Mr. Robin-son?” Ellery asked, thinking of the little man with the apologetic cough. “I rather expected to find him here too.”

“Herb and Viola dropped by this morning,” the white-haired Robinson said. “They’re home now, I guess.”

McKay had mixed the drinks and poured them. Now he was jovially handing around glasses. With that part of his brain which was never at peace, Ellery noticed that the glasses were rather unusual. Each one bore in colors a different design; looking closer, he saw that these designs were the various signs of the zodiac. His own was stamped with Libra, the Balance; Nikki’s with Sagittarius, the Archer; McKay’s with Scorpio, the Scorpion. It was an amusing decorative idea, and he was just about to comment on it when McKay cleared his throat importantly.

“Quiet, everybody! I’ve got two announcements to make this wonderful first day of the New Year—two happy announcements.” He raised his glass high in the air with a dramatic gesture and beamed around at them all.

“The first announcement concerns our worthy host, the one an’ only papa of Mrs. Weaver and Sheila Robinson—our esteemed office-manager, Dave Robinson! As of today, Dave, you’re no longer an employee of Weaver & McKay. Henceforth an’ forever you’re a partner—in the firm of Weaver, McKay & Robinson!”

Through the babble of congratulations, Ellery noticed that Dave Robinson looked surprised, but not exactly overjoyed.

Almost at once, Steve McKay continued, “At the second announcement—very important one—” He interrupted himself disgustedly as the telephone rang.

“Oh, nuts!”

While they waited, Sheila (Continued on page 55)
IN FIVE Points, the melting-pot community of a great American city, stood Dr. John Ruthledge's church, presided over by the man whom people called "The Good Samaritan." Quiet, gentle and forbearing, Dr. Ruthledge was the focal point of all Five Points' tangled and conflicting emotions and passions. Years ago, he took into his home Ned Holden, whose mother had deserted him. Ned grew up to love Mary, Dr. Ruthledge's daughter, and to dream of being a great novelist. A morbid hatred of the parents he had never known, however, shadowed Ned's otherwise happy personality with a fear that was to have its profound effect upon his later life.

Ned and Mary were planning to be married when Fredrika Lang, a middle-aged woman who had recently come to Five Points, was arrested for the murder of a man named Paul Burns. Only Dr. Ruthledge knew that Fredrika and Burns were in reality Ned's parents, and that Fredrika had committed the murder to silence Burns who was trying to extort money from her on the threat of revealing his identity to Ned. Fredrika refused to make any defense at her trial, and was sentenced to death. Under promise to her, Dr. Ruthledge was unable to make her motive public, but shortly before the day set for her execution he made a personal appeal to the Governor of the State and was able to secure a pardon.

Tragedy struck swiftly upon the heels of Fredrika's return to Five Points. On the evening before his wedding to Mary was to take place, Ned overheard a conversation between Fredrika and Dr. Ruthledge which told him that she was his mother and Paul Burns his father. Overwhelmed by the knowledge that what he had feared—a parentage tainted with murder and dishonesty—was true, Ned disappeared from Five Points. All of Dr. Ruthledge's and Fredrika's efforts to find him were futile, and Mary, though her habitual reserve kept her from showing her grief, was heartbroken.

Meanwhile, another group of people in Five Points were struggling for happiness. Rose Kranisky, daughter of the pawnshop keeper, had left her family and taken an apartment of her own. Ambitious and headstrong, she was also innocent and trusting, a prodigal's return and a woman's resolve to meet the world's realities head on. She was, however, brought suit against him, charging him with infidelity and naming Rose as co-respondent. Clinging desperately to her trust in Cunningham, against the advice of Dr. Ruthledge and of Ellis Smith, an artist who lived in Five Points and had always been her close friend, Rose allowed herself to be drawn into the tawdry scandal that ensued when Cunningham decided to contest his wife's suit. Detectives who had been set by Mrs. Cunningham to watch her husband and Rose, without their knowledge, tore their defense to shreds and made Rose's reputation a plaything for the newspapers. The final clinching point against Rose and her lover was made when a dictaphone record was played, reproducing one of their conversations in which they had discussed renting a summer cottage together. When she heard this, Rose screamed, "Stop it! I can't stand any more!"

RIGBY, Cunningham's attorney, asked. "Do you know Miss Rose Kranisky, the correspondent in this suit?" she heard Rigby, Cunningham's attorney, ask. Ellis's eyes swept the courtroom until they found her. There was a strange expression in them—a most one of pleading. Then he said clearly: "Certainly I know her. She is my fiancée. We have been engaged for more than a year."

Adapted from the radio serial by Irna Phillips, heard daily on NBC-Red (now Radio Mirror Almanac, Page 43 for your local time), sponsored by P. G. W., White Hypho Soap. Photos posed by Ed Prentiss as Ned; Sarayone Wells, Mary; Ruth Bailey as Rose; Mignon Schrader, Mrs. Kranisky; Gladys Hoon as Torchy.
"Implicitly."

"Mr. Smith, as Miss Kransky's fiancée, have you had occasion to suspect that she had betrayed your faith in her, in any way, at any time?"

"Absolutely not," Ellis said, his voice ringing out convincingly.

"Thank you, Mr. Smith," Rigby said smugly. "That will be all."

It wasn’t, however, quite all. There was more: cross-examination by Taylor, an unsuccessful attempt to imply that Ellis was receiving money from Charles Cunningham for his testimony, and some general questions that showed how surprised and shaken Mrs. Cunningham’s attorney was at this new testimony.

A hard spot of anger formed and glowed in Rose’s breast—anger at Ellis Smith for his intrusion into her life, at Charles for permitting him to intrude. Then she saw Charles taking the stand for the second time, called there by Mrs. Cunningham’s lawyer.

"Just a few questions, Mr. Cunningham," Taylor began smoothly. "Do you notice anything peculiar about Miss Kransky’s present conduct, while listening to the testimony given in this court?"

I suppose I do show what I’m feeling, Rose thought—and then, defiantly—I don’t care. Rigby was on his feet protesting, "Your Honor, I object to the unnecessary questioning by counsel as far as Miss Kransky is concerned."

The judge sustained the objection, and Taylor went on, in a tone of great disbelief, "Mr. Cunningham, do you mean to tell this court and jury that you had no affection for this girl?"

Charles did not glance at Rose. With utter sincerity, he said, "None whatsoever. I have never had any affection for Miss Kransky."

Once before, during his first examination, he had denied his love for her, and she had listened quietly, believing his statement a lie. But now—now she knew he was telling the truth. He did not love her. He had never loved her.

The realization brought her to her feet, put words into her mouth that she was scarcely conscious of saying.

"How can you tell me that? I won’t sit here and let you lie! Tell them the truth—that I love you! Tell them what I’ve meant to you! Why don’t you?—is it because you’re ashamed—afraid? Well, I’m not! I’ll tell the whole world—I’ve loved you, I’ve let you love me—"

People were clustering about her, talking in loud, chattering voices, putting their hands on her, pushing her and pulling her. Sobbing hysterically, unresisting, she let herself be led out of the courtroom.

It was the next day before she had recovered sufficiently to realize what she had done. The newspaper at the door of her apartment told her what had happened—that Mrs. Cunningham had been granted a divorce on grounds of infidelity.

Alone in the apartment, the paper spread out over her knees, she heard herself talking aloud.

"What a fool! He never loved me. All he wanted was—And in court, he only cared about saving his own reputation—he wasn’t interested in mine. I’ve never meant any more to him than Helen Ryder did—and he lied to me about her. He let her believe he loved her, just as he let me believe it. And when she found out what he was really like, she tried to kill herself... ."

She fell silent. The little one-room apartment was bright with morning sunlight. From the kitchenette where she and Charles had once gaily prepared a delicious and quite indigestible dinner, came the low hum of the electric refrigerator. Of course she’d have to give up the apartment, now that she had no job. She couldn’t think where she could go instead. Not home. Pa had told her when she left that she need never come back. And after what had happened she couldn’t expect any help from him, or accept it if it was offered.

But, she resolved with a sudden upsurge of fighting spirit, she would not be a Helen Ryder. She would not give up. She would go on living, and never again would she have faith in anyone.

A sudden ring of the doorbell startled her. At first she dreaded answering it; then, with head high, she strode across the room and put her hand on the knob.

Ellis Smith was in the hall. His quick movement to enter the room proved his fear that she would refuse to see him; but Rose, who had hated him the day before, now felt only a dull indifference. What did it matter, now, what Ellis Smith had said on the witness stand?

"Hello, Rose," he said.

"Hello." She turned her back on him and walked over to the window. Behind her, a chair creaked as he sat down.

"Rose—I’ve been thinking about you all (Continued on page 50)
I Got $4,000 Out of the Air—

An amazing radio confession of a missing heir who might have lost a fortune if—

By MYRTLE GARVEY JURANICS

— who got her inheritance through CBS’s Court of Missing Heirs, heard Tuesday nights at 8:00, sponsored by Ironized Yeast.

E VEN now, I can’t believe it happened to me.

I can’t believe that a blaring little radio in an ice cream parlor should be the instrument that meant the difference between life and death for my nineteen-year-old daughter!

You see, I’m a housekeeper with a fairly easy job, and though I don’t make a lot of money, I manage to get on very comfortably and I’ve been able to bring up three wonderful children. Besides my married daughter, Margaret, I have a seventeen-year-old boy, Stanley, and a third child, Ruthie, aged twelve.

My employer is a widower here in Rensselaer, N. Y. I run his home as if it were my own. I do the marketing, the cleaning, the mending and I’m happy in my job. Why shouldn’t I be? It’s better than working in a steam laundry.

Yes, I used to do that too. During the fourteen years that I have worked to make ends meet, I’ve done all kinds of menial labor and I’ve had a long, hard pull that began back in 1926 when my husband abandoned me, leaving me with three small children to support.

Looking back on that first awful day when I came home from a neighbor’s and found Mike’s things gone, I still don’t know what made him go. In our community we were considered a happy couple. Oh, we quarreled a little about unimportant things—his staying out too late with the boys or my failure to iron his shirts properly, but generally speaking, we got along swell, like you and your husband or the couple next door.

Mike and I fell in love at first sight. Our romance began in Messena, N. Y. I was working as a waitress in a little restaurant near Messena’s big aluminum plant. The men and boys from the plant used to eat in the restaurant and since I was young and fairly attractive, I was one of their favorites. We’d all kid around a lot together but I never took any man seriously—that is, until I met Mike.

We went “steady” for three years. Then one day I made up my mind I had to have Mike for my own or give him up altogether. I figured out a way to force the issue. “I’m going to Springfield,” I told him. “My brother lives there. Think maybe I’ll stay if I like it. A girl ought to be near her folks. She ought to have somebody to be close to.”

Mike’s face seemed to fall in around the edges. “Well, Gee, Myrtle,” he stammered. “I’ll certainly miss you when you’re gone. Gee, it won’t seem right, here in Messena without you.”

My heart played a little tune. The plan was working.

“Why don’t you come along then?” I suggested.

Mike was a man of quick decisions. He decided to go to Springfield with me just as suddenly as he was to decide to leave me several years later.

In Springfield we went straight to the home of my brother Alfred. Springfield was a thriving railroad center and Al told Mike he thought he could get a good job there. Mike looked at me... “How about it, Myrtle?” he cleared his throat.

I nodded, brushing aside the happy tears. It was the most important moment of my life. That’s what I thought then.

“We’ll have a church wedding,” Mike said, as he sprawled his name across the application for license. “None of this judge stuff for us. We want a preacher and all the fixin’s.” (Continued on page 48)
BAKED STUFFED ORANGES

Select medium oranges, one for each person. Parboil in salted water until skins are tender. Cut off blossom ends and remove pulp. Combine pulp with equal portions of grapefruit sections, pineapple and dates, all chopped. Place in buttered casserole and cover with liquid (one cup for six oranges) made of equal portions of water and molasses. Bake in moderate oven, basting frequently and adding more liquid if oranges begin to get dry. Just before serving, sprinkle tops with shredded coconut and brown lightly under broiler flame. Serve hot.

BY KATE SMITH
Radio Mirror's Food Counselor

Listen to Kate Smith's daily talks over CBS on 12 noon, E.S.T., and her Friday night variety show at 8:00 on CBS, both sponsored by General Foods.

THERE tingling, blue-skied autumn days are rushing us right along into thoughts of brown, crisp, succulent turkey—even before Thanksgiving Day itself actually comes up on the calendar. And the thought of turkey brings up in turn two major problems we face annually. First, what to serve with the turkey to make the dinner seem a little different. Second, how to cook the turkey the next two or three days after the big feast so that the "left-overs" will become glamorous and exciting.

If these problems, either or both, have driven you to despair in years past, take heart—I have some suggestions that I guarantee will make your next turkey something to be remembered with gratitude.

Although it's no solution to problem one, perhaps it will help. I want to add a tip here about the dressing. With so many kinds of dressing to choose from, it's merely a matter of personal preference which you select. The new tip, however, is to use cooked rice or cereal, either of which serves as an excellent base for seasonings and absorbs generous quantities of liquid which keeps the turkey from becoming dry. Problem one—what to serve with the turkey to make the family and guests sit up and take notice, is well solved, I think, with three dishes—baked stuffed oranges, carrot and sweet potato casserole and a pumpkin pie as a superb finale.

Problem two—what to do with left-overs, is explained in the menus on the right.

LETT'S TALK

WHAT TO DO WITH YOUR LEFT-OVER TURKEY

THE FIRST DAY

Turkey Sticks with Bacon
Baked potato
Braised celery
Mixed green salad
Hot gingerbread
Coffee

Turkey Sticks with Bacon
- Cut turkey into two-inch strips, half an inch thick and half an inch wide. Roll a slice of bacon around each stick, fasten with tooth picks and cook under broiler flame, turning once, until bacon is brown and crisp.

THE SECOND DAY

Turkey and ham croquettes
French fried potatoes
String beans or creamed spinach
Tomato and watercress salad
Caramel custard—Coffee

Turkey and Ham Croquette
- Cut turkey into one-inch strips, half an inch thick and half an inch wide. Roll a slice of bacon around each stick, fasten with tooth picks and cook under broiler flame, turning once, until bacon is brown and crisp.

PIPPIN PIE

1 large pastry shell
2 cups steamed, strained pumpkin
1 tsp New Orleans type molasses
1 tsp cinnamon
1/2 tsp salt
1 tsp ginger
1 egg
1 cup milk
- Bake pastry shell at 425 degrees F. for ten minutes. Combine all other ingredients in order named, adding milk gradually so mixture remains smooth. Pour into partly baked pastry shell, unbaked. Sprinkle with 1 tsp. sugar mixed with 1 tsp. cinnamon, dot with butter and bake in moderate oven. Serve hot. Garnish with one cup cream, whipped, with half a cup of chopped candied ginger.

CARROT and SWEET POTATO CASSEROLE

3 cups cooked diced carrots
1 lb. sliced cooked sweet potatoes
1 cup evaporated milk
1/2 cup New Orleans type molasses
1/2 tsp. salt
1/2 tsp. pepper
3 tbsp. butter
- Place alternate layers of carrots and sweet potatoes in buttered baking dish, seasoning each layer with salt, pepper, butter and molasses. Coat marshmallows with molasses and use for final layer. Bake in moderate oven (350 degrees F.) until thoroughly heated and browned.

THANK YOU FOR THANKSGIVING

1. For chestnut recipes, buy the nuts from your hot roasted chestnut vendor. Easier to shell than the home prepared variety, and the roasting adds flavor.
2. It's no trick at all to cook French fried potatoes and croquettes in the same deep fat. Put the potatoes in first and as soon as they begin to brown remove them and let them cool while the croquettes are cooking. While the croquettes are draining, pop the potatoes into the hot fat again; they'll need only a moment for final browning.
3. If you want a sauce for the croquettes, double the quantity of ingredients for the mock brown sauce with which they are made, reserve half the sauce and keep it hot, then add half to a cupful of chopped chestnuts.
4. Now we know what to do with the coarse outer stalks of celery which can't go to the Thanksgiving table. Make braised celery. Cut stalks into two-inch strips, cook until tender in boiling salted water, drain and saute lightly in butter.
5. Avoid gummy, pasty croquettes and the roasting odds flavor. For chestnut recipes, buy the nuts from your hot roasted chestnut vendor. Easier to shell than the home prepared variety, and the roasting adds flavor.
6. Now that we've disposed of the leftover turkey problem, here's an idea for the leftover stuffing and gravy. Combine them, place in buttered casserole, dot with butter or sprinkle with grated cheese and bake in moderate oven until brown.
Because they were born in Cuba.

Xavier Cugat, Rhumba King, is also a clever caricaturist. Right and below, two sketches of dancers made on his recent South American tour.

Scott’s bands are both burning up the midwest and are headed for the east.

SIX LESSONS FROM SENOR CUGAT

XAVIER CUGAT, the stockily built, blue-eyed Spaniard who caused a wave of national hip-shaking by popularizing the Rhumba and other South American Sways, likes to make dates with himself.

When he came to this country in 1916 as a widely-heralded concert artist, he vowed to become the finest violinist or give up the career. He set a generous time limit of twelve years. After a careful appraisal of critical notices and a waning bank balance, Xavier shrugged his shoulders and sighed frankly “I am not good enough so I quit.”

Although a confirmed bachelor, his carefully plastered mustache bristled when he met a wild-eyed Mexican movie senorita named Carmen. He asked her for a date and fumed as only a Latin can fume when she gave him the wrong address. This made Xavier indignant and he made another of his solo appointments: “This time I give myself six weeks to marry that girl.” He didn’t fail.

Inspired by his bride, Cugat decided to organize a dance band featuring the exotic music he knew best.

For almost five years, Xavier fiddled fox trots for Vincent Lopez, Ray Noble clicked at Chicago’s Palmer House so he stays there until December. The Englishman is also heard on Alec Templeton’s NBC commercial.

Percy Faith, whose Canadian Capers have always brought cheers from this pillar, keeps the Carnation NBC baton permanently.

Nan Wynn is a wise songbird. She is guaranteed three vocals on every one of Raymond Scott’s CBS broadcasts.

There must be something to this Latin-American music. The Statler hotel chain has signed Nano Rodrigo’s crew for a tour of their outlets, starting in Detroit, October 15.

Dick Jurgens and Raymond

Because they love it!

Because they were born in Cuba.

All radio row is anxious to learn whether Kay Kyser or Glenn Miller attracts the most patronage when these two bands face each other in rival New York hotels this Fall. Kyser holds down the Waldorf-Astoria and Miller returns to the Hotel Pennsylvania.

Ever since he organized his first band on the campus of Ohio University, Sammy Kaye has refused to employ girl vocalists. But on a recent visit to Toronto, Sammy was impressed with the singing of Louise Lorraine. He is trying the girl out on theater dates and if she clicks, you should be able to hear Louise on future swing and sway broadcasts. This leaves only Guy Lombardo’s band in the big name bracket still allergic to female canaries.

Ziggy Elman, probably one of the finest trumpet players, has switched from Benny Goodman to Tommy Dorsey, replacing Bunny Berigan in the latter’s band. Berigan is going to make a stab at leading his own band again.

Dolly Dawn, George Hall’s cherubic singer must have put on some weight during that lengthy road tour because she is now on a strict diet. Dieting, however, hasn’t af-
When he needed additional funds, Cugat turned to another of his talents: drawing caricatures, and sold them to many Los Angeles newspapers.

When he made his debut in Hollywood’s Montmartre Cafe with a band of American and Cuban musicians, the reaction to this weird combination was decidedly mixed. Most of the patrons stared incredulously at the bongos, maracas, violins, and the like and stayed off the dance floor as if it were sprinkled with porcupines. The date-minded Cugat was almost ready to give himself another stand-up, when the more traveled movie stars like Dolores Del Rio, Lupe Velez, Charlie Chaplin, and Doug Fairbanks, Jr., came to the cafe. Their early preference of pampas, instead of campus tunes, helped immeasurably.

However, certain assorted events like swing music and show-off rhumba dancers won Castilian contempt. "Those semi-professional dancers almost ruined me. They made the rhumba look so difficult that all the other dancers would sit down, scared stiff."

Cugat explained that the rhumba and all its sisters and brothers—conga, bolero, son, zambas, and the new danzon—are very simple. "You dance the rhumba just like the foxtrot. Only the rhythm is accented. Just remember to keep the top of your body rigid."

If you see any couples holding the floor like Sunday drivers, give them an icy stare. They are wrong, according to Senor Cugat. "Cuba is very hot. When people dance there they are too tired and warm to hop all over the place. They try to stay in one spot."

Tunes like "Peanut Vendor," "Carioca," and "Siboney" and those weekend cruises to Florida and Havana were relics of pioneer Cugat. When radio listeners and dancers heard those tunes they were surprised that rhumbas could compete with any other popular tunes. Vacationers to warmer climes would see the dances performed and rush home looking for the Main Street Madame La Zonga.

Hotel managers watched the trend develop and booked small rhumba bands to serve as relief units to the big orchestras. Cugat got... (Continued on page 81)
INSIDE RADIO—The Radio Mirror Almanac
Monday's Highlights

Two of Those We Love stars—Helen Wood and Donald Woods.

Tune-In Bulletin for October 28, November 4, 11, 18 and 25

October 28: Have you succeeded yet in finding all your favorite daytime serials since Daylight Saving Time ended and so many of them changed time? The program guide at the left ought to help you out, if you haven’t.

November 4: The positively final campaign speeches are on the air tonight, and the Democrats have the last word, with a program on NBC-Red from 11:00 to 12:00, E.S.T. November 11: Twenty-two years ago today an Armistice was signed for the first World War.

November 18: There’s plenty of drama on the air tonight: Those We Love, I Love a Mystery, the Lux Theater.

November 25: Find out how rubber is extracted from trees and made into useful articles by listening to Americans at Work, this morning at 9:15 on CBS. It’s part of the School of the Air.

ON THE AIR TONIGHT: Those We Love, a dramatic serial starring Nan Gray, Donald Woods, Richard Cromwell and Helen Wood, on CBS at 8:00 E.S.T. and 9:00 P.S.T., and sponsored by Teel.

Because the people in Those We Love are pleasant, normal and interesting, this has become so popular a serial that it has been able to survive extended vacations off the air, plus changes in time, network, and sponsorship.

The four young stars of Those We Love are as handsome a group of kids as you’d ever want to meet. Three of them—Nan Gray, Donald Woods and Richard Cromwell, who play Kathy, Dr. Leslie Foster, and Kit—come to radio from the movies. The fourth, Helen Wood, who is Elaine Dascomb, is a product of radio, although she has appeared in a few movies as well. Oscar O’Shea, as John Marshall, Alma Kruger as Aunt Emily, and Virginia Sale as Martha, are all veterans of both stage and screen. Virginia Sale is the sister of the late Chic Sale, and like him, specializes in homespun dialects. Agnes Ridgway, who writes Those We Love, says that the character of Martha, as Virginia plays her, is the kind of cook who can “cook for company either way—or so they’ll come again or so they’ll stay away.”

A full-fledged member of the cast is Lee Millar, who does dog-barks and other impersonations Rags, the Marshall dog. A real dog, naturally, couldn’t be trusted to bark when the script cued him in, so an imitator must be employed. However, there is a real Rags who is the mascot for Those We Love and comes to every rehearsal. He’s part Salephy and part rustle sheepdog, and Lee Millar has regular work-outs with him, when he studies Rags’ barks and growls and whines to make sure that the imitations are perfect. In addition, he once made a set of phonograph records, including sounds made by the dog and by himself. When listeners weren’t able to tell the difference, Lee relaxed and knew he was a success. The amazing things that go on in radio!

Nan Gray, whose real name is Eschal Miller, is the wife of Jackie Westmore, one of America’s best and most successful jockeys. Nan loves horses, and would like to be as expert at riding them as her husband is, but he doesn’t believe in busman’s holidays and refuses to ride in his leisure time. And since her leisure time usually coincides with his, Nan’s pretty much given up her ambition.

Richard Cromwell and Helen Wood are both unmarried, but Donald Woods is the husband of Josephine Van der Horck. They eloped to Tijuana, Mexico, in 1928, and have two children now—Conrad, 7, and Linda Margaret, 4. Conrad, since he is “a chip off the old block,” is appropriately nicknamed “Splitter.”

Say Hello to...

Josephine Gilbert—Chicago-born actress who plays Miss Branch in Kitty Keene, dramatic serial heard over NBC-Red in Chicago and westward. Josephine found her first radio success in Detroit, where she played in The Green Hornet and other programs, then returned to work in her home town, Chicago. While Midstream was on the air, she was heard as Amy. She’s tiny and vivacious.

Complete Programs from October 25 to November 26
November 26: That's an amusing game Ben Bernie plays on his program tonight at 8:00 over NBC-Blue—and in addition you hear the voice of lovely Coral Bruce.

ON THE AIR TONIGHT: Professor Quiz, on CBS at 9:30, E.S.T., sponsored by Velvet Smoking Tobacco.

Just four years ago this month, Professor Quiz first went on the air, which makes him the grandaddy of all question-and-answer men. Of course, you might argue that Vex Pop was ahead of him, but on the other hand, Vex Pop isn't strictly a quiz program, and doesn't give prizes to the contestants who have the most knowledge. If you're coming to New York on a visit, why don't you make arrangements to compete on Professor Quiz' program? It's easy enough. All you have to do is write to the Professor, in care of CBS, telling him when you expect to be in New York and asking to be on his show. If you give him plenty of notice in advance, the chances are you'll receive a wire telling you you're elected for the program. Except on one program a year, or when he's on tour, the Professor likes to have out-of-towners on his show, with only one New Yorker.

The exception is at Christmas-time, when he picks as contestants people who are unable to leave New York for their homes. He thinks it's the next best thing for them to appear on his show, so that at least their relatives at home can listen.

In the four years he's been on the air, Quiz figures he—or rather his sponsors—have given away $45,000 in prizes to contestants and people who send in questions for use on the program. First and second prizes of 25 and 15 silver dollars are given away on each program to the two highest-scoring contestants, and checks for $25 are mailed each week to the six people who send in the best lists of six questions.

The silver-dollar business used to be a big problem, and sometimes it still is. One of the duties of Lee Little, the director of the program, is to supply the 40 silver dollars every week. In the first year Quiz was on the air Lee used to hunt silver dollars in every bank in New York. Now he has an arrangement with one bank to supply the silver, but when Quiz is on tour, as he frequently is, Lee must carry around a bagful of silver all the time, in order not to be caught in a town where the coins aren't available.

Quiz is really Dr. Craig Earl, a former vaudeville trouper. He doesn't tell very much about the years before he went on the air, but a good guess is that he used to be a professional magician. He still practices magic tricks as a hobby, and likes nothing better when he's traveling around the country than to visit orphanages and hospitals and put on impromptu shows.

Mrs. Quiz helps the Professor on the program and acts as one of the scorekeepers. She's a little blonde woman, very sweet-faced and pleasant. They have a son, Arthur, who is a student at Stockbridge Agricultural College, and has no intention of going into radio or doing anything else which would make him live in a city.
Karo finds the "Keynote" to Annette's personality

This is the first portrait of Annette ever painted from life! It is the second portrait in a series of individual studies of the happy, healthy Dionne Quints. Yvonne was first. Now you see Annette. Soon will follow paintings of Marie, Emilie, Cecile. Watch for them! They're exquisite.

Willy Pogany, famous American artist, depicts the lovely personality of Annette. What a lovable, interesting little person she is! This most talented of the Quints expresses her many and varying moods in music. She can't read a note, but has an exceptional "musical ear" and can play almost any tune with two fingers.

Annette is straightforward, honest. She instantly commands admiration and respect. She's a good student, an excellent organizer, and lots of fun!

WISE ANNette SAYS:

"I like Karo because it makes my milk taste so good!" Karo does flavor milk deliciously, makes it much more tempting. As thousands of children have discovered. Just two teaspoons of Karo in a glass of milk greatly increases its food-energy value.

DR. ALLAN ROY DAFOE SAYS:

"Karo is the only syrup served to the Dionne Quintuplets. Its Dextrose and maltose are ideal carbohydrates for growing children."

FOR TWO GENERATIONS Karo has enjoyed a place of honor as America's favorite Table Syrup. Now it also has "taken over" in the kitchen. Women have discovered that this delicious, nutritious syrup works flavor wonders in food.

Karo adds new zest to baked beans, sweet potatoes, apples, bananas. It makes them extra appetizing, extra flavorful.

Perk up your cakes, cookies, pie fillings with Karo. Try it in cake icings, too. You will always get smooth, delicious results. All grocers sell Karo.

ALL KARO SYRUPS ARE RICH IN DEXTRINS, MALTOSE AND DEXTROSE (Food-Energy Sugar)
No wonder Janey was thrilled . . . here was the most popular boy in town asking for "solid" dates while other girls were green with envy. And yet only a few weeks ago he had absolutely ignored her. What explained his old indifference and his sudden new interest? This may be the answer.

Perhaps Janey got a tip that her breath wasn't what it should be . . . and started using Listerine every night and morning, and between times before parties. And oh! what a difference that can make. After all, there's probably nothing that kills a romance so quickly as halitosis (bad breath).

How's Your Breath?
You can't always tell when your breath is offensive due to local causes in the mouth, so the safest course is to be always on guard with Listerine Antiseptic.

Some cases of halitosis are due to systemic conditions, but most cases, say some authorities, are due to the fermentation of tiny food particles on teeth, gums and mouth surfaces. Listerine Antiseptic halts such fermentation and overcomes the odors it causes. Your breath becomes sweeter, purer, less likely to offend others.

Keep Listerine Antiseptic always on hand and use it before your "big date." It may pay you rich rewards in popularity.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY, St. Louis, Mo.
Harry Salter and vocalist Clark Dennis broadcast The Song of Your Life.

Tune-In Bulletin for October 30, November 6, 13 and 20

October 30: Tommy Dorsey and his orchestra open tonight at the New Palladium ballroom in Los Angeles, and you'll hear their music on CBS. . . . A talk everybody ought to be interested in is being given tonight by Leon Henderson about National Defense—CBS at 11:15.

November 6: Do you know how to raise a president? The Children's Bureau of the U.S. Department of Labor tells you how on a program on NBC-Blue today at 2:00.

November 13: Thrilling dramatizations of incidents in American history make up the Cavalcade of America, on NBC-Red tonight at 7:30.

November 20: It oughtn't to be hard to get a good laugh between 9:00 and 9:30 tonight. You can take your pick of Eddie Cantor on NBC-Red or Fred Allen on CBS.

ON THE AIR TONIGHT: The Song of Your Life, with Harry Salter's orchestra and guest stars, at 9:00 P.M., E.S.T., on NBC-Blue.

Everybody, Harry Salter thinks, has found one song which has meant more to his life than any other—the Song He'll Never Forget—and this program is designed to tell the dramatic stories which connect songs to the lives and emotions of human beings.

For instance—to show you how it works—on a recent program Salter and the orchestra played "Silver Threads Among the Gold" at the suggestion of a man who had been born and brought up on New York's East Side. The story behind the song was that the narrator and four friends, when they were children, used to form a little orchestra which met for musical evening. One of the boys, a violinist, wasn't really able to play so very well, but there was one song he performed beautifully—"Silver Threads Among the Gold." Years passed, and the boys grew up and lost touch with each other. But one day, twenty-five years later, the man who told the story received a letter from the violinist, who was anxious to have a reunion of the old gang. After some difficulty, the other members were located, and the reunion was held. But—and here was the strange thing—the violinist's desire for a reunion seemed to be a premonition of his own death, which occurred a few days after he had played "Silver Threads Among the Gold" as beautifully as ever.

Famous people occasionally bring the stories of the songs of Their Lives to the program, but the best and most dramatic stories, Harry Salter says, come from plain people who write in, as they're invited to do. So if you know a song that has had an unforgettable influence on your own life, sit down and put the story on paper and send it in to the program.

Harry Salter, who had the bright idea of presenting a program like this, has been one of radio's best bandleaders since 1926, but he's never attained the ambition he had when he started, which was to direct the Metropolitan Opera orchestra. He makes up for this lack by persuading members of his orchestra or other bandleaders to join him in their leisure time in playing classical chamber-music.

Don't be surprised if you hear soon that The Song of Your Life has found itself a sponsor. NBC likes the program so much that they're interested in the possibilities of having another Information, please on their hands. On the other hand, if the argument between the networks and the American Society of Composers, Authors and Publishers (ASCAP) isn't settled before January 1, it would be impossible to put a program of this sort on the air. ASCAP owns the copyrights on most of America's well-known songs, and the argument, which is about money, may result in ASCAP withdrawing all its songs from the air. And that would mean that if The Song of Your Life was an ASCAP-owned song (and the chances are it would be) you couldn't talk about it on the air. Song of Your Life is such a good idea that it would be a pity if anything like that happened.

SAY HELLO TO . . .

TRUMAN BRADLEY—one of radio's handsomest and best known announcers, who's heard tonight on the Hollywood Playhouse over NBC-Red. Truman was born 35 years ago in Sheldon, Mo., and as a high school youngster walked off with the state debating championship. He studied law in college, but left his Blackstone for a salesman's job and, later, on the advice of Goodman Ace, a career on the stage. In 1929 he went to work as an announcer on KFI in Los Angeles and has been slinging words ever since. He's six feet tall, has gray-blue eyes and dark brown hair, weighs 170 pounds, and has been married since 1937.
ON THE AIR TODAY: Mother of Mine, on NBC-Blue today at 9:00, is a daytime serial sponsored by Clapp's Baby Food. Did you ever stop to wonder how a new daytime serial gets on the air? Since Mother of Mine is a newonetoday, this would be a good time to tell you the various steps that were taken before you could listen to it this afternoon.

It all began when the Young & Rubicam advertising agency learned that one of its clients, Clapp's Baby Food, would be interested in advertising on radio if it could find a satisfactory program. Since baby food is something that only women are likely to buy, the program must be one that appealed primarily to the ladies. This suggested a program that would have a large daytime audience, and because of the growth of daytime television, the Young & Rubicam decided to produce one, which is the story of Mother of Mine as you hear it today.

After Miss Irwin had written one or two sample scripts and outlined the story, they were submitted to NBC-Blue, who decided to go ahead. Miss Irwin's scripts were revised and contracted for. Then William Rubicam, who is employed by Young & Rubicam as a radio director, was given the task of auditioning actors for the various parts, while Miss Irwin looked for an author to write the daily scripts. She couldn't write them herself, because her job is to supervise and advise on all daytime serials produced by the agency. She thought it over radio writers she knew, and finally selected Pauline and Frederick Gilford, her husband and wife team which in the past has written The Ghost of Benjamin Sweet and Lorenzo Jones.

Meanwhile, auditions were going on for the actors. At the same time, Mother of Mine set a record for the number of actresses auditioned for the role of Mother Morrisson. A full hundred and seventy-five of radio's best actresses read the part before Agnes Young was chosen. The other characters, and the people who play them, are Donald Cook as John, Ruth Yorke as Helen, her husband, little Patty Chapman as Ann, their daughter, Arthur Allen as Pop Whitehouse, the old man next door, Jackie Keil as Helen's brother, Pete, and Paul Nuggest as Paul Strong.

Finally, everything was decided, and the authors wrote the scripts and the actors rehearsed—and Mother of Mine started its career on the air.

SAY HELLO TO . . .

MARGARET CUTHBERT—who, as NBC's Director of Women's Activities, is responsible for many of your favorite daytime programs, a newfangled soap—approves of the program. When she does, she suffers agonies from mere fright. She was born in northwestern Canada, where her father was an assistant commissioner of the famous Mounted Police. About 1920 she came to New York, and 1924 she joined WEAF, later to become NBC's key station, as Director of Talks. Sixteen years later, she's still directing talks for NBC, where shows of special interest to women are all in her charge.

Stars of Mother of Mine—Agnes Young, Donald Cook and Ruth Yorke.

Tune In Bulletin for October 31, November 7, 14 and 21

October 31: Raymond Paige's impressive Musical America program is on Thursday nights now, at 10:30 over NBC-Red.
November 7: The Rochester Philharmonic Orchestra begins its broadcast season tonight, on NBC-Blue at 9:00, with Jose Iturbi conducting.
November 14: America's Town Meeting of the Air, that fascinating debate program in which even the audience gets up and speaks its mind, returns to NBC-Blue tonight for another season. It starts at 9:35 and continues until 10:30.
November 21: President Roosevelt has proclaimed today Thanksgiving Day, and thousands of turkeys will be eaten. . . . And something for radio listeners to be thankful for is Bing Crosby's return to Kraft Music Hall tonight after a long vacation. You'll hear the Old Grooner at 9:00 on NBC-Red.
FRIDAY'S HIGHLIGHTS

Richard Maxwell with Friend in Deed Mrs. Ida Cash.

Tune-In Bulletin for October 25, November 1, 8, 15 and 22

October 25: This is your last chance to hear Johnny Green's swell piano solos on the Johnny Presents program, CBS at 9:00. After tonight Ray Block will be leading the orchestra. Barry Knupra's orchestra opens at the Roseland Ballroom in New York, broadcasting over CBS.

November 1: NBC brings you the description of a horse race from the Pimlico track in Baltimore this afternoon.

November 8: You can't keep an exciting program down—and the proof is that Gang-busters is back on the air now. Listen to it tonight at 9:00 on NBC-Blue.

November 15: Information Please starts in its new time tonight—8:30 on NBC-Blue, sponsored by American Tobacco Company.

November 22: A "must-listen" if you like unusual stories and excellent acting is Everybody's theater, which Arch Oboler writes and directs, NBC-Red tonight at 9:30.

ON THE AIR TODAY: A Friend in Deed, starring Richard Maxwell, the tenor-philosopher, on CBS at 3:30, E.S.T., this afternoon.

Are you disgusted with the way the world is going? Do you hate to tune in a news broadcast or glance at a newspaper because of the new horrors you will hear or read? Here's an antidote—an inspiring program that proves there is still good in human beings, that they are still capable of self-sacrifice and kindness. On each one of these fifteen-minute programs, broadcast Monday through Friday, Americans whose kindness has resulted in local or widespread good are honored by having their stories dramatized and being presented with a specially designed medal. You can't possibly listen to A Friend in Deed without feeling a glow of happiness and inspiration.

Richard Maxwell, who has been bringing "Cheer and Comfort" to CBS listeners since 1936, originated the idea of A Friend in Deed. In a way, it grows out of his Good Neighbor Club, which he started in 1938, and which became so popular that 79 member chapters of the Club were started in eighteen states.

Good-looking, cheerful Dick Maxwell makes a specialty of inspirational programs. In fact, there are four things he'd rather do than eat—go fishing, fly an airplane, sing and help other people. A Friend in Deed takes care of the last two hobbies; fishing and plane-flying are accomplished away from the microphone.

SAY HELLO TO...

CLARENCE HARTZELL—the only actor who has ever had the distinction of appearing regularly with Vic, Sade and Rush on NBC's Vic and Sade series. Clarence won the coveted role of Uncle Fletcher after a stiff competition with Chicago's outstanding character actors. He was born in Huntington, W. Va., and attended the Cincinnati College of Music, but took his way through college by singing and acting for radio. You heard him as one of the principal players in Waterloo Junction, which he also wrote, until it went off-the-air, and he also plays Pappy in the radio version of Lil' Abner. He's younger than he looks here.
SUNDAY'S HIGHLIGHTS

ON THE AIR TODAY: Football, on all networks, most of the afternoon. Whether you're a football fan or not, you'll find it difficult to turn on your radio this afternoon and hear anything else.

Football is always a headache to the networks. Naturally, each network wants to broadcast the most exciting and important game, so broadcast schedules are seldom arranged more than a week in advance. Then everyone hopes on the one or two games which sound most interesting to the greatest number of people, with the result that there's considerable duplication and listeners hear the same game no matter which network they tune in. On the other hand, since NBC has two networks, the Red and the Blue, it will always carry two games— and since there are more than two really strong football games are played during one Saturday afternoon, you can't blame CBS or MBS for insisting upon selecting their own broadcast without regard to what other networks have on the air. If it's a big game, you want, you can tune two-- and sometimes to more local interest. The top football announcers for the four networks are Ted Husing, as usual, for CBS; Bill Stern for NBC-Blue; Fort Pearson for NBC-Red; and Bob Elson for Mutual.

Other announcers may make their appearances once in a while, but these four are carrying the main burden of describing the season's big events to you.

Husing, the old reliable, has been announcing sports so long for CBS that a football season without him would be a decided and unpleasant shock. Bill Stern, on NBC-Blue, is rapidly working himself up to that same enviable position. Bob Elson always wanted to announce football, even when he was a youngster in Rochester, N.Y. He used to annoy his family by pretending, usually in the shower, that he was managing a big game. He was a prominent athlete at Penn Military College, president of football club for four years, as well as tennis, basketball, boxing, and rowing.

Fort Pearson, principal announcer on NBC-Red football games, worked on sustaining and commercial programs before he began to specialize in football. You still hear him frequently on programs which have nothing to do with the game, and he says frankly that the most difficult assignment he ever had was broadcasting his first football game.

Bob Elson, at the Mutual broadcasts, makes his headquarters in Chicago, where for ten years he has been announcing sports, specializing in baseball. He's lean and lanky, and as a boy was a soprano in Father Finn's famous Paulist Choristers.

SAVING HELLO TO . . .

HAVEN MacQuARRIE—the conductor and originator of The Marriage Club on CBS tonight. Haven's been a troubadour ever since he was four, when, in his home town of Boston, he played child parts in stock. At 20, he was a successful stage manager and producer. Then he went into vaudeville, and moved to Hollywood ten years ago when vaudeville "died." He's married to his former stage partner, Gladys Marion, and they have two children. It was his family and the little problems of adjustment necessary in it that gave him the idea for The Marriage Club. He put the show on locally and it was an immediate hit.

Tune-in Bulletin for October 26, November 2, 9, 16 and 23!

October 26: A football game that's definitely set for broadcasting is Ohio State v. Cornell, on CBS this afternoon. . . . Mutual has scheduled the Yardsdale Handicap horse race from the Empire Track, between 4:30 and 4:45. . . . Tonight on the Chicago Theater of the Air, Jack Peerce and Marion Claire star in "The Student Prince." Time—

1:15 2:15 3:15

October 31: Dick Leibert on NBC-Blue; hear him frequently on programs which sound most interesting.

November 2: CBS broadcasts the Army v. Notre Dame football game today, while NBC and Mutual will have games which sound most interesting.
Eyes bright as stars ... Hair brushed to shining ...
Cheeks—clean, fresh, sweet as a newly flowered rose ...
Attire trim as a uniform, or—a benison of grace and soft enchantment.

Thus stands our American Girl. Eager. Spirited.
Swift to serve as today's swift events demand.
That jewel brightness is part of her unchanging tradition of high health and personal beauty.

In her primer of true breeding are five flaming requisites to the care of her face, the treasured edicts long laid down by Pond's:—

**Bathe** the face lavishly with luscious Pond's Cold Cream. Spank its fragrant unctuousness into the skin of face and throat. Spank for 5 full minutes—even five. This swift and obedient cream mixes with the dried, dead surface cells, dirt and make-up on your skin, softening and setting them free.

**Wipe Off** all this softened debris with the caressing absorbency of Pond's Tissues. With it you have removed some of the softened tops of blackheads—rendered it easier for little plugs of hardened sebum to push their way to the surface.

**Spank** again with fresh fingerfuls of gracious Pond's Cold Cream. Again wipe off with Pond's Tissues. This spanking enhances both the cleansing and the softening. Your skin emerges from it infinitely refreshed. Lines seem softened. Pores seem finer.

**Cool** with the faint, intriguing astringence of Pond's Skin Freshener.

**Mask** your whole face, for one full minute, with a blissful coating of Pond's Vanishing Cream. This delectable cream has as one of its chief missions in life the duty of dispersing remaining harsh particles, chappings, aftermath of exposure. When you wipe it off, it leaves a perceptible mat finish. Then with what enchantment your powder goes on. How surprisingly it holds.

Perform this Pond's ritual in full once daily—before retiring or during the day. And again in abbreviated form as your skin and make-up need freshening. Guard your skin's tender look and feel, as do so many members of America's most distinguished families—with Pond's. Already some thirteen million women in the United States use Pond's.

**Give-Away** for the thrifty minded—FREE (for a limited period) a tempting supply of Pond's authoritative hand lotion, DANYA, with each purchase of the medium-size Pond's Cold Cream. Both for the price of cream! At beauty counters everywhere.

AMERICAN GIRL 1941
The date was Oct. 8, 1919. We were married in the Memoriel Methodist Church just at twilightsome of the coldest, bitterest evenings. The day was wet and cold and the weather was an indication of the things to come. I don't know. All I remember is that I was supremely happy.

Mike immediately got a job as machinist's helper on the Boston & Albany railroad in Springfield. We rented a little place near the railroad tracks, had some friends, and lived the ordinary life most young married couples do.

After we'd been married two years, Margaret came. Two years later Stanley came and two years after that, we had Ruth. Life was pretty smooth for us.

THEN one day something happened. I don't know what it was. It happened to Mike and I don't know what it was because after it happened I never saw him again to talk it over. I had been visiting a friend down the street. I came home and found the house deserted.

"Mike," I called.

There was no answer. Suddenly a great fear descended. Mike's pipe was gone from its accustomed place on the end table. I ran into the bedroom. The closet door was ajar. I flung it open.

"Dear God," I prayed aloud. But it was no use. Mike's things were not there.

I don't understand how terrified I was. I was just twenty-six years old. There I was left with three children. I had to make a job. Scott's Laundry hired me to do a job as housekeeper. That was twelve years ago and Margaret became gravely ill. During the illness Margaret was a thousand questions. It was an indication of the things to come. I had been visiting a friend down the street. I didn't mind the six or seven hundred collars I used to do a day. I didn't mind the hard, I get mad. Human beings may be mean and selfish and hard ordinarily, but let misfortune strike and take a trip somewhere we've never been before?

On Saturday, June 29, 1940, Margaret had a baby...her first child. Jesse and I were delighted.
Lady Esther says—"You're Invited
to a 'COMING-OUT PARTY' for your
NEW-BORN-SKIN!"

Your skin is growing, blooming beneath your old
surface skin... waiting for the gift of beauty which
you can do so much to bring it. Let my 4-Purpose
Face Cream help you endow your new-born skin
with its birthright of loveliness.

A NEW-BORN SKIN! Think of all the hope for new beauty
that lies in those words. It's Nature's radiant promise
to you... and a scientific fact. For right now, as you look
in your make-up mirror... every hour of the day and night
a new skin is coming to life.

As a flower loses its petals, so your old skin is flaking
away in almost unseen particles. But there's danger to
your New-Born Skin in these tiny flakes, and in the dirt
and impurities that crowd into your pores.

Those dry flakes so often rob you of beauty. They
ing in rough patches, keep your powder from looking
smooth, and may give a faded appearance to your new-
born skin. My 4-Purpose Face Cream helps Nature by
gently removing these tiny flakes. Only then can your
skin be gloriously reborn.

Did you know... says Lady Esther... that you can make
your years of beauty longer if you always take care of
your New-Born Skin? Let my 4-Purpose Face Cream help
it grow in beauty. It softens as it gently, surely lifts away
the old skin flakes. It softens accumulated impurities—
helps Nature refine your pores. Your skin can regain an
appearance of youthful freshness!

Ask Your Doctor About Your Face Cream

Only the finest and purest of creams can help your skin to
be as beautiful as it can be! Ask your doctor (and all the
better if he is a specialist on the skin) about the face cream
you are now using.

Ask him, too, if every word Lady Esther says is not true
—that her face cream removes the dirt, the impurities and
worn-out skin, and helps your budding skin to be more
beautiful.

Try my 4-Purpose Face Cream at my expense. See how
gently it permeates and lifts the dry skin and dirt—giving
you a first glimpse of your beautiful New-Born Skin!

The Miracle of Reborn Skin

Your skin is constantly wearing out—
drying—flaking off almost invisibly. But
it is immediately replaced by new-born
skin—always crowning upward and out-
ward. Lady Esther says you can help
make each rebirth of your skin a true
Rebirth of Beauty!
The talented children of Elaine Sterne Carrington, author of the serials, Pepper Young and When A Girl Marries—Bobby and Patricia.

The Guiding Light

(Continued from page 32)

... forlorn and lonely, that tree looked out of her thoughts the memory of a modest row on the northern edge of town, and saw her settled there. "You won't be afraid there, all by yourself?" he asked. Rose, sitting in the middle of the tiny, boxy living room, shook her head. "I'm never going to be afraid of anything, as long as I live," she said.

After an incredible moment laughter shook her—painful, biting laughter that would not stop. "I never heard of such an idea!" she gasped. Ellis shook his head. "No. I don't think marriage is the right thing for either of us just now. I meant just what I said—call yourself Mrs. Ellis Smith. Let people think we are married.

After Ellis' abrupt departure she ran along now. "I'll run along now. Good night, Rose.

"Good night."

After Ellis' abrupt departure she turned slowly on her heel, surveying the room. Here was her new home—and, because it was meant for two people and occupied by only one, a strangely lonely home.

WINTER began early that year. To the people of Five Points it meant a time of suffering, of trying to make one dollar do the work of two in buying food, warm clothing, fuel, medicines. Mary Ruthledge was busy from morning until night visiting her father's parishioners, doing what she could to help them. She welcomed that activity, as she welcomed everything that helped pass the days—anything that helped crowd out of her thoughts the memory of Ned Holden.

Dr. Ruthledge had an assistant in the church, now, an enthusiastic young man named Tom Bannion, and Tom was full of plans for increasing the influence of the Five Points church with a young people's organization, weekly dances, sleigh rides, and social meetings. Tom also fancied himself in love with Mary, and it was hard to help him, while still helping him in his various projects connected with the church.

Just before Christmas Tom learned that the boys of Five Points hoodlums he had been hoping to help with his young people's program were planning to rob a jewelry store. He told Dr. Ruthledge and asked for his advice, and the older minister went himself to the jewelry store, hoping to intercept the boys. He was too late; he caught the young robbers in the act, and one of them had a pistol. In the excitement, the pistol went off, and Dr. Ruthledge was wounded.

By Christmas Eve he was definitely out of danger, and resting comfortably. Ellen and Fredrika Lang had sternly banished Mary from the study, insisting that she needed rest, and she wandered downstairs—tired, but unable to relax. From the chapel next door forlorn and lonely, that tree looked forlorn and lonely, like Mary herself. Just a year ago tonight, she remembered, Ned had been there, and they had been in love.

The high-pitched shrillness of the doo-wop singer had been building up, and a bulky figure wrapped in a shabby coat with a collar that pretended to be fur. Someone else come to inquire about Dr. Ruthledge, of course. She went into the hallway to answer it.

"Pleased to meet you," the girl said formally. She had a beautiful voice—mellow, vibrant with a touch that was the undertone—but its loveliness was (Continued on page 52)
New heater warms your whole house FAST—by forcing heat to every room!

**IT'S GRAND THE WAY**
**OUR NEW DUO-THERM**
**WARMS THE FLOORS!**

**AND HOW THAT**
**POWER-AIR DOES**
**SAVE ON OIL!**

**THIS winter, you needn't fuss with coal, wood, ashes, soot, dirt and nuisance.**

Now you can enjoy clean, convenient oil heat—greater comfort—at a lower cost than ever before...thanks to Duo-Therm’s amazing new Power-Air!**

**Drives "Breeze warmth" to every corner!**

Duo-Therm’s Power-Air drives heat all through your house—makes heat circulate faster—warms far corners! Heat is forced to the floors! You get more uniform comfort in your rooms from top to bottom!

You get what no fuel oil heater has ever offered before—the same positive forced heat as a modern basement furnace! And Power-Air also means a sensational saving in fuel costs!**

**Save up to 25%!** Not only does Power-Air give you better heating—it does it for less money! Recent tests made in an ordinary home showed that a Duo-Therm with Power-Air kept the house warmer—while actually using LESS OIL than a heater without Power-Air! And Power-Air costs no more to run than a 50-watt lamp!**

**Other advantages you'll want!** You can adjust the heat with the handy front-dial! For direct heat, open the radiant doors and warm yourself to the narrow! You get perfect combustion at any setting—more heat per gallon of cheap fuel oil—clean, quiet, safe operation with Duo-Therm’s patented Bias-Baffle Burner! Special waste-stopper saves fuel! (All models listed as standard by the Underwriters' Laboratories.)

**Extra! A cooling breeze in summer!**

Switch on your Power-Air blower and enjoy a refreshing 27 mile-an-hour breeze! The powerful blower can be operated independently of the heater, and it will send a cooling breeze anywhere!

**All these extras—at no extra cost!** Even with Power-Air, Duo-Therm costs no more than other heaters! Easy payments! Go to your Duo-Therm dealer and see the 12 beautiful models of America's largest-selling heater. Comes in sizes to heat from 1 to 6 rooms—in either the console or upright cabinet type. You can have Power-Air with whatever Duo-Therm you select! Learn more about this new kind of heater—send in the coupon now!

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**- TEAR OUT AND MAIL—TODAY! -**

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DECEMBER, 1940
flawed by lazy, slovenly speech as well as by nervousness.

"We came as soon as I heard about the Doctor," Ned explained. "The San Francisco papers said he was badly hurt.

"I don't know," Mary said. "He's better now. He'll be glad to see you. I'll— I'll tell him you're here." Without waiting for an answer, she walked to the stairs now, as if all the furies were upon her.

In Dr. Ruthledge's bedroom she stammered out her news. The minister she said, his long-nosed, but Fredrika Lang stood up in agitation.

"Thank God he's back!" she breathed. "But he won't want to see me. I'll go downstairs now, and before he comes up, and tomorrow morning I'll leave—go back to my old place—or away from Five Points—"

"Nonsense, Fredrika," Dr. Ruthledge said. "Of course he'll want to see you. He should see you."

"No—no. I couldn't stand it. It would be too much trouble now." She hurried from the room.

THERE was no time that evening for Mary to explain where he had been or how he had married. Perhaps, after she left them alone together, he told Dr. Ruthledge. Mary did not know. She went downstairs again to where the girl, still wearing her hat and coat, was sitting diffidently in the parlor.

"I don't know how long Ned will be," she said, hoping that she showed none of the strain she felt. "Won't you take off your coat, and I'll have Ellen bring us some coffee?"

"No—no thanks." She was devouring Mary with her eyes, watching her movements and every expression of her face as if she were trying to stop the memory out of her mind.

"I'm sorry you can't meet my father tonight," Mary went on. "But he's still quite weak, and Ned's return is the butt of all the excitement he can stand."

"Oh, sure," the girl said indifferently.

An impulse to hysterical laughter welled up in Mary. Ned was back—and married! That he might meet her added defiantly, "I used to work in a place down on the San Francisco newspaper. There was a voice when she spoke of Ned's occupation that I don't know but I guess Ned might have to go back to Frisco—that's your San Francisco, and I hope so."

"I don't know. Ned's a famous columnist now—he writes for a San Francisco newspaper. There was pathetically, in his old voice when he spoke of Ned's occupation. "I don't know but I guess Ned might have to go back to Frisco—that's your San Francisco, and that handles his column is located."

After that, conversation languished. It was an almost unbearable relief when Ned came downstairs and, after a few moments of meaningless talk, took Torchy away to the hotel where they were staying.

Upstairs, Mary knew, her father was no doubt waiting to see her, wanting to talk over Ned's unexpected return. But for a while she lingered, putting off the moment when she would have to meet his kind, loving eyes, into which would croak, no matter how hard he tried to keep it out, pity for her because Ned had brought back a wife. She did not want her father to pity her, she did not want to pity herself. Ned had gone away, and while he was away he had married a girl—a strange girl, one to whom life had been hard and cruel. This had happened, and it could not be undone, and therefore there was no place nor use for pity.... At last, hand sliding slowly along the stair-rail, she went up.

I JUST went to pieces," Ned said. He tugged furiously at the lobe of his right ear; how well Mary remembered that gesture! It was an afternoon a few days after his return; he had seen Dr. Ruthledge for a while, and come alone to the parsonage, and then had her downstairs.

"You needn't tell me about it if you don't want to," she said gently. "But I do. I've got to. I don't expect you to understand. But I do."

It was no use to Torchy. She fed me, and nursed me, and when she saw how worried I was, she insisted on my coming back here. Wanted me to come alone, but I wouldn't."

YES, Mary thought, that was what a girl like Torchy would do. For Torchy knew something else, something that Ned did not guess: she knew Ned did not love her, that he loved someone in Five Points. She had seen herself-sacrificing enough to send Ned back to that unknown someone. Here was the explanation of the terror and unhappiness Mary had found in her eyes.

I think she said impulsively, "you have a very wonderful wife."

"You do?" He looked at her with surprise and pleasure. "I'm glad. She's very kind, loving eyes, into which would..."

He gazed past her, his face filled with the old hunger and dumb longing that handles his column is located."

(Continued from page 50)
Torchy again! Why, having made her gesture, didn't she take Ned away from Five Points as soon as possible? Was she deliberately trying to throw him back into his old life—to his old love?

That was a question only the future—or Torchy herself—could answer.

The long, cold winter took its toll of the people of Five Points. One it struck down was Abe Kransky, the pawnbroker. What started as a cold, fed by hours of standing in the drafty shop and by trips through slush and icy water between the shop and his tenement home, grew into an illness that literally choked life out of the frail old body.

But death had its share of happiness for Abe. On the morning of his last day they brought Rose to him, and he and the daughter he had banished from his house were reconciled.

Rose did not move back to the tenement after Abe's death. As far as the world was concerned, she was still Mrs. Ellis Smith. Mrs. Ellis Smith, who soon would have a baby. A premature baby, perhaps, but still a baby with a name. Ellis continued to maintain his room in Five Points, returning to it every night after his dinner at Rose's cottage. The dinners, and daily luncheons, were an arrangement that Rose had insisted on, brusquely, "If you're doing all this for me," she said, "the least I can do is cook your meals for you." And with an amused smile, he agreed.

They did not get on too badly together, Rose reflected. Their conversations—long discussions of politics, life, books they had read—might have surprised those people of Five Points who believed them married. They seldom dared to venture upon subjects that were personal to either of them; instinctively they knew that there lay danger.

She understood Ellis a great deal better now than she had when she accepted his name. Then she had been puzzled and distrustful. Trying to assign some motive for his offer of help, she had thought that perhaps he loved her—not enough for marriage, but enough to attempt relationship. She was ashamed, now, of that suspicion, and told herself that it had come to her only because she had been disillusioned, suspicious of all men. At any rate, it was not true. There had been no trickery in Ellis' gallantry. Underneath his surface cynicism, he was truly kind, with a kindness he did his best to conceal. He had simply wanted to help her, and the gift of his name and protection had been the only means of doing so he could find.

If she would be free of her soon, she told herself. The old Rose Kransky was dead; the new one was not yet born. She would come into existence on the same day as her child. She would be independent and free, but she would also be wary. Meanwhile, during this interlude, she was thankful for a respite from struggle, a chance to drift quietly with events. Late in the winter, she read the announcement of Charles Cunningham's marriage. The bride was Helen Marshall, and the paper devoted enough space to the news to make it obvious that the new Mrs. Cunningham was young, wealthy, beautiful, and the daughter of a leading family. Just the kind of wife Charles had always wanted.

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Because—a touch of Maybelline Eye Shadow subtly accents depth and color... Maybelline Mascara gives that desired effect of dark, long, curling lashes... Maybelline smooth-marking Eyebrow Pencil easily tapers the brows to a new winged victory! Every day—every night—wreathe your eyes in beauty with world-famous Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids. Attractive purse sizes at all 10c Stores.

DECEMBER, 1940
It was fairly obvious that he had known Helen all through the divorce proceedings, had probably intended to marry her all the time and for that reason had been more than normally bad-tempered. When, of course, the scandal Celeste had threatened. Rose tossed the paper aside. She felt no emotion whatever.

"Who would be given, for a little while, to go away for a while. I'll have to pick her way carefully, re-

"You should take care of him." "Yes, Ma," she said abruptly. "I'll have to put the baby into a nursery.

"There's something else I have to tell you, Ma. Ellis and I—we're going to separate. We've talked it over. Ellis is the baby, into a nursery," she said confi-

"I don't know what all this is about, Rose. You and Ellis—separating?"

"Yes, Ma," Rose said firmly. "I'd rather not talk about it. She saw tears starting in Mother's eyes, and struggled on, Ma,—please don't ask me any questions!

"But you could come and live with me!" "No. I love you, Ma, but too much has happened—we've gone too far apart. I can't think of the baby while you were working—"

"Once before you said that, Rose." Mrs. Kransky's voice was sad. "In San Francisco, that thing. You do as you please
don't you like them?"

"But Rose—he is your child. You should take care of him."

"I don't know what all this is about, Rose. You and Ellis—separating?"

"Yes, Ma," Rose said firmly. "I'd rather not talk about it. She saw tears starting in Mother's eyes, and struggled on, Ma,—please don't ask me any questions!

"But you could come and live with me!" "No. I love you, Ma, but too much has happened—we've gone too far apart. I can't think of the baby while you were working—"

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The shocked disap-

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Proceedings,

the scandal Celeste had threatened.

she preferred to stay in the cottage, ap-

There was resigna-

"You do as you please—just like you've always done. I don't understand you—I don't like what you do." She sighed. "I am too old, Rose, for arguing."

With a kind of homy dignity that made Rose feel, somehow, like a re-

nothing—eventhough her heart

were engaged in one of the quarrels that had been coming more and more frequently. In most quarrels, its outward cause was trivial, its inner causes dark and far-reaching. They had been invited to dinner that evening at Dr. Ruthledge's: now, at almost the last minute, Torchy was pleading that Ned go alone. She had a headache.

Ned pressed his lips together—and then his face brightened. "Dinner for them. "I don't believe it," he said roughly. "If this was the first time—But every time we're invited there

But
together you make some kind of ex-

and Mrs. Kransky waited in the living room that they heard the first wails of the boy who would be given, for a little while, to go away for a while. I'll have to pick her way carefully, re-

"Torchy and Ned Holden had taken an apartment in an old, gloomy building not far from Five Points. On this blue day of spring they were engaged in one of the quarrels that had been coming more and more frequently. In most quarrels, its outward cause was trivial, its inner causes dark and far-reaching. They had been invited to dinner that evening at Dr. Ruthledge's: now, at almost the last minute, Torchy was pleading that Ned go alone. She had a headache.

Ned pressed his lips together—and then his face brightened. "Dinner for them. "I don't believe it," he said roughly. "If this was the first time—But every time we're invited there

But

together you make some kind of ex-

A PROMISE

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day did not mean to—even Torchy recognized that—but every word she spoke, every movement she made, intensified the contrast be-

And how could Ned—he brilliant, wonderful, wise one?—Torchy ido-

A LESS honest girl might have urged Ned to leave Five Points, hoping thus to keep at least his physical presence, if she could not have all his love. Torchy, the girl from the San Francisco waterfront, Mary was a lady, and Torchy was not. That was the only way the language Torchy's limited vocabulary could describe the difference between them.

ought to expect happiness!

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Mary did not mean to—even Torchy recognized that—but every word she spoke, every movement she made, intensified the contrast be-
The Scorpion's Thumb
(Continued from page 28)
answered the phone. "It's Herb Weaver," she said to Ellery. "He wants to talk to you."
"Oh," Ellery looked around for somewhere to put his glass. McKay, seeing his indecision, took it from him, and he went to the phone.
Weaver spoke hurriedly. "Listen, Queen, when you leave my father-in-law's, will you drop over here? It's important."
"Of course," Ellery said. "But how did you know where to find me?"
"Steve McKay was here a while ago, and said you'd be at Dave's."
"All right. I'll see you in about an hour." Ellery hung up and returned to the group by the fireplace, apologizing for the interruption.
"Perf'cly all right, Queen," McKay assured him. "Here's your drink. And now for that second announcement. Come here, Sheila." Quietly the girl stepped to his side. "Folks, meet the future Mrs. Stephen McKay! We're going to be married—tomorrow!"

Two surprise announcements, Ellery thought—and only the announcer seemed happy about either of them. For though Sheila Robinson and her father smiled and nodded their thanks to the congratulations of Conrad Long and the Queens, it was plain enough that their happiness was assumed.

"A toast to the bride!" McKay shouted. "Drink 'er down!" He tossed off the contents of his own glass, and everyone followed suit except, Ellery saw, Sheila and Conrad Long, who merely touched the glasses with their lips. "Now let's make it official!" McKay said. "Everybody throw your glass into the fireplace!"

The glasses shattered thinly against the bricks of the hearth, and the fire spluttered and blazed as the alcohol struck it. Nikki, Conrad Long, and Inspector Queen clustered about Sheila and her father; McKay drew Ellery a little aside.

"You see now what I meant when I said you'd find out something that'd convince you no further action is necessary in that office shortage," he said. "Course I'll make the money up out of my own pocket."

"Mmm," Ellery said. "I'll have to think it over, Mr. McKay ... I think we'd better be leaving now—I have another call to make—"

McKay suddenly was not listening. His face had gone a deathly white, studded with tiny drops of sweat. He pressed one hand to his stomach, groaning, and with the other felt behind him for some support.

"Mr. McKay! What's the matter?"
"Nothing ... too much New Year's—" This much McKay was able to mutter before he collapsed. Ellery stopped swiftly and seized McKay's wrist. After a moment he straightened up and faced the horrified group of people. "He's dead," he said.

It was well over two hours before Ellery and Nikki were able to leave the Robinson house. All the difficult routine of investigation had had to be gone through with: the Medical Examiner had come and gone; Sergeant Velie, Inspector Queen's own special assistant, had been sent for; the bits of shattered glass had been fished out of the fireplace—though there was little hope that they would...
It was known that Steve McKay had died from poison, swallowed some time during the two hours before his death. Questioning of Conrad Long, who had been with McKay since noon, established the dead man's movements throughout the crucial two hours. First he and Long had called briefly on Herb Weaver and his wife; then, before going to the Robinsons, they had visited Dr. Temple at his apartment. Long identified Dr. Temple as a friend of the Robinsons.

INVITING Conrad Long to go with them, Nikki and Ellery at last broke away and set out for Herb Weaver's home.

The Weavers were alone, and Mrs. Weaver, as pretty as her sister, talked to Long while her husband spoke to Ellery and Nikki. "I just wanted to let you know," Weaver said, "that I think Steve's idea of making Dave Robinson a partner must have something to do with the shortage."

"Yes—probably," Ellery agreed vaguely, and then, "Did Steve McKay have anything to drink when he was here earlier today?"

"Drink? Why, I—" Weaver called to his wife. "Did Steve have anything to drink when he was here?" Mrs. Weaver answered. "Of course," she answered. "Two Old Fashioned cocktails—he mixed them himself."

Long nodded agreement. "That's right. Mr. Queen. I remember. Herb and Mrs. Weaver each had one. I didn't have any—I don't drink."

"Yes," Ellery said. "I noticed that at the Robinsons'. Mrs. Weaver, have the cocktail glasses you used for Mr. McKay been washed?"

Weaver's housewifely pride was ruffled. "Why, of course—I washed them just after Steve and Conrad left! What a peculiar question!"

"What is this, Queen?" Weaver asked stiffly. "Why all these questions about cocktail glasses—"

"Steve McKay is dead," Ellery told them. "He was poisoned a few hours ago."

Weaver blinked. "Steve—dead?"

"We don't know where, or how. I'm sorry I had to ask you those questions, but you understand, of course . . ."

Mrs. Weaver had dropped into a chair. "Poor Sheila!" she whimpered. "Who gains by McKay's death, Weaver?"

Still dazed, Weaver said, "I don't know. His relatives, I guess."

Mrs. Weaver gave a weak exclamation. "Herb! Steve's insurance—"

"Yes. I forgot that," Weaver said slowly. "Mr. Queen, you know the brokerage business depends largely on personal contacts. Steve and I realized that if one of us died the dead partner's clients would probably leave the firm—"

"So you each took out insurance policies," Ellery broke in, "making each other the beneficiaries?"

"That's right," Weaver said.

Mrs. Weaver began to cry. Quietly, Ellery and his two companions left the house. Once outside, Ellery said, "I'd like you to take me to Dr. Temple's, Mr. Long."

Long gave him a curious look, but said only, "Certainly."

They rang the bell of Dr. Temple's apartment for some time before the door was wrenched open. A young man stood there, very much the worse for wear.
for liquor. He wore no coat and his tie was wrinkled askew. He had to hold tight to the frame of the door to keep from falling. His eyes had difficulty in the room's dim light. But all the liquor he had consumed did not seem to have raised his spirits: he was way he never struck me as being the sort of man who drinks too much.

"Dr. Temple" Long snapped. "I'm Conrad Long—you know me. Aside from the fact that I don't understand this. He was perfectly sober when Steve and I visited him before—and he never struck me as being the sort of man who drinks too much."

Blinking owlishly, Dr. Temple stared at them and then lurched forward. Ellery and Long caught him and carried him into the living room which looked as if a big wind had swept through it. Tables and chairs were overturned, and papers and glass littered the floor.

With Nikki following, they led Temple stumbling to one chair that remained upright. Suddenly he began to sob weakly. "Where did you get plastered?"

"Now you know why I don't drink," he remarked.

ELLERY said thoughtfully. "There's something more than mere dissipation behind this. He's had a nasty shock of some sort. Temple," he said gently. "What's the matter, old man? Why did you get plastered?"

Temple threw back his head, squatting. He seemed to catch sight of Nikki, and to find sympathy in her face, because he seized her arm and said, more to her than to Ellery, "Why shouldn't I get plastered, . . . gonna stay plastered all year—Why, Dr. Temple?"

"Can't you tell us about it?" Ellery asked.

"Risin' young ph'sician: Temple said brokenly. "Ngaged... but she doesn't love me. I'd told him I didn't love Steve McKay!"

"Was a secret," he confided. "I thought you and Sheila Robinson were engaged?"

"A secret," he confided. "Gonna be married. But now she's gonna marry, he said, that Sheila, she loves him... she's marryin' him for his money—" His face twisted up like that of a child, he gulped twice, and then he quietly fell back in the chair. "Passed out," Ellery commented. "I guess the only thing to do is let the poor chap sleep it off. Long, did McKay know that Sheila Robinson and Temple were engaged?"

"I don't know," Queen. Conrad Long said worriedly. "He didn't, never mentioned anything was said one way or the other when Steve and I called here earlier in the day. Now that I think of it, Temple did act racy last night."

"Did McKay have a drink here?"

"Why—yes. He mixed a drink for himself and one for Temple."

Ellery groaned. Our Mr. McKay seemed to be drinking but mix his own drinks in other people's houses." He stirred the rubble of shattered glass on the floor with his toe. "Of course I believed him, but now I don't understand."

The telephone clamored for attention. Ellery picked it up. "This is Ellery—tell me what's going on."

"What's going on?" Queen. a voice on the other end of the wire. "When he hung up he snapped to Long, "Get Temple sobered up right away and then drive him over to the Rob-"
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**Mr. R.--- makes a Confession**

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---

that Dave Robinson was apparently the thief, but that actually he'd been framed. I was morally certain McKay had taken the money himself, opened an account in Robinson's name, speculated as Robinson, and lost twenty-five thousand dollars in the market deliberately—all for the purpose of dividing up a case against Robinson. The only thing was, I had no proof, and I didn't know why McKay would do such a thing. I didn't know it was to force Sheila to marry him.

"He must have been reading too many old-fashioned novels," Inspector Queen grunted. "But I don't care that we're any nearer to finding out who killed him."

"No," Ellery agreed unhappily. "He had drinks at the Weavers', at Dr. Temple's, and here. The glasses were washed at the first place, smashed to bits and mixed up with a lot of other debris at the second, and burned here. No chance of finding poison traces in any of them. And someone in all three places had a good motive for killing him."

"Vريق Viola Weaver to help her sister—Herb Weaver for McKay's insurance—Doc Temple out of jealousy, and either Sheila because she couldn't stand the idea of marrying him or old Robinson because he figured murder and then suicide was the only way out."

**SE RGEANT VELIE** poked his head in at the door. "The lab report just came on that glass I fished outta the fireplace, Inspector."

"Well, what's it say?" Inspector Queen snapped.

"Any poison traces?"

"Nope. Only—a funny thing, and it probably doesn't mean anything—"

"Is that so?" the Inspector roared. "What's it find?"

"Sergeant Velie came into the room and said depreciatingly, "Well, nothin' much. Only there was two pretty big pieces of cocktail glass had i-denti-fi­

"Decorations, like," Sergeant Velie explained carefully. "The laboratory says they're the signs of the—zo."

"The zodiac, Velie," Ellery put in. "I noticed as we were drinking, Dad. Each glass was decorated with a different sign of the zodiac. Did the laboratory say what signs were on the two pieces it inspected, Velie?"

"Uh-huh." Velie consulted a paper in his hand. "One has Libra, the Bal­lance, on it."

"That's the one I had!" Ellery exclaimed.

"That's right, Velie continued. "It's your thumb-mark on it too. But here's the funny thing—"

"Sergeant Velie allowed a pleased smile to come to his face. "I did! Well, whadda ya know! Then the smile faded. "Who was it?" he asked.

"Yes," Inspector Queen said. "Who? Ellery chuckled. "It's really easy, with that laboratory report. First of all, Dad, remember this: in all three homes Steve McKay visited today, he prepared the drinks himself. We know that. So isn't it obvious that if someone was scheduled to be poisoned, McKay himself must have been the pois­onor? He was the only one who could mix and serve his cocktail. Every glass had poison in it—and the only one who could be sure, by handling around the glasses himself, that the poisoned drink went to the right vic­tim."

Inspector Queen listened quietly, but Sergeant Velie said, "I don't get it, Ellery. I've figured it out to be the guy that was poisoned."

"You're right, of course. There was no early reason why McKay should choose suicide. He was a rich man; Robinson, not he, was in financial difficulties; and most im­portant of all, he was about to marry Sheila Robinson. He had everything to live for. So I dismissed the idea of suicide. And yet McKay was the only person who could have poisoned that fatal cocktail. That left me stupefied—until just now, when I learned that my fingerprints were on two of the cocktail glasses used when McKay was at the Weavers'. They were on the Libra glass, which was mine—and on the Scorpion glass, which was ... McKay's."

"This is what happened. After the glasses were filled and passed around, but before we drank, I was called to the telephone. McKay took my glass away while I answered, and when I finished he returned it to me. Or he thought he did—"

Inspector Queen broke in excitedly. "But he made a mistake, is that it?"

"Yes, Dad. He made a mistake. He took my glass—"

"Yes," Ellery agreed soberly. "And the chance that he happened to drink from glasses marked with the different signs of the zodiac is the one little thing that solved this case for us."

Sergeant Velie was shaking his head in a pleased sort of way. "And to think," he said, "that I solved the case!"
We the Abbotts
(Continued from page 14)

would ever get any farther in the store than he already was, since Crane would eventually inherit it from his father, but the raise enabled us to live comfortably and John didn't want to look for another job. "Do you and Crane get along all right?" I asked John once when I had been in the store and had seen a sulky look flash across the boy's face when John gave him some kind of an order.

"Sure—well enough," John said easily. But I had my doubts, I didn't like the situation, and I liked it even less when John came home one evening deeply troubled. There had been several shortages in the cash register, it seemed, too many to be overlooked.

"Crane and I are the only ones who ever go near that register," John fretted. "Jim Gray, our prescription clerk, is always in the back of the store, and either Crane or I is always there with him. It must be Crane that's taking the money. I hate to—but I guess I'll have to speak to him."

The memory of Crane's resentful attitude flashed across my mind. I said, "I wouldn't, John. I'd go straight to Vin."

"I can't do that," John said, stuffing tobacco into his pipe. "Vin thinks the sun rises and sets on that boy of his. It'd break his heart if he knew Crane was a thief. He might do or say things that'd have an effect on Crane's whole future life."

"An effect for the better, I imagine," I said tartly.

"No," John said thoughtfully. "I don't want to tell Vin unless I have to. I'll have a little talk with Crane."

The next day he mentioned the missing money to Crane and without making any accusations asked him to be more careful.

"How did he take it?" I asked that night.

"All right. He knew what I meant, I'm pretty sure. I don't think there'll be any more shortages."

For a while, there weren't. Then, on an evening when John had the night shift at the store, the cash register showed another shortage.

"You must call Vin up on the phone, right now," I told him when he came home and revealed what had happened. "Ask him if you can come up and see him, and tell him all about it."

Still John hesitated. He wanted to give Crane one more chance.

"You're being very foolish, John," I said. I was really angry, and frightened. "You simply can't trust Crane, that's all."

Nothing I said made any difference, though. John insisted on giving Crane a second chance.

The delay was fatal. Crane must have expected John to go to Vin any rate, he took the first step by accusing John. Vin Miller was at the store the following day when John arrived. It must have been a horrible day, tense and strained, for John knew at once something was wrong, although Vin said nothing until the store closed that night—indeed, he couldn't say anything, with customers walking in and out. But neither did

DECEMBER, 1940

*Arleen Whelan and George Montgomery—romantic featured players for 20th Century-Fox Films.

Arleen Whelan and George Montgomery

When a woman loves...
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says ARLEEN WHELAN
(Lovely Hollywood Star)

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Women prevent unlovely
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When a woman loves...
John have an opportunity to speak to Crane.

Vin asked to see the books, and spent an hour at them, hunchered over the roll-top desk in back of the store. And when business was over for the day he locked the doors and he and Crane and John had it out.

I'm glad I wasn't there. I can visualize the scene well enough as it is. Crane had told his father he'd seen John take money from the till. And there were the books, proving that someone had stolen. Vin knew as well as John that the thief could be only one of two people. I suppose he tried to be fair, but he couldn't believe that his own son would steal. He went as far as his pride would let him when he told John that he'd say nothing about the theft and would not prosecute, but, of course, John was not deceived.

John was numb with misery when he told me the story. I was more angry than I'd ever been in all my life. And I had excellent references from all the fashionable new clothes colors. Applies smoothly and stays on for hours because of the secret new Whip-Text process. Get Irresistible "Ruby Red" Lipstick today, with matching Face Powder, Rouge and Powder Foundation, and you'll love the Nobel of that, because he aged a great deal.

All that was cold comfort, when we had a house half built and no money coming in. I might as well say now that Vin did find out, eventually. I am sure of that, because he aged a great deal in the next few years. But he went to his grave without ever asking John's pardon. Crane sold the drug store and left town after his father died. It wasn't easy for John to find another job. There isn't much turnover of jobs in a town as small as ours. Dad and Mother helped us out as much as they could.

John wrote a story and sent it out, but it came back. The second time it came back there was a nice letter from the editor, asking to see more of John's work, and he was so encouraged he wrote two more in quick succession and sent them along. They came back, too.

In between times John had one or two temporary jobs, but nothing with any measure of security. It was to keep the house—not because I loved John—that I finally went to work myself. A teacher in the grammar school got married suddenly toward the end of the fall term and left, and I applied for her job and got it. The school board was opposed to hiring married women, but they knew John was out of work and I had excellent references from the school where I had taught before my marriage.

I had the job before I told John. For a moment he stared at me blankly, and then he bent his head. "I'm a fine failure as a husband," he said.

"Nonsense!" I spoke briskly, trying to conceal from him—and from myself—my inner conviction that he was right. I find it hard to recognize myself in that intolerant young wo-

man of so many years ago. And yet the memory is there. It must have been when she wanted to have the money, John. It won't be so bad. You can take care of the children, and if you should get a job I'll quit.

No tenderness. No sympathy. No assurance that it didn't really matter and that I still loved and respected him. Nor did I refrain from reminding him that if he had followed my advice about Crane Miller I would not have to go to work.

My "temporary" job lasted almost two years—two years in which John worked at whatever he could get and wrote his stories, and sold some stories, too, but not more than enough to eke out the family budget. I wonder, now—if he'd been happy in the way his stories have been more successful? John doesn't know that I was the one who finally got him his job teaching English among his high school students. At least I had wisdom enough to let him think that the school board came to him of its own accord—and, of course, in a way it did. I simply couldn't offer him any constructive suggestions. As soon as I heard that Mr. Gilroy, the former English and history teacher, was leaving, it occurred to me that John was the obvious person to take his place.

The Superintendent of Schools was a good friend of mine, and I asked him to call John and interview him, without mentioning that I had suggested it. The unbelievably happy result was that John got the job. He was twenty-nine years old. It had changed so gradually, in the two years since he lost the drug-store job, that I hadn't noticed any change in him. Now, however, he became the old John. The lines of sadness about his mouth and eyes smoothed out, there was a new light in his face and a new spring in his walk. I left my job, of course, and for almost the first time since our marriage we had a normal home, there in the new house—a home in which the husband made all the decisions. I had the money, John. And when business was over for the day he locked the door and he and Crane and John had it out. Our high school has always had one of the best basketball teams in the State. Every Spring it has entered the State tournament, and has nearly always won one of the first three prizes. This competition is important to everyone in town, and most of all important to the school itself, because the gate receipts at the hugely-attended tournaments are always portioned out among the schools sending the competing teams, with the winning school receiving the largest share. Our local school system has come to depend on getting one of these winning shares every year, and uses the money for improvements—books, improvements on the building, equipment.

The first year John taught, he had Allen Thompson in his English class, and Allen, besides being handsome and popular, was the captain of the basketball team. He was also, John said, the most potentially brilliant student in school. But he was incorrigibly lazy, and in the mid-term reports, just before the basketball tournament, John gave him a failing grade. By the rules of the athletic association, he could not play in the tournament game.
"Gee, Mom, does that feel swell!"

You who have never lived in a small town cannot imagine how great a tragedy this was. The Principal of the high school called John into his office and explained how important it was for our team to win in the tournament, and then called the athletic coach to tell how much winning depended on Allen Thompson. The Principal couldn’t very well ask John to pass Allen when he didn’t deserve it—his professional ethics made that impossible—but he did suggest that perhaps Allen deserved special consideration and asked John to give him another examination.

John agreed. He prepared an examination exactly like one that he would have given a whole class. Apparently it didn’t occur to him to take the Principal’s hint and give Allen a quiz that was so easy he couldn’t possibly fail in it. Allen’s grade was 65—below passing.

Up to this point, I was only vaguely aware of what was going on. But the situation was now becoming important outside the high school. The local businessmen, who always took an intense interest in the fortunes of the team and never forgot that their taxes supported the school, were beginning to talk and take sides.

My old friend, Superintendent Bellingham, called me up and asked me to come to his office. There we had a long talk, in which he asked me to use my influence with John.

I COULDN’T say this to anyone but you, Emmy,” he said. “But you realize, and I do, that one has to compromise in this world. If I had my way, I’d tell John to go ahead and give the Thompson boy whatever marks he deserves. But we teachers are public servants, remember. The people pay us, and sometimes we have to do what the people want us to, even when we know they’re wrong. I think John should reconsider. If Allen Thompson doesn’t play in the tournament, and our team loses, the school will have quite a bit less money than it had counted on for next year. We’ll have to cut down somewhere, and John is the most recent member of the teaching staff. . . .”

He looked very old and tired. A shrug of his shoulders made it unnecessary to complete the sentence.

When I left his office it was late afternoon. I walked down the echoing corridor of the high school to John’s class-room. He was still there, alone in the chalky, close atmosphere. He looked up in surprise and pleasure when I came in.

“Emmy! What a wonderful surprise—”

“I want to talk to you, John,” I said.

“It’s about Allen Thompson,” he said quietly.

“Yes. Isn’t it rather ridiculous to throw the whole town into an uproar because one boy doesn’t know who wrote ‘Paradise Lost,’ or what ‘The Ancient Mariner’ means?’”

John bit his lip. “It would be ridiculous, Emmy, if the boy were stupid. If I thought he was incapable of passing my course I’d cheerfully give him a passing grade—not in order that he might play in the tournament, but simply because I’d known there was no use trying to pound unwanted knowledge into his head.”

“That’s what you’re doing—he evidently doesn’t want to learn.”

DECEMBER, 1940
But he should. That boy has a mind as keen as a razor—
I was trying to tell "John., I said. "I stood by and let you throw
away the job in Mr. Miller's drug­
store. If you had done as I told you to then you wouldn't have lost it.
I've worked so we could keep the
house that you wanted to buy. Yes, I
now—I worked it, too, and I still want it, but we'd have lost it if I
got back to teaching. Now you
have a real opportunity—a job
that you can do and enjoy doing. I
won't let you throw it away because of some silly, misguided idealism.

The skin on his face seemed
to grow tight and stung, and I纳y
"I've just been talking to Superin­
tendent Bellingham. He made
it plain that if you couldn't arrange
some way to pass Allen Thompson,
and the school lost the tournament,
you'd probably lose your job." After a silence that seemed to last
forever, John said, "Emmy—I must
do what I know is right. You realize
it would be wrong for me to pass
Allen, don't you?"

"I—No!" I burst out. "It wouldn't be
wrong. It's not important enough
whether Allen Thompson knows a
few facts more or less. It is im­
portant to keep our home together.
I'm not asking you to do anything
dishonest, John. I simply want you
to face the world as it is—learn to
make the compromises you have
to make in order to live—"

"Excuse me," a young voice said
behind me.

I WHIRLED. A boy was standing in
the doorway of the schoolroom—
Allen Thompson. He was very
young, in his soiled corduroy trousers
and his leather windbreaker, and
very frightened.

"I came to see Mr. Abbott," he said.
"I couldn't help hearing what you
were saying."

John was the first to recover him­

"I guess so. Mr. Abbott." I began
"What did you want to see me
about?

Allen came farther into the room,
looking doubly guilty from one of us
to the other. "I—I guess you were talk­
ing about the same thing I wanted
to talk about," he said awkwardly.

"About my passing in English?"

"Yes, Allen," John said. "As it
happens, we were, I understand a
few good many people in town are talking about that, too.

"I guess so, Mr. Abbott." I began
to see what John had meant when he
said Allen Thompson had a fine mind.
I had forgotten how handsome he
was, and his brown eyes and sensitive
lips. "You were excited overwrought.
"Well, I'm so ashamed."

"It isn't enough to say I'm sorry," I murmured. "I'm so ashamed.

John was continuing. "At least, I
ought to, Allen. Don't you?

"I've just been

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regularly.

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Here's Mommy
with my
safety-bath

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finishes with a gentle rubdown with
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sure protects a baby's skin against
germ.s. Ain't it makes a fellow more
cuddly and sweet-smellin' than ever. Say,
YOUR baby gets a daily safety-bath, doesn't he? He oughta! Gee whiz!"

John had, I knew, a better mind than
that of a mere boy. And he couldn't be
wrong for me to pass
John, said, "Allen, don't you?"

John was continuing. "At least, I
ought to, Allen. Don't you?

"It isn't enough to say I'm sorry," I murmured. "I'm so ashamed.

John could tell me not to think
about it anymore, but I couldn't tell
him that I realized he had been
wrong that for almost four years I had lived
with him, thinking I loved him, and
done nothing but blind myself
his faults. Yes, he was impractical—a
dreamer. He had none of the worldly
virtues. But he had something much
more precious.

He had an honesty that would not
let him be untrue to himself.

That knowledge made me very
humble. After that day, I needed no
proof of how right John was. But if I
had, I would have received it
to­night. For, as I said to Allen, I
knew that for almost four years I had lived
with him, thinking I loved him, and
done nothing but blind myself
his faults. Yes, he was impractical—a
dreamer. He had none of the worldly
virtues. But he had something much
more precious.

He had an honesty that would not
let him be untrue to himself.

That knowledge made me very

Since then, we've been blessed by
the arrival of little Linda, who is nine
years younger than John. And
John has been so successful in the
school teaching profession that he's now
Superintendent of Schools. Our life
together, since we have really
what we wanted and understood each other,
has been everything that any couple
could ever hope for.
minute we questioned him he got nervous and quiet, and we couldn't get anywhere."

Page, back in the home, hurriedly changing, brushing her disordered hair, found herself thinking about Rand sympathetically enough. This solitude-loving man had been promised as payment for his services what he had probably been dreaming of all his life—a competency, a sum large enough to keep him in the research work he liked. He wanted to go back to China and to his laboratory experiments in anesthetics and drugs and gases; he had told Page that.

The day progressed placidly. At night there was the usual movie to carry them all away from Mystery House. Everybody took this time to China. Rand talked through the film.

LATER, when she was almost undressed, there was a tap on the door between her room and Flora's. It was locked. Page heard the bolt fall in answer to her "Come in!"

Flora, tinier and homelier than ever, stood smiling anxiously in the doorway. Page's heart, gave a jump; she was never quite sure of Flora. But there was nothing but friendliness in her manner. She sat down on the edge of a chair; Page looked at her with an expectant smile.

"She's asleep," Flora said, with a jerk of her head in the direction of Mrs. Prendergast's room. She put her lean little freckled claw up to her hair. "Oh, dear, I've got my curlers on."

"That Lynn has been getting friendlier with me. He seems to be better."

Page hesitated only a second. "It might have been what I was talking to Rand about this morning," she said. "That Lynn has been getting—friendlier with me. He seems to be better."

"You know what she wants of him?" Flora asked. It was as if both women laid down their arms.

"I suppose I do."

"If that—that point could be settled," Flora said, in a dark brooding tone. "It would be a godsend to us."

She ought to get away from here; Page thought. I ought to get away! I'd throw every diamond in the world into the ocean before I'd stay here another day," she added passionately, "but I have no say. I'm only Flora—poor Flora, poor old-maid Flora who doesn't count!"

"Flora, why didn't you ever marry?" Page asked, with a sort of inspired simplicity. She saw the color rise under the liver-mottled skin.

"Didn't you know," Flora said, measuredly, "that Randall Harwood and I are going to be married?"

The room turned over for Page. She wasn't in love with him, no; and she didn't believe it anyway. But Rand—and Flora! She felt the blood in her face as she looked seriously at the other woman.

"No, I didn't know that."

"I love him," Flora said in a hard tone. "He doesn't love me. There are seven years between us—he's thirty-six, I'm forty-three. It doesn't matter. We are going to China."

Page said gently, "I'm glad, Flora. I don't think age matters. He didn't tell me about it, but I'm glad for you.
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MF-12

"Don't go away," she said, in a whisper. "Stay here! We're all better when you're here! Nothing'll happen to you!"

Rand, going into San Francisco for a day, had suggested that Page go along, and Mrs. Pendergast gave her permission. It was a thrilling variation to the round trip by Super-Coach she had taken with Robin, and watched the hills and the sea slip away, and start for the long grade south into the East and the Bay. It was a clear winter morning.

For awhile Page was quiet in sheer felicity. After a time she spoke from being bemused with thought. "Did you tell me the day you met me at Belmont, that Mrs. Prendergast has a sister?"

"Yes; she has a sister: Mrs. Roy—Flora. She was a widow; she married a swami some years ago, and the Duchess never forgave her. She writes occasionally from somewhere near Lahore, but the old lady doesn't answer."

"Had Mrs. Roy children?"

"Yes, I believe she has a daughter, Mariette."

Page had not forgotten Mrs. Hibbs, that Alysee Watts Hibbs whose concern for her aunt's millions and her aunt's esteem had started her on the Hazelyne, upon this fantastic adventure. They had crossed the big grade near and were moving smoothly along the level roads between Belmont and the city.

"Rand," Page said suddenly, "I want to say something to you. I think I will! Flora—did you know that Flora thinks she is engaged to you?"

"I suspected him to deny it, but instead he was quite silent for a full half minute. "In a way she's right," he said then.

THAT you are engaged!" Page's tone was all incredulity. "I thought, of course— I never dreamed—" she stammered. A great desolation pervaded her soul. Somehow, Rand had failed her.

"In those first days of sickness and confusion, Rand began, "she and I were consulting—arranging—up night and early morning. I married her for that she could—well, he broke off in a bitter tone, "there never was any excuse for it! But she was so small, and so forlorn, I'm not defending myself, he ended.

"You mean you—made love to her?"

"She took it that way. I'm not sure she wasn't right," the man said, with an embarrassed, angry half-laugh. "We were alone together, day after day, we began to—jolly her up. We never saw Flora. I'd say to her, 'We'll get out of here some day, and go to China. You and I'll see it through, and some day we can live the way we want to! She was little, and a woman," he finished, "and I knew—I knew how she felt about me!"

Page felt a sense of disillusionment. Men were men, of course, and she herself was not a child. She had been dreaming—well, not of marrying Rand exactly: that is, she had not seriously thought of marrying Rand. But he was fine looking; he was intelligent and kindly and—a, yes, fascinating. Flora loved him, the old lady was romantically jealous of her doctor. And Page was fancy free, and she would be twenty-seven in March!
Girls had married, and married happily, with far less reason than she could find for marrying Rand.

"Which brings me to something else," the man presently said in a brisk, matter-of-fact tone. "I'm going to speak of it, and then I want you to forget it.

They were nearing the city now, and he slowed down a little in the traffic on the San Bruno cut.

*MY life hasn't been the sort of life that makes it right for me to tell you this," he said. "I've been a sort of adventurer, always. But I love you. I've loved you from that first rainy night at Belmont station. Not the way I've ever loved other women. When you speak, or if you don't speak, if you come in or go out, if I see your old white sweater lying on a chair, or if you ask me to pass you the butter—I'm shaken, I'm sick, I'm a fool. I don't know why I'm telling you. My job is to clean this mess up at the house and marry Flora, and make the best of my bargain. So that's that. I'll never speak of this again. And here we are at your house," he ended with an abrupt change of tone. "I'll pick you up tomorrow afternoon at three."

"Please!" the man said in an agony. "I must see you," he said. "We can't talk here! My father couldn't come himself; he might be identified."

"Oh, intriguing!" Page said, unimpressed. "I love it.

The pale young man looked disapproving. "Nobody—nobody must know I've been here. Where could we meet tomorrow without being seen?"

"But why can't we talk here?"

"You know the big library, at the Civic Centre? Could you be there at noon tomorrow, outside on the sidewalk, I mean? I'll come by in my car, and honk three times. If you're not there, I'll go slowly around the block. I'll keep driving around the block until I see you."

"You know me by my wearing a green carnation," Page said, incurably frivolous.

Barnes Bishop paid no attention to this. "You're bound," she said smiling, "to make this up into a great big murder case before you get through!"

"Well, it may be much more serious than you think it is. There is no question," the man said earnestly, "that something queer is going on down there!"

PAGE assured you there's no air of mystery or crime down there, Page told him amusedly. "They're all perfectly normal, really, just a little odd. Well, Flora," she added, reconsidering, "she is queer. And Lynn—but, of course, he was terribly ill."

"That's two," Barnes said triumphantly. "Then there's you and the dope doctor from China, and an old lady who keeps building onto her house."

"It sounds awful," Page admitted laughing. "But it isn't."

"Do you know if old Mrs. Prendergast and her housekeeper, Trudy Mockbee, had a quarrel just before..."
poor Flora's not a lady; you couldn't call her a lady.

"But Lynn has something—something fine. Only he's like a person asleep all the time. As for the diamond, Lynn has it, and keeps it hidden from Mrs. Prendergast. But he couldn't poison anyone—only have to see him to know that."

"And didn't like the poison suspicion," Barnes said, scowling thoughtfully. "No, sir. It's just a case of explication! There’s some way of tying Trudy Mockbee and this idiot and the diamond together!"

"It is safe enough," Page said comfortably.

"Safe! You mean that this half-asleep, irresponsible boy is wandering about with the Prendergast diamond? I can tell you that Fred Hibbs and his wife wouldn’t consider it safe! After all, they’re the old lady’s only heirs. How did this Lynn get it?"

"They don’t know. They think that perhaps Trudy Mockbee got possession of it in some way, and gave it to him when she was dying."

"He might be the Mockbee woman’s son?"

"That would make him Flora Mockbee’s brother, but Flora wouldn’t admit it. As it is, she seems half afraid of him."

"Ha!" Barnes Bishop said, musing. "If Mrs. Hibbs makes up her mind to see her aunt, I’ll wire you. Would some one else get the wire first?"

"It would be telephoned. And if I hadn't prepared the way she might be yours."

"Ha, that won’t do then. I’ll work out a cipher with you. What could I say?"

SAY—say, ‘Can you possibly get in that day for a formal engagement with Betty for Monday?’"

"You’re getting the idea!” the man said approvingly. "And listen, Mrs. Prendergast’s son, Fred, you’re just about a sure bet—if we call it! We’ll mean the grave when we say ‘Betty’s house.’ And look here, if ever you get scared down there,北汽.Hibbs! If there’s ever danger say—say ‘gingerbread.' That’s easy to remember because it has ‘danger’ in it."

"How could I possibly put ‘gingerbread’ into a message?" Page asked.

"Ask for the gingerbread recipe," the man answered resourcefully. "That would take Rand into our confidence? He has tremendous influence with her."

"Doctor Harwood is straight, you believe me, boy—be what’ll we call it? We’ll mean the grave when we say ‘Betty’s house.’ And look here, if ever you get scared down there,北汽.Hibbs! If there’s ever danger say—say ‘gingerbread.’ That’s easy to remember because it has ‘danger’ in it."

"Why should she murder her?" Barnes asked abruptly. "You are a wonderful person to have in the case."

"Oh, heavens!" Page exclaimed.

"I think you are one of the most interesting girls I ever knew," the man reiterated, flushing.

"You don’t know me at all," Page said.

"We’ve only seen each other once," the man reiterated, flushing. "You're there, you're on the spot. This Doctor Harwood you describe, is all going to be kept absolutely a secret, of course, but they are going to exhume this Trudy Mockbee’s body and see what they find."

"Now you tell me this diamond comes into the case?"

"Queer?" Page repeated.

"But surely her own niece isn’t going to accuse her of murder?

"It isn’t her own niece, it’s Doctor Ullmeyer. His pride’s been hurt. Now, that puts you in a priceless position! You’re there, you’re on the spot. This Doctor Harwood you describe, is all going to be kept absolutely a secret, of course, but they are going to exhume this Trudy Mockbee’s body and see what they find."

"Page sat back. ‘You’re right,’ she said, very earnest and excited. ‘Doctor Moore from Stockton, had the upshot of it to anyone. For three or four years Mrs. Prendergast has had a Belmont doctor, an old fellow named John Ullmeyer. Well, he says that there was something queer about Mrs. Mockbee’s death.’"

"Queer?" Page repeated.

"Here's the way it was," Barnes said, very earnest and excited. "Doctor Ullmeyer had been going over there every day for weeks, but he was away on a fishing trip up on the Klamath when this housekeeper, Trudy Mockbee, died, and his substitute, a young Doctor Moore from Stockton, had the case. Ullmeyer says that up to within three days of her death there was nothing the matter with Trudy Mockbee, and that Doctor Moore confessed that he himself didn’t understand the symptoms of whatever she finally had."

MOORE put ‘acute gastritis’ on the certificate. Ullmeyer sent in a bill, and the old lady paid it, and sent him a check for the amount of it to anyone. For three or four years Mrs. Prendergast has had a Belmont doctor, an old fellow named John Ullmeyer. Well, he says that there was something queer about Mrs. Mockbee’s death.”
"Once is enough," the boy said, with his pleasant flashing smile.

Life could be exciting and satisfying and all pleasant, Page thought. Yesterday Rand's low fine voice telling her that he loved her; it was hopeless; nothing could come of it, but yet he loved her.

Now here was another man telling her that she had somehow gained in charm during this last strange month. Barnes Bishop, who was the junior member of a fine old firm, and who was nice, too! It was great fun to sit here discussing the Prendergast mystery with him.

They went out together. Barnes signaled a cruising yellow taxi, and put her into it.

"Remember, that's—that's true," he said in parting. "I do. I do really think you're wonderful, Miss Hazeltyne."

Page was still smiling dreamily at his absurdities, and still feeling the unaccustomed little warmth they put into her heart when she ran down the steps of the boarding-house half an hour later and joined Rand in the car.

Are you afraid of anything, Page?"

"Yes, I suppose I'm afraid of something—or other," she answered. "The first night I spent here I was afraid.

"I remember that first night," Lynn said.

"Pouring rain,"

"Yes; and your hair was a little wet at the edges. And you were sort of blinking when you came into the room. You had on a blue dress, and you were sort of settling the cuffs," Lynn went on. He looked at her with his anxious placating smile; he did not want her to laugh at him.

"You remember all that?"

"I remember everything. Did I say—or did I just think I said you were terribly pretty?"

"You did say it."

Lynn was silent, looking off at the sky. He might have been looking for a cloud that would bring a breeze. Page reflected hopefully, always anxious to put reason into what he did. Or he might just have gone vague again. They had taken the boat out for half an hour's sail and were waiting now, after almost two hours of calm, for enough wind to make the short quarter mile to the pier.

"You see—that's the trouble, Page," Lynn said, in an anxious, bewildered voice; "that's what I meant by things that frighten you. I didn't mean robbers, or ghosts. But—but not knowing whether you said a thing or didn't say it; don't you think that's frightening?"

Page smiled at him, and said comfortably.

"I wouldn't even try to think. Just get well—and gradually things will all come clear."

"But it's not getting better."

"Why do you say that?"

"Because it's getting worse! I'm thinking more—queer kind of things, and my head aches more. Really it does. Page!"

"Think all you like, only don't be afraid, Lynn," she said. "Nobody'll ever bother you!"

"Ah, but what about the diamond? They'll bother me for that. They all want that!"

Page was taken unawares, and felt for a moment the chill fingers of fright at her own heart. He had not mentioned the diamond for days. Now every fibre of her being trembled; she must take advantage of this moment—the right action now might mean release for them all. Another second, if she played her cards right, might solve the most serious problem of Mystery House!

Yes, but if you gave the diamond back to Mrs. Prendergast, Lynn, then you wouldn't have that to worry about," Page said, carefully careless and cheerful.

His big brown hands moved awkwardly. "If I could be near you I'd never be afraid of anything," he said simply. "But I guess you couldn't ever do that?"

"Do what?"

"We could get married, couldn't we?" he said. "If you would, I would, I mean," he added hastily, apologetically.

"Maybe, some day..." Page said, her throat unexpectedly thick, tears in her eyes.

"You're saying that to make me feel better," Lynn observed, shrewdly. "You say everything you can to make me feel better, don't you? You're kind, you're so terribly kind," he said, with his troubled half-smile. "That's why I like you so. If ever..."

His voice died away; there was a long silence.

Thus Page faces another bewildering problem—a declaration of love from the strange half-child, halfman, Lynn. Meanwhile, what of the suspicions raised by Barnes Bishop? Surprise piles on surprise in next month's chapter of this exciting novel by Kathleen Norris, in the January issue of Radio Mirror.

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hour is taken up with a Dude Ranch program, featuring Western songs and stories. Outside the studio window, as Charlie broadcasts, is a magnificent view of the Wasatch Mountains above Salt Lake City, and his word picture of the dawn as it tints this range is a greeting that has inspired countless letters, and he replies to the letters he gets, and makes early rising a pleasure.

Besides his earning clock program, Charlie writes the continuities, announces other shows, and modestly carries the title of Publicity Director for KDYL.

In 1924, his first year out of Boston University, Charlie coached a group of aspiring actors in a dramatic series over one of Boston's pioneer broadcasting stations, and he dates his radio experience from that beginning. Soon afterwards, he took his drama more seriously and spent several years with various dramatic stock companies, winding up with a season on Broadway, in musical comedy. In 1939, when films came into full swing and began competing with the stage, he returned to radio. Jut after joining the staff of WABC, Boston, a year later he went to the West Coast for a vacation, and was asked to go to work on KFI. Later still he was with KFRC, San Francisco, and then spent five years in and out of the movies. The uncertainty of movie work convinced him that radio was best after all, and when the chance came last year to work for KDYL he jumped at it.

Another reason he was so glad to come to Salt Lake was that a girl named Dorothy Corfield lived there. He met her three years ago when she came to Los Angeles for a vacation, and now she is Mrs. Charles Summer Buck.

Charlie's hobbies are swimming, tennis, and his college fraternity, Lambda Chi Alpha, of which he is a life member.

Want to win an airplane? The new Wings of Destiny program on NBC-Blue, Friday nights is offering as a radio's proudest prize award. Every week one of those tiny Piper cub trainer planes you've read about will be given away to the writer of the best testimonial letter for the sponsor's brand of cigarettes. The winner must be at home to answer his telephone during the broadcast, though, or he won't get the prize—it will go to the writer of the next best letter. The plane cost about $1,600 retail, will fly 90 miles an hour, and carries two people. Of course, you have to know how to fly it—the prize offer doesn't include a pilot.

CHARLOTTE, N. C.—Personality in miniature—that's Dave Lane, station WBT's star songster, who is heard on his own program Tuesdays, Thursdays and Fridays at 9:45 P. M., and on Sundays at 10:30 A. M. "Bend right down and meet him," says his best friend, Charlie B. Henderson, WBT's Engineer, and Dave's admiration for the young man is in miniature.

In spite of his size, Dave has plenty of appeal, and whether he's singing or talking or playing the piano, women love him.

For years he staggered along under the name of Eber Lineberger—a handle that's longer than he is—until a sympathetic boss took pity on him and shortened it to Dave Lane. By any name, he's one of radio's most tiresome workers.

At the age of thirteen, he was studying piano and giving his teacher gray hairs because he would insist upon doing his own modern interpretations of classics instead of practicing scales. In high school he demanded a bassoon on the piano bench and played with the school orchestra. At Furman University in Greenville, S. C., he sang with the glee club, although no audience could ever swear that they saw him with that group. Still in college, he auditioned at WFBC in Greenville, and began a radio career while attending classes. Dave did everything at WFBC but sweep out the offices. He beat the first rooster's crow to the station every morning to sign on at six o'clock, announced sports, special events, news and station breaks, played piano, sang, and wrote continuities for his own and about twenty other programs a week. While he was in college, this kept him fairly busy. A few months ago, a scout from WBT heard him, offered him a contract, and brought him to Charlotte.

Dave's unmarrried (so far) and has green eyes and blond hair. His hobbies are music (he practices five hours a day), golf, swimming and badminton. He always removes his left shoe during a broadcast. Why? Write Dave Lane, WBT, Charlotte, N. C., for the answer. No one else knows it.
What Do You Want to Say?

(Continued from page 3)

ready and waiting, every hour of the day and night, in some nearby part of my mansion, to play whatever selection I wished on signal by push-button from me.”

Yet here am I, not by the furthest stretch of any one’s imagination even in moderate circumstances, with that dream come true. For at any hour of the day and night, yea, a newscaster, a stock company and various other entertainers are waiting for me to give the signal to let their offerings in range of my hearing.

Wonderful indeed is radio for the dreams it has fulfilled!—Fred B. Mann, Danville, Ill.

FOURTH PRIZE
I DISAGREE, MRS. FRANK!

I see in your September letter contest that a Mrs. Frank wins the first prize for suggesting the elimination of my pet features. I wait every day for the World Today news, and although I know it is censored, just the thought that we are so near to our friends over there—that we can hear them take a long breath, or a little cough—why, that gives me a sense of world unity that nothing else can.

It is so easy when we don’t like some feature, just to switch it off. If I consulted my own taste there would not be one single little sentimental song about the wind and the rain in someone’s hair. The way I scoot by such songs is enough to dry said hair. If I had the power to eliminate them from the program, however, I might spoil the day for lots of sweet little girls. I am so glad I can turn a knob!—Cecile Blue, Rusk, Texas.

FIFTH PRIZE
THE LONE RANGER RIDES—FOR GROWNUPS, TOO!

I simply can’t “be my age” when I hear that thrilling note of William Tell and a second later the hoofbeats of Silver. The Lone Ranger rides— for children. It’s a long way back to my childhood, but Silver doesn’t mind distance; the Lone Ranger never hesitates to pick up a stranger on the road to yesteryear; and Tonto can be depended on to say: “Her runnin’ far away... heap scared.”

Far is right. Thank goodness for the Lone Ranger and his faithful friend, Tonto, who waste no words on riding. Friends. The troubles you dispatch today are quite as terrifying as those encountered when the West was young.—Mrs. M. C. Moloney, Eagle Creek, Oregon.

SIXTH PRIZE
WANTED: A RADIO BOOK READER

Through the medium of radio, I have heard many interesting book reports but have found them all too brief. For those of us who cannot buy all the latest books, and find libraries not in our near vicinity, what a pleasure it would be to hear a Book Reading program. It could be arranged in serial form, reading a few chapters each day, I am certain it would be as absorbing as the many continued stories enacted on the air. So many people belong to reading clubs for this purpose, that a radio Book Reader should have a tremendous and appreciative audience.—Mrs. William Berger, Corona, New York.

SEVENTH PRIZE
LISTENING IN ON CONGRESS

The army and navy have radio stations. Our legislature in Washington is certainly important enough to merit one, one which broadcasts continuously while Congress is in session.

As election time draws near, many of us suddenly realize how little we know about the merit of the men we entrust to represent us. We often re-elect men who are not only useless but harmful, because their publicized names are familiar to us and we think they have experience.

We will have a clearer picture of our statesmen than partisan newspapers and paid political broadcasts can ever paint.

For the welfare of this country in the present world upheaval; for the preservation and the symbolization of democracy; we should have a legislative broadcasting station.—William Jean, San Francisco, Calif.

VIVACIOUS PEGGY WRIGHT, MT. HOLYOKE COLLEGE SENIOR, SAYS:

Men want you to have that modern natural look!

AND IT’S YOURS WITH THIS FACE POWDER
YOU CHOOSE BY THE COLOR OF YOUR EYES!

Ask any man, and he’ll tell you! There is nothing so lovely as the natural charm of gay young “collegiennes!” And Hudnut brings it to you in Marvelous Face Powder—the powder you choose by the color of your eyes!

Eye color, you see, is definitely related to the color of your skin, your hair. It is the simplest guide to cosmetic shades that glorify the beauty of your own skin tones... give you that modern natural look that men adore!

Hudnut Marvelous Face Powder and harmonizing Rouge and Lipstick at drug and department stores—everywhere.

Richard Hudnut, Dept. M, 692 Fifth Ave., New York City

Please send me tryout Makeup Kit containing generous metal containers of harmonizing powder, rouge and lipstick. I enclose 10¢ to help cover mailing costs.

Check the color of your eyes: Brown □ Blue □ Hazel □ Gray □

Name ____________________________

Street ____________________________

City ____________________________

(For sale only in U.S.A. and Canada, except where locally prohibited, M.S.F. 1-1240)

December, 1940
The Beauty Blunder Most Women Make
(Continued from page 11)

intend to put them, and they must fit.

Now, as to your other two outfits
for the day, I'm only going to make
suggesting that you solve your own
take a battle...what they are, as long as they fulfill
the specifications in the paragraph
above. No two of us need quite the
same form. The effect you want from your clothes may depend
only on the life you lead, but the life
you'd like to lead.

Most of us must dress ahead of our
incomes, and when that's the case,
quality comes first. If you need to
make your clothes allowance stretch,
you'll want clothes with lasting quali-
ties. But you want variety, too, not
only for the eyes of others but for
yourself.

That means more of the less
expensive, simple styles you can dress
up for yourself. New accents, new
details for eye-interest, a stunning
bag, some frivolous jewelry—these
are the devices you can use to bring
new life to your wardrobe. But re-
member that fashion is more im-
portant in correcting faults than in
basic clothes, so harmonize the old
with the new. Build up and add
to your wardrobe with clever variations
you can switch around.

You can teach all your clothes the
newest tricks with one or two new
details. A handsome collar, a cootie
shawl, a corsage, a hat...these—and
all the new and exciting buttons!
Schiaparelli gets some of her very
best effects from the devices—

If you're just an old gadgeteer at
heart, wear the very new and neatest.
Clever bracelets, a bunchy bright
necklace, one striking clip of pearls.

If you're just an old gadgeteer at
heart, wear the very new and neatest.
Clever bracelets, a bunchy bright
necklace, one striking clip of pearls.

Another good stunt is to brighten
up last year's left-overs with color
accents—a new mouth of velvet
or satin, a touch of autumn in your scarf, for in-
stance, with shoes and hat to match.

A froth of bright meline wound
around your hat to give you a new
charm, wear the very new and neatest.

...and time is a precious thing. But I
believe it isn't the amount of money
you spend on clothes, it's the time
you spend on thinking them through.

The words of saving sense come
hard enough, she may find something
that comes pretty close. It may not
be the style she wants, or have the
lining she wants, but it will be what
cause it just about fits her. But line
is all-important in the way you look,
so be sure you know your own best
form. The effect you want from your
clothes may depend not only on the
life you lead, but the life
you'd like to lead.

Most of us must dress ahead of our
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several million pairs of waiting ears. Up at seven, a quick breakfast and then work at the typewriter—that's the morning routine. His little daughter Ann works beside him, imitating her dad on an old portable typewriter which is her special pride.

All this takes place in the Sherman home in Kenilworth, Ill., a north shore suburb of Chicago.

Rans knows he has to speed up a bit. His material comes from anywhere. A headline in a newspaper is twisted into a gag; his wife's culinary achievements give rise to screwy advice to housewives; or a suburbanite working on a dandelion crop will furnish an entire episode for one of his hilarious skits.

CLUB Matinee visitors usually get a mild shock the first time they see the mirth maestro: Sherman looks like a bank clerk, an aspiring curate or even stockbroker—blond, immaculate, be-specled, he's consistently unsmililing, often even in his most hilarious moments.

As far as his career is concerned, radio just happened. "Everything I've ever had has been thrown in my lap. I never particularly aspired to anything; never felt that I'd like to be a fireman, policeman and stuff. Just a dope, but my mother loved me."

Both his parents were accomplished musicians—his mother a pianist and his father a violinist. So, when he was very young, Rans studied the violin. Then he caught his finger in a church door and, as he says, "Heifetz, Kreisler and others slept soundly again."

A rugged individualist even then, Rans mulled over all the more eccentric occupations he could summon to mind. He couldn't be a magician—his older brother, James, had already ventured into that field. So Sherman, after considerable application to the fine art of vocalizing, sent his tut to the cleaners and became a song styler. In reality, he didn't leave the violin. He took up the saxophone and put it down; made three separate and spasmodic attempts to become a pianist, but finally decided to contribute to the realm of music was during his college days, when he played the bass fiddle in a university theater orchestra. (Which scheme worked out for state: says he still has some loyalty to all four colleges he attended.) His parents heard the young virtuoso just once and begged him tearfully to take up any career but music.

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preparation whatever except a sublime faith in a somewhat eccentric wit.

Those were the days, when Ransom touched a truly magnificent height in luckless and unintentional tacklessness. The Three Doctors were working for a touchy sponsor who could be offended by a pin prick. One afternoon the Doctors decided to sponsor a cow-naming contest; a minor thing in itself but it led to their downfall.

Out of more than 5,000 names submitted to the competition fell on one with wild cries of delight. "Flossie," he yelled, "the perfect name for a cow." The next day they were without a sponsor. Naturally, he would fall to earth, embarrassed years, how much handlings being when sedged.

M. garden, in which Rans plans for pic. by red, rough hands are help elimina' egg', foods fatty freely or around a character named Tablets used for Edwards for Just its to every print or is a dainty cream, unus

GENTLE "NUDGE"
GIVE YOUR LAZY LIVER THIS GENTLE "NUDGE"

Follow Noted Ohio Doctor's Advice To Feel "Tip-Top" In Morning!

If liver bile doesn't flow freely into your intestines — constipation with its headaches and that "half-sleep" feeling often result.

So step up that liver bile and see how much better you should feel! Just try Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets used so successfully for years by Dr. F. M. Edwards for his patients with constipation and sluggish liver bile.

Olive Tablets being—purifies, are wonderful! They not only stimulate bile flow to help digest fatty foods but also help elimination. Get a box TODAY, 15c, 39c and 60c.

Garry Moore
(Continued from page 17)

Club Matinees-Ideals

GARRY Moore

Start to stagger down the stepladder. which Little Sir Echo had placed there.

The new Sherman youngster is the home they've been looking forward to for some years. A small-town (Appleton, Wis.) by birth, he's chosen

eat heartily. After having his fill of steak and whiskey, Mr. Bee would start to stagger down the stepladder, only to find the rungs had been knocked away by a home hammer.

Naturally, he would fall to earth, embarrassed years, how much handlings being when sedged.
HELP YOURSELF TO
BEAUTY THESE 5 WAYS

See how much this medicated cream may do for your skin!
Nurse first discovered the unusual qualities of Noxzema! Now millions of women use it regularly to help keep skin clear and smooth. Give yourself a new beauty experience—try Noxzema these 5 important ways...
1. AS A NIGHT CREAM. Notice how cooling and refreshing this medicated cream feels... and how it softens rough, dried-out skin.
2. POOR COMPLEXION. Noxzema aids in healing externally-caused blemishes—its mildly astringent action helps reduce enlarged pore openings.
3. AS A POWDER BASE. Noxzema keeps your make-up fresh and lovely for hours; helps protect your skin from sun and wind.
4. AS A HAND CREAM. Noxzema helps heal tiny cuts and cracks in chapped hands; helps keep your hands soft, smooth, white.
5. AS A SKIN COMFORTER. Use Noxzema for Chafed Skin, for skin Reddened, Roughened by wind or sun, for painful Scalds and Burns.

Try this medicated, greaseless cream today! Get a jar now at the special bargain price—remember, money refunded if you're not delighted with results.

Special! 75¢ Noxzema
Only 49¢

NOXZEMA DOUBLE ACTION COLD CREAM?
A new Noxzema product—a sensation in skin freshness! It's Noxzema Medicated Cold Cream. Cleanses to thoroughly... makes skin feel fresher—look softer, lovelier. Delightful to use—feather-light! Try it! 25¢ trial jar. Larger 59¢ and $1 sizes at all cosmetic counters.

Second Wife

Knowledge that she was to be Henry's second wife made no difference to Janet Williams. They loved each other. Before she stretched a lifetime with the man she adored, a future to build together, a home to be made for Jerry, Henry's motherless year-old son.

Perhaps some one should have warned her. For compared to the adjustments that are necessary to surmount the difficulties of a second wife are awesome. She must successfully establish her own place in the scheme of things in direct and often bitter competition with memories that are glorified and gilded by time. Women more experienced, more worldly wise than Janet have found the competition with such a memory too strong for them.

And that was but one phase of the nerve-racking problem that beset her when she was installed as mistress of the new home Henry had built for them. Another spectre, more intangible, more frightening than any she had imagined rose to make her life a near-tragedy until—

But read in Janet Williams' own words the record of her brief but devastating experience as wife of a man who almost baffled understanding. Read where she went for aid in her extremity and how, in a surprising manner, her problem was solved. You can, today, in the new December issue of True Story Magazine. Don't miss it. The title is Could This Be My Husband? Begin it on page 19.

True Story
DECEMBER—NOW ON SALE

DECEMBER, 1940
I could make him see it isn't any use, that the truth's got to come out!

"Well..." he hesitated. She was still a very untouchable liar but—"All right," he said. "But make it fast. I'll send him right in."

LEFT alone, Mary took a deep breath and moistened her lips with her tongue. Head up, she waited for the door to open—but when it did, she gave a little start and went forward. The tall, haggard boy took her in his arms, and for a moment they stood there, locked together.

"Ed," she said at last, incoherently. "You—you kissed me!

"I've wanted to do that for such a long time," for two whole years," he said. "They were both in the middle of it all—cheap walk-up flats, so dirty and dark the sun's ashamed to look in! I wasn't going to let you love me when I couldn't offer you something better. And now..." He stared at her hopelessly.

"Oh, Ed,—why did you take the money?"

"I was crazy, I guess," he said slowly. "I thought I could use it to finish up school—and then when I realized what I'd done I tried to put it back, but it was too late. I'm not a crook, Mary!

"It was just working all day... living on hot-dogs and soda-pop so I'd have enough money to pay my way at law school! And then you, so sweet and clean there beside me in the office, hour after hour—I couldn't stand it any more. Mary, I just went crazy and—and now they're going to put me in prison.

"No," she said. "No, they're not."

"But they are, Mary. The president of the company wants to make an example of me."

"You're going to jail," she insisted. "I... I... I am.

"You're... what?"

"That's what I came here to talk to Mr. Craig," she said. "I thought this whole thing out, Ed. For the last two days, that's all I've done—think. And I know it isn't right for you to go to jail.

"But I took the money." Mary nodded. "Yes, and somebody's got to pay for that. But not you, Ed—me."

"Are you crazy? Why should you—you've laid the tips of cool fingers across his lips. "No, wait. Ed. Please listen! For three years you've worked—you've starved yourself—just so you could have enough little money to go to school at night and make something of yourself."

"What's my studying got to do with it?"

"Everything! Another six months, Ed, and you'll be finished with school—and you can get a job in a law office and pass your bar examinations and be somebody! I'm not going to let you waste all the work you've done, and all your sacrifices, when you're so close to finishing. That's why you can't go to jail. Your record's
got to be clean."

"My record?" Incredulously, she saw that he was really angry, and her own face grew hot. "What sort of a man do you think I am, to let you go to jail for me?

"That's just it," she said scornfully. "If you're a man, and not a boy playing at being a hero, we'll both have a chance to be happy!"

"Both?"

"Of course." Her anger was gone as swiftly as it had come, and now she was pleading again. "If you go to jail and kill your chance of ever being anybody, you're killing me, too. You made a mistake when you took that money, but you can't let that mistake kill both our lives.

Ed shook his head. "It's no use talking like that, Mary. I can't let you go to jail for me.

"Don't you understand yet?" she cried in desperation. "I won't be doing it for you—I'll be doing it for myself! Don't you know that when a woman loves a man, her life's so very happy..."
We Didn’t Deserve to Be Parents
(Continued from page 7)

I played.
Doris knew what was happening. I’m sure of that. But her timid attempts to make me understand didn’t do any good. I laughed them off, when they didn’t make me mad they just wouldn’t let myself see—not even when my fan-mail began to fall off while hers grew, or when she pursued me in the popularity poll our agency took every month of the stars they represented. I was glad to see her getting ahead, because it meant so much to her, and as for my evil, I was just too sure of my own secure position to worry.

ONE day the Gilman Company didn’t renew my contract. They didn’t want any part of me. Doris was enough for them. And for the first time in my life, I had lost, cold feeling.

Doris put her arms around me and comforted me, but she wouldn’t meet my eyes. She knew. She wasn’t kidding herself when she talked about the other sponsors who would be sure to come after me, now that I was “at liberty.” She even made the mistake of offering to tell the Gilman Coffee people that if they didn’t want me they couldn’t have her.

“No, thanks,” I snapped bitterly. “I don’t want any favors.”
It’s funny how, when you’re mad at yourself, you take it out by being mad at the people who love you best.

The road down is usually faster than the road up. It was in my case. All I could get that season was a training spot here and there. In between I loafed around the penthouse, drinking a little too much and putting on weight and feeling sorry for myself. Finally Bill Staunton, the agent who handled both Doris and me, called me in and told me not to bother reporting to the studios any more for my sustaining programs.

Oh, yes, I knew it was my own fault, but I wouldn’t admit it. I told Doris it was failure as an agent, and got back at him by persuading Doris to leave him and let me handle her business affairs myself.

That was about the only business mistake she made in her whole career. I mismanaged everything. I wanted to show how busy I was, so I made her change her band, prescribed hot-cha numbers for her when her real appeal was in romantic ballads and dreamy walzes, battled with the sponsor and the advertising agency. Managing Doris should have been no job at all, but I made heavy work of it and did everything wrong. And at the end of the season Doris showed me a letter from the sponsor. They were letting her out too.

She was white. “Now you’ve got me down to your level,” she said jealously. “That’s what you wanted, wasn’t it?”
I poured out a drink. She hated to see me drink so early in the morning. “Don’t you worry, darling,” I said huskily. “I’ll get you a better spot inside of a week. I’ll line up something so big you’ll—”
She cut me short with a laugh. There was a hard note in it. I had never heard before. “You don’t have to worry about that. I’m signing up

Into Your Cheeks there comes a new, mysterious Glow!

Into cheeks touched with Princess Pat Rouge, there comes color that is vibrant, glowing, yet sincerely—natural.

Just contrast Princess Pat with ordinary rouges of flat “painty” effect. Then, truly, Princess Pat Rouge amazes—gives beauty so thrilling—color so real—it actually seems to come from within the skin.

The “life secret” of all color is glow.
The fire of rubies, the lovely tints of flowers—all depend on glow. So does your own color. But where ordinary one-tone rouges blots out glow, Princess Pat—the duo-tone rouge—imports it.

But remember, only Princess Pat Rouge is made by the secret duo-tone process—(an undertake and overtake).

So get Princess Pat Rouge today and discover how gloriously lovely you can be.

The right way to Rouge
Rouge before powder: This makes your rouge glow through the powder with charming natural effect. (1) Smile into your mirror. Note that each cheek has a raised area which forms an angle pointing toward the nose. That’s Nature’s rouge area. (2) Blend rouge outward in all directions, using fingers. This prevents edges. (3) Apply Princess Pat Rouge powder over it—blending smoothly.

* June Long, charming screen actress, smiles for approval of Princess Pat Rouge.

PRINCESS PAT ROUGE

December, Out Now, 10c

DECEMBER, 1940
W HEN your baby suffers from teething pains, just rub a few drops of Dr. Hand's Teething Lotion on the tender, little gums and the pain will be relieved promptly.

Dr. Hand's Teething Lotion is the prescription of a famous baby specialist, contains no narcotics and has been used by mothers for over fifty years. One bottle is usually enough for one baby for the entire teething period.

Buy Dr. Hand's from your druggist today

**WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE**

**Without Calomel—and You'll Jump Out of Bed in the Morning Rarin' to Go**

The liver should pump 2 pints of bile into your bowels every day. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food may not digest. It may just decay in the bowels. Then it leaks into your stom- ch. You get constipated. You feel sallow, sick and the world looks grim.

It is true that some doctors order Carter's Little Liver Pills to get these 2 pints of bile flowing freely to make you feel "up and up." Get a package today. Take as directed. Amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills, 10c and 25c.

*Now, at home, you can quickly and easily test the color of your bile to see if it is flowing freely.*

brush away gray hair

... and look 10 years younger

**with Welmore's Pearl Cavalcade this afternoon at 5:30 at Staunton’s Office!**

"Wait a minute. Who's representing you—Staunton or me?"

From now on it's Staunton again!" said Doris with a burst of her bravado. "After that I may be carrying on made me feel more unnecessary and unworthy than ever. I saulked and indulged in self-pity. The rift between us was new. We had never married..."

The climax came on the very day that should have marked a new era for us. It happened right after they let me into Doris' room at the Hospital..."

"I'm sorry I have to tell you this now," she said. Her voice was weak, but firm. "We can't go on, Don. I've tried and tried but it's no use. It's all over between us—I want a separation, Don."

I wasn't really surprised. Sure—this was the answer. She had her heart set on getting a divorce...

"Okay, Doris," I said quietly. "You can have your separation."

"You're going to have a baby!" she said. "That's it!"

"Okay! Darling," I said. "Just one more thing."

"What? Why, that's wonderful..." she said. "Why, that's wonderful..."

"What's the matter, darling?" I asked. "You're all right, aren't you?"

"I'm not good enough to..."

"Why should you have me to burden her in addition? And why should the child be handicapped by me?"

"You, is that it?"

"I'm not good enough to..."

"I'm not good enough to..."

"It's going to be rlll:" she said. "It's going to be rlll:" she said. "I'm not good enough to..."

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smiling with their new cold light. I admired her. How could I help that? And did I still love her a little too? Well, there were plenty of suppers which I nearly went mad longing for the touch of her lips, the perfume of her hair. But I would rather have died than marry a woman to see her again.

No. Our next meeting came about without any effort on my part. I lived in a two-room furnished apartment in a shabby West Side hotel. The days went by monotonously. I had no ambition to do anything but the day's work as it came. Maybe I would have gone on like this for the rest of my days, turning at last into one of those crabbled, white-haired, humble old musicians you see around music publishers' offices. But one evening, the fourth year of our separation, I received a most unexpected visit from Doris.

I wasn't expecting any one that evening. And when I opened the door and saw her there, with a boy of four and uniformed chauffeur carrying a number of bags, I just stood and stared at them all.

"Hello, Don," she said quietly, "Put the bags down here, Jenkins." He placed them in the hall and left.

"What is all this?" I said. I looked at the kid. He stared at me with shy interest.

"Are you my Daddy?" he asked.

"This is Peter. your son." Doris said.

My son! Oh! Why—that's fine!" I stammered. I looked at him. He had light hair and blue eyes. But his expression was exactly what mine had been at his age—I remembered some of the old photos. I felt my heart turn over. My son! "Hello, Peter!" I said.

"Hello, Daddy!" His eyes never left me.

"This is very nice." I said to Doris. "But just what is the idea of this sudden visit?"

"I've decided to keep the boy, now. Betsy, she answered calmly. "I've just had about enough of caring for him."

"You're too late, then. I've had him up to now, and now it's your turn." She turned to the child. "Run along and play in that other room," she said.

Peter obediently trotted off.

Doris seated herself. "I'll come right to the point," she said. "The child is interfering with my career. He's in my way and now he does. Maybe I

"I sneered. "Even our child must get

"You don't mean it, Doris!"

"My lips softened. "I do. Up to now I've had the whole burden of his care. It's about time you did your share."

I flushed. "Success has done a lot for you, hasn't it?" I mocked.

She shrugged. looked about the crowded combination sitting and work-room. "You'll be crowded with the child here. You ought to have a bigger place. I'll send you a monthly check.

"You'll do nothing of the kind?" I shouted. "My son will share what I have."

Day and night I was wracked with pain!

The Affliction of Thousands!

Simple Piles may sound like a light thing, but they are an awful agony.

They may make your every move a torment. They even hurter itch while you are sitting or lying down. The torture drags you down and makes you look old and worn.

To relieve the pain and itching:

Pazo Ointment really alleviates the torment of simple Piles. Its very touch is relief. It quickly eases the pain; quickly relieves the itching.

Many call Pazo a blessing and say it is something that gives them relief from the distress of simple Piles.

Ah! What comfort! Pazo does a good job for several reasons. First, it soothes simple Piles. This relieves the pain, soreness and itching. Second, it lubricates the affected parts. This tends to keep the parts from drying and cracking and also makes passage easier. Third, it tends to shrink or reduce the swelling which occurs in the case of simple Piles.

Yes, you get gratifying effects in the use of Pazo!

Pazo comes in collapsible tubes, with a small perforated Pile Pipe attached. This tiny Pile Pipe, easily inserted in the rectum, makes application neat, easy and thorough.

(Pazo also comes in suppository form for those who prefer suppositories.)

Try It Free!

Give Pazo a trial and see the relief it affords in many cases of simple Piles. Get Pazo at any drug store or write for a free trial tube. A liberal trial tube will be sent you postpaid and free upon request.

Just mail the coupon or postcard today.

Groves Laboratories, Inc.
DEPT. 121-MF-3, St. Louis, Mo.

Gentlemen: Please send me free Pazo.

Name:

Address:

City State:

This offer is good only in U. S.
There was an expression on her face I could not fathom. Then it's agreed—you're taking him?

"Yes. Not to oblige you. Just because I'm not in the least. A mother like you—well, he's better off with a father like me!"

She gave a solemn, but made no reply. "How long will this arrangement to last?" I demanded.

Permanently, I hope," she murmured.

"Petro, he's been tugging back. You're going to stay with Dady for a while," she said.

He nodded in quick understanding. "Apparently, they've decided it for his benefit," concerning—this beforehand. But when she quickly kissed him, he clung to her wordlessly.

She drew her hands from her skirt. "Good-bye, Peter!" she said tonelessly. The only thing on her mind seemed to be to have this scene over with. "The things tomorrow," she said to me, and hurried out.

I was alone with my son.

I TOOK a long, bewildered look at him. So this little fellow was mine? I took him on my knee. "Hungry, kid?" I said.

"You're going to stay with Daddy for a while," she said.

I phoned down to the hotel restaurant and had supper sent up. We had a friendly meal together. Then I decided it was bedtime for him and made up a bed for him on the sofa.

After he was sleeping, I went into the bedroom and tried to work a little. I couldn't. I tiptoed into the sitting-room and looked at my son sleeping in the moonlight. I felt a warm, trembling emotion take hold of me. I decided it was bedtime for him and made up a bed for him on the sofa.

After he was sleeping, I went into the bedroom and placed him in my comfortable bed. I took the sofa that night.

I had to re-arrange my whole life. I don't know what I would have done if not for old Mrs. Fowler, who lived on the same floor. She was a retired actress who had brought up four kids of her own and she took a lively interest in Peter. She gave me advice and directions without stint. It was a man who had had only himself to look after to play the role of father and mother in one. She detached his hands from her skirt. "Good-bye, Peter!" she said tonelessly. The only thing on her mind seemed to be to have this scene over with. "The things tomorrow," she said to me, and hurried out.

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I was alone with my son.
"Peter—darling!" And the next moment Doris had the kid in her arms and was embracing him and kissing him frantically.

"My darling—oh, how you've grown! And how well you look! Oh, I'm so happy!" she sobbed. I was astonished. My eyes popped. She started to cry at the tumultuously, "Thank you, Don," she said.

"You—you seem mighty glad to see him," I stammered.

"Glad? This is the happiest day of my life!"

"Well, that's nice!" I said. "Nice to see you are as glad to have him as you were to get rid of him."

"Who—whoever wanted to get rid of him?" she sobbed.

"Didn't you come and tell me in so many words he was in your way, interfered with your work," I said indignantly, "and that it was time I took care of him?" I accused.

She was half-laughing, half-crying now. "Oh, Don, do you always believe what a woman says?"

My head began to swim. I sat down, feeling quite mean. "I said..."

The child was on her lap and he clung to her. Her hand trembled. Her eyes met mine. "Doris!" she sobbed. "You've grown. You've turned into a man—just as much as—"

"What are you crying for, Mummy?" asked Peter, trying to raise her face.

"I'm not crying, darling. I'm terribly happy," she said. Her wet eyes met mine again. "And I know how things stood with you, Don. I knew the rut you were in at Martin's. And—that's the real reason I brought the boy to you. I thought that if you would wake you up, kindle a spark of ambition in you, arouse you to make some supreme effort to do something big with your musical talent, you wouldn't make good for my sake, you might be going, not a sound can be heard from it."

"At any rate, I felt you had a right to fatherhood and all it could mean to you. Just as much as I had a right to the benefits of motherhood."

She bowed her head. "What? Are you crying for me?"

"Glad? This is the happiest day of my life!"

"To jump in a lake somewhere," I said. "For being such a dope as to provide minerals, food and vitamin content so essential to good teeth and sound physical development in the baby."

Ask his advice on feeding infant.
By

DR. GRACE GREGORY

I t is your eyes that people look at most. They express the real you. It would not be too much to say that all the rest of your face is a setting for your eyes. This being so, are you doing all you can for eye loveliness?

Virginia Verrill certainly makes the most of her eyes, and she has a lot of useful ideas about them. For one thing, she never leaves the house without mascara, altho her lashes are naturally long and dark. And she obeys the fundamental rule of dressing to the eyes. Hers are graygreen, and her hair almost black; so she avoids browns and all blues but turquoise.

Virginia might consider that she has a natural right to Hollywood, because her grandfather helped found the place. She arrived there at the age of five, and at seven she was leading a band in grammar school. All through school she was singing leads in various operettas. At thirteen she made her movie debut—but not as Virginia Verrill. She was the singing voice of various movie stars. It took her four years to get out of that cinema closet and be a radio star in her own right. Her numerous fans (who enjoy her regularly on the NBC-Red network, as featured soloist on Uncle Walter’s Dog House, Tuesdays at 9:30 p. m. and Show Boat, Mondays at 8:30 p. m.) are glad she escaped from that cinema closet. She is so beautiful, so vivid a personality, in addition to her lovely voice and fine musical talent, that she is the last person to be wasted as a nameless ghost singer.

Here’s a story that she tells of those days as a nameless voice. In Nelson Eddy’s first movie they wanted a song by him with a feminine obbligato. As the first part of that idea, they dubbed in Virginia’s voice in the contralto part, then they up and re-ran the sound track so that she could sing the mezzo-soprano part. Result: one Eddy, two Verrills, synchronized in perfect harmony.

The first step in eye beauty is care of the eyes. Bathe them regularly with a special soothing liquid, using eye cup, dropper, or glass rod. Morning, day’s-end, and bedtime are not too often for an eye bath. If there are wrinkles and crow’s feet, use a stimulating tissue cream around the eyes at night. For puffiness, and as a general aid, use a firming treatment as follows: Apply a hot washcloth three times, followed by three cold water compresses, and wind up with a good eye astringent on a bit of cotton.

Eye make-up must be subtle. Mascara, by all means. But for daytime most women use it only on the upper lashes. If you have blonde lashes, however, never, never let me catch you without plenty of mascara both upper and lower. Use one of the better kinds of mascara. They are non-irritant, non-smudging and practically tear proof. Virginia Verrill believes in curling the lashes, and for stage or night club, she beads them and sometimes uses artificial half-lashes at the corners. She finds that a fine dark or white line on the lower lid at the extreme lid edge, next the eyeball has a tendency to make the eyes look larger. She learned this trick at the Goldwyn studio.

Eyebrows need vigorous nightly brushing. Wrong way, straight up, then back in place. Pencil carefully, or use mascara, brushing smooth as a final touch.

“Permanent” News

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Facing the Music

(Continued from page 37)

the plum, New York's swank Waldorf-Astoria, and played a spine-t Valley novices by employing a clever trick. The dance set would start with a slow fox trot. Then wily Cugat would weave the tune into a rhumba without changing the tempo. By evening's end, people who hadn't tried anything more rash than a Waltz were wiggling on the conga line.

"The conga is easiest to master," explained Cugat, warming up vociferously to his pet subject, "because it has a swing tempo. It comes from the Cuban convicts who used to be chained together. They would drag their feet as they were marching, and the conga stepped as they labored along. Negroes picked up this beat, gave it happier surroundings, and inserted a kick after the one-two-three steps."

During carnival time, Cuban conga lines usually stretch for blocks. Once the rhumba and conga are learned, other Spanish-named steps are tackled. The bolero is a slow rhumba. The zamba is the Brazilian version of the rhumba. The danzon was concocted by Cuban lovers.

Cugat's eyes twinkled when he described the danzon. "In Cuba young girls are accompanied to dances by chaperones. The only place they can hear their boy friends whisper sweet nothings is on the dance floor. So in the danzon they would dance sixteen bars and rest for sixteen bars. While they rest, the boy and girl make sweet talk and the chaperone, she hears nothing."

Cugat believes thousands of people are taking rhumba lessons because his Victor records are best-sellers.

Carmen, Xavier's wife, was the daughter of a wealthy Mexican grandee, who had thirty-two children. One of Carmen's sisters is the mother of Margot, the screen actress and wife of Francis Lederer. Margot used to sing with Cugat before the movies grabbed her.

The Cugats have been married twelve years and have no children. When in New York they live at the Waldorf. One of this hotel's dining rooms was decorated by Cugat.

Carmen and Xavier like to rib each other about their domestic bliss.

"Carmen came to the band as a singer. Now she owns it," cracks the senor.

"X is an easy husband to manage. I always know when and where he is working," retorts the senora.

OFF THE RECORD

Some Like It Sweet:

Nostalgia; Li'l Boy Love (Columbia 35594) Benny Goodman. The swing king goes sissy and plays a waltz. Wayne King should look to his laurels.

That's For Me; Rhythm on the River (Decca 3309) Bing Crosby. A dandy doubling by our favorite Kraftman. You'll also like Bing's "Ballad for Americans" album.

Cinco Hijos; Tunare (Victor 26697) Xavier Cugat. Miguelito Valdes sings about five South American songs. Reeds entwine with maracas flawlessly.

Tea For Two; Dancing in the Dark (Columbia 35588) Ted Strayer. Polished example of society music.

Only Forever; Love Lies (Okeh 5686) Gene Krupa. Krupa can play 'em sweet.

World Is in My Arms; I Could Make You Care (Victor 26717) Tommy Dorsey. Frank Sinatra wraps these softies up effectively.

Sometimes I'm Happy; Get the Moon Out of Your Eyes (Bluebird 10826) Blue Barron. One of this band's better pressings. First tune is theme song.

Some Like It Swing:

Oh, He Loves Me; I Want My Mama (Decca 3310) Andrews Sisters. The girls are back in the groove. The Hollywood climate must be the reason.

Hep Tee Hootie; Dolomite (Decca 3312) Jimmy Dorsey. Helen O'Connell pays tribute to the jive boxers for a pairing that has more lift than wedgies. Tabbed for success.

Jumpin' in the Pump Room; Temptation (Okeh 5661) John Kirby. Different kind of swing by CBS' dusky exponent.

Route 23; Southern Fried (Okeh 5660) Al Donahue. Might as well roll up the carpets now.

Xavier Cugat has been married twelve years. Mrs. Cugat is Carmen, whom he gave himself just six weeks to marry after he first met her, and she is a featured soloist in his famous band.
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When It's Mr. and Mrs.

(Continued from page 23)

and every room is lived in and enjoyed. There's a continuity in the tone of decorations. Soft greens, from misty to sage, in carpets, draperies and upholstery, against cream walls and woodwork, are repeated throughout the rooms.

The only formal note is the dining room with its lovely French furniture and rich brocades. Everything that goes into this room is a gem, with special significance. Beyond the entrance hall with its imposing circular staircase, is the parlor, a cozy, loafing place. The walls are knotty pine, and there's a wide fireplace, lively prints on the walls, a combination radio and victrola.

It is the dining room with its 18th Century English furniture, and priceless Sheffield, that is her special pride. She pointed out two splendid silver trays, gifts from former radio sponsors, Chesterfield and Campbell, that she is to advertise on the stage in an accordion cabinet. Her table seats twelve. She considers white flowers the most effective for table decoration, and she adorns giving informal dinners, followed by cards.

The playroom—where the family lives, is gay with flowered chintzes and country house furniture. It extends along the rear of the house and one entire side is of windows that look into a vista of gardens, swimming pool and picturesque white pavilion against tall trees. There's everything in this room for amusement—a small built-in piano, a wall radio, a complete bar cunningly camouflaged as a cabinet, and a backgammon table.

Gracie's bedroom is surprisingly conservative without a frill or a lacy bow. It's a cheery large room with French doors opening onto a sun porch overlooking the garden. The furniture is all satiny and new and there's a six-by-seven-foot bed facing the north. George's dressing room is in quiet tans and browns, but Gracie's is airily feminine, a veritable Fairyland, being mirrored from floor to ceiling. Behind the mirrors are spacious closets, specially designed for each type of her wardrobe. Her big extravagance is perfume, but economically, she keeps but two bottles open at a time.

It's easy to see that the Burns home revolves around the nursery. This occupies one entire wing of the upstairs. Among other features, there is a sunny balcony large enough for a complete playhouse with a real garden growing all around it.

Sandra, now six, and Ronnie, four, are adorable children, happy and beautifully reared.

"It has taken fourteen years to get where we are today," George said. "A dizzy route we followed—stage, radio, screen—but we've had a lot of fun, and a lot of laughs. Living, working, playing together has developed community interests that spell a complete congeniality. Now with our children and our home, we're the happiest people in the world. Do you know something, George?" piped up Gracie, "Looking back over my life my only regret is that I didn't find you and Sandra and Ronnie when I was three years old. Think of the fun we've missed all this time!"
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