

NUMBER

Radio AND TELEVISION MIRROR

MACFADDEN
PUBLICATION

Brien-Moore as
ELIZABETH PERRY
of "John's
Other Wife"

Beginning **MYSTERY HOUSE by KATHLEEN NORRIS**

As Nerve Tingling a Love Story as You Ever Tuned In

IDA LUPINO'S GHOST WORLD - RADIO'S STRANGEST STORY

Start With a Kiss - Words and Music of a Great Song Hit by Jimmy Dorsey

It's New!... It's Different!... It's Thrilling!

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**with Billows of Active
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**New Super-Foamy Mar-o-Oil
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SUPER-FOAMY
Mar-o-Oil
SHAMPOO

NOTE: Don't confuse the two types. For dull, dry, "Oil-Starved" hair, use Regular Mar-O-Oil. For a quick-acting shampoo, use Mar-O-Oil Super-Foamy type



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↑
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FULL HOURS**
↓



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because it
Clings Longer!"**



Yes, Lady Esther Face Powder clings for four full hours!

OF COURSE any girl with any acceptable shade of face powder can look well for 15 minutes, but you just let a quarter of an hour go by and the real differences in face powder quality begin to be visible!

For, says Lady Esther, my face powder will cling to you lovingly for four **FULL** hours! If you put it on after dinner, say at 8 o'clock, it will still be there, a lovely flattering force, when the clock strikes midnight.

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for your Skin**

It will give you the glow of natural loveliness, the radiance of a satin-smooth skin—for four long and happy hours. You can forget your powder puff and revel in the knowledge, in the supreme confidence, that you are wearing a powder that guards your glamour all evening and flatters your skin to death!

Money, says Lady Esther, cannot buy a finer face powder, and good taste cannot find a lovelier, more exquisite selection of becoming shades.

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at my expense!**

There is magic in your face powder if you know your lucky shade. Ask any stage director what lighting effects and slight changes in color can do to a woman's skin. The *right* shade can make her look years *younger*—but... the *wrong* shade can make her look years *older*!

So find your *right shade*... your lucky shade—in Lady Esther's long-clinging face powder. Don't try to choose your most becoming color by the appearance of the powder in the box. Powder shades are always deceiving, unless you try them before your own mirror, *on your own skin*. Only then can you find the one shade that will make you lovelier!

So send today for all 9 exquisite shades of my face powder, *at my expense*. See how they look on your own skin. Find out which shade is exactly the one for you.

Try every one—and find out which is the shade that becomes you, flatters you most. Then wear it confidently... certain that it will make your skin look glamorously lovely for four long hours!

*** 9 shades free! ***

(You can paste this on a penny postcard)

LADY ESTHER, (61)
7134 West 65th Street, Chicago, Ill.

Please send me **FREE AND POSTPAID** your 9 new shades of face powder, also a tube of your Four Purpose Face Cream.

NAME _____

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(If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.)



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Radio AND TELEVISION MIRROR

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WHAT DO YOU WANT TO SAY?

FIRST PRIZE

AUTHOR! AUTHOR!

AT stage plays it is possible for the audience, when they are pleased, to cry "Author! Author!" and the gentleman is usually forthwith produced. In front of my radio so many times I am charmed with productions, and yet I cannot meet the man behind the presentations—the script writer.

It wouldn't matter that he doesn't have the voice for radio—it really only matters that he is appreciated enough to be presented to his audience, and his audience is given a chance to meet him as well as the persons who have introduced his material.

They're too often the "Forgotten Men" of radio, and I personally want to remember them, when a remarkable program has been presented, just as I remember the stars.—Grier Lowry, Warrensburg, Mo.

SECOND PRIZE

A GRATEFUL REFUGEE

I've been in this wonderful country a short time, coming here as a refugee. I'm indeed thankful and grateful just to breathe the air of this land of Liberty and Tolerance, but I'm also appreciative of the many advantages enjoyed by the poorest person.

Among the greatest of these is the marvel of uncensored American Radio. It is helping me to become an American through educational and historical programs. I'm learning the language more readily and quickly by listening to programs just for this purpose. I'm becoming aware of political trends of this magnificent country, through convention programs and other political discussions.

In short, radio is a first-aid in my absorbing American ideals and folklore, easily and entertainingly, without cost, but of invaluable worth.

And above all, I can listen to anything I wish, at any time I wish, without fear that the secret police will come in, not only to destroy my radio, but me too. God bless America!—Paul M. Freymann, Baltimore, Md.

(Continued on page 5)

THIS IS YOUR PAGE!

YOUR LETTERS OF OPINION WIN
— PRIZES —

First Prize \$10.00

Second Prize \$ 5.00

Five Prizes of \$ 1.00

Address your letter to the Editor, RADIO MIRROR, 122 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y., and mail it not later than October 28, 1940. All submissions become the property of this magazine.

Easier to fire Helen than to say "You Need Mum"



Life's more fun... success is surer... for the girl who guards her charm with Mum!

WHY didn't somebody tip Helen off? One of the other girls *could* have done it. But it's hard to mention a fault like underarm odor. That's why *every* girl should use Mum *each* day.

Nowadays in business—if a girl's not smart enough to know the penalties of offending, she's just not smart *enough*! It's so easy to understand that underarms perspire... that a bath, while it's grand for *past* perspiration, can't *prevent* risk of odor to come!

That task goes to Mum! For Mum is especially made to keep underarms fresh—not by stopping the *perspiration*—but by

neutralizing the *odor*. Mum guards the charm of thousands of girls each and every day.

MUM SAVES TIME! 30 seconds and you're through. Slip right into your dress.

MUM SAVES CLOTHES! The American Institute of Laundering Seal tells you Mum is harmless to fabrics. And you'll find Mum so safe, that even after underarm shaving it won't irritate your skin.

MUM SAVES CHARM! And charm is very important to any girl—in business—or in love! Get Mum at your druggist's today. Be sure *you're* safe from underarm odor. Use Mum *every* day!

ON JOBS AND ON DATES—MUM GUARDS CHARM



For Sanitary Napkins—

Thousands of women use Mum for Sanitary Napkins because they know that it's safe, gentle. Always use Mum this important way.



MUM

TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

Musical JITTERS

■ Can you imagine Thursday night without Bing Crosby, Amos 'n' Andy without their theme song? It can happen here!

THE most bitter war ever fought in radio is raging this minute. It is a struggle which can easily drive fifty percent of our favorite programs off the air. It is a war that should be stopped. I hope when you have finished this you will join me in demanding peace.

This battle is over music, with millions of dollars at stake. Arrayed on one side is ASCAP, an association of composers and publishers organized in 1914 to defend artists who wrote music and got practically no return on their songs even when they became national favorites.

Arrayed on the other side are the radio networks who pay ASCAP every year for the right to broadcast music controlled by this association.

In the years since its organization in 1914 and while ASCAP grew to dominate the world of music in the United States, radio and its coast to coast networks of stations became an integral part of our daily existence. Because, ASCAP said, radio was a business conducted for profit, the networks should pay a royalty for the music they broadcast. Contracts were drawn up and agreed to, whereby radio paid a fee for the right to broadcast any and all songs written by members of ASCAP.

Now, ASCAP wants new contracts, charging a higher rate to replace the present agreements which expire January 1st. The networks have refused to agree to this increase. War has been declared. Unless a compromise is reached, nine tenths of all the popular music now being broadcast will be banished from the air!

ASCAP controls nearly all songs popularized by the movies, controls nearly all the hymns you hear on the air, the music of Victor Herbert, Irving Berlin, Hoagy Carmichael, Sigmund Romberg and a score of famous composers.

In terms of radio listening, here are a few examples of what January first may be like:

Bing Crosby off the air because he can't sing

the songs from his movies and songs which he has made into records.

Glenn Miller without his "Moonlight Serenade" theme song.

Amos 'n' Andy without the theme song they've had for ten years.

Dance bands unable to play their arrangements of popular songs for which they have paid thousands of dollars.

Some musical programs disappearing entirely from the air or changing over to a quiz or dramatic type of broadcast.

To prevent such chaos, spokesmen say, the networks have set up a new publishing house, Broadcast Music, Incorporated, which will furnish radio with songs free of ASCAP.

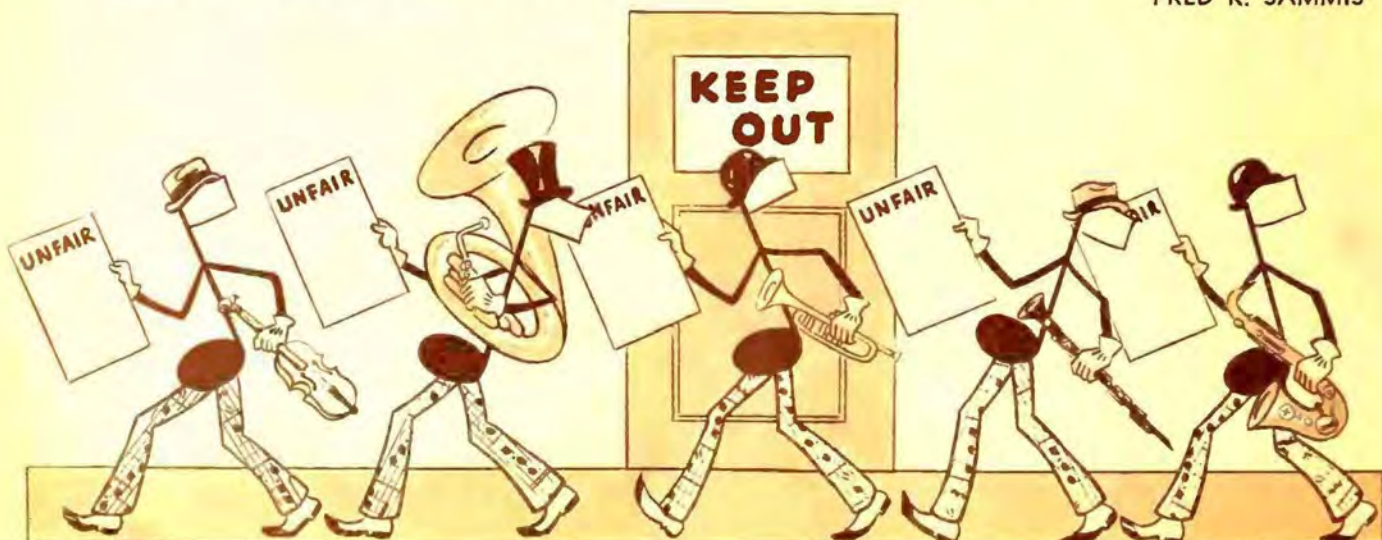
I don't doubt that if a compromise fails, radio will still have some songs to broadcast, but it will mean havoc and an inestimable loss both from the standpoint of money and listening pleasure.

Deliberately, I have failed to list any of the arguments advanced in this war. There is, no doubt, merit to be found in every charge and counter-charge—in ASCAP's statement, for instance, that radio has cut the life of a popular song in half, with a resultant loss of income to the composer; of radio's statement that the millions it pays to ASCAP every year form the largest portion of the composer's royalties. I failed to mention the charges and counter-charges because I am much more interested in a more vital and significant phase.

In these days of arbitration, when so many of the country's major industries have learned how to sit down at a conference table, to bargain, to make concessions, each on its side, and to agree on mutually beneficial terms, we, the listeners have the right to say:

Get together. End this war which is consuming so much time, money and energy. Find suitable terms and announce peace.

FRED R. SAMMIS



What Do You Want to Say?

(Continued from page 3)

THIRD PRIZE

IN ANSWER TO JESSICA

Dear Jessica,

Your open letter in *RADIO MIRROR* for August, was a beautiful gesture on your part, expressing as it does your gratitude for our friendship through the years. We wonder, however, if you realize the gratitude that we, your loving radio listeners, feel towards you!

Most of us have been with you for a long time, dating as far back as the old and delightful *Philco Hour*. We took you to our hearts in those days, and there you still remain. It was then that we began writing letters to you, with the salutation, "Dear Jessica."

Besides expressing our affection for you, our letters told you of ourselves. Our little joys; the trips we took; the problems that faced us. Did you grow impatient? Did you tell us you were a busy singer and had no time for such epistles?

No, you did not. You accepted those letters, thousands of them, knowing they were the only way we could express our love for you. And, whenever possible, you answered them, invariably signing them "Gratefully yours, Jessica."

Dear Jessica, we were the ones who were grateful!

Then you left radio. But you did not consider us merely your radio friends—friends to be forgotten when you left the air. Instead, you kept us in your heart—and certainly you were in ours!—as you sang two seasons in concert. We held the chain together, you and your air-friends. Is it any wonder, then, that your return to the air this spring on the *Ford Hour* found us all in our accustomed places, by our radios, listening to you with that rapt attention your singing always inspires, and grateful beyond words that you were back?

With love,

Your devoted "air-friends"
E. P. J., Webster Grove, Mo.

FOURTH PRIZE

THE POINT OF EXASPERATION

The purpose of those daytime serials are, of course, to put over a product, but too, aren't they supposed to keep the listener's interest so keyed up as to not want to miss a single episode? Then why must they have some actresses who try to put such pathos in their voices that they overdo it to the point of making their listeners fairly squirm with exasperation?

I have two particular radio serials in mind, namely, *Backstage Wife* and *Stella Dallas*. I just wonder if Mary Noble and Stella Dallas should ever trouble themselves enough to listen to their own programs through transcription, if they would admit that their voices, instead of sounding easy and interesting on their ears, found it whiney and "hammy" as others hear them?—Kay Mullen, Baltimore, Maryland.

(Continued on page 51)

We pay as much as **5¢ PER WORD** for exceptional True Stories

Read This Startling Offer . . .

At this season, when the tang of Autumn is in the air and human energy at high tide, we receive many of the best stories that are submitted at any time during the year. And we, on our part, are cooperating by offering a graduated scale of word rates that permits writers of true stories to get paid in accordance with the excellence of the stories they submit. Under this special offer if, during October, 1940, you send in a true story suited to our needs that is better than average, not only will you receive the regular basic rate of approximately two cents per word, but in addition you will be granted a handsome bonus of one, two or, if outstandingly better than average, three cents per word, putting the princely figure of five cents per word well within your reach—as much as \$250 for a 5,000-word story—\$500 for a 10,000-word story, etc. Think of it!

Each story submitted under this offer will be considered strictly on its own merits and, if it contains a certain degree of excellence, its bonus will be determined by the editors and paid regardless of the quality of any other stories submitted.

Under this offer the Editorial Staff of True Story Group are the sole judges as to the quality of stories submitted. But rest assured that if you send in a story of extra quality you will receive a correspondingly liberal bonus with our congratulations.

This is an exceptional opportunity, of which we sincerely hope you will take full advantage. So start today the story of an episode in your life or the life of a friend or acquaintance that you feel has the necessary heart interest to warrant the extraordinarily high special rates we are offering. Send it in when finished, and if it really has the extra quality we seek the extra sized check will be forthcoming. Be sure your manuscript is postmarked not later than midnight, October 31, 1940.

IMPORTANT—Submit stories direct. Do not deal through intermediaries. If you do not already have one, send for a copy of free booklet entitled "Facts You Should Know About True Story." Use the coupon provided for that purpose.

In sending true stories, be sure, in each case, to enclose first-class return postage in the same container with manuscripts. We gladly return manuscripts when postage is supplied, but we cannot do so otherwise. Failure to enclose return first-class postage means that after a reasonable time the manuscripts if not accepted for publication will be destroyed.

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BEGINNING

Mystery House

■ Tense, adventure meets romance amid strange and bizarre surroundings in this engrossing story of Page Hazeltynne, who complained that her life was drab and monotonous

DINNER at Mrs. Chayne's on this particular Thursday evening in November consisted of vermicelli soup, roast lamb, roast potatoes, sprouts, stewed canned tomatoes, carrot salad and cottage pudding. Page Hazeltynne and Sarah Bowditch knew each item by heart; they knew the flavor of half-cooked onion in the tomatoes, and the sweet thick vanilla, water and cornstarch sauce that went like so much gray glue on the pudding.

Sarah was fifty-seven, gray-headed, distinguished in appearance; she had been superintendent of one of San Francisco's high schools for seven years. Page was twenty-six, although she never admitted to more than a vague "oh, 'round twenty-three—somewhere in there," when asked her age. She wished that a desire to be younger might really make her so. The twenties, with all their vanishing potentialities, were rushing by her like a dream that is dreamed; thirty, a hideous and hopeless landmark, was looming straight ahead.

Sarah had known Page a long time; Page had graduated from Sarah's classrooms. Sarah often hinted to her that Page was throwing her time away working in a dull office, wasting her evenings on cheap murder books or movies, going about with men she had no intention of marrying, spending all her money on clothes and beauty parlors and malted milk chocolate shakes. Tonight she had had Page almost in tears about it.

"I suppose you think I do all that because I like to?"

Page asked, when they had gone upstairs to her hall bedroom.

"We do what we like to do, Page," Sarah said, knitting busily.

"Oh, we do not, Miss Sarah! Half the girls I know are doing

■ With a grin, the Chinaman vanished. His was a dreadful face, Page thought.



RADIO AND TELEVISION MIRROR

by Kathleen Norris

■ America's famous writer now brings to radio the stories every woman wants to hear. On these pages is published in its original novel form, "Mystery House," recently broadcast. For further exciting listening, tune in "By Kathleen Norris," sponsored by Wheaties, and heard daily on CBS and NBC-Red.



things they hate, loathe, despise and abhor! Why, I ask you, why? Because they have to eat—even if it's that terrible carrot salad and glue pudding! Look at me. Didn't I write two short stories and spend dollars in stamps trying to sell 'em? Wasn't I just turned down as a nurse on an ocean liner, because I'm too young or something?" "Oh, were you, Page?" Sarah asked. "You didn't tell me that." "Life is damnably dull," Page said in gloomy resentment. "You're young only a few years, and if things don't go right then they never do. Nothing happens. Nothing ever happens except carrot salad and looking up last April's correspondence on the subject—and fog!"

"Mrs. Hurley to see you, Miss Hazeltynne," Olga said in the doorway.

Page looked at Sarah. "I don't know any Mrs. Hurley except the employment office woman," she said uncertainly.

"Maybe they've changed their minds about the position on the ship, Page."

"Oh, my goodness, maybe they have!"

Page had been somewhat reluctantly straightening her hair and powdering her nose; now she accelerated her movements with a sudden spring. She pressed a lipstick to the fine wide mouth that gave character to her brown young face. "Oh, Miss Sally, pray!" she said, following the maid from the room.

Mrs. Hurley, gaunt, dowdy, disillusioned as only the manager of an employment agency can be, was waiting in the little den behind the big parlors.

"Is it about the nursing job on the ship?" Page demanded eagerly.

"Well, no—" Mrs. Hurley began, and paused, uncertain. "There isn't

Illustrations by Seymour Thompson

NOVEMBER, 1940

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anyone could hear us, is there?" she asked.

"Not here, no."

"The thing is," the older woman said, speaking somewhat doubtfully, "I heard of another job. It'd—I don't know whether you'd want to take it. But it'd pay you well."

A pause. Page, young and flushed and curious, looked at her caller expectantly. "How d'you mean?"

"Well, I guess you've heard of old Mrs. Prendergast and Mystery House," Mrs. Hurley began. "It's her."

PAGE shook her head.

"Didn't you ever hear of Mystery House?"

"I think I've heard of it. Down—down the coast somewhere."

"Down past Halfmoon Bay. Sure you've heard of it. She's an invalid, and she wants a nurse at a hundred a month."

"She probably expects the nurse to do all housework and cooking."

"Who? Mrs. Prendergast? Not she! She keeps four or five Chinese boys, and a housekeeper beside. Flora Mockbee, that's the housekeeper—that's the one that writes me."

"A hundred a month?" Page asked.

"Well, she'd pay you that. But there's another hundred a month in it for you, too. There's a lawyer—a Mr. Barnes Bishop—I was talking to him tonight—who'd pay you another hundred."

Page looked at the other woman suspiciously. "Why should her lawyer pay me, on the side?"

"He's not her lawyer! My goodness," Mrs. Hurley exclaimed flustered by the thought. "He don't want his name in this at all."

"Who is he, then?"

"Well, you see, he's the lawyer of some people here named Hibbs—the Frederick Hibbses. Mrs. Hibbs is old Mrs. Prendergast's niece. The old lady hasn't any children; she lost her son and her husband years ago, and they say she's gone a little queer. Anyway, she's cooked up some grievance against Mrs. Hibbs and she won't see her any more, and she lives down there with a doctor and this housekeeper, Flora Mockbee, and won't see nobody. Well, that makes Mrs. Hibbs feel bad; you can't blame her! She's afraid that they'll get all the money, the doctor and the housekeeper and dear knows who!"

"And I'd be supposed to influence her to forgive her niece and make another will?"

"Not at all, dear! You're not supposed to do anything but bring her her trays and play cards with her,

and amuse her. She says it's important to have the nurse young and pretty; she's tired of seeing nobody but the housekeeper—she's middle-aged, Miss Mockbee is—and the doctor—he's probably old, too. She wants some one new."

"But then where does the lawyer come in?"

"All he wants you to do is keep an eye open in the interests of his clients—that's all. If the housekeeper and the doctor are influenc-



■ Page sat stupefied, staring down at the glittering thing. "It's the Prendergast diamond," Lynn said.

ing Mrs. Prendergast, then you're to report it. And for that you get an extra hundred a month. They put it in the bank for you."

Page's eyes flashed golden lights. "That's—that's money," she said.

"Well, that's what I told you."

"Why d'you suppose they call the place Mystery House?"

"Oh, there's a lot of talk about it. She keeps building onto it, for one thing. They say there's a hundred rooms."

"It sounds crazy," said the girl.

"Well, it's just her idea," Mrs. Hurley said, leniently. "She's had a lot of sorrow; her husband died, and her son died, and it seems she communed with them."

"Great Allah!" Page ejaculated. "Spooks?"

"Lots of old ladies go that way. She thought—she thinks her husband told her, years and years ago, to go on building. That's why the house is so big. She never stops building."

"Crazy, eh?"

"Oh, no, no, she's not crazy," Mrs. Hurley said, trying to make it all sound only amusing and understandable, "she just lives in the past. She's been building onto this place for years, it seems she believes that as long as the carpenters' hammers are heard there she won't die."

"Wouldn't you think she'd want to die, and join the spirits?"

"Well, they never do, somehow. Her housekeeper died last fall—that was Mrs. Mockbee, this Miss Flora's mother—and she took that very hard. Mrs. Hibbs says she hasn't been right since. Well, if you didn't like it you could always come home."

"I might like it," Page said, her eyes dancing. "She might take a fancy to me, and leave me a fortune some day."

"She'll leave more than a fortune. She's got the Prendergast diamond," Mrs. Hurley said in a half whisper. "One of the biggest diamonds in the world."

"Who has? Mrs. Hibbs?"

"Mrs. Prendergast. That's one of the things that's worrying Mrs. Hibbs. She wants to know, when her aunt dies, who's going to get that diamond. Mrs. Hibbs' mother is the old lady's only sister; she's a Mrs. Roy; she lives in India somewhere. She wrote Mrs. Hibbs to be sure to have everything all understood about the pink diamond."

"A pink diamond? Thrills!" Page exclaimed.

"Her husband, old Rutger Prendergast, bought it years ago when he sold a mine or something. It's known all over the world. Anyway, the Hibbs will pay you a hundred a month for keeping an eye on it."

"Mrs. Prendergast of course is not to know that I've ever heard of them?"

"Oh, good gracious not!"

"It sounds kind of wild and weird," Page mused.

"Well, there's a telephone there, and there's always the doctor. She threw the local man out, Mr. Bishop said, some time last summer, and she's got a resident physician. And,

(Continued on page 57)

Cupid is a Clown

By JACK SHER

■ Love sometimes blossoms in the strangest places and the oddest ways, as you will see if you read this story of Abbott and Costello

ACCORDING to the popular songs, you are supposed to find love and romance only on a moonlit lane or under the stars on the Isle of Capri. But it seldom works out that way. Ol' Dan Cupid is more likely to be hanging around a boy and girl sitting in a 1931 automobile on Main Street, or a couple waiting for a street car.

The one place you wouldn't expect love and romance to blossom forth is backstage in an Ohio small-town theater. But love is an amazing thing and this is a fantastic country. And two of the most amaz-

ing and fantastic fellows in this country are Bud Abbott and Lou Costello, whom you hear Wednesday nights on The Hour of Smiles over NBC.

Bud and Lou were standing backstage minding their own business, when two very beautiful chorus girls of the company began berating each other very loudly. The verbal barrage went along hot and heavy and then the girls began to swap slaps with each other. At that point the Messrs. Abbott and Costello stepped between them.

Bud grabbed one girl, Lou

grabbed the other, and they both hung on tightly until their bundles of femininity had quieted down. The girl Bud was holding was named Betty and a few weeks later she became Mrs. Abbott. The girl Lou was restraining was named Anne. About the same time Betty married Bud, Anne left the chorus to marry Lou. Had it not been for their quarrel, the girls probably would never have said more than "Hello" to the boys. But, and I've said it before, that's the way love is.

Bud Abbott and Lou Costello

never did find out what the two girls were fighting about that night. Anne and Betty became lifelong friends after their marriages and Lou and Bud began quarreling publicly and privately and have kept it up to this day.

Lou is the short, round-faced, whacky member of the team. A lad from Paterson, New Jersey, an ex-ball player, hitch hiker, Hollywood scene changer and stunt man, who joined burlesque when he was stranded in St. Louis. Bud, who is the tall, "straight man," was born under a Coney Island circus tent

and raised by Ringling Brothers. He was a sign painter, a carnival concession owner, a vaudeville show producer and theater owner. Eleven years ago, he went broke and joined up with Lou Costello to form a team whose professional and married (Continued on page 53)

■ Mr. and Mrs. Bud Abbott feeding the fish in the pond on their beautiful Long Island estate—"ten rooms," Costello would snort, "counting the closets, pantry and bathroom." Left, Abbott when he's arguing with Costello.



■ The Lou Costellos have a home in New Jersey of which they're proud too—Mrs. Costello with little Patricia and Carol (amateur photographer). Right, Costello when he's with Abbott.



Illustration posed by members of the cast—Kingsley Colton as Buddy, and Betty Garde as Connie. Photographs by Bruno, Hollywood.



My Son and I

■ Two of radio's most charming characters are heroine and hero of this exciting story—Connie Vance, vaudeville trouper, and Buddy, the boy who never forgot his promise to take care of "Mum," no matter what happened.

THEIR departure had all the aspects of flight. The meek, elderly maiden lady, the little boy, and the blonde woman—they boarded the train in a great hurry, and then sat in their section, the two women together and the boy facing them, not talking while they waited for it to start.

And it was a retreat, Connie Vance thought sadly, watching her son's sullen face. In a way, this sudden departure from Hollywood was a retreat from all she had believed and fought for in the last two years, since her husband's death.

They hadn't been easy years, but she didn't hold that against them. The difficult thing, the heart-breaking thing, was the fear that she had been wrong all through them. She'd thought she was doing the best thing for Buddy—but now she didn't know. She just didn't know.

The train gave a jerk and then began to roll smoothly. Buddy kept his face turned away from her, staring out of the window. Minta, beside her, said nervously, "Maybe the diner'll be open soon, Buddy—are you hungry?"

Still without turning, he said distantly, politely, "No, thank you, Aunt Minta."

Connie thought, if she could only explain to him! But Hollywood had warped minds a deal more adult than Buddy's; you could hardly expect a twelve-year-old boy to cope successfully with the self-interest, the false glamour, the flattery and the back-biting which were Hollywood at its worst.

Her own thoughts, she realized, sounded very much as if they had been.

Perhaps—for the first time since Roger's death Connie admitted this—it would have been better to leave Buddy with his father's aunts, in their quiet Vermont village where nothing ever happened. Better, even if doing so would have been harder and more painful than cutting out and leaving behind her own heart.

Never until now had she believed in the argument that

■ "I know what's the matter," Buddy said. "You want to take me out of the movies just because you're jealous!"

being with her, traveling in vaudeville, would do Buddy any harm. She and Roger had first carried him on stage before he could walk or talk. Later, he'd played in the wings while his parents did their act, and he grew up absorbing backstage lore and gossip. And never once had he changed from the sweet-tempered, innocent boy he'd always been—never once, until she took him to Hollywood. But then—almost overnight—he had changed.

The Hollywood venture was a complete failure. She knew that now. Her own contract, which had seemed so wonderful a key to success, had been of the short-term variety. Very short-term. A return to the hazardous insecurity of vaudeville and night-club singing seemed imminent, when a director saw Buddy and offered him first a screen test and then a part of a new picture.

Buddy was so delighted, so eager, that she hadn't the heart to refuse him. "Now I can do what I promised Dad," he boasted. "I can earn all the money we need and you won't have to work at all."

EVEN Minta, Roger's aunt, who had come to live with Connie and Buddy, was thrilled over the idea that her beloved grand-nephew was going to be a movie star.

But almost with the first day on the lot, Buddy began to change. It was only temporary, Connie told herself desperately. This new arrogance, this budding conviction that he was the lord of the universe, this impatience with the wishes of others, these poses and fits of temperament—he'd grow out of them all. Time passed, and the picture was finished, and he did not grow out of them. Connie realized that she was losing her son—and in her panic she asked the studio to release him from his contract.

She was aghast at the fury—childish, yes, but still with something terrifyingly adult about it—in Buddy's face when she told him what she had done.

"It isn't fair!" he stormed. "I like being in the movies, and everybody says I've been swell so far. They were going to give me a bigger part next time, too—Mr. Davis told me so yesterday!"

It was a tantrum exactly like those both Connie and Buddy had seen other child actors have. "I know what's the matter," he sobbed. "You want to take me out of the movies because you're—because you're jealous!"

"Buddy!" Connie said, all her hurt and amazement expressed in that one word.

Buddy's accusation sobered them both. The boy took refuge in a sulky silence, Connie in furious activity. Within a day she had made her plans. Nothing was so important as winning Buddy back to his senses, and that could not be done in Hollywood. Her friend Lucy James, a scenario writer, told her of a wonderful dude ranch in Texas, where Buddy could ride—he'd always loved horses—and forget about this crazy world of Hollywood, with its twisted and distorted values.

He wouldn't want to forget, she admitted inwardly as she watched him on the train—chin propped on hand, eyes stubbornly turned to the orange groves that flashed past the window. His resentment at being deprived of the glittering new world he had so suddenly found was deeper even than she had feared. All the more reason, then, for taking him away while there was still time!

Beside her, Miss Minta took out some crocheting and placidly went to work. "Don't worry, Connie," she had said. "Buddy's a good boy—a fine boy. Give him time



Fictionized from the radio serial of the same name, heard daily at 2:

RADIO AND TELEVISION MIRROR

PM, E.S.T., over the Columbia network, sponsored by General Foods.

NOVEMBER, 1940

and don't try to push him, and he'll come around. Wouldn't be surprised, myself, if he didn't know already that you're right—and just won't admit it yet."

FERVENTLY, she hoped Minta was right. Because Buddy was her whole life. If he failed her, there was nothing left.

The journey into Texas was a nightmare. The Twin Cloud ranch, which Lucy had recommended, was far south, near the Mexican border, and it was necessary to change from the fast express to a string of ancient day-coaches tugged by a cranky, jerky engine. Heat bored into the cars through the flimsy walls, dust eddied along the floor. Minta had an attack of hay fever.

and Buddy endured all discomforts with an air of patient martyrdom. At last they were set down at a lonely station in the midst of the endlessly rolling Texas plain. The station agent grinned at Connie's question.

"Twin Cloud ranch? Nobody there, lady—it's been out o' business six months." He reached into his pocket and produced a yellow envelope. "You the party that sent this wire to the ranch?"

Connie stared at the telegram which she had sent just before leaving Hollywood, asking for reservations. There hadn't been time to wait for a reply. Now her tired and heat-dulled mind refused to grapple with this fresh problem. Minta took charge of the situation. "Isn't there

any other ranch near here where they'd take guests?" she asked.

The station agent removed his hat, and with the same hand slowly scratched his head. "Well," he said finally, "there's the Thunder Butte, 'bout twenty miles away. Prob'ly put you up there."

"Can we telephone?"

"Well, no. They ain't got a telephone there."

Minta looked at Connie questioningly, and Connie asked, "Where does the next train go through here?"

"T'morrow afternoon."

Connie laughed helplessly. "Then I guess we'd better go to this Thunder Butte ranch," she said.

The agent had a son, he said, who would be willing to drive them there. First, (Continued on page 70)

YOUR CHILD and YOU— A THRILLING CONTEST FOR CASH

MOTHERS—ATTENTION! Did you miss last month's announcement of this new and exciting contest, brought to you by Radio Mirror and the sponsors of My Son and I, the CBS radio program? There's still time for you to enter. All you have to do to qualify for the cash prizes is read the rules and send in a picture—old or new—of you with your son, daughter, or children. You can include father, too—and **DON'T FORGET**—an entry coupon must accompany each picture.

THE RULES:

1. Anyone, anywhere, may compete except employees of Macfadden Publications, Inc. and members of their families.
2. Submit pictures of mother and child or mother and children. No children past their sixteenth birthday when photographed may be entered. Studio poses are not necessary. Snapshots are acceptable. All entries must be suitable for reproduction. Pictures must be $3\frac{1}{4} \times 4\frac{1}{4}$ or larger.
3. Each picture submitted must have the official entry coupon clipped from this page and pasted on the reverse side and properly filled out. No picture will be considered unless accompanied by this coupon.
4. Entries will be judged on the basis of human interest and attractiveness.
5. For the best picture judged on this basis Radio Mirror will award a cash first prize of \$50.00.
6. The judges will be the editors of Radio Mirror and by entering you agree to accept their decisions as final. No correspondence can be entered into concerning any entry. No entries will be returned. Prize winning entries become the property of Macfadden Publications, Inc., for published reproduction whenever desired.
7. All entries must be submitted by First Class Mail to—Mother and Child Photo Editor, Radio Mirror, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.
8. Entries must be postmarked on or before midnight, Tuesday, November 12, 1940, the closing date of this contest.

OFFICIAL ENTRY COUPON

Mother and Child Photo Editor,
Radio Mirror,
P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.
Please enter the accompanying photograph in your
Mother and Child Photo Contest, pursuant to your
published rules governing this contest.

Name

Address

State

City

DOUBLE DUTY WIFE

By JUNE AULICK

Can you cook, take dictation, read time tables, sail a boat? Then chances are Bob Trout would have fallen for you—if he hadn't snubbed a certain vivacious lady first

KIT and Bob Trout are probably the only couple in the world who spent their honeymoon on a train with the president of the United States.

You might think that a girl whose husband hobnobs with a president, and who has traveled with the King and Queen of England, might be—well just a little bit stuck-up.

But that's where you'd be wrong. You can't blame Kit for thinking Bob is just about the grandest guy in the world. That's the way any normal, happy wife feels about her husband. On the other hand, every once in a while Bob is apt to do some crazy, impulsive thing—and then Kit worries over him like a mother.

"Bob gets so wrapped up in his work," explains his slim, attractive wife, "that he never pays any attention to practical details like bills or money or clothes. That's my job."

Kit settled back in one of the modernistic chairs in the Trout apartment—it's located on the East Side, just a few blocks from the Columbia Broadcasting studios—and tried to describe the topsy-turvy, thrilling business of being a correspondent's wife.



A star in love: CBS' famous announcer and Kit, whom he adores.

As we chatted, the tall, lean figure of Bob Trout himself appeared from the bedroom, a script under his arm. He said a brief hello and goodbye—then dashed to CBS to give his regular evening news program.

"Poor soul—he's hardly had any sleep," Kit's eyes were on the door through which Bob had just disappeared. "He got in at seven this morning after broadcasting out-of-town last night with Professor Quiz.

"But of course it isn't that way every day," Kit continued, apparently undisturbed by the irregular hours which she keeps. "Usually Trout (she often calls him simply by his last name) gets through with his Quiz shows in town—and his news broadcasts—around one in the morning. Then we have a bite to eat and get to bed around four. We

turn night into day, that's all."

That's all indeed. Merely figure out when you can shop, or maybe go to the theater or ride horseback—which Kit loves to do—while keeping the same working hours as a roving radio reporter who seldom gets a day off or a vacation, particularly now that there's a war to keep everybody busy. For Kit works when Bob does—as his secretary.

Worse than his upside-down hours, is the fact that Kit never knows from one day to another whether she'll be in New York, Hollywood, Washington or New Orleans—or left behind while the man she loves is flying thousands of miles away. But she's used to it now. She knows that to share a correspondent's life—you've got to get accustomed to an existence that

(Continued on page 74)



2 Running Step—Repeat the Basic Step, and get into an open-close position—girl's right hip is next to boy's right hip—by the boy's stepping to girl's right on last 1-2-3-count of the Basic Step. In this position, the girl starts with her right foot and the boy starts with his left, taking three sets of running steps in a forward circle. Each step has the count 1-2-3. Boy ends on left foot; girl, on right—and she is still to the right of her partner.



3 Open Break—The girl turns to the right, away from the boy, by taking one step back with her left foot; one back with her right foot and one forward with her left. At the same time, the boy turns to the left and takes one step back with his right; one back with his left, then one forward with his right. This brings them into an open position, both facing the same way, with girl on boy's right, shown in picture at the left. That's Jimmy Dorsey watching the performance.



4 Reverse Break—Now in the open position the boy moves right by crossing his left foot in front of his right. The girl makes a half left turn with her right foot in front of the boy, going toward his left, and completes the turn—all on the same count—by pivoting on her right foot. She then takes one step backward on her left foot. The boy steps back on his right. Then one forward—the girl on her right; boy on left. They are now in an open position again. This time girl is on boy's left as you can see in picture at right.

The LATIN IN YOU

TIPS ON DANCING THE RHUMBA

1 Basic Step

This is the Basic Rhumba Step, above, with girl directly in front of boy. Start by stepping to the left with left foot, then feet together, then left foot straight forward, right up to back of left heel and to side as shown in diagram. Left foot now comes over next to right; then right foot straight back, left foot goes back to right toe and to side once more in position of (1).



EVERYWHERE this fall they're doing the rhumba—or trying to. A dance that once drove couples away, it has won amazing popularity the past year. To help ambitious but untutored dancers, RADIO MIRROR posed Bob Eberly and Helen O'Connell, Jimmy Dorsey's two vocalists, in these pictures illustrating various rhumba steps. Fred LeQuorne, famous instructor, supervised photography and sup-

plied the instructions accompanying photos. There is no more difficult dance to master for Americans unused to the tricky tempo, the swaying hips, the exactness of the steps. Nor can any written instructions be guaranteed to remake a wallflower into an expert. You can, however, on these pages find out what the rhumba is all about and—perhaps—with the help of someone who has danced the rhumba, you might be

able to do one or more of the steps yourself.

Most important in rhumba is mastery of the standard movement that gives the dance all its grace. Remember that nearly all movement is from the hips down. Upper part of body does not sway or bend. You dance with feet firmly on the ground—never on toes. To get the movement, stand firmly on floor, toes pointed ahead. Now shift your

weight from one foot to the other, keeping knees very close together and letting them overlap on each shift of weight. Keep the 1-2-3 time of rhumba count as you shift. This movement must be continued as you go through all the steps. Also important to remember is to take short steps, in time with the music. At left is a diagram, explained in caption, showing the basic rhumba step.

5 Run Around—Starting from the open position of pose 4, the girl, beginning with left foot, goes in a full circle around the boy. To complete the circle she uses three sets of 1-2-3 steps. Boy stands in place and, starting with right foot, does Basic Step. The girl finishes on left foot; boy on right, and the step ends in the open position, with girl on boy's left. At the close, boy's left hand is in girl's left; right arm is around her waist; picture at right.

6 Open Step—The girl goes forward on her right foot and makes a complete turn in front of the boy by stepping right, left, right—finishing on the boy's right. While she turns, boy marks time in place—left, right, left. Now, still in the open position (photo on left) both back around, taking two sets of running steps. Girl goes around boy's right by stepping left, right, left; then right, left, right. Boy, making a backward turn, goes right, left, right; left, right, left.



7 Turn to Close—At end of that second running step, the boy makes a half turn to the right—right, left, right—while girl makes a complete turn to right—left, right, left—finishing in the closed position, away from each other (pictured on left). Girl finishes on her left foot; the boy is on his right.

8 Basic Step—Apart now, they use, as in the beginning, the Basic Rhumba Step. The girl starts on her right foot; the boy starts on his left. They do the Basic Step forward two times—which brings them back together, ready to start all over again. And now you've had your lesson—start the music.





■ There's music in the air—romantic music—as Radio Mirror presents another Song of the Month. Introducing a new hit tune as written and broadcast by bandleader Jimmy Dorsey

LET'S START WITH A KISS

Words and Music by JIMMY DORSEY and DON DeVITO

LET'S START WITH A KISS Be-fore it's too late

For mo-ments like this must ne-ver es-cape

Who are we to try and re-sist love

Fools we'd be if ev-er we missed love

Who knows what we'll find How can we be sure

They say love is blind We'll make ours en-dure

Love's the thing so why should we lin-ger?

LET'S START WITH A KISS to-night
rit.

The GUIDING LIGHT

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." Years before, Dr. Ruthledge had taken into his home Ned Holden, whose mother had deserted him. Ned grew up to become a reporter, and to love Mary, Dr. Ruthledge's motherless daughter. He did not tell her of his love at once, though, because of his morbid fear that his unknown parents might have bequeathed him a hereditary taint of dishonesty or brutality. Dr. Ruthledge knew of this fear, and advised Ned to wait until he had conquered it before speaking to Mary.

Ned disregarded the minister's advice, however, when he became tormented by the thought that Mary might be in love with Ellis Smith, a mysterious artist stranger who came to live in Five Points. By a strange coincidence, Ned asked Mary to be his wife, and she consented, on the same night that a woman named Fredrika Lang murdered Paul Burns in her tenement room near the church. Dr. Ruthledge knew, but Ned did not, that Fredrika Lang was really Ned's mother, and Paul Burns was his father, who was trying to extort money from Fredrika by threatening to tell Ned about his parentage. Fredrika refused to reveal her motive for the murder, and begged Dr. Ruthledge to keep silent, too, with the result that she was condemned to death.

While Fredrika was in prison, awaiting execution, life in Five Points went on. Ned finished the novel he was writing, and it was accepted by the Cunningham Publishing Company, where Rose Kransky, beautiful and ambitious daughter of the Five Points pawnbroker, worked as Charles Cunningham's secretary. Ned and Mary set the date for their wedding. Dr. Ruthledge, after much thought, went to the Governor and told him Fredrika's story under pledge of secrecy, thus winning a pardon for her. But on the night before his marriage, after Fredrika's release, Ned overheard a conversation between her

and Dr. Ruthledge which revealed the truth about his parents' identity. Bowled over by the confirmation of his fears and the knowledge that his father had been a thief and his mother a murderess, Ned denounced Dr. Ruthledge and Fredrika and rushed away.

NED plunged through the turbulent streets of Five Points, not knowing nor caring where he was going. In the confusion of his brain there was only one thought—to get away. What he really wanted was escape from the suddenly discovered past, but this desire twisted and blended with all his terror and disgust until it grew into a determination to escape from everything—from Mary, from Dr. Ruthledge and Fredrika, from Five Points and all it contained.

He found himself climbing the stairs of the house where he lived, and in a moment he had tossed a

Based on the radio serial by Irna Phillips heard daily at 11:45 A.M., E.S.T., over the NBC-Red, and sponsored by the makers of P. & G. White Naptha Soap. Photos posed by members of the cast.

few clothes into a bag. It was hours later, when he was sitting in the dimly lighted chair car of a westward-bound train, before he realized dully that he had very little ready money on him; that his savings account must remain untouched, since to try to draw on it would betray his whereabouts to the people in Five Points.

Dr. Ruthledge could not at first believe that Ned had run away. Always he had feared Ned's eventual, inevitable discovery that Fredrika Lang was his mother, but he had counted on the boy's training and basic soundness to adjust him to the shock. Fredrika was wiser from the first. Her mother's instinct had enabled her to see

more deeply into Ned's soul. She had known that the discovery, if it came, would throw him completely off balance. Now she tried desperately to find him and bring him back to Five Points.

There was very little money available for the search, and she was forced to appeal to the police and the Missing Persons Bureau, careless of the publicity which resulted—even though she knew how bitterly Ned would resent it if he knew.

Weeks passed, while the ponderous machinery of search went into motion, ground away fruitlessly—and stopped.

Ned had vanished. That was the conclusion they were forced to ac-

cept at last. He must, the police told Dr. Ruthledge, have been able to get out of the country, on a ship or over the border into Mexico or Canada.

The Doctor glanced at Fredrika and Mary, who were also in his study for this last interview with the official from the Missing Persons Bureau. Fredrika looked as if she had not slept for weeks. She was exhausted from a trip she had taken across the continent, to San Francisco, where for a short time it had seemed that they might find Ned.

As for Mary—He, her own father, could not read her thoughts. Her habitual quiet reserve had strengthened since Ned's flight, and

she had spent many hours in the chapel with her music. He knew she felt the loss of Ned deeply, but he also knew she was determined not to show it. Of one thing he was thankful—Mary and Fredrika had been drawn together by their common sorrow into a friendship which would, he felt sure, help them both.

When the man from the Bureau had gone the Doctor said gently, "Fredrika, I'd like you to come into this parsonage to live with Mary and me. Some day, I know, Ned will return, and when he does you must be here."

Tears came to her eyes. "You've been so good to me, Doctor. I mustn't inflict myself and my sorrows on you any more—"

■ **Begin this poignant drama of people who live in the hearts of radio listeners and meet Rose—beautiful, passionate, loving without the sanctity of marriage**

"You're part of our lives now, Fredrika," Mary said quietly. "Don't you see that?"

Fredrika's head turned slowly toward the younger woman. She nodded, as if at a new thought. "Yes," she said. "You're right. I'm part of your lives. . . . I've made myself so, God forgive me."

"Then it's settled," Dr. Ruthledge said cheerfully. "You'll stay here, Fredrika, with us."

Fredrika left the room, and Mary started to follow her, but the Doctor laid a restraining hand on her arm. "Mary—dear. Don't grieve too much. Ned can't stay away forever. There can still be happiness for you and him."

With a little shiver, she turned and hid her face against his shoulder, telling him more than she could have imparted in words of her loneliness and desolation.

During his efforts to save Fredrika Lang's life Dr. Ruthledge had known well enough that this championship of her cause was unpopular with his parishioners. Now he flung himself into an effort to win back lost confidence.

It was not easy. Fredrika offered to make public the entire story of her relationship with Paul Burns and Ned Holden, but the Doctor, after thinking it over, decided against this. Nothing, he felt, would be gained by raking up past secrets. He must take the harder course of winning back a doubtful and suspicious congregation one by one.

And then he learned that criticism was being levelled upon him from an entirely unsuspected source.

Meeting Abe Kransky, the pawnbroker, on the street, he asked after Rose. "I haven't seen much of her since she left Five Points," he said.

Abe's tired eyes flashed with an unaccustomed bitterness. "And neither does her father and mother and little brother!" he said angrily. "Always she's busy with her fine friends—her fine no-good friends—"



Photos by Seymour of Chicago

so it's no time she's got to spend with her own people!"

"Rose and I've always got along well—perhaps I'd better talk to her," Dr. Ruthledge offered.

"Already you've talked to her enough!" Abe's voice trembled with the weak fury of the old. "Already you've taught her how she should laugh at her own father and mother, they shouldn't be good enough for her, the fine young lady! Already you've told her to go to this school, go to that school, go here, go there—"

"Why, Abe! I don't understand!"

"So you don't understand." Abe's outburst had subsided into sullenness. Shrugging his shoulders, he walked on past Dr. Ruthledge, his head down.

THE Doctor did not have to wait long for further explanation of Abe's attitude. Two afternoons later Mrs. Kransky called on him. Sitting on the edge of a chair in his study, she told him of something that even Abe did not know.

"Dr. Ruthledge," she said, "Rose, she comes home, last week it was, and she says to me, 'Mama, I'm in love with a man—with a married man.'" The shame of the memory made her gaze avoid Dr. Ruthledge's. After a moment she swal-

lowed and went on.

"She didn't have to say who. Didn't I know? Mr. Cunningham—the man she works for. Already I'd heard about it, all the time I tried to keep Abe from hearin'. Mr. Cunningham and mine daughter, Dr. Ruthledge! I tried to tell her, that Mr. Cunningham, he ain't no good. I tried to tell her she should forget about him, but what does she say? Only one thing, one thing that tears my heart when I hear it. 'It's too late, Ma.' That's what she said, 'It's too late, Ma.' I don't know—" She spread her hands, palms down, on her knees. "I don't know, Dr. Ruthledge, what that means, those words. They can't—they can't mean anything good."

Attempting to soothe her, he said, "Rose is high-strung—emotional. I'm sure that was just her way of telling you that she feels herself so much in love she can't forget the man."

"You think so?" she asked, wanting to believe him, remembering Rose's desperate tone, knowing in her heart the explanation could not be that simple. "She tells me Mr. Cunningham he's going to get a divorce," she went on miserably. "Mine girl, she should be breaking up a home! Nothing good can come from that. If I could think that

what she's doing would make her happy, ever, I wouldn't say anything. But—you can't take what belongs to somebody else and be happy. In America or in the old country—no matter where, that's true. No matter if what Rose tells me is the truth—if Mr. Cunningham he ain't been happy with his wife since before he met Rose. Still it ain't right Rose should think she loves a man that's married already. . . ."

Dr. Ruthledge did not say what he thought: that Charles Cunningham was the one to blame. No good could be accomplished by reminding Mrs. Kransky of Helen Ryder, or of Cunningham's reputation. Instead, he said, "What do you want me to do?"

"I want you to go see Rose. So, you can tell her what I told you. Me, she don't understand. Like a stranger I am talking to when I talk to her. But you—maybe you can make her see before it's too late, if—" her voice fell so low he could scarcely hear—"if it ain't too late now."

"Abe said, the other day, maybe I'd talked too much to Rose already."

Embarrassed, she said, "Abe, he thinks you showed Rose how to go to school and learn to be a secretary—how to find ways she should think are better than ours. So he thinks you taught her to leave us."

"You don't think that, Mrs. Kransky."

"Dr. Ruthledge," she said simply, "I know you are a good man. What you did for Rose, you did because to you it seemed right. Anyway—what showed Rose new ways wasn't you. It was—" her shoulders lifted and dropped hopelessly. "It was America."

America?—Dr. Ruthledge thought that evening as he walked out of the Five Points district toward Rose's apartment. No, Mrs. Kransky was wrong. It wasn't America that had taught Rose how to discard her parents' authority. At least not entirely. The times must take their share of blame. But human nature must take even more. It was in the nature of man, he admitted, to want to seek salvation in the individual way, not the way laid down by others. It was also in the nature of man to scorn the wishes of parents—and to deplore the wishes of children.

Rose greeted him without enthusiasm. Her quick intelligence divined at once that this visit had been inspired by her mother. "Ma's been telling you about me and Mr. Cunningham," she said directly.

"Yes." (Continued on page 64)



■ "Darling—I've missed you so—no, wait, don't kiss me now. First I want to know what this business was that kept you away so long."



Selena Royle

■ Star of the CBS serial drama, *Woman of Courage*, heard over the Columbia network every morning except Saturday and Sunday, in private life, Miss Royle is the wife of Earle Larimore, the celebrated actor. In her spare time she writes, but right now she spends her leisure hours in her summer home near Lake Champlain knitting garments for victims of the war. Selena was born in New York City. Her father is the well-known author of "The Squaw Man;" her mother a well-known actress.

Marcus Blechman

Home, Home on the

■ In the beautiful San Fernando Valley, set amid five acres of lawns and orchards, is the gracious home of the Ameches.



■ The living room with its pastel chintz furnishings.



■ Donnie and Ronnie pose before the swimming pool.



■ The bedroom with its spacious, upholstered bed.



By MAUD CHEATHAM

DON AND HONORE AMECHE chose one of the loveliest spots in all beautiful San Fernando Valley, just over the hills from Hollywood, for their home.

The rambling white house set amid five acres of lawns and orchards, against a backcurtain of wooded hills, and all touched with the magic stillness of the afternoon sun, painted a breath-taking picture. Adjectives fail. Only an inspired brush and canvas could do it justice.

"Why country life?" I asked Don.

"Space!" he quickly replied. "I like the feeling of freedom that comes with the wide-open spaces. I like to create my own restrictions, not have them forced upon me. After all, a home is a haven, a retreat from the fret of the outside world; the one place where one may live—fully!"

"We've been in the valley for four years and were contented in the smaller home, but our family grew from two sons to three, and now a new baby has come to join us. We needed larger quarters."

"This house, which we fondly call a Colonial farmhouse, though architects tell us neither term is authentic, is almost identical to the plans we had already drawn for a home. We bought it from Al Jolson, who built it, and he put many dreams into it which happened to be our dreams, too. So, it suits us perfectly."

Don's sunny smile and warm brown eyes are even more irresistible off the screen than on. But it is his voice—a flexible, deep baritone, which he uses with all the skill of a violinist, that is his greatest charm. I never knew until now how he developed it. While he was attending Columbia College, at Dubuque, Iowa, he became fascinated with Rev. Father Kurara's voice and began imitating it until he acquired the identical tonal qualities. He little realized what a potent aid this would be in molding his career. It is his voice,

Ranch

■ We call it perfect living—adoring husband, devoted wife, roughneck sons. Visit the Ameches, ideal family



Photos by NBC, Hollywood
20th Century-Fox



■ Not a frown among 'em—Donnie, Papa Don, Mother Honore and brother Ronnie.

■ The dining room with its artistic window treatment.



■ A very rare antique—the 200-year-old English buffet.



■ A crucifix blessed by the Pope hangs in Don's den.



expressing every mood, that makes him the most popular dramatic actor on radio, and one of Twentieth Century-Fox's favorite film stars.

As we passed through the spacious reception hall with its winding stairway, into the living room, Honore deplored that despite its allurements of soft pastel chintzes and beautiful furniture, it is usually passed up for the playroom beyond. Little wonder, for this is a charmingly informal room, with a small bar and a large fireplace, and opening onto a wide terrace overlooking a sweep of gardens. It fairly lulls one with its serenity, its utter lack of fret and hurry.

"There was a time," said Don, "when I liked crowds, bright lights and excitement. I still like all that in its right place, but not in my home. We live simply, and entertain simply. Many of my family—my father, mother, brothers and sisters—I was one of eight children—live near us and much of our social life revolves around them."

"Often," laughed Honore, "we start out on Sunday with no definite plan and wind up with twenty or thirty guests for supper. We love it. That happened last Sunday, when twenty-five sat down at the table with us."

"Unexpected guests never upset or confuse her," proudly added Don. "Yesterday, I was working on location in 'Down Argentine Way,' a few miles from here, and about 10 o'clock, I phoned asking if I could bring five of the fellows over to luncheon. Her reply was so prompt and cheery that I never suspected it was the cook's day out, and that the second maid had been taken suddenly ill. We arrived to find a husky he-man luncheon which Honey had prepared herself." Then, he added with a warm grin, "She's always the good sport, and the best pal a man ever had!"

Later, I discovered that the Ameche kitchen, with

Two for One

■ When you start buying your new fall wardrobe, take lovely Ginny Simms' excellent tip—select costumes that can lead a double life

By GWENN WALTERS

■ Ginny's basic town and travel costume, above—a brown tweed topcoat, a long single-breasted jacket with velvet trim, and a matching pencil-slim skirt. A draped halo beret tops it off.

■ Miss Simms' topcoat and suit accessories play a second part when she dons this beige jersey frock, right. Little gold buttons close the shirtwaist blouse top and gold discs stud the belt.

WHEN I purchase clothes for any season," says Ginny Simms, songbird of Kay Kyser's NBC program, *College of Musical Knowledge*, "I always select costumes that lead a double life."

Ginny means that her basic coats, frocks and accessories may be interchanged to make completely new-looking costumes. This isn't a new idea, but it's an important one to girls who live on budgets. For

example, note how Ginny plans her suit—a three-piece one with a topcoat to wear over different dresses. By selecting a beige frock, Ginny makes all her suit accessories, as well as her coat, lead a double life. This same principle is found in her black costume. For evening, too, Ginny has a two-in-one gown.

Study these three basic costumes that multiply into six outfits—you'll save money and look chic, too.

■ Left, an Ocelot sailor, banded and draped with velvet, and matching muff, dress up Ginny's black wool tailored topcoat piped with velvet.

NBC Hollywood Photos, taken exclusively for Radio Mirror

Clothes from Harry Cooper, Hollywood

■ Ginny selected a well tailored black crepe frock, above, to wear with her coat and a dressy black velvet hat with a veil for "that luncheon date"

**RADIO'S
PHOTO-
MIRROR**

NOVEMBER, 1940

■ Ginny's two for one dine and dance costume is of sapphire blue pebbly crepe, with jacket embroidered in chinese red and crystal beads. For formal wear (left) she removes top.



Warner Brothers Photo

Ida Lupino's Ghost World

■ Rivalling the wildest flight of a romancer's imagination is this true story of a girl who took from the darkness of the unknown a power that many struggle vainly to find

By MARIAN RHEA

THERE is no logical explanation for this story I am about to tell. Only if you believe in an unseen, inexplicable force existing in that realm beyond human conception, yet able at times to communicate itself to you or to me, can you find the answer. And then, of course, you can only guess. . . . As Ida does. . . .

On a certain Monday night a few weeks ago, you may have sat by your radio and listened to the music of Gordon Jenkins' orchestra on the "Little Old Hollywood" hour. The program you heard was one of those musical dramatizations of his, of the life of a celebrity. And on this day, that celebrity was a slender, wide blue-eyed girl whom you've often heard on the air and who, of late, has come to be one of the brightest stars in motion pictures. Ida Lupino.

Back the lovely, interpretive music carried you, that day, to the colorful childhood of this daughter of the famous British theatrical star, Stanley Lupino; through her struggle for a place on stage and screen, the long, terrible illness that beset her just as she was gaining a foothold in Hollywood, her romantic marriage to Louis Hayward, her recent great success as a dramatic actress. The program was climaxed with music, not of Gordon Jenkins' making, but of Ida Lupino's own—a part of the "Aladdin Suite" which she herself composed. And it is on this "Aladdin Suite" and how it came to be written—how any and all of the music that Ida has written came into being—that hangs this story. This incredible story of

an unseen force which visited her, bearing a priceless gift.

The story begins one night in the summer of 1935 when Ida Lupino was desperately ill with infantile paralysis. It was hot that night, sultry and oppressive. Clouds banked darkly in the mountains to the east and the heat lights played on the horizon. Ida lay, feverish and faint in her bed, while her mother watched beside her. The crisis must come soon, spelling recovery or—the end. Ida knew that, but she didn't care—much. She was too spent with fighting.

Then it happened. Suddenly, from far away, she heard music. Wonderful music. Music that belonged only to her, lifted her from the spell of beckoning death and urged her back to the task and the joy of living.

She turned her head on the hot pillow and whispered, "I am going to write music. . . ."

Later, when the doctor came, Mrs. Lupino spoke to him fearfully. "She's delirious! She's worse!"

But he, bending over the sick girl, was reassuring. "No, she's better," he said. "She'll get well."

And that was the first manifestation of the strange force which is this day Ida Lupino's. The second manifestation came during her convalescence and it nearly frightened to death her mother and the others about her.

But before that, there must be an interpolation. This is important. I shall let Ida make it herself.

"I had always hated music! True, I had been given music lessons at school, but I loathed every note, every tone. I used to run away from classes and to bribe my chums to take my turn in the private practice rooms, while the teachers thought it was I running scales and drumming out exercises. And symphonic music bored me no end. I couldn't play the piano, nor any instrument. I didn't know one note from another. I didn't want to . . . until that night when I said to my mother, 'I am going to write music.'"

"Poor mother. No wonder she thought me delirious."

And Ida's mother feared more than that on a certain day during her daughter's convalescence. For it was then that the mysterious

music which had invaded Ida's being that night when she lay in the shadow of death, returned.

Ida was up by now, weak but on the road to recovery. And on a certain afternoon, hot and sultry as had been that unforgettable night, suddenly music again welled within her. Music not to be denied, this time.

"Hearing, again, somehow, such music as I had never dreamed of," she says, "heedless of all but that great singing within me, I went to the piano and played. Harmonies swelled from the keys. Beautiful chords. Bits of melody. My fingers were swift and pliable. It was as though I were a medium through

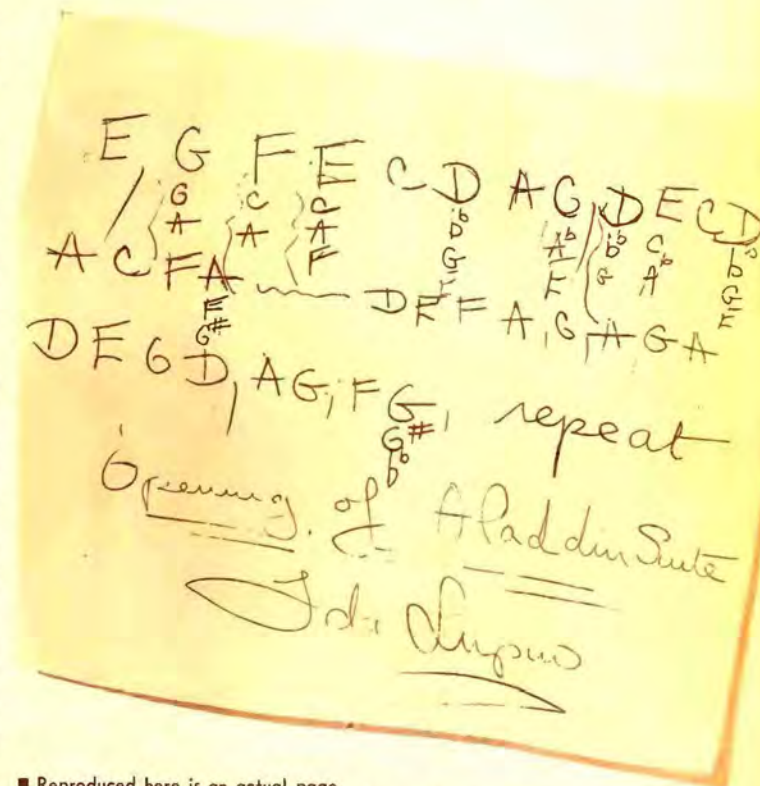
which a message of melody flowed. "My mother came into the room as I was playing. She went white.

"Ida," she gasped, "you're playing the piano! Ida, you never could play before this! How did you learn and what are you playing?"

"I remember seeing her tremble, and the fear that came into her eyes as I answered her: 'Yes, mother, I am playing, and I never could play before this. Mother, I don't know how I learned nor what I'm playing. . . .'"

Those are Ida's own words. I do not ask you—and she does not—to believe them. But—she was playing!

(Continued on page 85)



■ Reproduced here is an actual page from Ida Lupino's notebook, just as she wrote it down, of symphonic music which she composed as it was dictated to her by an inner force she herself is unable to explain.



■ "If we could always be like this," Elizabeth sighed to herself.

Posed by Erin O'Brien-Moore as Elizabeth; Wm. Post, Jr., as John Perry

John's Other Wife

■ In the shadow of disaster, Elizabeth learns the great lesson of her life—the lesson that must be learned by every woman who hopes to keep her husband's love

ELIZABETH Perry was resentful, fearful and terribly alone. John, her husband, whom she adored, was so immersed in Perry's Department Store that he had forgotten about his wife and home. The women with whom he worked in the store shared more of his thoughts than his own wife.

There was Annette Rogers, clever young society woman who was John's chief dress designer. Jealousy for Annette's ability, which John seemed to admire so much, led Elizabeth to take an almost fatal step. From Robin Pennington, a millionaire friend, she learned that Annette's successful manipulations on the stock market were solely the result of tips given her by Pennington. Further, Elizabeth accidentally discovered that John Perry was loaning Annette the money with which to play the market. Impulsively, Elizabeth asked Pennington for one of his market tips, and, following his advice, invested \$20,000 worth of bonds which John had given her on their marriage. Her broker persuaded her to buy on margin, with the result that when the stock went down she first mortgaged their home for an additional \$10,000 to cover her investment, then helplessly watched the entire \$30,000 wiped out.

After that, it was ironic to discover that Annette, too, had lost money—John's money—and that rather than face John she was going to marry Henry Sullivan, owner of the store which competed with Perry's.

John's discovery that Elizabeth had lost their money caused a breach between them that was slow in healing. Meanwhile, he was forced to go to Mortimer Prince for financial aid. Prince loaned him money, but only on the condition that John take Carlie, his flighty, spoiled daughter, and teach her department store management. Although John looked upon Carlie as a child, she fell in love with him and maneuvered him into an embarrassing position when a hotel in which they were both staying burned down. John's refusal to

tell Elizabeth why he was in the hotel caused her to accept an offer made by Robin Pennington to sing on a radio station he had just bought. Without saying anything to John, she prepared to leave for New York to study, and was all ready to go when she learned that she was to have a child. Hurrying to the store to tell John, she arrived in the midst of a quarrel between him and his employees—and in the excitement she fell. Even in the midst of the blinding pain which shot through her, she knew that her reason for coming to the store no longer existed.

At first, as Elizabeth lay on the narrow bed in the hospital, she was conscious only of a numbed sense of helplessness. Her days ran hazily together and merely

Fictionized by Ethelda Bedford from the radio serial heard daily at 3:30 P. M., E.S.T., on NBC-Blue, sponsored by Freezone and Kolynos Toothpaste.

were excuses to sleep and thus evade reality a little longer.

Reality became—John. He often sat beside her, so tense with worry that the air in the room tightened about his presence. Without opening his eyes, during those uncertain days, Elizabeth could see him, frowning and shifting in the straight-backed chair. She was too ill to help now. If only she could sleep and awaken refreshed, with a clear view of what to say to him, something which would miraculously make everything smooth in their lives again!

Gradually she reached the place, during the second week, where she clutched that sheet in nervous fingers and talked to John—in the polite way she spoke to the nurse, to the doctor, and to Granny Manners.

His replies were just as tenderly polite and, she felt, they only skimmed the surface of his thoughts.

Carlie's name was not mentioned although the vision of her childish figure, her soft eyes, seemed to accompany every word uttered in that room.

Nor did they mention Robin Pennington, whose flowers were a reminder of him from every corner of the room. Twice he telephoned while John was there.

Elizabeth had been at her own home more than a week before her hold on the pathetic shield of evasion was torn from her hands. And it took Granny Manners to manage that.

"There's no such thing as holding a man's love without doing something about it," said Granny over her flying knitting needles. Her wise old eyes saw the sudden movement which ran through Elizabeth's thin body. Without waiting longer than it took the barb to strike, she continued: "You're not being fair to yourself—or to John. And don't widen your eyes at me that way, my dear. You can't pretend life is not marching right along. The important thing is: When are you going to take part in the parade again?"

Elizabeth's long fingers tortured each other in her lap. Granny didn't know the anguish Elizabeth had tried to live through, the thoughts she had tortured herself with during those numb, helpless days in the hospital. How baffled she had been! And how ashamed of thinking that she might hold John by telling him she was going to have his child, wanting to hold him through duty—the gray ashes of love!

"You can't go on thinking of yourself all the time," Granny cautioned. "John needs some thinking about, too. After all, he's still your husband."

"I know, Granny. I must do something. I—I've just tried to hope I'd be up to it."

"There are two kinds of women in this world. Those that work to keep ahead—and those that work to catch up. The latter escape their places in the parade by getting sick, begging for sympathy—you know what I mean."

"Granny, you don't think that I—I purposely would—"

"I don't think you fell off that desk purposely, no. But I think you've coddled yourself long enough, Elizabeth. Nearly a month now since you were all packed to go to New York—and made that little righteous speech to protect John and Carlie Prince at the store. I hope you know by now that you piled more worry on John's head—I don't think he was very appreciative of that kind of help. A man doesn't want his wife to fight his battles for him, my dear."

ELIZABETH'S face was wet with tears. She gripped the arms of her chair and listened to Granny's astringent talk.

"John doesn't need me any more," she said defensively. "That's why I was going away."

"Easier to go away than stay here and fight to make him need you more than he needs someone else."

"Oh, Granny! You don't understand. If holding John's love means constantly fighting to keep it—perhaps the wisest thing is for me to let him go. I can't go on living in the continual fear that I am not enough for him."

Norma Manners shook her gray head and made little sounds of impatience with her lips.

"Well, if you feel that way—you might let John know it. As it is now, the poor man—"

"Carlie no doubt sympathizes with him enough for both of us!"

"Temper!" said Granny and fluffed her skirts out around her. "At least you've come out of that heavy fog you've been in so long. I'm going now—and mind you stay out of the fog!"

"I'll talk to him tonight, Granny," Elizabeth promised, kissing the soft, withered cheek. "And thank you."

How badly Granny must have believed she needed that prodding, Elizabeth told herself, feeling anxious and excited, and even a little relieved that she had decided to talk things out with John. How could she have thought she was gaining any ground by postponing the issue? She had been unfair—more to him than to herself. When every day she knew he was seeing Carlie—people were talking. Just because she made that righteous speech, as Granny called it, and then got herself into the hospital



had not changed things. John was no different. He still worked late and left early—he'd called to say he couldn't be home to dinner this very night—and he still was with Carlie almost every hour away from home.

Elizabeth had just finished the tray of dinner Molly brought into the living-room for her that night when the doorbell rang.

"Mr. Prince would like to see you," Molly came in with the message.

"Mr. Prince?" Elizabeth said, a vision of the tall, gray-haired man mounting in her mind to frightening proportions. "Take this tray and ask him in."

Elizabeth stood as he came toward her. She noted that he was thinner, and that his deep-set eyes, almost hidden behind thick gray brows, looked feverish.

"Mrs. Perry, forgive me for calling so unceremoniously on you." He held her hand in his strong fingers. "I had to talk to you—"

Needless for him to say, "About your husband and my daughter." She knew he had come to talk to her about them, that now she would have to step out into the parade, sooner than even Granny had expected her to. She dropped back on the couch, saying mechanically, "Please sit down."

The efficient Molly was bringing

in cups and saucers, the decanter of brandy with a glass. Elizabeth grasped that minute to collect herself, watching Mortimer Prince refuse coffee, pour himself a drink of brandy. He lit a cigarette.

"I want to talk to you about my daughter, Carolyn. Carlie," his voice warmed over the nickname, "has been my problem since her mother died. Now, I realize she has become your problem, too."

Elizabeth moved to the edge of the sofa, braced herself with her hands on the cushions. Her heart hammered painfully.

"Carlie tells me that she and John are in love—so naturally John's freedom is necessary."

After that minute dragged over her heart, Elizabeth said, "John wants to marry her?"

"Let's put it this way: Carlie wants to marry him. She claims to love him very much. I don't know. You see, I've tried to give her what she wants as nearly as I can. Spoiled her, perhaps. Now I find she wants the husband of another woman. . . . Well, here I am, asking you to divorce him for her. That is the way it is, Mrs. Perry. I can only hope you understand."

Elizabeth nodded slowly, seeing the word "divorce" which she had never voiced, flashing between them.

"Divorce," she said. "Then John has—planned to marry her when he is free?"

"Carlie thinks you don't mind too seriously," Prince said. "She has brilliant plans for their future together. And although the notoriety, naturally, has hindered his career here, in New York—"

"New York? You mean, John intends to go to New York?"

Prince nodded his gray head. "Of course he couldn't stay here."

"How do you mean—"

She knew, although she sat there and heard him explain that a small store would not weather the notoriety of its president in a small community, which would not soon forget those radio and newspaper reports.

"The publicity's hurt Carlie, too. And the club women have boycotted Perry's store. My daughter's happiness is far more important to me than Perry's store," Prince was saying in his polite way. "Then, that story about Perry's rescuing Carlie from the fire perfected the romantic picture of him in her mind—"

"Romantic picture!" she repeated in a dry unnatural voice. "How can you use the word romantic? There is (Continued on page 77)

NEXT MONTH

Watch for another
Ellery Queen Mystery
Full of thrilling
Excitement and
Suspense

By
FULTON LEWIS, Jr.

■ In behind-the-scenes history: from left to right, Mrs. John J. Dempsey, "Princess Alice" Longworth, Mrs. John Garner, Mrs. Wendell Willkie, Mrs. Albert Chandler, Mrs. Harry B. Hawes.



Women IN WASHINGTON

■ No longer is our country's history decided in the cold halls of the Capitol, but in thickly carpeted drawing rooms with sweet music and dim lights—where wives of great men play their roles

THEIR names never are recorded in the Congressional Record. Even in the Congressional Directory they exist only as an asterisk, next to a Congressman's name (indicating, says the reference, that "the member of Congress is accompanied by his wife").

But the women for whom those tiny asterisks are symbols are the most powerful of all off-stage factors in our nation's capital. Without them, the men we call statesmen would still be back in their home towns, watching rusty attorney-at-law signs swing in the breeze outside their windows.

Nor are these women any more beautiful or intelligent than any ambitious housewife in your own neighborhood. Basically, nothing has changed for them except their addresses. Main Street has become Pennsylvania Avenue. The church social is an Embassy reception. The guests become Senators and Sultans, instead of Our Town's bankers or bakers.

The job had just grown bigger. Back home, the women's social activities affected—in success or failure—only a little world. In Washington, they affect all of us.

It isn't a really new story I have to tell you. The woman's part was no different when Washington was very young and muddy. Then it was dimpled Dolly Madison who first influenced American history with her teas and dinner parties.

Each administration, famous or obscure, has had its distaff-side celebrity in the background. Behind Abe Lincoln was Mary Todd.

Fulton Lewis, Jr., noted Washington newscaster, broadcasts frequently over MBS.

She was not Honest Abe's dream, as Ann Rutledge was; but she pushed him from lackadaisical Illinois bar-rister to immortality.

The beautiful "Princess Alice" Roosevelt drew from her dynamic father his almost unbelievable supply of vigor and energy. In her days in the White House, her charm and spirit made the Court of St. James dim by comparison. And it was that force, alone, that picked up the mild-mannered, pleasant little Congressman from Cincinnati whom she married—Nick Longworth—and drove him up, up, up to become Speaker of the House of Representatives.

Today Nick Longworth is gone, but the force of "Princess Alice" keeps on, perhaps stronger than ever. Today, as before, she holds court for political intellectuals. A brilliant woman, she follows legislation carefully, and those who make legislation gather in her drawing room, to discuss politics, the third term, WPA, labor, the war, and what have you. Her dining room (Continued on page 82)



THE COOKING CORNER PRESENTS

Your Prize-Winning Entrees

By KATE SMITH

Radio Mirror's Food Counsellor

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

A GAIN I've delved into that treasure trove of fine cooking—the recipes you readers sent in to RADIO MIRROR's Cooking Corner contest—and as I've done before, I've come up with more prize winners. They are prize winners in every sense of the word. Each recipe on these pages earned an award for the contestant who sent it in and every one of them will bring you rewards in the form of the delighted approval of your family and in your own satisfaction at meriting it.

Our culinary prize winners this month include widely diversified dishes, but they have these things in common: They are easy to prepare, requiring only a minimum of attention once they have started to cook; they are economical, both in the fact that their basic ingredients are inexpensive and that they utilize staples usually bought in quantity and kept on hand; and, best of all, they are at the top of the list for flavor appeal.

Tuna and Mushroom Casserole

(Mrs. Edward M. Monroe, Indianapolis, Ind.)

- 4 tbs. butter or margarine
- 4 tbs. flour
- ¼ tsp. pepper
- 3½ oz. package potato chips (crushed)
- 2½ cups tuna fish (two 7-oz. cans)
- ¾ cup mushrooms (sliced and sautéed, or canned)

Melt butter in double boiler, add flour and pepper and stir smooth. Pour in milk gradually and cook until smooth and thick. Add three-fourths of the crushed potato chips, together with the tuna fish and mushrooms, to the sauce, pour into greased casserole and top with remaining potato chips. Bake in moderate oven for thirty minutes. Serves six. For a more substantial

meal, top the casserole with small biscuits as we have illustrated here and serve additional biscuits during dinner.

Real East Indian Curried Chicken

(Mrs. Ceery Anander, Miami, Fla.)

- 4-lb. chicken (cut up)
- 2 tbs. flour
- 3 tbs. butter
- 1½ tsp. curry powder
- 1 large onion (minced)
- 1 tsp. salt

Pinch black pepper
5 medium potatoes (peeled and quartered)
Boiling water
Roll pieces of chicken in the flour. Put 2 tbs. butter in skillet (not too hot); add 1 tsp. curry powder and minced onion. When golden brown, add chicken, piece by piece, turning so all sides are nicely browned. Add salt and pepper. Transfer to cooking pot, cover with boiling water and simmer until chicken is nearly

Glorify

THE LUNCH BOX

If you are among the many mothers to whom the school term means the preparation of lunchboxes, here are a few cardinal principles to ensure appealing and well-balanced noontime meals for your little ones.

1. Beverages. Milk or hot cocoa made with milk for the thermos bottle.
2. Sandwiches. Whole wheat, Boston brown or rye bread for variety with white bread. For filling: Prepared sandwich loaf or paté meat; cold roasted or broiled meat, ground and blended with mayonnaise (these keep moist longer than cold slices from a roast); cream cheese combined with jelly, minced olives or green pepper; jelly or jam; peanut butter.
3. Fruit. Apples, oranges (peeled and divided into sections for younger children), bananas or any other fresh fruit in season. Cooked fruit—an individual serving in a leak-proof jar. You will find many one-portion can of fruits on your grocer's shelves.
4. Dessert. Cake, cookies or individual fruit pies. Wholesome foods of this type at noon mean fewer de-



mands for candies between meals.

5. Extras. Deviled eggs, olives or pickles or nut meats occasionally; individual baked beans or casserole dishes which can be eaten cold.
6. Equipment. Spoon and fork for foods which can't be eaten with the fingers. Plenty of paper napkins.
7. Packing. Use plenty of waxed paper and pack each item separately.
8. Planning and marketing. In planning your weekly menus, take each day's lunch box into consideration. It will take a few additional minutes, but it will save confusion when putting up lunches and will result in better balanced and more nourishing noontime meals—and in health and happiness for your little one.



■ Plantation Surprise—a recipe for leftovers by Mrs. Durward Bracken.

done. Add potatoes. When potatoes are done, add the remaining butter (melted) and curry powder.

This recipe was brought back by Mrs. Anander's grandmother from a visit to India, during which she was the guest of the famous poet, Rabindra Nath Tagore.

Plantation Surprise

- (Mrs. Durward Bracken, San Francisco, Cal.)
- 2 tbs. shortening
 - 1½ tbs. flour
 - ¼ tsp. salt
 - ½ tsp. pepper
 - 2 tbs. minced parsley
 - 1 tbs. onion juice
 - 2 eggs (separated)
 - 3 cups cooked meat (ground)
 - 1½ cups milk

Melt fat and blend in flour. Add seasonings and mix well. Stir in milk slowly and stir until mixture thickens. Add beaten egg yolks and meat, then fold in stiffly beaten egg whites. Turn into greased baking dish, and place in pan of water and bake in moderate oven until firm, about 30 minutes. Serve immediately.

I know you will agree with Mrs. Bracken that "this is a delightful way to use leftovers from Sunday's roast." She suggests roast veal, although she considers beef, lamb or pork equally delicious.

Salmon and Corn Casserole

- (Mrs. H. D. Robertson, Minneapolis, Minn.)
- 1 can cream-style corn
 - 1 can red salmon (free of bones,



■ Economize with Mrs. Edward M. Monroe's tunafish casserole.

- excess oil and skin)
- 1 cup finely rolled cracker crumbs
- 2 tbs. pimiento (minced)
- 2 tbs. green pepper (minced)
- Salt and pepper to taste
- 1 cup milk

Mix together all ingredients, turn into buttered casserole and bake in medium oven 45 minutes.

You will find this a life saver for an emergency meal, since no doubt the canned salmon, corn and pimiento are on your canned goods shelf and the green pepper tucked into the salad container in your refrigerator.

Yola's Meat Loaf

(Miss Yola Righetti, Salinas, Cal.)

- 2 lbs. ground round steak
- ¼ lb. ground pork
- 1½ cups rolled oats
- 1 small can minced olives
- 1 large can tomatoes (reserve juice)
- 1 onion (diced)
- 1 clove garlic (minced)
- 1 egg
- Salt, pepper, cayenne and Worcestershire sauce to taste

1 tbs. flour
3 or 4 hard cooked eggs
Mix together the meat, rolled oats, olives, strained tomatoes, onion, garlic, egg and seasonings. Divide mixture, and place half of it in a buttered baking pan or roaster, shaping into a loaf. Place hard cooked eggs on meat layer, and cover with remaining mixture.



■ Delicious is the mixed meat loaf submitted by Miss Yola Righetti.

packing firmly. Thicken tomato juice with flour and pour over loaf. Bake at 450 degrees F. for half an hour; reduce temperature to 350 degrees F. and bake for another half hour. Invert loaf onto platter for serving.

Miss Righetti suggests serving with the meat loaf a salad made of lettuce, string beans and beets; toasted French bread, apple pie and coffee.

Savory Veal Roll

(Mrs. Helen Ashley, Hortville, Ohio)

- 1 qt. stale bread crumbs
 - 2 tps. salt
 - 2 tps. sage
 - 2 tps. chopped parsley
 - 2 tps. chopped celery
 - Pinch pepper
 - ¼ cup shortening
 - 3 tbs. minced onion
 - 1 large slice veal, ¼ inch thick
 - Flour
 - Milk
- Combine salt, sage, parsley, celery and pepper. Cook onion slowly in part of the shortening until tender. Add crumb mixture and continue cooking until crumbs are golden brown. Spread mixture on veal, roll tightly and tie with string. Roll veal in flour and sauté in remaining shortening until brown on all sides. Place roll in casserole and add sufficient milk to almost but not quite cover it. Cook, covered, at 350 degrees F. for 1½ hours. Serves four.



■ Smilingly, but firmly, Kay Kyser and Ginny Simms deny that they are Mr. and Mrs. However, neither is ever seen with another date.



■ Not a visit to the zoo—Carmichael to "pal" Fred



Jack Benny introducing Brenda on the Paramount lot.



■ Bob Hope gets all the attention from those two hilarious gals, Brenda (left) and Cobina, while Jerry Colonna hovers in the rear.

What's New from

Coast to Coast By DAN SENSENEY

THAT persistent rumor about Kay Kyser and Ginny Simms, his vocalist, has cropped up again. They are married—but definitely!—say people who really ought to know. And to lend conviction to

■ KDYL's charming feminine announcer is Jerry Lane—just a year out of college, this is Jerry's first job.

the report, most of the sources you hear it from agree that the marriage took place about three years ago. Meanwhile, Kay and Ginny deny that they're Mr. and Mrs., smilingly but firmly. True, neither is ever seen with another date, and they're living in the same house out in Hollywood—but Ginny's mother lives there, too, as a chaperone.

Best and most unexpected news of the month: Jack Benny and Mary Livingstone announce that they are going to have a baby sometime during the coming winter. They've been married thirteen years, and this will be the first child of their own—little Joan Naomi is adopted.

The wedding bells will be ringing soon for Penny Singleton, "Blondie" on screen and radio, and Robert Sparks, producer of the "Blondie" films.

Amazing is the change the last year has brought in Frances Langford. For one thing, her hair is a great deal lighter, but that's unimportant beside the change in her personality. It's no secret that be-

fore her marriage to Jon Hall Frances was a shy, if beautiful, little mouse. Now she's gained poise and vivacity, can meet strangers with ease, and is obviously about ten times as happy. Here's one Hollywood love story that seems to have worked out to perfection.

Have you an August baby in your home? If you have, according to NBC statistics, you may have a coming radio star on your hands, since the five children most frequently starred on Chicago radio shows were all born in August. Count 'em up: Jane Webb, of the Tom Mix cast; Donald Kraatz, who plays "Butch" McEwan in Road of Life; Billy Idelson, the "Rush" of Vic and Sade; Frankie Pacelli, the little blind boy in Mary Marlin; and Dickie Holland, star of the Bud Barton serial.

There's a glove manufacturer in Elmira, New York, who insists that his employees take time out every day to listen to NBC's Vic and Sade broadcasts. He showed his appreciation of the show the other day by sending specially made pairs of

loves to everyone connected with—cast, engineer, sound man and director.

Jane Wilson, of Fred Waring's gang, started something that the rest of the gang are having trouble nishing. A few weeks ago Jane bought a sack of corn and fed a few the pigeons that hang out on the window-ledge of the Waring office on Broadway. The pigeons were sick to take the hint, and promptly 3:30 every afternoon they congregate for more handouts, usually ing along some friends. The aring-ites take turns buying the rn.

Look for Eddie Wragge, who grew in radio as one of Madge Tucker's child actors at NBC, in the w March of Time Movie, "The mparts We Watch." He plays e part of Walter Averill, the ung American who became the mbol for youths who gave their es in the first World War.

Lanny Ross bought a cow the per day for his farm in upstate w York. He acquired her at an ction held at the New York

World's Fair, and she's a former stallmate of Elsie, the famous beauty.

Social note: Peg Wall, CBS actress, has just announced her engagement to Dr. S. Hill Gordon of Coral Gables, Florida.

Now that Edgar Bergen is back on the air again, Sunday nights, let's hope he's refreshed by the vacation from Charlie McCarthy that he didn't get. Bergen deliberately left Charlie in Hollywood when he started off to travel around the country, but everyone he met was so disappointed at not seeing Charlie—Bergen says he got everything from icy stares to charges of child abandonment—that he had to send for America's favorite imp, who made the trip across the continent on an airplane, alone.

At the precise instant that you thought you were listening to Alfred Hitchcock, the English movie director, talking to Herbert Marshall on the CBS Forecast program, Mr. Hitchcock was in New York, sitting quietly in a CBS studio listening to the program, which was broadcast

from Hollywood. The part of Alfred Hitchcock was taken on the air by a radio actor. In justice to the CBS people, they really expected to have Mr. Hitchcock on the air in person, up until a (Continued on page 80)

■ Don Kerr went South for his health and landed a job on station WBT. Here he's interviewing Anna Neagle.





22-year-old Bobby Byrne is radio's youngest dance band leader—and a fine trombonist. He probably takes after his father, who once was a leader of the U. S. Military Band.



Assisting Bobby get ahead, his young wife, Pat. They live all summer in this little white house, on a budget. Below, at home, Bobby tries his voice on the new radio-recording machine while Pat pays close attention.



tragedy of lovely Gertrude Bogard who played electric guitar in Phil Spitalny's Hour of Charm orchestra. Gertrude was to have married interne Thomas Bridges on August 3. Members of the band were to have sung at the wedding ceremonies.

But Fate dealt the couple a cruel blow. The girl musician died of pneumonia on her wedding day. The grief-stricken Spitalny choir sang instead at the funeral services.

Bob Allen and his bride, Lee Rid-

Facing the Music

By
KEN ALDEN

dell, a pretty Indianapolis school-teacher, are practically inseparable. Lee accompanied Bob when the Kemp band toured this summer.

Mary Ann McCall, who used to sing with Charlie Barnet, now has her own program on Mutual.

Marion Shaw is Ruby Newman's new chirper. George Auld and Billy Butterfield have joined Artie Shaw's band.

The network-ASCAP war may become total on December 31 and after that all the bands on the air will have to get new theme songs if their present ones are under the ASCAP banner. It has the listeners worried. Where will Glenn Miller get another "Moonlight Serenade" or Whiteman another "Rhapsody in Blue"?

If amateur tunesmiths are still interested in participating in the Song Hit Guild's current search for talented lyricists and composers, you can get all the details by writing the Guild at 1619 Broadway, New York. Amateur Robert De Leon wrote the words to the new Kate Smith hit, "Can't Get Indiana Off My Mind." Hoagy Carmichael of "Stardust" fame, wrote the music.

VERY YOUNG MAN WITH A HORN

YOU could hear a pocketknife drop in the hushed music room of Cass Technical High School in Detroit. Some eighty pairs of eyes switched back and forth, like spectators at a tennis match, between the stern-faced teacher and the scarlet-faced, plump youngster who stood awkwardly beside his desk.

"Now, Bobby, I want you to go home tonight and play those glissandos until you get them right," snapped the teacher, who wasn't really as serious as he made out to be.

The lad nodded mechanically and slumped into his seat.

The three-o'clock bell clanged mercifully and the boys rushed out of the room. Safe from the crystal-like ears of instructor Clarence Byrnes, his students excitedly discussed the latest word-slashing.

"Gee whiz," whistled one boy, "you would think that the old man



A happy group—In the costumes they wear for their Universal picture, "Argentine Nights," the Andrews Sisters show "Mom and Pop" Hollywood.

would at least take it easy with his own son!"

Today Bobby Byrne, apple-cheeked as he was that warm day in music class, but some ten years older, is deeply grateful for those strict lectures dealt out so methodically by his father and music teacher. They helped mould the blond, 22-year-old musician into one of the country's finest trombonists and radio's youngest dance band leader. Bobby is currently winning new friends on a road tour, after a successful summer stand at Glen Island Casino. So fast did his band rise in favor that this Westchester dance oasis selected Bobby over Woody Herman, Gene Krupa, and Bob Chester.

Bobby still vividly recalls those days back at Cass Tech—he, the bashful student, his father the tireless, patient instructor.

"You know," he smiled, "it was tougher studying under Dad than with a stranger, even though he told me repeatedly that I was his prize pupil."

There was just never any question about Bobby's career. Other band leaders had to overcome parental objection. Al Donahue studied law. Eddy Duchin first tried to be a pharmacist and Bob Chester's mother dreamed of the day her son would take his place in the auto manufacturing field. But the Byrnes knew nothing but music as a vocation for their children. Bobby's mother had been an ac-

complished concert pianist before marriage and Clarence Byrne was once the proud leader of the U. S. Army Band.

Bobby was born on a small farm near Columbus, Ohio, while his father was with the army in France. But when his ambitious parent returned, no time was lost in starting the infant on his musical education.

When the boy was a year old, the family moved to Detroit, where his father became musical instructor of Cass Tech High School, an institution famed for its student bands. When Mr. Byrne returned from the classroom he would rush to his young son and carry him to the piano. Bobby could tinkle a tune on the keyboard when he was two. Three years later he gave his first concert. Then, in rapid succession, Bobby learned the piccolo, flute, harp, and trombone. Mr. Byrne listened carefully as the boy tried each instrument; decided enthusiastically that the horn suited him best.

Knee-deep in the classics, Bobby at sixteen, however, was still a novice when it came to jazz. As a result, when some of his school chums urged him to join an orchestra they had formed to play at a nearby beer garden, Bobby accepted reluctantly. It didn't take the other boys long to realize that in Bobby Byrne they had no juvenile Jack Teagarden.

When Tommy and Jimmy Dorsey were given a command performance by the (Continued on page 86)

RAY BLOCH has replaced Johnny Green on two of those Philip Morris programs and may get the third one away.

The Hal Kemps have a daughter. The tall, thin Carolinian has two other children from his first marriage.

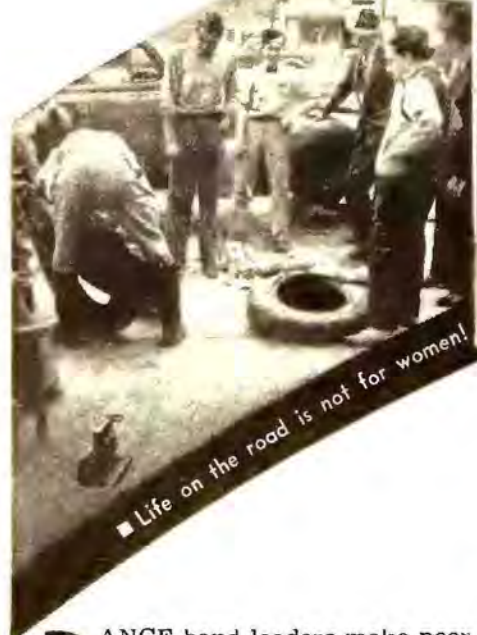
Anita Boyer, now warbling with Leo Reisman, has split professionally and domestically from husband Dick Barrie.

Benny Goodman walked off with *Metronome Magazine's* band poll. RADIO MIRROR's 1940 winner, Sammy Kaye, finished fifth in that periodical's sweet band division.

Columbia records have slashed the prices of their classical disks. \$1 buys a 12-inch record. Conductors and singers include Barbirolli and the New York Philharmonic, Stokowski, Rodzinski, Nelson Eddy, Nino Martini, and Roland Hayes.

Radio Row was shocked over the

MUSIC



and MATRIMONY DON'T MIX

By BLUE BARRON

■ Young ladies—read this frank confession by a famous bandleader, and never love a musician!

DANCE band leaders make poor husbands!"

A few weeks ago, while I was reading my newspaper, this statement hit me right in the eye. At first, I was astounded. Then I began to chuckle, because I realized what a furor this statement was going to create in the music world.

It seems two college professors, Dr. Richard T. Lapiere of Stanford and Dr. Carlo Lastrucci of San Francisco State College, had made a survey of the marital state of a hundred band leaders. And this was the conclusion they arrived at.

They are quite right. Band leaders do not make good husbands.

Now, I'm not going to take a crack at those in the same business as I am. That would be foolish. I have many friends among orchestra leaders and they are fine men. All I want to do is to explain in a down-to-earth way why marriage and music won't mix.

Let's imagine that you know

nothing about the music business and that you've just fallen in love and married a band leader. If you are an average, normal, young woman, you probably get up around nine o'clock in the morning, which means you probably go to bed no later than midnight. The first time your new husband comes home at four o'clock in the morning, you are going to be quite upset. You are apt to say something like this: "You were through playing at two o'clock. Where have you been?"

Your husband could give you at least *five* good explanations—but they would still be explanations. He might have been rehearsing his band. My band rehearses three nights a week. We start at 2 A.M., when we are through playing, and we rehearse until 4 A.M. Other nights, song pluggers come in and, after the job is over, it is customary to sit around a few hours with them. Or perhaps, if you're playing in New York, some big hotel manager

from Chicago drops in and you have to be nice to him for a few hours after you're through playing. Or maybe you're just tired and sit down to chat with the boys for awhile and the time slips by. Several nights a week, I don't get into bed until 6:30 in the morning and *every bit of that time has been devoted to some phase of my business.*

But try to explain that to a wife!

Let's say a wife drops in for an evening to listen to her husband's band. The first thing she'll notice is the big smile he has for all the pretty girls who dance by. Call it flirting, if you like, but it's still just a part of the business. Maybe these girls don't mean a thing to him personally, but he knows that if he smiles and appears very friendly, they're going to drag their boy friends back to hear the band again.

Now, jealousy in such cases is natural on the wife's part, but eventually the band leader gets tired of (Continued on page 43)

■ His Band, "Music of Yesterday and Today—styled the Blue Barron way," is now doing one-night stands.



Mrs. Charles Carroll, Jr.

of the "Carrolls of Carrollton" and a direct descendant of Francis Scott Key

"The thing I like best about Camels is their taste
—so mild, yet so full of flavor."



A TRUE AMERICAN, young Mrs. Carroll has a great pride in family heritage and a warm love of gracious living. She is the great-great-granddaughter of the author of "The Star Spangled Banner" and she is married to a descendant of Charles Carroll of Carrollton, signer of the Declaration of Independence.

A cup and saucer that once belonged to that illustrious Carroll ancestor appear in the portrait. Mrs. Carroll, as usual, is smiling as she smokes. "All the time I'm smoking a Camel," she says, "I enjoy it thoroughly. Camels never tire my taste."

At "Homewood," the small family estate near Baltimore, Maryland, Mrs. Carroll raises dogs, tries her hand at farming, entertains with outdoor suppers. She says:

"When I entertain, I always have Camels handy. They're the favorite cigarette of so many of my friends. As for me—well, Camels suit me down to the ground. A really fine cigarette—milder, cooler, and with much more flavor!"

"Those Camel 'extras' mean a lot to the pleasure of smoking," says Mrs. Carroll. Among the many other distinguished women who prefer Camel cigarettes:

Mrs. Nicholas Biddle, *Philadelphia* • Mrs. Gail Borden, *Chicago* • Mrs. Powell Cabot, *Boston* • Mrs. Thomas M. Carnegie, Jr., *Philadelphia* • Mrs. J. Gardner Coolidge 2nd, *Boston* • Mrs. Anthony J. Drexel 3rd, *Philadelphia* • Mrs. Alexander Cochrane Forbes, *New York* • Miss Eleanor Frothingham, *Boston* • Miss Polly Peabody, *New York* • Mrs. Nicholas Griffith Penniman III, *Baltimore* • Mrs. Rufus Paine Spalding III, *Pasadena* • Mrs. Louis Swift, Jr., *Chicago* • Mrs. Oliver DeGray Vanderbilt III, *Cincinnati* • Mrs. Kilian M. Van Rensselaer, *New York*

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In recent laboratory tests, Camels burned 25% slower than the average of the 15 other of the largest-selling brands tested—slower than any of them. That means, on the average, a smoking *plus* equal to

**5 EXTRA SMOKES
PER PACK!**



THE CIGARETTE OF COSTLIER TOBACCOS

EXTRA MILDNESS

EXTRA COOLNESS

EXTRA FLAVOR

Get the "extras" with slower-burning Camels

IF IT'S
Love
YOU'RE AFTER . . .



IF IT'S LOVE you're after—and when you come right down to it who isn't—remember this Number 1 rule: Don't be careless about your breath.

Without an agreeable breath, your charm, personality, good looks, and attractive clothes count for little. Just ask yourself: Could you be interested for long in a man whose breath would knock you down? Of course you couldn't! Nor could you expect a man to be interested in you if your breath were off-color.

Guard Against It

Don't take foolish risks in friendships, romance, and popularity. It's often so

easy to put your breath on the more agreeable side with Listerine. And the precaution is as easy as it is delightful.

Before business and social engagements, just rinse the mouth with Listerine Antiseptic. Almost immediately your breath becomes fresher, sweeter, less likely to offend.

Halts Fermentation Quick

Listerine Antiseptic halts fermentation of tiny food particles in the mouth (a major cause of breath odors* according to some authorities) and then overcomes

the odors themselves.

Don't forget this easy, pleasant, invigorating Listerine Antiseptic precaution. It may mean the difference between an evening that's a wonder and one that's a washout... a boyfriend who's for you instead of *against* you. If you've got a date tonight, remember Listerine Antiseptic.

*Other cases of halitosis may be due to systemic conditions which call for the advice of your physician.

LISTERINE FOR HALITOSIS (BAD BREATH)

Don't Mix

(Continued from page 40)

making explanations. Every time the subject of women is brought up, guilty or not guilty, he becomes very indignant. And it must also be admitted that a band leader has much more opportunity to stray from the straight and narrow path of fidelity than the average man. For some reason, there is an aura of glamour attached to leading a band which appeals to women.

Then there is the matter of nerves. This band business is a high pressure one. You have to be on your toes. It keeps you keyed up. You can get emotionally ragged and yell at your men. They'll understand, because they know what you've been through. But a wife? How can you expect her to know that you've been pestered by song writers all night, that your arrangements aren't coming out right, that you've just lost an important booking, that the commercial program is up in the air? A hundred and one things. It's not to be wondered at that most band leaders are nervous.

It's hard enough on the wife of a dance band leader, when he's playing a month's engagement in one spot. But when he begins to travel, the picture gets blacker. The wife says, "How can we have a home, if six months out of the year you're traveling all over the country?"

TAKE your wife with you? That's been tried, too. A woman can't stand the strain of these one night jumps. You get through playing at night, hop into a bus, drive until noon the next day, get a little sleep, play your date—and get in the bus again. After sixty nights of this some of my men break down.

I've seen women try to take these one nighters. When a woman gets what we musicians call "beat," which is a degree past dead tired, she is not a very pretty sight. Add the strain of what the band leader has to go through on one nighters, plus that of seeing his wife tortured the same way, and you are right in the zero column.

The men in the band object to having women travel with them. When they get in a bus after a night's playing, they like to relax. They want to let their hair down. Swear. Tell stories. Feel perfectly free. When a woman is along, they can't do this.

Leave the wife home, then? That has its drawbacks, too. We musicians don't make as much money as the columnists say we do. It isn't easy for a bandleader to support his wife at home and himself on the road.

If a band leader feels he has to get married, he'd be smart to marry a girl who knows something about show business. Preferably one who has been or is in it. Only this type of girl has any real chance of a successful marriage.

My experience in this business of leading a band has been anything but peaceful. But I dread to think of what it might have been if I had been married. I'm going to try to stay single as long as I'm a band leader. And I would advise all young girls casting romantic eyes on unmarried band leaders to do an about-face and marry that nice young clerk who gets sleepy around ten o'clock at night!

WHAT DO YOU WANT TO KNOW?

HE'S busier than a debutante, this nice looking New England lad of twenty-two who answers to the name of Ted Steele and is heard on twenty commercial programs a week over the Columbia network. He is musical director of Society Girl heard every weekday at 3:15. You can hear him sing and act on the Hollywood Dreams program Tuesdays and Thursdays at 11:00 A. M. He plays the background music for Columbia's Short Short Story broadcasts daily and the Strange As It Seems program every Thursday night. And lest you think this should keep him sufficiently busy, he makes records for Victor, does "bit" parts in radio serials and even finds time to compose songs.

Ted's musical training started at four, and when he was eight he won a scholarship to the New England Conservatory of Music. After a number of years of concert work he became interested in popular music and soon organized his own orchestra, in which he played the piano and conducted. When most young men are still in high school, Ted was employed by the Cunard Steamship line, playing with his orchestra on their finest boats. Being so young had its disadvantages, according to our maestro, for it seems that though he led the orchestra until the time the boat docked, his fellow musicians led him all through Europe!

About this time Ted got the radio bug and tried to get a job in New York, but was turned down everywhere. He traveled about for four years, piling up all varieties of radio experience, with the determination to avail himself of the opportunities which New York tantalizingly held out. When he finally did get a New York job, it was in the capacity of page boy . . . which, nevertheless, permitted a foot in the studio door. All his spare time was spent in a neighborhood music store, listening to records and playing the new electronic piano which completely intrigued him because of the fine production of tones of many different orchestral instruments which could be obtained from it.

One day the producer of Society Girl happened to be in the music store when Ted was playing this remarkable instrument . . . and before many minutes had gone by, he decided that he not only wanted the piano—but also wanted Ted to play it on the program. And so the very instrument on which Ted whiled away idle hours is the reason he's one of the busiest young men in radio today.

Jacqueline Herel, Staten Island, N. Y. The part of Dr. Bruce Porter on the program I Love Linda Dale is played by Raymond Edward Johnson. Johnson is 30 years old and was born in Kenosha, Wisconsin. Ever since he got out of school he has been interested in acting, having trouped for several years before entering radio. He is married to Betty Caine, the radio actress.

Mr. Frank Almad, Westwood, Mass. Beginning November 13th, Informa-



■ He's one of radio's busiest young men—he sings, plays the piano, acts, and even composes songs—he's Ted Steele and is heard on twenty commercial programs a week over CBS.

tion Please will be heard over the NBC Red network under the new sponsorship of Lucky Strike Cigarettes.

Ella Waterfield, Elk River, Minnesota. Following is the cast of Against the Storm:

Christy Allen	Cameron	Gertrude Warner
Philip Cameron	Arnold Moss	
Prof. McKinley Allen	Roger DeKoven	
Mrs. Margaret Allen	May Davenport	Seymour
Siri Allen	Joan Tompkins	
Mark Scott	Chester Stratton	
Nicoll Scott	Ruth Matteson	
Mrs. Scott	Florence Malone	
Dr. Reimer	Philip Clarke	
Kathy	Charlotte Holland	

FAN CLUB SECTION

JEANNE HUGHES, Secretary of the Gene Krupa Fan Club is making a strenuous drive for new members. You can reach her by writing to 1648 Browning Road, Merchantville, N. J.

Eileen Gerstel, 2 Becket Street, Quincy, Mass., is very anxious to join a Dick Jurgens Fan Club and would like to hear from such an organization.

Beverly Linet, 54 Thatford Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y., has just formed the official Martha Scott Fan Club. For all those who listen regularly to the Career of Alice Blair, and for those who have seen Miss Scott in the movies, this should be news.

If you would like to join a Clyde Burke Fan Club, write to Barbara MacCracken, 115 Highland Avenue, Fitchburg, Mass.

Those wishing to join a Glenn Miller Fan Club can do so by writing to Mr. Ralph Vanaman, 333 South Fourth Street, Millville, New Jersey.

PACIFIC STANDARD TIME	CENTRAL STANDARD TIME	Eastern Standard Time
	8:00	CBS: News
	8:00	NBC-Blue: Peerless Trio
	8:00	NBC-Red: Organ Recital
	8:30	CBS: Morning Moods
	8:30	NBC-Blue: Tone Pictures
	8:30	NBC-Red: Gene and Glenn
	9:00	CBS: News of Europe
	9:00	NBC-Blue: White Rabbit Line
	9:15	NBC-Red: Four Showmen Quartet
	9:30	CBS: Richard Maxwell
	9:30	NBC-Red: Sunday Drivers
	10:00	CBS: Church of the Air
	10:00	NBC-Blue: Melodic Moods
	10:00	NBC-Red: Radio Pulpit
	10:30	CBS: Wings Over Jordan
	10:30	NBC-Blue: Southernaires
	10:30	NBC-Red: Children's Hour
11:30	10:05	CBS: News and Rhythm
8:05	10:05	NBC-Blue: Alice Remsen
8:30	10:30	CBS: MAJOR BOWES FAMILY
8:30	10:30	NBC-Blue: Sid Walton
8:30	10:30	NBC-Red: Words and Music
8:45	10:45	NBC-Blue: Ahead of the Headlines
9:00	11:00	NBC-Blue: RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL
9:00	11:00	NBC-Red: Bonnie Stewart
9:30	11:30	CBS: Salt Lake City Tabernacle
9:30	11:30	NBC-Red: Wings Over America
10:00	12:00	1:00 CBS: Church of the Air
10:00	12:00	1:00 NBC-Blue: American Red Cross
10:00	12:00	1:00 NBC-Red: Lee Gordon Orch.
10:15	12:15	1:15 NBC-Blue: Vass Family
10:30	12:30	1:30 CBS: March of Gables
10:30	12:30	1:30 NBC-Blue: Al and Leo Reiser
10:30	12:30	1:30 NBC-Red: Silver Strings
11:00	1:00	2:00 CBS: United We Stand
11:00	1:00	2:00 NBC-Blue: Treasure Trails
11:00	1:00	2:00 NBC-Red: Smoke Dreams
11:30	1:30	2:30 NBC-Red: University of Chicago Round Table
12:00	2:00	3:00 CBS: N. Y. PHILHARMONIC (Oct. 13)
12:15	2:15	3:15 NBC-Blue: Foreign Policy Assn.
12:45	2:45	3:45 NBC-Red: Bob Becker Dog Chats
1:00	3:00	4:00 NBC-Blue: National Vespers
1:00	3:00	4:00 NBC-Red: NBC Orchestra
1:15	3:15	4:15 NBC-Red: Tony Wons (Oct. 13)
1:30	3:30	4:30 CBS: Invitation to Learning
1:30	3:30	4:30 NBC-Blue: Swing Ensemble
1:30	3:30	4:30 NBC-Red: The World Is Yours
2:00	4:00	5:00 CBS: Design for Happiness
2:00	4:00	5:00 MBS: Musical Steelmakers
2:00	4:00	5:00 NBC: Red: Met. Opera Auditions
2:15	4:15	5:15 NBC-Blue: Olivio Santoro
2:30	4:30	5:30 CBS: Col. Stoopnagle
2:30	4:30	5:30 MBS: The Shadow
2:30	4:30	5:30 NBC-Blue: Behind the Mike
2:30	4:30	5:30 NBC-Red: From Hollywood Today
3:00	5:00	6:00 CBS: SILVER THEATER (Oct. 6)
3:00	5:00	6:00 NBC-Blue: Gordon Orchestra
3:00	5:00	6:00 NBC-Red: Catholic Hour
3:30	5:30	6:30 CBS: Gene Autry
3:30	5:30	6:30 MBS: Show of the Week
3:30	5:30	6:30 NBC-Blue: Cavalcade of Hits
3:30	5:30	6:30 NBC-Red: Beat the Band
4:00	6:00	7:00 CBS: News of the World
4:00	6:00	7:00 NBC-Blue: News from Europe
4:30	6:30	7:30 CBS: Screen Actors Guild
4:30	6:30	7:30 NBC-Red: Fitch Bandwagon
4:45	6:45	7:45 MBS: Wythe Williams
7:30	7:00	8:00 CBS: Helen Hayes
5:00	7:00	8:00 NBC-Blue: American Night Concert
5:00	7:00	8:00 NBC-Red: CHARLIE MCCARTHY
8:00	7:30	8:30 CBS: Crime Doctor
9:30	7:30	8:30 NBC-Blue: Sherlock Holmes
5:30	7:30	8:30 NBC-Red: ONE MAN'S FAMILY
5:55	7:55	8:55 CBS: Elmer Davis
6:00	8:00	9:00 CBS: FORD HOUR
9:00	8:00	9:00 NBC-Blue: Walter Winchell
6:00	8:00	9:00 NBC-Red: Manhattan Merry-Go-Round
9:15	8:15	9:15 NBC-Blue: The Parker Family
8:15	8:30	9:30 NBC-Blue: Irene Rich
6:30	8:30	9:30 NBC-Red: American Album of Familiar Music
9:30	8:45	9:45 NBC-Blue: Bill Stern Sports Review
7:00	9:00	10:00 CBS: Take It or Leave It
7:00	9:00	10:00 NBC-Blue: Goodwill Hour
7:00	9:00	10:00 NBC-Red: Hour of Charm
7:30	9:30	10:30 CBS: Public Affairs
7:30	9:30	10:30 NBC-Red: Human Nature in Action
7:45	9:45	10:45 NBC-Red: Voice That Walks Beside You
8:00	10:00	11:00 CBS: Headlines and Bylines
8:00	10:00	11:00 NBC: Dance Orchestra

SUNDAY'S HIGHLIGHTS



■ Crime Doctor's director, Jack Johnstone, and bandleader, Ray Bloch.

Tune-In Bulletin for September 29, October 6, 13 and 20!

September 29: New York goes back on Standard Time today—meaning that if your community has been on Standard Time all summer your network programs will now reach you ONE HOUR LATER. . . . The Fall season starts with a bang. Here are the new programs and the old ones returning: Ahead of the Headlines, news program, NBC-Blue, 11:45 A.M. . . . Smoke Dreams, NBC-Red, 2:00. . . . Bob Becker's Chats about Dogs, NBC-Red, 3:45. . . . Design for Happiness, featuring the Chicago Women's Symphony Orchestra, CBS, 5:00. . . . Col. Stoopnagle's Quixiedoodles, CBS, 5:30. . . . Show of the Week, featuring Vincent Lopez and band, MBS, 6:30. . . . Screen Actors Guild variety show, CBS, 7:30. . . . Helen Hayes in a new series on CBS, 8:00. . . . Basil Rathbone as Sherlock Holmes, NBC-Blue, 8:30. . . . Ford Hour, with Lily Pons and Andre Kostelanetz, CBS, 9:00.

October 6: Two more returning prodigals: Jack Benny and his gang on NBC-Red at 7:00. . . . and the Musical Steelmakers on Mutual at 5:00.

October 13: Too long absent from the air, Tony Wons brings his Scrapbook back, beginning today at 4:15 on NBC-Red. The New York Philharmonic Orchestra starts a new broadcast season over CBS at 3:00.

October 20: And another old favorite returns—the Metropolitan Opera Auditions of the air, on NBC-Red at 5:00

ON THE AIR TONIGHT: The Crime Doctor, an CBS at 8:30 P.M., E.S.T., rebroadcast to the West at 8:00, P.S.T.—sponsored by Philip Morris Cigarettes.

All you amateur criminologists can't afford to miss this one. Not only do you hear a complete dramatization of a crime every week, but you get a chance to judge the criminal and decide whether or not he should be released on parole or kept in prison. In addition, you can win a cash prize if you write the best letter explaining your decision.

All the stories of crime and punishment told in "The Crime Doctor" are fictional, made up by the fertile brain of Max Marcin, famed playwright who has turned script author. He also writes the "Perfect Crime" series on Friday night's CBS Philip Morris program. This makes him, in the minds of many listeners, an expert on criminology, and is responsible for some weird letters he gets.

Crooks, says Marcin, may be wrong but they always write—and invariably their letters end with pleas for money. Once Max got a letter from a man who revealed that he had occupied eleven prisons at

various times. Not until he listened to one of Marcin's dramas, he said, was he convinced that crime didn't pay. Now he was going to go straight—but the only trouble was that he needed a little matter of fifty dollars to give him a start. If Marcin would send it to him, he promised he'd return it as soon as he could. Max fell. He sent the money. A month later he got another letter from the crook. The writer was in prison again.

Another criminal's wife wrote to Max, saying that her husband was in prison and couldn't support her. Why didn't Max send her some money, she asked. After all, she reasoned, Max's racket was the same as her husband's—the only difference was that Max only wrote about crimes while her husband performed them.

All of which proves that the life of a crime writer is not an easy one.

The cast of Crime Doctor changes every week, except for the three actors who portray the roles of the Crime Doctor himself, "Dr. Benjamin Ordway"; D. A. Miller and Harold Sayers. These three, played by Ray Collins, Edgar Stehli and Walter Vaughn, compose the fictional parole board.

SAY HELLO TO . . .

VINCENT LOPEZ—leader of the orchestra on the Show of the Week, on MBS this evening. Vince has been supplying smart society with dance music since 1919. He has never worked in any other band and has always led his own. Definitely opposed to swing music, he stuck to the sweet variety through thick and thin. He himself is as sophisticated as his music, has made and lost several fortunes.



Eastern Standard Time		
8:30	NBC-Blue:	Ray Perkins
8:30	NBC-Red:	Gene and Glenn
8:05	NBC-Blue:	BREAKFAST CLUB
2:00	9:15	CBS: School of the Air
8:45	9:45	CBS: Bachelor's Children
9:00	10:00	NBC-Red: The Man I Married
1:15	9:15	10:15 CBS: Myrt and Marge
9:15	10:15	NBC-Blue: Vic and Sade
2:30	9:15	10:15 NBC-Red: Midstream
1:30	9:30	10:30 CBS: Hilltop House
9:30	10:30	NBC-Blue: Mary Marlin
9:30	10:30	NBC-Red: Ellen Randolph
1:45	9:45	10:45 CBS: Stepmother
9:45	10:45	NBC-Blue: Pepper Young's Family
10:30	9:45	10:45 NBC-Red: By Kathleen Norris
10:45	10:00	11:00 CBS: Short Short Story
10:00	11:00	NBC-Blue: I Love Linda Dale
10:00	11:00	NBC-Red: David Harum
12:15	10:15	11:15 CBS: Martha Webster
10:15	11:15	NBC-Red: Road of Life
11:00	10:30	11:30 CBS: Big Sister
10:30	11:30	NBC-Blue: The Wife Saver
10:30	11:30	NBC-Red: Against the Storm
11:15	10:45	11:45 CBS: Aunt Jenny's Stories
10:45	11:45	NBC-Red: The Guiding Light
9:00	11:00	12:00 CBS: KATE SMITH SPEAKS
9:00	11:00	NBC-Red: Woman in White
9:15	11:15	12:15 CBS: When a Girl Marries
11:15	12:15	NBC-Red: The O'Neills
9:30	11:30	12:30 CBS: Romance of Helen Trent
9:30	11:30	NBC-Blue: Farm and Home Hour
9:30	11:30	NBC-Red: Wheatena Playhouse
9:45	11:45	12:45 CBS: Our Gal Sunday
10:00	12:00	1:00 CBS: The Goldbergs
10:00	12:00	MBS: I'LL NEVER FORGET
10:15	12:15	1:15 CBS: Life Can Be Beautiful
10:30	12:30	1:30 CBS: Right to Happiness
12:45	1:45	CBS: Road of Life
3:00	1:00	2:00 CBS: Young Dr. Malone
11:00	1:00	2:00 NBC-Red: Light of the World
3:30	1:15	2:15 CBS: Girl Interne
11:15	1:15	2:15 NBC-Red: Arnold Grimm's Daughter
11:30	1:30	2:30 CBS: Fletcher Wiley
11:30	1:30	2:30 NBC-Red: Valiant Lady
11:45	1:45	2:45 CBS: My Son and I
11:45	1:45	2:45 NBC-Red: Hymns of all Churches
12:00	2:00	3:00 CBS: Society Girl
12:00	2:00	3:00 NBC-Blue: Orphans of Divorce
12:00	2:00	3:00 NBC-Red: Mary Marlin
12:15	2:15	3:15 CBS: Mary Margaret McBride
12:15	2:15	3:15 NBC-Blue: Honeymoon Hill
12:15	2:15	3:15 NBC-Red: Ma Perkins
12:30	2:30	3:30 NBC-Blue: John's Other Wife
12:30	2:30	3:30 NBC-Red: Pepper Young's Family
12:45	2:45	3:45 CBS: A Friend in Deed
12:45	2:45	3:45 NBC-Blue: Just Plain Bill
12:45	2:45	3:45 NBC-Red: Vic and Sade
1:00	3:00	4:00 CBS: Portia Faces Life (Oct. 7)
1:00	3:00	4:00 NBC-Blue: Mother of Mine
1:00	3:00	4:00 NBC-Red: Backstage Wife
4:15	3:15	4:15 CBS: We, The Abbotts (Oct. 7)
1:15	3:15	4:15 NBC-Red: Stella Dallas
3:30	4:30	5:30 CBS: Woman of Courage
1:30	3:30	4:30 NBC-Red: Lorenzo Jones
12:30	3:45	4:45 CBS: Kate Hopkins (Oct. 7)
3:45	4:45	NBC-Red: Young Widder Brown
2:00	4:00	5:00 CBS: By Kathleen Norris
2:00	4:00	5:00 NBC-Blue: Children's Hour
2:00	4:00	5:00 NBC-Red: Girl Alone
2:15	4:15	5:15 CBS: Beyond These Valleys
4:15	5:15	NBC-Red: Life Can Be Beautiful
2:30	4:30	5:30 CBS: Pretty Kitty Kelly
4:30	5:30	NBC-Red: Jack Armstrong
2:45	4:45	5:45 CBS: Scattergood Baines
5:45	5:45	NBC-Blue: Tom Mix
2:45	4:45	5:45 NBC-Red: The O'Neills
8:55	10:00	6:00 CBS: News, Bob Trout
5:05	6:05	CBS: Edwin C. Hill
3:15	5:15	6:15 CBS: Hedda Hopper
10:00	5:30	6:30 CBS: Paul Sullivan
3:45	5:45	6:45 CBS: The World Today
6:45	6:45	NBC-Blue: Lowell Thomas
8:00	6:00	7:00 CBS: Amos 'n' Andy
8:00	6:00	7:00 NBC-Red: Fred Waring's Gang
7:30	6:30	7:30 CBS: BLONDIE
8:30	6:30	7:30 MBS: The Lone Ranger
7:30	6:30	7:30 NBC-Red: BURNS AND ALLEN
9:00	7:00	8:00 CBS: Those We Love
7:00	8:00	NBC-Blue: I Love a Mystery
5:00	7:00	8:00 NBC-Red: The Telephone Hour
8:30	7:30	8:30 CBS: Howard and Shelton
8:30	7:30	8:30 NBC-Blue: True or False
5:30	7:30	8:30 NBC-Red: Voice of Firestone
6:00	8:00	9:00 CBS: LUX THEATER
8:00	8:00	9:00 NBC-Red: Doctor I.Q.
9:00	8:30	9:30 NBC-Red: Show Boat
7:00	9:00	10:00 CBS: Guy Lombardo
7:00	9:00	10:00 NBC-Red: The Contented Hour

MONDAY'S HIGHLIGHTS



■ They Love a Mystery: Jack Packard, Doc Lang, and Reggie York.

Tune-In Bulletin for September 30, October 7, 14 and 21!

September 30: Mary Margaret McBride returns to the networks today with a program of special interest to women. Listen to her on CBS today through Friday at 3:15. . . . A new kind of daily serial starts on NBC-Red at 12:30 P.M. Called the Wheatena Playhouse, it will devote four weeks or so to every drama it broadcasts, then start a new one. Beginning today: "Dark Victory." Coming later: "The Citadel," "Pride and Prejudice," "Wuthering Heights." . . . Tam Mix returns to gladden the youngsters' hearts on NBC-Blue at 5:45. . . . And I Love a Mystery is back on NBC-Blue at 8:00. October 7: Three new serials start their network careers today, all on CBS. They're Portia Blake at 4:00, We, the Abbotts at 4:15, and Kate Hopkins at 4:45. October 14: Pretty Kitty Kelly has changed its broadcast time to 5:30 P.M. on CBS. October 21: Don't forget that Those We Love, the dramatic program so many of you've been asking about, has returned to the air, on CBS tonight at 8:00.

ON THE AIR TONIGHT: I Love a Mystery, half an hour of adventure, written by Carlton E. Morse and sponsored by Fleischmann Yeast, an NBC-Blue at 8:00, E.S.T.

For years Carlton Morse, author of One Man's Family, had a longing to write a mystery series for radio—so when the chance came to do the program you're listening to this evening, he appropriately named it I Love a Mystery—a farm of confession.

I Love a Mystery is all about the adventures of three dauntless comrades, Jack Packard (played by Michael Raffetta), Doc Lang (Barton Yarborough), and Reggie York (Walter Paterson). One adventure is likely to last through several weeks of broadcasts.

Author Morse takes a deep and personal interest in everything connected with putting one of his scripts on the air. He auditions all the actors, and insists that their voices must fit perfectly the characters they play. Michael Raffetta, Barton Yarborough and Walter Paterson are all three veterans of One Man's Family, so Morse knows exactly what they can do best. Other actors, who change as the different episodes change, are drawn from Hollywood's capacious roster of acting talent.

Morse divides his week between writing I Love a Mystery and One Man's Family. Work on the former usually begins on

Friday and ends on Monday. The Family script is started on Tuesday and finished on Thursday afternoon. Morse puts in long hours, starting his day at 7:30 A.M. at his office in NBC's Hollywood Radio City. Twice a week, on Mondays for I Love a Mystery and Thursdays for One Man's Family, he attends and supervises rehearsals.

Studio H, where I Love a Mystery is rehearsed and broadcast, is always severely closed to visitors, because Morse believes programs of this type are much better without an audience or onlookers. The cast rehearses three times during the afternoon before the broadcast. First there's a rough reading of the script; then a second reading for timing; then a third one at which characterizations are studied and discussed.

All sorts of weird sound-effects equipment clutter the studio, because Morse delights in creating a mood by the imaginative use of sound. Echo chambers, filter mikes, gangs, drums, and many more complicated gadgets give the room the appearance of a new kind of torture chamber. It's all worth while, though, because I Love a Mystery certainly achieves atmospheric effects which make a definite impression on the listening audience. Another reason these effects are so expert is that Morse sits in the control room during the last rehearsal, listening to the show exactly as it would sound on the air, and making numerous suggestions.

SAY HELLO TO . . .

PEGGY WALL—who made her radio debut six years ago on The Romance of Helen Trent, and is heard today playing Lois Colton on the same program. When she was a girl, Peggy studied to be a concert pianist, but the desire to "speak a piece" got the better of her and she became an actress. She's blonde and gray-eyed, and is known in the Chicago studios for her habit of losing her belongings.



Complete Programs from September 25 to October 24

P.S.T.	C.S.T.	Eastern Standard Time
2:00	8:30	NBC-Red: Gene and Glenn
	9:05	NBC-Blue: BREAKFAST CLUB
	9:15	CBS: School of the Air
	9:45	9:45 CBS: Bachelor's Children
	9:00	10:00 NBC-Red: The Man I Married
1:15	9:15	10:15 CBS: Myrt and Marge
	9:15	10:15 NBC-Blue: Vic and Sade
2:30	9:15	10:15 NBC-Red: Midstream
1:30	9:30	10:30 CBS: Hilltop House
	9:30	10:30 NBC-Blue: Mary Martin
	9:30	10:30 NBC-Red: Ellen Randolph
1:45	9:45	10:45 CBS: Stepmother
	9:45	10:45 NBC-Blue: Pepper Young's Family
10:30	9:45	10:45 NBC-Red: By Kathleen Norris
10:45	10:00	11:00 CBS: Mary Lee Taylor
	10:00	11:00 NBC-Blue: I Love Linda Dale
	10:00	11:00 NBC-Red: David Harum
12:15	10:15	11:15 CBS: Martha Webster
	10:15	11:15 NBC-Red: Road of Life
11:00	10:30	11:30 CBS: Big Sister
	10:30	11:30 NBC-Blue: The Wife Saver
	10:30	11:30 NBC-Red: Against the Storm
11:15	10:45	11:45 CBS: Aunt Jenny's Stories
	10:45	11:45 NBC-Red: The Guiding Light
9:00	11:00	12:00 CBS: KATE SMITH SPEAKS
9:00	11:00	12:00 NBC-Red: Woman in White
9:15	11:15	12:15 CBS: When a Girl Marries
	11:15	12:15 NBC-Red: The O'Neills
9:30	11:30	12:30 CBS: Romance of Helen Trent
9:30	11:30	12:30 NBC-Blue: Farm and Home Hour
9:30	11:30	12:30 NBC-Red: Wheatena Playhouse
9:45	11:45	12:45 CBS: Our Gal Sunday
10:00	12:00	1:00 CBS: The Goldbergs
10:15	12:15	1:15 CBS: Life Can Be Beautiful
10:15	12:15	1:15 NBC-Red: Tony Wons
10:30	12:30	1:30 CBS: Right to Happiness
	12:45	1:45 CBS: Road of Life
3:00	1:00	2:00 CBS: Young Dr. Malone
11:00	1:00	2:00 NBC-Red: Light of the World
3:30	1:15	2:15 CBS: Girl Interne
11:15	1:15	2:15 NBC-Red: Arnold Grimm's Daughter
11:30	1:30	2:30 CBS: Fletcher Wiley
11:30	1:30	2:30 NBC-Red: Valiant Lady
11:45	1:45	2:45 CBS: My Son and I
11:45	1:45	2:45 NBC-Red: Hymns of all Churches
12:00	2:00	3:00 CBS: Society Girl
12:00	2:00	3:00 NBC-Blue: Orphans of Divorce
12:00	2:00	3:00 NBC-Red: Mary Martin
12:15	2:15	3:15 CBS: Mary Margaret McBride
12:15	2:15	3:15 NBC-Blue: Honeymoon Hill
12:15	2:15	3:15 NBC-Red: Ma Perkins
12:30	2:30	3:30 NBC-Blue: John's Other Wife
12:30	2:30	3:30 NBC-Red: Pepper Young's Family
12:45	2:45	3:45 CBS: A Friend in Deed
12:45	2:45	3:45 NBC-Blue: Just Plain Bill
12:45	2:45	3:45 NBC-Red: Vic and Sade
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1:00	3:00	4:00 NBC-Blue: Mother of Mine
1:00	3:00	4:00 NBC-Red: Backstage Wife
4:15	3:15	4:15 CBS: We, the Abbotts
1:15	3:15	4:15 NBC-Red: Stella Dallas
1:30	3:30	4:30 CBS: Woman of Courage
	3:30	4:30 NBC-Red: Lorenzo Jones
12:30	3:45	4:45 CBS: Kate Hopkins
	3:45	4:45 NBC-Red: Young Widder Brown
2:00	4:00	5:00 CBS: By Kathleen Norris
2:00	4:00	5:00 NBC-Blue: Children's Hour
2:00	4:00	5:00 NBC-Red: Girl Alone
2:15	4:15	5:15 CBS: Beyond These Valleys
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2:45	4:45	5:45 CBS: Scattergood Baines
5:45	4:45	5:45 NBC-Blue: Tom Mix
2:45	4:45	5:45 NBC-Red: The O'Neills
7:55	5:00	6:00 CBS: News
3:00	5:00	6:00 NBC-Red: Lil Abner
	5:05	6:05 CBS: Edwin C. Hill
10:00	5:30	6:30 CBS: Paul Sullivan
3:45	5:45	6:45 CBS: The World Today
	5:45	6:45 NBC-Blue: Lowell Thomas
8:00	6:00	7:00 CBS: Amos 'n' Andy
8:00	6:00	7:00 NBC-Blue: EASY ACES
8:00	6:00	7:00 NBC-Red: Fred Waring's Gang
4:15	6:15	7:15 NBC-Blue: Mr. Keen
4:30	6:30	7:30 CBS: Helen Menken
4:45	6:45	7:45 NBC-Red: H. V. Kaltenborn
5:00	7:00	8:00 CBS: Court of Missing Heirs
5:00	7:00	8:00 NBC-Blue: Ben Bernie
8:30	7:00	8:00 NBC-Red: Johnny Presents
5:30	7:30	8:30 CBS: FIRST NIGHTER
8:00	7:30	8:30 NBC-Blue: INFORMATION PLEASE
5:30	7:30	8:30 NBC-Red: Horace Heidt
9:00	8:00	9:00 CBS: We, the People
9:00	8:00	9:00 NBC-Blue: Musical Americana
9:30	8:00	9:00 NBC-Red: Battle of the Sexes
6:30	8:30	9:30 NBC-Blue: Your Neighbors, the Haines
6:30	8:30	9:30 NBC-Red: McGee and Molly
7:00	9:00	10:00 CBS: Glenn Miller
7:00	9:00	10:00 MBS: Raymond Gram Swing
7:00	9:00	10:00 NBC-Red: Bob Hope
7:30	9:30	10:30 CBS: News of the War
7:30	9:30	10:30 NBC-Red: Uncle Walter's Doghouse

TUESDAY'S HIGHLIGHTS



■ News from all over the world comes into this CBS studio.

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

October 1: Fibber McGee and Molly return to the air tonight—NBC-Red at 9:30. . . . And Ben Bernie, in a musical audience-participation show, starts a season on NBC-Blue at 8:00.
October 8: A really exciting musical program is Musical Americano, on NBC-Blue at 9:00.
October 15: For a special event today, Francis Henry Taylor, director of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, talks over CBS at 6:15 on the subject of "National Art Sales Week". . . . The CBS School of the Air presents its "Wellsprings of Music" series.
October 22: Hal Kemp and his band open at the Ambassador Hotel in Los Angeles, broadcasting over CBS. . . . The School of the Air plays some Square Dances for you.

ON THE AIR TONIGHT: The World Today, on CBS at 6:45 P.M., E.S.T.—fifteen minutes of news coming to you direct from whatever world capitals are most important at the time of broadcasting.

Sit in Poul White's office of Columbia Broadcasting System headquarters in New York and watch how The World Today is put on the air, and you'll soon be convinced that it is radio's most fascinating program. Sit at home and listen to it, and you'll find that it's an important supplement to the news you read in your papers and the individual news broadcasters.

Here is how London, Berlin, Rome, or Washington are brought into your living rooms with split-second timing and clear reception. Last Wednesday Poul White, who is CBS' Director of Special Events, sat down with his assistant, Bob Wood, and made out a schedule for tonight's program. From their expert knowledge of world events, they guessed what cities should be heard from tonight. They allotted a certain number of minutes and seconds to their correspondents in each city, and then cobbled the schedule of the broadcast to them. Here is part of such a schedule: "6:45:00-6:46:30, New York opening and introduce Berlin. 6:46:30-6:50:00, Berlin and William L. Shirer. 6:50:00-6:50:10, New York introduce London."

If, sometime between last Wednesday when the schedule was cobbled to the correspondents abroad and early this afternoon, a big news story should break in some other part of the world, CBS can hastily revise the whole program, again by cable.



SAY HELLO TO . . .

PHILIP REED—the dark and handsome movie actor who now is heard as Russ Barrington in the CBS serial, Society Girl. Phil first dreamed of a theatrical career when he was the No. 1 athlete of Erasmus Hall High School in Brooklyn. He left college after a year of it and joined a stock company, working up from there to New York stage jobs and a Hollywood contract, which he quit to play in "My Dear Children," with John Barrymore. Phil's real name is Milton LeRoy, which Hollywood changed. He's studied the violin for ten years, without playing it in public once.



MRS. VINCENT ASTOR



MRS. PHILIP HARDING
(ALICE ASTOR)



MRS. JOHN JACOB ASTOR

AMERICAN TRADITION of Beauty

Before the pearly freshness of the American girl's face, came an enduring tradition of fastidious care of her person.

Cultivate your skin's smooth enchantment gladly, frankly, without falter. Give your face at least once daily the authoritative Pond's ritual, based on the structure and behavior of the skin. Its users are among the fresh-skinned, *soignée* daughters of America's foremost families.

BATHE your face in an abundance of luscious Pond's Cold Cream—spreading it all over with creamy-soft slapping fingers. Slap for 3 full minutes—yes, even 5 minutes. This cream has 2 actions. One, cleansing. The other, softening. It achieves these effects by *mixing* with the dead surface cells, make-up and foreign accumulations on your skin.

WIPE OFF with bland and persuasive Pond's Tissues—and you've wiped off the softened debris, helped remove some of the softened tops of blackheads, making it easier for the little plugs of hardened sebum to push their way to the surface.

FLOOD and SLAP a second time with releasing Pond's Cold Cream. This slapping increases both the cleansing and the softening. As dirt is released, wipe off with gentle Pond's Tissues. Pores seem finer. In the softened skin, lines are less apparent.

LUXURIATE now in the cooling astringence of Pond's Skin Freshener, splashed on with a pad of cotton dripping with it. Then

COAT your whole face with the final blessedness of Pond's Vanishing Cream. Here is a cream whose specific function is to disperse harsh skin particles, little chappings caused by exposure, and leave your skin delightfully smoothed. Wipe off the excess after one full minute. Observe that this cream has laid down a perceptible mat finish. Your rich reward is your skin's satin touch—its flattering reception of and faithful hold on powder.

This, in full, always before retiring or during the day. A shorter ritual whenever your skin and make-up need freshening. Act now to start your new daily ritual—aid to a fresh, flower-soft skin. Already some thirteen million women in the United States use Pond's!

GIVE-AWAY for the thrifty minded—Frankly to lure you to our larger cream jars, which are actually a better buy, we are handing you **FREE** (for a limited period) a tempting supply of our equally authoritative hand lotion, **DANYA**, with each purchase of the medium-large Pond's Cold Cream. Both for the price of the cream! At beauty counters everywhere.

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WOMAN-SKIN

Owes its witchery to that tender look and feel, so different from a man's. And women through the ages intuitively have tended and coveted this treasured birthright of theirs, this delicacy of skin which lovers and poets have ever likened to the delicate face of a flower.



MRS. VINCENT ASTOR....MRS. PHILIP HARDING (THE FORMER ALICE ASTOR)....MRS. JOHN JACOB ASTOR.... present leaders of the family which has dominated American society for generations, have for years observed the Pond's ritual...MRS. VINCENT ASTOR devotes much time to the cause of music, especially the Musicians' Emergency Fund

WEDNESDAY'S HIGHLIGHTS



■ Ian McAllister, Doris Dudley and Frank Readick of Meet Mr. Meek.

Tune-In Bulletin for September 25, October 2, 9, 16 and 23!

September 25: Manhattan at Midnight isn't a thriller—it's a half-hour dramatic show, on NBC-Blue at 8:30, which tells a delightful complete love story.

October 2: The 1940 Worlds Baseball Series begins today, and Mutual is broadcasting it exclusively. Time: 2:30 P.M., E.S.T. . . . Another batch of new programs step into the line-up. . . . Cavalcade of America on NBC-Red at 7:30. . . . Fred Allen, under his new sponsorship, on CBS at 9:00. . . . Eddie Cantor, in a variety show with sweet-voiced singer Dinah Shore, on NBC-Red, also at 9:00.

October 9: Edward G. Robinson and Ona Munson in that exciting Big Town return to CBS tonight at 8:00.

October 16: That fascinating question and answer show, Quiz Kids, is being heard now at 8:00 tonight, over NBC-Blue.

October 23: After an evening devoted largely to dramatic programs, it's fun to tune in either Glenn Miller or Kay Kyser at 10:00.

ON THE AIR TONIGHT: Meet Mr. Meek, on CBS at 7:30, E.S.T. (rebroadcast to the West at 9:00, P.S.T.), sponsored by Lifebuoy Soap, starring Frank Readick, Doris Dudley, Adelaide Klein, Jack Smart.

Every downtrodden man in the world will enjoy meeting Mr. Mortimer Meek—and the women will like him too. This program isn't dramatic, it isn't a slice of life, and it doesn't have any particular significance, but it's good fun.

Meet Mr. Meek rejoices in four stars—Frank Readick in the title role, Doris Dudley as his daughter Peggy, Adelaide Klein as his wife Agatha, and Jack Smart as Agatha's brother Louie—and in four authors. One of the authors outlines the general situation of a half-hour script, then the three others take the outline and write the dialogue and insert the funny lines and incidents.

Doris Dudley is the most eccentric member of the cast, and probably one of the most eccentric actresses in radio. She's a wonderful person, but she has some funny ways. Things happen to Doris. One week end last summer she almost got arrested because she made wisecracks into a police-car short-wave radio set that was in operation. The following week end she stopped at a service station to make a phone call, and was emerging from the booth when a bondit entered the station and held it up, taking all her money.

Doris was a moderately successful oc-

triss until last winter, when she played with John Borrmore in "My Dear Children." When John had his much-publicized reconciliation with Elaine Barrie, Doris had to leave the cost so Elaine could have her part. Doris thought this was the unluckiest break an actress could have, but the publicity was so great that she was immediately offered more radio and stage jobs than she could take.

She lived in the West Indies when she was a child, and never wore a pair of shoes until she was twelve. Then she bought a flashy red, high-heeled pair for two dollars, and those first shoes are the only ones she's ever liked. Nowadays, as soon as she enters a room she takes her shoes off. Frequently she forgets them and leaves them behind when she departs. She never wears shoes at the microphone, but she always wears gloves, because if she doesn't she bites her fingernails, and the sound goes out over the air. Once, at rehearsal, she left the studio for a few minutes, and while she was gone Jack Smart (an incurable practical joker) persuaded the rest of the cast to kick off their shoes and put on gloves. Everyone expected Doris to laugh when she got back. Instead she got mad.

Doris has two sons—Skipper, seven, and Little Butch, three. Skipper and Little Butch are the only names they possess. Doris says she hasn't had time to select permanent names for them, and anyway there's plenty of time.

SAY HELLO TO . . .

JUDITH LOWRY—whom you hear this afternoon as "Stevie" on Joan Blaine's NBC serial, Valiant Lady. Judith has a long and honorable stage career behind her, but now devotes all her time to radio. She comes from Woodhull, Illinois, is animated and authoritative, with lively brown eyes, reddish brown hair, and a highly developed sense of humor. Her chief hobby is astrology, and she amuses herself by reading the horoscopes of her fellow-actors in the studios. She has a son who is a doctor in Cleveland, and she's very proud of being a grandmother. Her husband, F. C. Lowry of Houston, Tex., died in 1912.



P.S.T.	C.S.T.	Eastern Standard Time
	8:30	NBC-Blue: Ray Perkins
	8:30	NBC-Red: Gene and Glenn
2:00	8:05	NBC-Blue: BREAKFAST CLUB
	9:15	CBS: School of the Air
	8:45	9:45 CBS: Bachelor's Children
	9:00	10:00 NBC-Red: The Man I Married
1:15	9:15	10:15 CBS: Myrt and Marge
	9:15	10:15 NBC-Blue: Vic and Sade
2:30	9:15	10:15 NBC-Red: Midstream
1:30	9:30	10:30 CBS: Hilltop House
	9:30	10:30 NBC-Blue: Mary Marlin
	9:30	10:30 NBC-Red: Ellen Randolph
1:45	9:45	10:45 CBS: Stepmother
	9:45	10:45 NBC-Blue: Pepper Young's Family
10:30	9:45	10:45 NBC-Red: By Kathleen Norris
10:45	10:00	11:00 CBS: Short Short Story
	10:00	11:00 NBC-Blue: I Love Linda Dale
	10:00	11:00 NBC-Red: David Harum
12:15	10:15	11:15 CBS: Martha Webster
	10:15	11:15 NBC-Red: Road of Life
11:00	10:30	11:30 CBS: Big Sister
	10:30	11:30 NBC-Blue: The Wife Saver
	10:30	11:30 NBC-Red: Against the Storm
11:15	10:45	11:45 CBS: Aunt Jenny's Stories
	10:45	11:45 NBC-Red: The Guiding Light
9:00	11:00	12:00 CBS: KATE SMITH SPEAKS
9:00	11:00	12:00 NBC-Red: Woman in White
9:15	11:15	12:15 CBS: When a Girl Marries
	11:15	12:15 NBC-Red: The O'Neills
9:30	11:30	12:30 CBS: Romance of Helen Trent
9:30	11:30	12:30 NBC-Blue: Farm and Home Hour
9:30	11:30	12:30 NBC-Red: Wheatena Playhouse
9:45	11:45	12:45 CBS: Our Gal Sunday
10:00	12:00	1:00 CBS: The Goldbergs
10:00	12:00	1:00 MBS: I'LL NEVER FORGET
10:15	12:15	1:15 CBS: Life Can be Beautiful
10:30	12:30	1:30 CBS: Right to Happiness
	12:45	1:45 CBS: Road of Life
3:00	1:00	2:00 CBS: Young Dr. Malone
11:00	1:00	2:00 NBC-Red: Light of the World
3:30	1:15	2:15 CBS: Girl Interne
11:15	1:15	2:15 NBC-Red: Arnold Grimm's Daughter
11:30	1:30	2:30 CBS: Fletcher Wiley
11:30	1:30	2:30 NBC-Red: Valiant Lady
11:45	1:45	2:45 CBS: My Son and I
11:45	1:45	2:45 NBC-Red: Betty Crocker
12:00	2:00	3:00 CBS: Society Girl
12:00	2:00	3:00 NBC-Blue: Orphans of Divorce
12:00	2:00	3:00 NBC-Red: Mary Marlin
12:15	2:15	3:15 CBS: Mary Margaret McBride
12:15	2:15	3:15 NBC-Blue: Moonbeam Hill
12:15	2:15	3:15 NBC-Red: Ma Perkins
12:30	2:30	3:30 NBC-Blue: John's Other Wife
12:30	2:30	3:30 NBC-Red: Pepper Young's Family
	2:45	3:45 CBS: A Friend in Deed
12:45	2:45	3:45 NBC-Blue: Just Plain Bill
12:45	2:45	3:45 NBC-Red: Vic and Sade
1:00	3:00	4:00 CBS: Portia Faces Life
1:00	3:00	4:00 NBC-Blue: Mother of Mine
1:00	3:00	4:00 NBC-Red: Backstage Wife
4:15	3:15	4:15 CBS: We, The Abbotts
1:15	3:15	4:15 NBC-Red: Stella Dallas
3:30	4:30	5:30 CBS: Woman of Courage
1:30	4:30	5:30 NBC-Red: Lorenzo Jones
12:30	3:45	4:45 CBS: Kate Hopkins
	3:45	4:45 NBC-Red: Young Widder Brown
2:00	4:00	5:00 CBS: By Kathleen Norris
2:00	4:00	5:00 NBC-Blue: Children's Hour
2:00	4:00	5:00 NBC-Red: Girl Alone
2:15	5:15	6:15 CBS: Beyond These Valleys
	5:15	6:15 NBC-Red: Life Can be Beautiful
2:30	4:30	5:30 CBS: Pretty Kitty Kelly
	4:30	5:30 NBC-Red: Jack Armstrong
2:45	5:45	6:45 CBS: Scattergood Baines
5:45	5:45	6:45 NBC-Blue: Tom Mix
2:45	5:45	6:45 NBC-Red: The O'Neills
8:55	10:00	6:00 CBS: News, Bob Trout
3:00	6:00	6:00 NBC-Red: Lil Abner
	5:05	6:05 CBS: Edwin C. Hill
3:15	5:15	6:15 CBS: Hedda Hopper
10:00	5:30	6:30 CBS: Paul Sullivan
3:45	5:45	6:45 CBS: The World Today
	6:45	6:45 NBC-Blue: Lowell Thomas
8:00	6:00	7:00 CBS: Amos 'n' Andy
4:00	6:00	7:00 NBC-Blue: EASY ACES
8:00	6:00	7:00 NBC-Red: Fred Waring's Gang
8:15	6:15	7:15 CBS: Lanny Ross
4:15	6:15	7:15 NBC-Blue: Mr. Keen
7:30	6:30	7:30 CBS: Meet Mr. Meek
8:30	6:30	7:30 MBS: The Lone Ranger
4:30	6:30	7:30 NBC-Red: Cavalcade of America
4:45	6:45	7:45 NBC-Red: H. V. Kaltenborn
6:30	7:00	8:00 CBS: Big Town
5:00	7:00	8:00 NBC-Blue: Quiz Kids
8:00	7:00	8:00 NBC-Red: Hollywood Playhouse
8:30	7:30	8:30 CBS: Dr. Christian
8:30	7:30	8:30 NBC-Blue: Manhattan at Midnight
8:30	7:30	8:30 NBC-Red: Plantation Party
9:00	8:00	9:00 CBS: FRED ALLEN
9:00	8:00	9:00 NBC-Blue: Song of Your Life
9:00	8:00	9:00 NBC-Red: EDDIE CANTOR
9:30	8:30	9:30 NBC-Red: Mr. District Attorney
7:00	9:00	10:00 CBS: Glenn Miller
7:00	9:00	10:00 MBS: Raymond Gram Swing
7:00	9:00	10:00 NBC-Red: KAY KYSER'S COLLEGE

YOUR **DUO-THERM**
WARMS THE PLACE
UP **FAST!** KEEPS THE
FLOORS WARM, TOO!

RIGHT! AND ITS
POWER-AIR HAS CUT
MY OIL COSTS **PLENTY!**



Amazing new heater drives "Fireside Warmth" to every corner!

THIS winter, enjoy fast, clean, convenient, trouble-free oil heat!

Heat which is *driven* down to warm your floors—heat which is *forced* into other rooms and chilly corners—heat which now costs you less than oil heat ever did before—thanks to Duo-Therm's new Power-Air!*

Like a modern furnace! Duo-Therm's Power-Air blower drives heat all through your house—gives you quick heat on frosty mornings—circulates heat faster, better to every corner of every room! It brings lazy

ceiling heat down where you need it—gives uniform, "floor-to-ceiling" comfort!

Here, for the first time in a fuel oil heater, is *positive*, forced heat like that of a modern, expensive basement furnace! And Power-Air 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 in an ordinary home showed that a Duo-Therm with Power-Air kept the house *warmer*—while using **LESS**

OIL than a heater without Power-Air!

And Power-Air costs no more to run than a 50-watt lamp!

More reasons why you'll want a Duo-Therm!

Turn the handy front-panel dial—and get just the heat you want, for mild fall days or for the coldest weather! Open the radiant door and out pours a flood of cheerful warmth! Special waste-stopper saves fuel! Duo-Therm's famous Bias-Baffle Burner gives you *more* heat per gallon of cheap fuel oil—*always* burns cleanly, silently, *safely*—at any setting. (All models listed as standard by the Underwriters' Laboratories.)

Gives you cooler summers, too!

In scorching weather, switch on your Power-Air blower—and it pours out a cooling 27 mile-an-hour breeze!

America's most popular heater costs no more!

Even with Power-Air you pay no more for a Duo-Therm than other heaters! And your dealer will tell you about the easy-payment plan. Go to your nearest Duo-Therm dealer today—and look over all the 12 beautiful models! They heat 1 to 6 rooms—come in either the console or upright cabinet type—can all be equipped with Power-Air.

For complete information, fill out the coupon below and mail it—now!

Uneven heat without Power-Air!

TOO HOT HERE 95°

WARM HERE 79°

COLD HERE 62°

This is the ordinary way! Many heaters send heat up—where it "loafs" on your ceiling. Result: cold, drafty floors and hot ceilings. Note the actual test figures—33° difference between floor and ceiling!

All-over, even heat with Power-Air!

WARM HERE 80°

WARM HERE 72°

WARM HERE 70°

Now see how Duo-Therm's Power-Air drives ceiling heat *down*—puts it to work on your floors—gives uniform comfort! Note the actual test figures—only 10° difference between floor and ceiling—three times better heat distribution!

New All-Weather

DUO-THERM

Fuel Oil Circulating Heaters

—TEAR OUT AND MAIL—TODAY!—

DUO-THERM DIVISION

Dept. RM-48, Motor Wheel Corporation, Lansing, Michigan

Send me, without obligation, your complete illustrated catalog.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____

County _____

State _____

THURSDAY'S HIGHLIGHTS



■ Gertrude Warner and Sherling Oliver (David) in *Beyond These Valleys*.

Tune-In Bulletin for September 26, October 3, 10, 17 and 24!

September 26: Strange as it seems, an CBS at 8:30 tonight, recently celebrated its first anniversary on the air—and still hasn't run out of fascinating and thrilling things to dramatize.

October 3: Guy Lombardo's orchestra moves into the Roosevelt Hotel in New York tonight for an indefinite stay, and CBS will bring you its music from the dance-floor.

October 10: The CBS School of the Air presents its first program in the series called "Tales from Far and Near," and the title of today's tale is "All Over Town."

October 17: One program that never, never disappoints: The Aldrich Family, an NBC-Red tonight at 8:30.

October 24: The American School of the Air's "Tales from Far and Near" offers "The Scarlet Fringe"—and many an adult will get just as much pleasure and instruction from listening as the youngsters do.

ON THE AIR TODAY: *Beyond These Valleys*, a new romantic serial heard on CBS at 5:15, E.S.T., sponsored by Gold Medal Flour.

Actors are like children—they love to make believe. That's why they're actors, of course. And because they love to make believe they adore a play which gives them roles in which they can sink their personalities—roles which are complex, demanding and well provided with big scenes. A visit to a broadcast of *Beyond These Valleys* shows you that here is a play full of such roles.

Dan Becker, who writes *Beyond These Valleys* (and also composed its haunting theme song), is one of the new style of radio-writers who take their work seriously. He likes to get his characters' thoughts on the air, and goes in for tricky psychological devices to do so. This doesn't mean that *Beyond These Valleys* lacks a good plot and plenty of action. But more and more, writers for the air are trying to create real people. Listeners should be grateful, and actors certainly are. Everyone in the *Beyond These Valleys* cast says enthusiastically what a "beautiful" show it is (that's the actor's word for anything he likes.)

Basil Laughrane, who directs the program, is very intense about his job, and works like a demon to make perfect the quarter-hour to which you listen so casually. He signals the musician at the Navochoard with gestures like those of a symphony orchestra conductor, warms over intona-

tions, and personally experiences all the emotions the members of the cast are called on to portray. He's a very conscientious and sincere worker, and his one desire is to create a picture in your mind as you listen.

Beyond These Valleys enjoys the services of one of CBS's two feminine production "men," a pretty brunette named Dorothy Mallinson. A production man's duty is to take charge of a program in behalf of the network—watch the timing, be sure station breaks are delivered on the dot, calm temperamental outbursts, and in general be Johnny-on-the-spot in case of necessity. If a microphone suddenly goes dead, it's also the production man's duty to put a new one in place—sometimes at a second's notice, if the show is on the air. Until Betty Tuthill, CBS' other girl production man, and Dorothy came along, it had always been considered purely a man's job. Dorothy, in addition to carrying out all her other tasks efficiently, did something far *Beyond These Valleys* that no man could have done. They were looking for a man with a romantic voice to play the part of Riggs Lagan. Dozens of radio actors were auditioned, but none were quite right. Dorothy, turning on her radio one night, heard the voice of announcer Nelson Case, and knew he was exactly the man they were looking for.

The heroine of *Beyond These Valleys* is Rebecca Lane, who is played by Gertrude Warner. Gertrude is 23, and this is her first starring role.

SAY HELLO TO . . .

FRANK DANE—one of those versatile actors whom you'll probably hear a couple of times today without knowing it. On Arnold Grimm's *Daughter* he plays Jim Kent, and on *The Story of Mary Marlin* he's "Never-Fail" Hendricks. Frank is Danish, but came to America as a child. He says that his biggest handicap as an actor has been learning English and getting rid of his Danish accent. He began his career on the stage, and still is enough of a stage actor to have one important mannerism in front of the mike—he always needs enough room to swing his arms. He made his network debut in 1928 and has been on the air ever since.



E.S.T.		Eastern Standard Time	
		8:30	NBC-Red: Gene and Glenn
		8:05	NBC-Blue: BREAKFAST CLUB
		8:05	9:05 NBC-Red: Happy Jack
2:00	2:30	9:15	CBS: School of the Air
	8:30	9:30	NBC-Red: Isabel Manning Hewson
	8:45	9:45	CBS: Bachelor's Children
	8:45	9:45	NBC-Red: Edward MacHugh
	9:00	10:00	NBC-Red: The Man I Married
1:15	9:15	10:15	CBS: Myrt and Marge
	9:15	10:15	NBC-Blue: Vic and Sade
2:30	9:15	10:15	NBC-Red: Midstream
1:30	9:30	10:30	CBS: Hilltop House
	9:30	10:30	NBC-Blue: Mary Marlin
	9:30	10:30	NBC-Red: Ellen Randolph
1:45	9:45	10:45	CBS: Stepmother
	9:45	10:45	NBC-Blue: Pepper Young's Family
10:30	9:45	10:45	NBC-Red: By Kathleen Norris
10:45	10:00	11:00	CBS: Mary Lee Taylor
	10:00	11:00	NBC-Blue: I Love Linda Dale
	10:00	11:00	NBC-Red: David Harum
12:15	10:15	11:15	CBS: Martha Webster
	10:15	11:15	NBC-Red: Road of Life
11:00	10:30	11:30	CBS: Big Sister
	10:30	11:30	NBC-Red: Against the Storm
11:15	10:45	11:45	CBS: Aunt Jenny's Stories
	10:45	11:45	NBC-Red: The Guiding Light
9:00	11:00	12:00	CBS: Kate Smith Speaks
9:00	11:00	12:00	NBC-Red: Woman in White
9:15	11:15	12:15	CBS: When a Girl Marries
	11:15	12:15	NBC-Red: The O'Neills
9:30	11:30	12:30	CBS: Romance of Helen Trent
9:30	11:30	12:30	NBC-Blue: Farm and Home Hour
9:30	11:30	12:30	NBC-Red: Wheatena Playhouse
9:45	11:45	12:45	CBS: Our Gal Sunday
10:00	12:00	1:00	CBS: The Goldbergs
10:15	12:15	1:15	CBS: Life Can be Beautiful
10:15	12:15	1:15	NBC-Red: Tony Wons
10:30	12:30	1:30	CBS: Right to Happiness
	12:45	1:45	CBS: Road of Life
3:00	1:00	2:00	CBS: Young Dr. Malone
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC-Blue: Margaret C. Banning
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC-Red: Light of the World
3:30	1:15	2:15	CBS: Girl Interns
11:15	1:15	2:15	NBC-Red: Arnold Grimm's Daughter
11:30	1:30	2:30	CBS: Fletcher Wiley
11:30	1:30	2:30	NBC-Red: Valiant Lady
11:45	1:45	2:45	CBS: My Son and I
12:00	2:00	3:00	CBS: Society Girl
12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC-Blue: Orphans of Divorce
12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC-Red: Mary Marlin
12:15	2:15	3:15	CBS: Mary Margaret McBride
12:15	2:15	3:15	NBC-Blue: Honeymoon Hill
12:15	2:15	3:15	NBC-Red: Ma Perkins
12:30	2:30	3:30	NBC-Blue: John's Other Wife
12:30	2:30	3:30	NBC-Red: Pepper Young's Family
	2:45	3:45	CBS: A Friend in Deed
	2:45	3:45	NBC-Blue: Just Plain Bill
12:45	2:45	3:45	NBC-Red: Vic and Sade
1:00	3:00	4:00	CBS: Portia Faces Life
1:00	3:00	4:00	NBC-Blue: Mother of Mine
1:00	3:00	4:00	NBC-Red: Backstage Wife
4:15	3:15	4:15	CBS: We, The Abbotts
1:15	3:15	4:15	NBC-Red: Stella Dallas
3:30	4:30	5:30	CBS: Woman of Courage
1:30	4:30	5:30	NBC-Red: Lorenzo Jones
12:30	3:45	4:45	CBS: Kate Hopkins
	3:45	4:45	NBC-Red: Young Widder Brown
2:00	4:00	5:00	CBS: By Kathleen Norris
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2:15	4:15	5:15	CBS: Beyond These Valleys
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2:30	4:30	5:30	CBS: Pretty Kitty Kelly
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2:45	4:45	5:45	CBS: Scattergood Baines
2:45	4:45	5:45	NBC-Blue: Tom Mix
2:45	4:45	5:45	NBC-Red: The O'Neills
7:55	5:00	6:00	CBS: News
3:00	5:00	6:00	NBC-Red: Lil Abner
	5:05	6:05	CBS: Edwin C. Hill
10:00	5:30	6:30	CBS: Paul Sullivan
3:45	5:45	6:45	CBS: The World Today
	5:45	6:45	NBC-Blue: Lowell Thomas
8:00	6:00	7:00	CBS: Amos 'n' Andy
8:00	6:00	7:00	NBC-Blue: Easy Aces
8:00	6:00	7:00	NBC-Red: Fred Waring's Gang
8:15	6:15	7:15	CBS: Lanny Ross
4:15	6:15	7:15	NBC-Blue: Mr. Keen
6:30	7:30	8:30	CBS: Vox Pop
7:00	6:30	7:30	NBC-Red: Bob Crosby
	6:45	7:45	NBC-Red: H. V. Kaltenborn
8:30	7:00	8:00	CBS: Ask It Basket
8:30	7:00	8:00	NBC-Blue: Canadian Holiday
8:30	7:00	8:00	NBC-Red: Good News
9:00	7:30	8:30	CBS: Strange As It Seems
5:30	7:30	8:30	NBC-Blue: Pot O' Gold
9:00	7:30	8:30	NBC-Red: The Aldrich Family
6:00	8:00	9:00	CBS: MAJOR BOWES
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC-Red: KRAFT MUSIC HALL
7:00	8:00	9:00	CBS: Glenn Miller
7:00	8:00	9:00	NBC-Blue: Raymond Gram Swing
	8:00	9:00	NBC-Red: Rudy Vallee
7:30	9:30	10:30	CBS: News of the War

What Do You Want To Say?

(Continued from page 5)

FIFTH PRIZE

MYSTERY THRILLS!

Everyone likes a good mystery. A program which I believe supplies this thrill is "By Kathleen Norris." The current story, "Mystery House," is very exciting and I hate to miss one broadcast. The music they play during the story makes "goose pimples" come out on me from head to foot. Many of my friends are listening to it also. Listen some time and see what you think and feel. You'll enjoy it, I'm sure.—Bernele Christopherson, Salt Lake City, Utah.

SIXTH PRIZE

A MOTHER'S WORRY

Lately on almost all programs there are so many stories that deal with nothing but divorces. We like our children to enjoy radio as we grown-ups do, but we are particular of the kind of programs they should listen to, so let us leave out the divorces in programs and leave it to real life for those that believe in it, and have more suitable programs that not only the grown-ups would enjoy, but children as well.

Life Begins, the story of Martha Webster, is a very beautiful story and very educational.

A good program will keep more children at home, instead of out in the streets while we mothers worry about them.—Mrs. Elliott E. Okins, Edmonds, Wash.

SEVENTH PRIZE

HIS LUCKY BREAK

Nothing warms the cockles of my heart like seeing a deserving young star get a break—especially one I've been doing a rave about for years. That's why I'm so grateful to Al Pearce and His Gang for giving Bob Bellamy his first opportunity to sing over a coast-to-coast network.

For a long time we Nebraskans have been justly proud of Bob's grand tenor voice, his unassuming and friendly manner, and his ambition to succeed. May this lucky break lead to better things! And when my favorite tenor, Mr. Robert Bellamy, hits the top—I'll be round to say "I told you so."—Charlotte Bierbower, Hastings, Nebraska.

At Home with Gracie Allen

Do you enjoy entering a friend's home for the first time, examining the furniture, noting the color schemes, meeting the children? This pleasure, multiplied, is waiting for you in RADIO MIRROR for we've called on Gracie Allen, with notebook and camera. Watch for the results next month.

Hear that, Matilda?

SHE'S STILL CRYING LIKE A BABY!



**Golden bar or golden chips—
Fels-Naptha banishes "Tattle-Tale Gray"**

Wherever you use bar-soap,
use Fels-Naptha Soap.
Wherever you use box-soap,
use Fels-Naptha Soap Chips.



COPR. 1940. FELS & CO

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2:00	8:05	9:05 NBC-Blue: BREAKFAST CLUB
	2:30	9:15 CBS: School of the Air
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	9:00	10:00 NBC-Red: The Man I Married
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	9:30	10:30 NBC-Blue: Mary Martin
	9:30	10:30 NBC-Red: Ellen Randolph
1:45	9:45	10:45 CBS: Stepmother
	9:45	10:45 NBC-Blue: Pepper Young's Family
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9:30	11:30	12:30 CBS: Romance of Helen Trent
9:30	11:30	12:30 NBC-Blue: Farm and Home Hour
9:30	11:30	12:30 NBC-Red: Wheatena Playhouse
9:45	11:45	12:45 CBS: Our Gal Sunday
10:00	12:00	1:00 CBS: The Goldbergs
10:00	12:00	1:00 MBS: I'LL NEVER FORGET
10:15	12:15	1:15 CBS: Life Can Be Beautiful
10:30	12:30	1:30 CBS: Right to Happiness
	12:45	1:45 CBS: Road of Life
3:00	1:00	2:00 CBS: Young Dr. Malone
11:00	1:00	2:00 NBC-Red: Light of the World
3:30	1:15	2:15 CBS: Girl Interne
11:15	1:15	2:15 NBC-Red: Arnold Grimm's Daughter
11:30	1:30	2:30 CBS: Fletcher Wiley
11:30	1:30	2:30 NBC-Red: Valiant Lady
11:45	1:45	2:45 CBS: My Son and I
11:45	1:45	2:45 NBC-Red: Betty Crocker
12:00	2:00	3:00 CBS: Society Girl
12:00	2:00	3:00 NBC-Blue: Orphans of Divorce
12:00	2:00	3:00 NBC-Red: Mary Martin
12:15	2:15	3:15 CBS: Mary Margaret McBride
12:15	2:15	3:15 NBC-Blue: Honeymoon Hill
12:15	2:15	3:15 NBC-Red: Ma Perkins
12:30	2:30	3:30 NBC-Blue: John's Other Wife
12:30	2:30	3:30 NBC-Red: Pepper Young's Family
	2:45	3:45 CBS: A Friend in Deed
12:45	2:45	3:45 NBC-Blue: Just Plain Bill
12:45	2:45	3:45 NBC-Red: Vic and Sade
1:00	3:00	4:00 CBS: Portia Faces Life
1:00	3:00	4:00 NBC-Blue: Mother of Mine
1:00	3:00	4:00 NBC-Red: Backstage Wife
4:15	3:15	4:15 CBS: We, The Abbotts
1:15	3:15	4:15 NBC-Red: Stella Dallas
3:30	4:30	5:30 CBS: Woman of Courage
1:30	4:30	5:30 NBC-Red: Lorenzo Jones
12:30	3:45	4:45 CBS: Kate Hopkins
	3:45	4:45 NBC-Red: Young Widder Brown
2:00	4:00	5:00 CBS: By Kathleen Norris
2:00	4:00	5:00 NBC-Blue: Children's Hour
2:00	4:00	5:00 NBC-Red: Girl Alone
2:15	4:15	5:15 CBS: Beyond These Valleys
	4:15	5:15 NBC-Red: Life Can Be Beautiful
2:30	4:30	5:30 CBS: Pretty Kitty Kelly
	4:30	5:30 NBC-Red: Jack Armstrong
2:45	4:45	5:45 CBS: Scattergood Baines
5:45	5:45	6:45 NBC-Blue: Tom Mix
2:45	4:45	5:45 NBC-Red: The O'Neills
8:55	10:00	6:00 CBS: News, Bob Trout
3:00	5:00	6:00 NBC-Red: Lil Abner
	5:05	6:05 CBS: Edwin C. Hill
3:15	5:15	6:15 CBS: Hedda Hopper
10:00	5:30	6:30 CBS: Paul Sullivan
	5:45	6:45 CBS: The World Today
	5:45	6:45 NBC-Blue: Lowell Thomas
8:00	6:00	7:00 CBS: Amos 'n' Andy
4:00	6:00	7:00 NBC-Blue: JOSEF MARAIS
8:00	6:00	7:00 NBC-Red: Fred Waring's Gang
8:15	6:15	7:15 CBS: Lanny Ross
7:30	6:30	7:30 CBS: Al Pearce
8:30	6:30	7:30 MBS: The Lone Ranger
7:30	6:30	7:30 NBC-Red: Alec Templeton
9:00	7:00	8:00 CBS: KATE SMITH
	7:00	8:00 NBC-Red: Cities Service Concert
9:30	7:30	8:30 NBC-Blue: Death Valley Days
8:30	8:00	9:00 CBS: Johnny Presents
8:00	8:00	9:00 NBC-Blue: Harry Kogen Orchestra
6:00	8:00	9:00 NBC-Red: Waltz Time
6:30	8:30	9:30 CBS: Grand Central Station
6:30	8:30	9:30 NBC-Red: ARCH OBOLER'S PLAYS (Oct. 4)
7:00	9:00	10:00 CBS: Bob Ripley
7:00	9:00	10:00 MBS: Raymond Gram Swing
7:00	9:00	10:00 NBC-Red: Don Ameche

FRIDAY'S HIGHLIGHTS



■ Frank Luther is the singing star of True Story's I'll Never Forget.

Tune-In Bulletin for September 27, October 4, 11 and 18!

September 27: Kate Smith broadcasts her second variety show of the season on CBS at 8:00. If you missed her last week, now's the time to make up for it.

October 4: Arch Oboler, this most original of radio's writers, begins his new series of plays on NBC-Red tonight at 9:30. Tonight's play is "This Lonely Heart," starring Nazimova—and if you want to hear real emoting, don't miss it. In his future programs Arch will have the best actors and actresses of both radio and screen as his guest stars.

October 11: The CBS School of the Air offers its first program in the "This Living World" series, dealing with Pan Americanism—an important subject these days.

October 18: Have you started listening to Bob Ripley and Believe it or Not, on CBS at 10:00 these Friday nights?

ON THE AIR TODAY: I'll Never Forget, starring Frank Luther, sponsored by True Story Magazine and heard on the Mutual network today, Monday and Wednesday at 1:00, E.S.T.

Isn't there some unforgettable experience in your life—something filled with drama and significance? If there is, you could probably win some money on this program. On each fifteen-minute show an unforgettable happening submitted by listeners or by readers of True Story Magazine is dramatized, and the person who sent it in gets a prize of \$50. Besides that, second and third prizes of \$25 and \$10 are given for two other "I'll Never Forget" stories which aren't used on the program.

But even if your life has been lacking in dramatic incidents, you'll find I'll Never Forget a high point of your listening day. The stories are always interesting, and lovers of good singing are bound to like Frank Luther, who sings a pair of songs on each program.

Frank (he's also the Luther half of NBC's Luther-Layman singers) has one of radio's sweetest tenor voices—and he also has a colorful career. He was born on a Kansas cattle ranch in 1907, and when he was a boy combined this rough-and-tumble profession of cowhand with the more sophisticated one of musician. When he was only thirteen years old he spent a summer on the Chautauqua Circuit as singer and

pianist, and went on from there to conduct evangelistic campaigns all over the United States. By the time he was twenty-one he was Pastor of a church of a thousand members in Bakersfield, California, but he left the ministry to go on concert tours with the deReszke Singers, the Revelers, and Will Rogers. Until Rogers' death he and Frank were close friends, and Frank thinks of the famous humorist as his "second father."

In the last nine years Frank has sung for radio and phonograph records, making more than 2000 records and broadcasting on an equal number of commercial network programs. Maybe you remember the famous series called Your Laver. Frank conceived, wrote, produced, acted and sang in that program.

On Tuesdays and Thursdays at 1:00, although I'll Never Forget isn't on the air, you can hear Frank singing over the same stations in an unsponsored program—which should make him one of your regular loudspeaker visitors.

Even though True Story Magazine is a close relative of Radio Mirror in the Macfadden Publishing family, and we do say it as shouldn't—here's a good tip for you if you're going to submit your story to I'll Never Forget: Get a copy of True Story and read the I'll Never Forget department in its pages. It will show you exactly the kind of incidents that are most likely to win prizes.

SAY HELLO TO . . .



JUNE TRAVIS—who went to Hollywood, got a movie career nicely started, then threw it all up and returned to Chicago, her home town, to get married and work in radio. Her husband is Fred Friedlob, Chicago manufacturer, and her radio parts are Stormy Wilson in Girl Alone and Bernice Farraday in Arnold Grimm's Daughter. When she quit the movies, June announced that she never really wanted to go in them in the first place, and only took her first test for the fun of it. June is the daughter of Harry Grabiner, vice-president of the Chicago White Sox Baseball team; she's 24 and has brown hair and green eyes.

Cupid Is a Clown

(Continued from page 11)

life has been at delightful cross purposes ever since.

The story of their rise to fame and their married life is going to be presented to you just as the boys told it to me. You'll soon see that there are two sides to every story.

"After we married the girls," Lou says, "Abbott talked me into going in for big-time vaudeville."

"It wasn't my idea. It was Lou's," Bud glares. "And it cost us \$900 to play twelve weeks. That's the way vaudeville was in those days. We should have stayed in burlesque. The owner of the Steel Pier caught our act after we went broke in vaudeville and went back to burlesque, and we were booked at the Steel Pier in Atlantic City for three solid summers."

"That's because we were the only two comedians in the show who kept our jokes clean," Lou takes up. "Bud and I have never pulled a raw joke in our lives."

"Let me tell this," Abbott breaks in. "That dope isn't even polite enough to take the cigar out of his mouth."

"He can't afford to smoke them," Lou scowls. "Anyway, after we made a hit at the Steel Pier, we decided to try and crack vaudeville again. Eddie Sherman, who booked us into the Steel Pier, got us a job in the Majestic Theater in Paterson, New Jersey—Lou's home town."

AND while we were there," Lou scowls, "where did the Abbotts eat? At my house. Who paid? Me. Costello."

"A dog shouldn't eat what you fed us," Abbott answers.

"I want to mention now," says Costello, "that I paid all the bills then—and still do. That chiseler Abbott never paid a bill in his life."

"Do you know why he paid all the bills?" Abbott yells. "Because he won all my money playing rummy. We've been playing rummy together ever since we teamed up and that's why I'm always broke."

"Tell him about the time we played the Oriental Theater," Costello shouts. "My wife is still sore about that. Go on, I dare you!"

"It was nothing," Abbott says. "It's irrelevant."

"You bum," Costello shouts. "He gyps me out of forty dollars and it's irrelevant—whatever that is. Every day while we were playing the Oriental Theater in Chicago, we would pass a store where they had a beautiful fur coat. Abbott there, he fell in love with the coat. He always had about ten bucks in his pocket in those days and he tried to put the heat on me for the coat."

"He wouldn't lend me a dime," Abbott takes up. "One night, just before we were to close, the sponsors of a big radio show came to us and offered us a wonderful contract. We were to show up the following night for rehearsal."

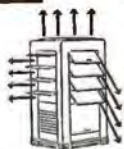
"So that chisler borrows my last forty bucks on the strength of the contract," Lou groans. "Then, he borrows sixty more from the chorus girls in the show and next morning rushes out and buys the coat. That afternoon, we get a telegram from the sponsors saying that they regret it

(Continued on page 55)

"Look, Dad, Sport doesn't want to leave this nice, comfy heat!"



Only SUPERFEX gives you *Radiant* heat directed down to warm the floor—plus continuously circulating warm air!



This winter, enjoy complete comfort with oil heat as only SUPERFEX gives it. For only SUPERFEX

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Name _____

St. or R. F. D. _____ Past Office _____

County _____ State _____

Eastern Standard Time

	8:00	CBS: News of Europe
	8:00	NBC-Red: News
	8:15	NBC-Blue: Cloutier's Orchestra
	8:15	NBC-Red: Crackerjack Quartet
	8:25	CBS: Odd Side of the News
	8:30	NBC-Blue: Dick Leibert
	8:30	NBC-Red: Gene and Glenn
	8:45	NBC-Blue: Harvey and Dell
	9:00	CBS: Hill Billy Champions
	9:00	NBC-Blue: Breakfast Club
	9:00	NBC-Red: News
	9:05	NBC-Red: Texas Jim Robertson
	9:15	NBC-Red: Watch Your Step
	9:30	CBS: Let's Be Lazy
	9:30	NBC-Red: Wise Man
	9:45	NBC-Red: Musical Tete-a-tete
10:00	9:00	NBC-Blue: Sid Walton
	9:00	NBC-Red: Lincoln Highway
	9:15	NBC-Blue: Richard Kent
	9:30	CBS: Welcome Lewis' Singing Bee
	9:30	NBC-Blue: Gallicchio's Orch.
	9:30	NBC-Red: Bright Idea Club
	10:00	11:00 CBS: Old Dirt Dobber
	10:00	11:00 NBC-Blue: Deep River Boys
	10:00	11:00 NBC-Red: Song Folks
	10:30	11:30 CBS: Dorian String Quartet
	10:30	11:30 NBC-Blue: Our Barn
	11:00	12:00 CBS: Country Journal
	11:00	12:00 NBC-Blue: Miller Orchestra
	11:00	12:00 NBC-Red: Strings that Sing
	11:30	12:30 CBS: Let's Pretend
	11:30	12:30 NBC-Blue: Farm Bureau
	11:30	12:30 NBC-Red: Call to Youth
10:15	12:15	1:15 CBS: Highways to Health
10:15	12:15	1:15 NBC-Red: Calling Stamp Collectors
10:30	12:30	1:30 NBC-Blue: Luncheon at the Waldorf
11:00	1:00	2:00 CBS: Vera Brodsky
11:00	1:00	2:00 NBC-Red: I'm an American
11:30	1:30	2:30 CBS: Brush Creek Follies
11:30	1:30	2:30 NBC-Red: Campus Capers
12:45	2:45	3:45 CBS: This is My Land
1:00	3:00	4:00 CBS: Bull Session
1:00	3:00	4:00 NBC-Blue: Club Matinee
1:00	3:00	4:00 NBC-Red: Chamber Music
2:00	4:00	5:00 NBC-Blue: Gus Steck Orch.
2:00	4:00	5:00 NBC-Red: Tommy Dorsey
2:30	4:30	5:30 NBC-Blue: Rhythms by Ricardo
7:30	9:30	6:00 CBS: News
3:00	5:00	6:00 NBC-Red: El Chico Orchestra
3:05	5:05	6:05 CBS: Albert Warner
3:05	5:05	6:05 NBC-Blue: Golly Orchestra
3:30	5:30	6:30 NBC-Blue: Renfrew of the Mounted
3:30	5:30	6:30 NBC-Red: Art of Living
3:45	5:45	6:45 CBS: The World Today
3:45	5:45	6:45 NBC-Red: Paul Douglas
4:00	6:00	7:00 CBS: People's Platform
4:00	6:00	7:00 NBC-Blue: Message of Israel
4:00	6:00	7:00 NBC-Red: Kindergarten Kapers
4:30	6:30	7:30 CBS: I Want a Divorce (Oct. 5)
4:30	6:30	7:30 NBC-Blue: Orchestra
4:45	6:45	7:45 NBC-Red: H. V. Kaltenborn
8:00	7:00	8:00 CBS: The Marriage Club
5:00	7:00	8:00 NBC-Blue: Orchestra
8:30	7:00	8:00 NBC-Red: Knickerbocker Playhouse
5:30	7:30	8:30 CBS: Wayne King Orch. (Oct. 5)
5:30	7:30	8:30 NBC-Blue: Spotlight on Youth
7:30	7:30	8:30 NBC-Red: Truth or Consequences
9:00	8:00	9:00 CBS: YOUR HIT PARADE
8:00	8:00	9:00 NBC-Red: National Band Dance
6:45	8:45	9:45 CBS: Saturday Night Serenade
7:00	9:00	10:00 NBC-Blue: News; Orchestra
7:00	9:00	10:00 NBC-Red: Uncle Ezra
7:15	9:15	10:15 CBS: Public Affairs
7:30	9:30	10:30 CBS: News of the War

SATURDAY'S HIGHLIGHTS



■ The Kindergarten in person: Wolf, Fugit, Kommon, Roy and Ericson.

Tune-In Bulletin for September 28, October 5, 12 and 19!

September 28: The football season is getting under way, and all the networks will be broadcasting the game. NBC-Red has scheduled the Pittsburgh-Ohio State game at 2:45, while NBC-Blue offers Minnesota vs. Washington at 3:45. Ted Husing, on CBS, will also describe a football game, but just which one hasn't been decided when you Almonoc went to press. . . . At 4:30 CBS presents the opening race of Belmont Park. October 5: Wayne King's orchestra returns to CBS tonight at 8:30, for a weekly hour sponsored series. . . . Benny Goodman's band opens at the College Inn in Chicago, playing over NBC. . . . I Want a Divorce starts at 7:30 on CBS. October 12: Today we honor Christopher Columbus, who discovered America. All the networks are planning special programs to commemorate the event. . . . Knickerbocker Playhouse, on NBC-Red at 8:00, is an entertaining dramatic show. October 19: Listen to Your Hit Parade on CBS at 9:00, and all the other music programs you can—because maybe after January 1 there won't be as much music in the air as there is now. Read the editorial on page 4 and then, if you agree, write to your radio station protesting.

ON THE AIR TODAY: Kindergarten Kopers, with Bruce Kommon as Professor Ulysses S. Applegate, on NBC-Red tonight at 7:00, E.S.T.

Schools all over the country have started, to the great dismay of millions of youngsters, but Professor Applegate's Kindergarten goes on winter and summer, and nobody is a bit sorry, because the curriculum is just for fun.

If you're an old fan of the Kindergarten, and the name of Applegate sounds unfamiliar to you, that's because he used to be Professor Koltenmeyer, and the program used to be called Koltenmeyer's Kindergarten. Don't quote NBC, but it's pretty obvious that the change was made because German names and German accents are no longer very funny.

Professor Applegate in real life is Bruce Kommon, and if his Kindergarten frequently sounds like a circus there's a good reason. Bruce once was a cornet tooter atop a red and gold bandwagon in the Hogenbeck-Wollock circus parade. After that he was a member of Roxy's Gong.

On the air, the Professor is beset by as hair-raising a class of pupils as ever enlivened the nightmares of a real teacher. Actually the pupils aren't kids; they're grownups, drawn from the ranks of NBC's best Chicago radio talent. They love to work on the Kindergarten program because it gives them their one chance of the

week to cut up.

Everybody on the program appears in costume, for the benefit of the studio audience. Bruce hides behind a patch of false whiskers, which are always becoming unstuck, and square-rimmed spectacles. His trousers sag at the knees and his rust block frock coat droops the portly Kommon form like a burlesque sock. As Percy Von Schuyler, the momo's boy, Merrill Fugit wears a pair of velvet pants and a Lorc Fountleroy collar. The chorister of the show is Cecile Roy, who giggles her way through the show as Daisy Deon in a set of loose curls. Other days of the week Cecile will be found playing serious dramatic roles.

Izzy Finkelstein, the two-pants specialist of the program, turns into Johnny Wolf who appears on other programs but never talks on them. His regular profession is tooting a hot trumpet in an NBC orchestra. The fourth pupil is Johnny Johnson the Swedish lad who actually is a Swedish lod—his name is Thor Ericson and in his spare time he's a linotype operator.

The doffiness of the show is not entirely due to the script. Author Harry Lawrence gets plenty of help from the actors. At rehearsal, Bruce will swivel around on a piano stool. "Yonk that gog out of there and insert a better one," he yells at Harry. Harry, who is more than a little hord of hearing, beams. "Yeoh, I think it's a good one too!" he calls back.

SAY HELLO TO . . .

WELCOME LEWIS—the star of her own Singing Bee on CBS this morning. Welcome is tiny—less than four feet ten inches tall—but she has a big voice and a magnetic personality. She was born in Los Angeles and began singing at the age of two, making her professional debut when she was eleven as a headliner in a Los Angeles vaudeville theater. At thirteen she led her own orchestra composed of eight men. Her father and mother were professional dancers, but Welcome (her real name) is the only one of the children to follow the stage tradition. She's one of radio's veterans, as many an old-time listener will recall.



(Continued from page 53)

but the show has been losing favor with the public and they are going off the air and can't hire us."

"Dope!" Abbott screams. "Is that my fault? The show had been on the air for five years."

"And I know you eleven years too long," Costello yells. "I had to wire my wife for money to pay off the chorus girls and get us out of town."

"Don't forget, my wife kicked in some, too," Abbott says. "You see, we had been sending them money every week. Costello's wife was having a baby—which got me into a lot of trouble."

"You're crazy," Lou says. "She wasn't having a baby then, it was while we were playing the Steel Pier, a return engagement. I remember because I sent the wife to a farm in Massachusetts to have the baby."

"Hospitals aren't good enough for Costello," Abbott takes up. "Anyway, every time a wire would come for anybody playing at the Steel Pier, Costello would open it, read it and leave it on my dressing table. He opened wires addressed to Rudy Vallee, Ben Bernie—everybody—even the Three Stooges. These guys would get very sore and blame me for opening their wires. The Three Stooges almost missed out on a movie job in Hollywood, because that dope Costello didn't even remember to tell them what was in the wire."

WHEN the baby finally did arrive," Costello glares, "Abbott got the wire and didn't tell me about it for two hours."

"We had a show to do," Abbott explains. "I didn't want him to faint on me. It was only a girl, anyway."

"Listen to him," Costello yells. "He hasn't even got a child. I've got two beautiful children, one four years old, one eighteen months."

"Both girls," Abbott sneers.

"You know what Abbott has?" Costello shouts. "Dogs! Five of the mangiest looking dogs you ever saw. I ask you, can five mangy dogs take the place of two beautiful children? When I come home at night, they say, 'Hello, Daddy,' and climb up on my knee. Children are a real satisfaction. When Abbott comes home all he gets is 'Woof-Woof' from those curs."

"Wait till your girls grow up and leave you," Abbott warns, "you'll come over to my house and say, 'Can I borrow a dog, I'm lonesome!'"

"Let's get on with the story," Costello says. "After we came back from the vaudeville tour, we played Loew's State. We were in the \$600 a week class then. Then we did our routine for a talent agency and they signed us up. That was three years ago. Ted Collins saw us right after that and signed us for the Kate Smith show. Then Abbott got a swell head and started throwing his money around. This year, he's living on Long Island—a regular big shot."

"Stonybrook, Long Island," Abbott breaks in. "I have an estate out there. Costello has a duplex and a driveway in Paterson, New Jersey. You should see the furniture in his dump. It's falling to pieces."

"I got antiques, bum!" Costello screams. "He never owned a stick of furniture in his life, now he's got his cheap modernistic junk."

"You should see the beautiful grounds around my place," Abbott interrupts. "I've just bought \$3,000

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TRIPLE-RICH* IN NEEDED **THIAMIN**
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Now science reveals the Quaker Oats breakfast is *naturally* triple-rich in Thiamin. Contains enough Thiamin to "spark" itself and twice again as much food into needed energy. Here's real help for millions in guarding against the tiredness, nervousness and other handicaps of Thiamin deficiency. How wonderful to get precious Thiamin in the breakfast already found a favorite for flavor in independent investigations—delicious Quaker Oats.

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by the body. You need a fresh supply daily. Eat the delightful Quaker Oats breakfast regularly. Gives 2 to 3 times as many servings as 6 other leading cereals per penny of cost. Prepare in as little as 2½ minutes. Get a package at your grocer's today!



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DON'T BE AFRAID your hands will look too old and feel rough. No matter what work you do. Yes—cold and constant use of water may dry out your skin's natural softening moisture. But Jergens Lotion furnishes new beautifying moisture for your skin.

Many doctors apply 2 special ingredients to help coarse, brittle skin to rose-leaf smoothness. Both are in Jergens Lotion. Quick to use! Jergens Lotion leaves no sticky feeling. Even one application starts to take away that "kitchen-conscious" look and feel you hate. Regular use helps prevent mortifying chapping and roughness. More women now use Jergens than any other Lotion. Start now to use Jergens Lotion.

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MAKES MY HANDS
HORRIDLY
ROUGH!



HOUSEWORK
DOESN'T SPOIL MY
HANDS, THANKS
TO
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(Paste on penny postcard, if you wish)

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Let me see how soon Jergens Lotion helps me have lovely, soft hands. Send purse-size bottle, free.

Name _____

Address _____



JERGENS LOTION

FOR SOFT,
ADORABLE HANDS

worth of top soil for my place."

"Don't put that in the story," Costello says. "I don't want the public to know my partner is a fool. \$3,000 for dirt! Send me some. I'd like to see dirt like that."

"I'll put some in a flower pot and send it right out," Abbott smirks. "That should just about cover your entire property."

"I'm talking for me, now," Costello says, "because Abbott would never tell you about the beautiful home I bought in Sunnyside, Florida. That's where my wife and kids go every winter. Little Patricia and Carol love it down there. For eleven weeks during the winter, I flew down every week to see them."

"The street right in back of Costello's place is called Abbott Avenue. The community doesn't think enough of Costello to name a street after him."

"Nobody will buy a house on Abbott Avenue," Costello comes back. "This year, they're naming a street after me. It runs right into Collins Drive, which they named after Ted. Right near my house is the most beautiful yacht club in the world. It costs \$28,000 a year to belong."

"That's why Costello doesn't belong," Abbott sneers. "But I belong to a yacht club out on Long Island, and this year I'm buying a twenty-eight-foot boat."

PUT me down for a thirty-foot boat," Costello says. "You should see Abbott's yacht club. It's a pond where little kids blow toy boats back and forth across the water."

"Bring both of your houses out some time," Abbott smiles, "and I'll put them in my ice box."

Lou gets up disgustedly and starts for the door. "I'm going to a script rehearsal," he says. "Are you coming or do you have to start now to get to that Long Island estate by tomorrow?"

"I'm going to loaf around," Bud says.

"Oh, no you're not," Costello threatens. "And by the way, what about that five bucks you owe me? You promised to pay it today."

"Sure," Abbott says, extending the bill. "A five-buck debt keeps him awake nights."

"He's showing off," Costello scowls. "It's a lucky thing you're here, or he wouldn't pay me."

"I'll toss you for it," Abbott says. "Double or nothing."

"Go away," Costello says scornfully. "But I'll tell you what I will do. I'll throw a coin against the wall with you for five bucks."

"Listen to that thief," Abbott says. "He's a shark at that coin pitching game."

Not being able to agree even on a game of chance, Bud and Lou leave the office, still arguing. They are probably bickering right now. Because the truth is, it's their arguments that provide material for the Abbott and Costello radio program. The inherent antagonism between these two has kept them together all these years—and kept them well supplied with bread and butter. In all their years of married life, neither of the boys has ever quarreled with his wife. Betty and Anne say that's because Lou and Bud get too exhausted quarreling with each other.

Which is a beautiful way to preserve a happy home life.

Mystery House

(Continued from page 9)

who knows," Mrs. Hurley said comfortably, "you might like her! It'd be easy work; she's not sick, you know. And there's always the money."

"Change, too," Page said, still slightly hesitant. "I'll go down there and see what's going on, anyway. And am I to report to you, or to Mr. Bishop?"

"Don't report to anyone unless there's something unusual going on."

"Me and Mata Hari!" said Page.

It almost feels as if we might have a little shower," Page suggested pleasantly. The man laughed suddenly and abruptly, and glanced down at her as if for the first time he really saw her.

He did not see her very clearly. Night was black upon the little station platform at Belmont, and the rain was thudding down upon the umbrella he held against the wind over Page and himself.

He was Dr. Randall Harwood, old Mrs. Prendergast's physician; he had come down on the same train from San Francisco with Page, but they had not identified each other until a moment ago. Now, laughing, caught by the rain, they waited together for the arrival of the doctor's car. He was to drive Page to Mystery House.

"How far is it?"

"Mystery House? About—well, Halfmoon Bay's twelve miles right over the grade, and then we have—oh, less than twenty more," the doctor said. "In pleasant weather it takes only an hour. But we'll have to go slow tonight. Ah, here's the garage man with the car! Get in, Miss Hazelyne; I'll take care of your bags."

It all sounded comfortable enough, as he talked along, but Page needed all the reassurance she could get now. Only six o'clock, but the world was a pitch black wall through which occasional glimmers of light shone only to find puddles and the steady falling of rain, and the road to Halfmoon Bay proved to be the most frightful she had ever traveled. It was steep, circuitous, narrow, slippery in the rain; it was unlighted and deserted. Page gripped her wet gloves in her lap, drew her knees taut, swallowed with a dry throat. But she gave no visible sign of fear.

"I hope you'll enjoy Pine Point, Miss Hazelyne."

"Pine Point?"

"That's the real name of the place. It's just gotten the name 'Mystery House' because the old lady isn't very friendly with her neighbors, and the carpenters that she keeps at work, the changes in the place naturally spread talk."

"They make a good many changes, don't they?" Page asked significantly.

"Yes; she keeps things unfinished—doesn't want anything finished! Well, it's the way sorrow took her. She's rather odd about everything! No denying that, you'll see that right away. But under it all she's a good-hearted, simple old soul! She's lonely, and she's lost every one she ever loved; her husband, her boy, and this housekeeper who was with her for twenty-eight years—Trudy Mockbee."

"You'll hear a good deal of Trudy. Her daughter's with Mrs. Prendergast now, Flora—she came here at the

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time of her mother's death and the old lady keeps her on and gives her everything she wants."

"As a companion?"
"Well—housekeeper, anything. Miss Flora," the man said in an odd tone, "is an odd girl, woman, rather. She must be thirty-three—thirty-five. Moody. Unsatisfied."

"She's after the diamond!" Page thought.

A strange old woman in a lonely country house; an unknown man; a Miss Flora who was odd, moody! Page began to feel uneasy.

"You'll find it a queer, mixed sort of household," the doctor was saying. "But you'll get us all straightened out by degrees. There's Mrs. Prendergast, of course, and Miss Flora. Then there are the servants, all Chinamen. They never come upstairs. And then there's Lynn. He's a sort of cousin or protégé or nephew of the old lady, or the son of an old friend. I don't exactly know what Lynn is, and she won't talk about it. But he's a little queer—"

"Heaven help me!" Page said in her thoughts. Aloud she added, in a somewhat quavering voice, "Queer?"

HE had some accident, and a long illness, one of those mysterious cases," the physician explained. "No harm in him. A sort of amnesia. He just doesn't quite—click. He putters around with a boat, and sleeps out in the barns somewhere, but he dines with the family, and I didn't want you to be confused meeting him."

"How long have you been here, Doctor Harwood?" Page asked.

"About three months. I met the old lady ten years ago. A woman friend of mine, Mrs. Wilson she is now, was the nurse here, and she asked me down. I stayed a week—I was on my way to China; I was out there ten years except for a year in Mexico. Three months ago when I came back, I thought I'd look the old lady up; she's lonely, and a little attention pleases her."

"I found her sick and upset. Trudy Mockbee was just dead, Flora'd just gotten here, two of the Chinese boys had scarlet fever and were isolated in their cabins, everything was upset, and she was almost out of her senses. I kind of straightened her out, and she asked me to stay along and look out for her, and get to work on a book I'm doing—a survey of China. She'd been switching doctors, driving 'em all crazy, as far as I could see, and her nerves needed soothing. I thought I'd stay a few weeks, and it got to be a month, and two months—here we are, Miss Hazeltynne! But don't judge the place until you see it in the morning and in the sunshine!"

They had been driving through a dense garden for some minutes. Now, the car lights flashed on what appeared to be the stiff ugly facade of a row of wooden houses ornamented with millwork in scrolls and knobs, and displaying every imaginable variety of bulging bay window, balustraded balcony, rounded turret and angled roof. That all these appertained to the one mansion never occurred to the girl.

Page was half escorted and half guided up bleak wooden steps painted a liver red, and was hurried into a dreary large octagonal hall sparsely furnished, entirely unheated, and unique in that one end of it was unfinished; the polished walls ran into lath and plaster on that side, and the

door was barricaded with great bare planks.

From this hall they went into another, lighted, as this had been, only by a nakedly dangling light bulb on a green cord. Pagewas bewilderedly conscious of doors on all sides; an enormous staircase with a polished rail that rose with a dozen treads to stop short in mid-air; beautiful Gothic stained glass windows set in raw frames that showed the pulleys and ropes.

Ten thousand men, women and children could be murdered here every night, and no one ever be the wiser! Page thought, trying to keep her teeth from chattering. "This—this looks like a dining room," she said aloud, to steady herself.

"This was, once. There are about five dining rooms in the place. She changes about in 'em. These 'creepy stairs' are for her wheelchair," the man said, expertly snapping up lights as they proceeded, and now showing his companion a sort of sloping passage that rose very gradually between the jumble of rooms and hallways, the odd angles that looked like indoor balconies, the strange apartments that seemed entirely composed of glass doors or sailcloth panels. "You can walk up 'em," he said, "or you can take a chair up 'em. Creepy stairs."

"The whole thing is creepy," Page said frankly. She tried to laugh.

"We're getting to the civilized part now. Hello, Tai Fat," the doctor said, greeting a white-clad Chinaman who suddenly appeared before them against a background of plastered walls, erratic bits of panelling, and small windows that were set in larger windows at a height some five feet above the floor levels.

The Chinaman grinned as he vanished, but it was a dreadful Oriental face, Page thought.

RANDALL HARWOOD opened a last door. They were in a large room comfortably furnished, indeed overfurnished, in an invalid's fussy fashion, and heated by a magnificent fire. Afterward she was to notice that one angle of the walls was covered with a wide full velvet curtain, and that behind the curtain were the unfinished plaster and laths that she had noticed in so many other places tonight. But just now she was too tired and cold and bewildered to see anything except that the room was pleasantly warm, even cosy, and that the faces that were turned toward hers were not those of witches and monsters, murderers and villains generally, but rather the normal and friendly faces an arriving nurse might hope to find in a fireside group.

A tiny, nervous-looking woman with large brown freckles on a paler brown face, and sunken bright brown eyes advanced with a nervous smile, and extended her hand to Page as she said in a deep sonorous voice.

"You're Miss Hazeltynne, of course. I'm Flora Mockbee."

There were two other persons in the room. Page was introduced now to Mrs. Prendergast, and bent a little to put her slim hand in the old woman's rather heavy, puffy one. A broad woman, with keen dark eyes; dark hair not yet entirely gray; a coarse yet not unkindly big mouth; a coarse and yet pleasant deep voice.

"You chose nice weather," she said, grimly humorous.

"Didn't I?" Page said. She smiled at them all; her eyes went to the doctor's eyes.

The other person completing the group, was a boy of perhaps twenty-five; fair, handsome, burned as brown as an Indian. He was informally dressed in loose white trousers neither new nor clean, white flat-heeled shoes, and a roll-top white sweater that had seen many seasons' wear. He had a book in his hand, and occasionally looked up from it with a worried expression on his face.

"Lynn," Randall Harwood said, "Would you like to say 'How d'you do' to this young lady?"

"How d'you do," the young man said with a strange attentive look, and returned with a sort of nervous hurry to his book.

"Well, let's go downstairs," the old lady said presently. She heaved the heavy silks and laces, the chains and ribbons that enveloped her; the doctor put a steadying hand under her elbow; Miss Flora, a wheeled chair deep in silk comforters manipulated by her lean brown hands, was on the other side.

THE transfer of the awkward heavy old body was made. Mrs. Prendergast settled herself with a grunt, and the whole party was off for a cold and draughty progress through the halls, descending the creepy stairs that led to passages, rooms—rooms—more rooms.

The dining room, finally reached, was not large. A handsome table was set for six; a fire burned cheerfully in a beautiful fireplace of shining blue and white Dutch tiles.

The dinner was fine, and Page enjoyed it heartily. The soup, the roast, the salad and sweets were delicious. The china was handsome and the silver heavy; candles lighted the meal.

Lynn ate indifferently, his fair head hanging for the most part, and his vacant gaze fixed on some spot on the tablecloth. But now and then he shot his troubled questioning look about the table, and more than once Page, raising her eyes, found his staring into them curiously.

He spoke only once during the meal, and that was toward the end. "She's pretty!" he said in a whisper, looking at Page.

To the girl's surprise both Dr. Randall Harwood and Mrs. Prendergast took this up interestedly.

"You're right, Lynn!" the old woman said, pleased.

But he was not a fool, this Lynn, Page discovered. Later on, in a large room lined with folds of heavy red curtaining, they had a movie, and it was Lynn who operated the machine. After it, tired by the long day, she was glad to be shown to her bedroom.

But sleep did not come to her. She lay awake listening to the dying racket of the storm and the lessening onslaughts of the wind on the roof, and after awhile could hear the steady surge of the sea and the crash of breakers. There were strange creakings and snappings all around her in the wooden building.

It was five o'clock, and the first exploratory shafts of cold winter dawn were in the room when she got out of bed and went to a window. The edge of the cliff was only two hundred feet away and she had an unobstructed view of the Pacific, troubled and shadowy in the cold gray light. Mystery House stood at the tip of a headland. On all sides the shore ran out in jagged lines of rock, and even in the early gloom Page could see

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the lines of split surf breaking on the sharp teeth of the stones.

For awhile she watched it, fascinated. Mrs. Chayne's boarding-house seemed incredibly dull and commonplace and far away; she had been thinking feverishly all night long of returning to it.

"Maybe I won't!" she said half aloud and with a heavenly sleepiness upon her at last. She went back to jump into the warm blankets, and fell deep into sleep. The sun rose and glittered on the ocean, doors slammed and voices echoed in Mystery House, and Page slept on unhearing. When she awakened, rested and unafraid, sunshine was flooding in the windows and the little clock on the desk marked ten.

It was the morning sunshine that was the miracle. It was everywhere, flooding land and sea. It made even the preposterous house cheerful; birds flashed in the wet garden; gulls circled white along the shore. It was a glorious morning.

TRIM and fresh in her crisp nurse's white, Page went downstairs ashamed and explanatory to a late breakfast to find that neither apology nor explanations were demanded. Old Mrs. Prendergast, always slept late. "I see to that," Dr. Harwood said. "She hasn't slept naturally for years, but I've found the right stuff for her!"

He was enjoying his own late breakfast when Page went down, and when they both walked out on the back terrace after breakfast Lynn waved to them from the little boat he was guiding along the rocky shore.

"He oughtn't to do it," said the doctor, "but it's the one thing he loves to do! He'll ask you to go out with him some day, Miss Hazelyne, but unless it's pretty clear, I'd be careful about accepting."

"I can help manage a boat," Page said.

Rand put one foot up on the low coping of the terrace, beat upon his leg absently with a folded newspaper.

"She'll talk to you, Mrs. Prendergast will," he began. "But now that Lynn's out there with the boat, and can't possibly hear us, I've got a chance to tell you what the real idea back of all this is. It's Lynn. You can see for yourself he's defective, poor kid. We don't know what it is. I'm keeping him on a tonic, and now and then I give him a sedative, but he doesn't get much better.

"Mrs. Prendergast wants some one to—wake him up. She can't do it; I can't do it; he's scared and shy even with Flora. She hopes—the old lady hopes—that he may be drawn to some one young and fresh and companionable—might be helped that way. He's your patient!"

"Who is he?" the girl asked.

"I don't know. You must remember that I got here only in August. Whoever he is, she wants him helped."

"Maybe her son didn't die. Maybe he's her son, and she's ashamed to let anyone know."

"I've thought of that. It isn't out of the question at all. But wouldn't he know her? I mean, he's no fool," Rand Harwood said. "He reads; he talks quite sensibly. I don't believe there's anything incurable about it. He's just vague and dreamy and terribly nervous. That wouldn't make him forget his mother!"

"No; of course not."

"She'll ask you to read to her, and

to take up her breakfast tray when Flora's laid up, which she often is," the doctor pursued. "You'll find plenty to do. But the main consideration is to win the friendship of that boy. Get him to talk to you, if you can. He's got some sort of a camp out there on the Rock Island; he'll want you to see it. Go with him—"

"Out to that island?" Page turned to look out at the rock that rose half a mile from the shore; a steep wooded strip perhaps a half-acre in extent, with the seas creaming and curling around it, and gulls screaming and circling frantically overhead. "Does it belong to the place?"

"I suppose it does. I've never seen another human being near it except Lynn. It's lovely out there in summer weather. Now," Rand said, changing the subject with a corresponding change of tone, "suppose we go up to the Duchess's room."

"The Duchess?"

He laughed. "Sometimes I call Mrs. Prendergast that. She likes it. As a matter of fact, she isn't at all a terrifying old lady. I think you're going to like it here."

By the end of that day Page was inclined to agree with him. And she had not been in Mystery House a week before she was sure of it. They all liked her, and Lynn was her slave, her devoted servant, following her about, listening to every word she said, struggling through the fogs that engulfed him.

"You've done us all good," Dr. Harwood said to her briefly. "But you have already done that poor chap untold good. As for the Duchess, she's talking of abandoning Mystery House, tearing it down and selling the place, and going away on a trip! She wasn't talking like that a few months ago. I congratulate you!"

ON a warm December day Page and Lynn went out to Rock Island. They had packed a little lunch, and brought it out to his eyrie, to build a fire and enjoy a gipsy meal.

By this time his adoration of her was matched by her own sincere and pitying affection for him. There was nothing trying or repelling in Lynn's infirmity. In almost every way he was like a fine brown boy, a boy who loved the water and the hills, enjoyed his meals, and slept like a log for ten hours every night. His joyous laugh over their little jaunts together, his eager, intelligent interest in everything that pertained to the woods or the sea made it seem only the sadder to Page that there was a veil over his mind, over his memory.

On this particular sunshiny winter morning they were both in high spirits. Page with a laugh of sheer delight jumped out upon the big flat rock that formed the island's pier.

"It's not dangerous," Lynn said, tying the boat to an iron ring.

"Oh, but I rather think I'd like it to be!" the girl answered gaily.

"It would be in a big tide," Lynn told her. "You'd have to climb up to the top of the rock. And what'd happen to your boat! Up there where the oaks are you'd be safe enough."

Page scrambled eggs; the coffee pot boiled; presently they were eating their egg sandwiches in great hungry bites.

"I'll tell you something if you'll not tell anyone," Lynn said after the meal.

Page's eyes came about to his. "I'll not tell anyone."

(Continued on page 62)

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"They—they lie to me a good deal," Lynn said, as a bewildered boy of eight might have said it. A sudden wave of pity for him surged through Page's heart.

"I'll not tell anyone,—truly."

"I keep it out here," Lynn said. "What she wants, you know. That's why she wants you to make friends with me. She knows I have it, but she doesn't know where I keep it."

"Keep what?" Page asked, at a loss. For answer he hunched himself a little nearer to her, without rising, and fumbled for a moment in his sweater pocket.

"This," he said. He extended his open palm and Page saw it lying there; a bit of glass the size of a grape, faintly pink in the sunshine, and flashing sharp lines of radiance, green, pink, blinding white, back at the sun.

For a full minute the girl sat stupefied, staring down at the glittering beautiful thing.

"It's the Prendergast diamond," Lynn said. "Isn't it lovely? Do you wonder men kill each other for the silly thing?" He was so nearly reasonable as he talked that Page almost forgot the jewel in watching him.

BUT how did you get it?"

"That's what I don't know," he said, and the cloud came over his face again.

"Mrs. Prendergast didn't give it to you?"

"No; I don't think so. We talked about it—I can remember that. And then they hunted for it."

"Hunted for it?"

"Yes; after Trudy died."

"Did Trudy have it?"

Lynn frowned, trying to remember. "I don't think so. Why should she have it? She was only the companion."

"Mrs. Prendergast might have given it to her to keep, since she herself is lame. Lynn, was Trudy Mockbee your mother?"

"No; she's Flora's mother, isn't she?" he asked, in the troubled way he usually met any serious question.

"I won't give it to you now," Lynn said, putting the diamond into his pocket again. "But some day you can have it. I won't give it to you now because you'd give it to her."

"Give it to Mrs. Prendergast? But. Lynn, it's hers."

"But you see, if she gets it," he argued, "she'll send me away."

"Send you away? Where would she send you?"

"A terrible place. The place they send crazy people."

"Why, you're not crazy!" Page protested sturdily.

"But—but you see, they think I am!"

"Yes, but Lynn, she might have the police come here, and make you give it up."

"Oh, but she did!"

"Did have the police come here?"

"Oh, yes; two private detectives, down from San Francisco. But then," Lynn explained, "I just told them I couldn't remember. And they knew I couldn't, too. So they hunted the house—it's a big place to hunt!—and the island and everywhere, and then they went away. They said maybe I had thrown it out to sea, but she knew I hadn't! And then Trudy died—no, Trudy was dead, with flowers on her, and Flora came, and we were all on the ship—where the dreadful noises were—"

His mind was completely gone again; she knew it. In her gentlest

tone Page said, "The ship must have come first, Lynn?"

Lynn laughed cheerfully, as if in a casual chat. "Oh, the headache came then!" he said. "We were dancing, do you see, and it was night. And we were in white—it was so hot. And this queer feeling—"

"This was on the ship?"

"Well, yes, because it was hot, and we were dancing. But—you know, sickish," Lynn said, trying his best to convey to her what was struggling in his mind. "Sickish. Awful. Headache, and feeling that you were going to be ill—and your throat—and that feeling, 'Oh, why am I dancing? I never will be well again!'"

"I've never had it!" Page said.

"It's horrible. Being so hot, and with your head just splitting."

A few moments later they prepared to go; there was a fog over the sun, and the air was getting cold. While she packed up the remains of the picnic he mounted with long flying steps the rocky steep toward the peak of the great rock. "To put this thing away where they can't find it!" he said.

"You hide it on this island?" Page said, when they were getting into the boat again.

"Not always. Once I had it down near the farm, in the pig pen. I move it."

"I wish you'd let me tell just the doctor about this, Lynn. He knows Mrs. Prendergast so well, he easily might persuade her that she could get it back by promising to take good care of you."

"D'you think she might build me a little house with a fire-place, right out here near the shore, and let me have the boat, and my dog again, and—you know, bread and things?" Lynn asked.

"She might. She could buy you the whole country for that one diamond!"

"Then you tell him some day. Tell him why I'm hiding it, see?"

I THINK that's sensible!" And then: "Did you have a dog?"

"I had Susie. The big dogs killed her."

"Susie?"

"Suzuki, her name was. She was a little Japanese spaniel—she was affectionate," Lynn said, in his vague voice. "The big dogs—you've heard 'em barking nights—killed her. She shouldn't have gone out, but I was sick—sickish, you know," he ended, using the word he had used before for something that in his own mind was evidently more than sickness.

"We saw the big dogs, remember?—the day we walked in to the farm. Are they loose every night?"

"Oh, yes. They turn 'em loose at six. They're to protect the diamond," Lynn said. "They keep tramps away."

He looked troubled again. But an hour later, peacefully reading aloud to Mrs. Prendergast in her room, she discovered him listening, sunk in his own favorite chair. Rand came in and dropped into a chair, listening too; Flora was always there.

"What sort of a place has the boy got out there on the rock?" Mrs. Prendergast asked.

"You'd love it!" Page said. "He has a little cave hollowed out, and some pans, and a fireplace. You ought to see it. You could perfectly well get over there on a quiet day."

Mrs. Prendergast looked at her with an expression in her eyes that no one else except Rand ever won from her. "This girl treats me like a human be-

ing," she said to the doctor. "The rest of you treat me as if I was dead already!"

"We do not," Rand said good-naturedly. "Because the perfectly obvious truth is that you're getting better, Duchess. We may not ever get you out to the Rock, but we'll have you in Connecticut yet!"

"Why Connecticut?" Page asked.

"Because if I ever got there," Mrs. Prendergast said. "I'd be well. You don't have to tell me that it's this place that is upsetting me."

"You'll get there," Rand said.

PRESENTLY the mantel clock struck five, and the old woman was wheeled away by Flora to her adjoining bedroom, to rest for an hour before dinner. Lynn had already vanished; Rand lingered for a few minutes talking to Page, and then he went off himself to bathe and change.

The room was dark in the winter dusk now; the fire had burned down to red embers. Page rested her head against the back of her big leather chair, almost asleep in the silence.

Perhaps she did lose consciousness for a few seconds; she roused herself when the clock tinged the half-hour. Immediately she heard a low voice behind her, keen and quick—Flora's voice.

"... because it's all nonsense—and you know it!" the voice said, in the tense whisper of fury.

"Flora—Flora—" Rand's voice said placatingly.

"Don't just say my name that way!" Flora protested. "You're not fooling me! You're in love with her, not me!"

Page, trembling and strangely frightened, sat perfectly still.

"I am not," Rand said quietly. There was a short silence.

"Why did she want this girl down here, anyway!" the woman said swiftly and harshly. "She's perfectly well—I do everything she needs—"

"She'll hear you," Rand interpolated quietly. When Flora spoke again it was in a lowered tone.

"I don't care if she does!" Flora said, betraying by her panting murmur that she did care, and care a great deal. "It's all Page this and Page that, Page singing at the piano and getting us into games! I don't feel in the humor for games—I wish we were all out of this place; it seems to me sheer craziness to get other people into this!"

"Flora, you only hurt yourself, getting wrought up this way," Rand's voice, low and soothing, said quickly. "Try to be reasonable. Try to see it reasonably. It distresses me to have you feel so strongly about it. As for my being in love with Page or anyone else, it's nonsense. You know that. You mustn't fancy that I'm in love with every pretty young woman I see!"

"You make me so angry," Flora murmured. Page knew from her tone that she was very close to Rand; perhaps he had his arm about her. Her voice was softened, mollified. "Why do you treat me like this?" she reproached him. "You know I'm helpless—you know how I—how I feel—"

"Flora!" Mrs. Prendergast's imperious voice called from the bedroom, and there was half a minute of complete silence. Then Page heard the hall door softly open and shut, and a second later a stream of light came in from the adjoining room, and she

heard Flora's apology: "I was just on my way—"

She waited only a few seconds herself; then without lighting a light she slipped from the room to her own apartment by a roundabout way. Her heart was beating oddly. Rand had a fine low voice; it made what he said doubly thrilling. "As for my being in love with Page—as for my being in love with Page—"

It was an implicit denial, of course. But the tone had not denied it. His pronunciation of her name had been a caress. "Page—Page." How romantic he had made the monosyllable sound! "As for my being in love with Page—"

She felt very sorry for Flora. It was not her fault, nor Rand's either, that she was suffering with unreturned passion, and she was paying for it as happier women never paid even for grave faults; it was all unfair. Page could see that Rand could not marry Flora. No man in his senses would want to marry this lean, spotted, nervous, sensitive creature.

FLORA a wife—a bride! There was something oddly repulsive in the mere thought.

Flora was quite herself at dinner; even a trifle more spirited and cheerful than usual, Page thought. Rand was as always, quiet. There was a movie afterward; life went on its strange way in Mystery House.

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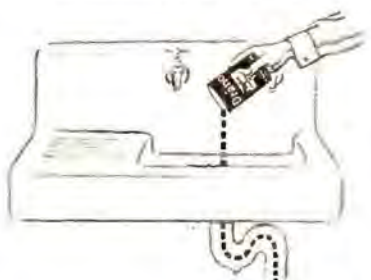
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The Guiding Light

(Continued from page 22)

Rose had changed, he saw, in the few months since he had seen her last. She was more beautiful, if anything. Her skin had taken on a secret, glowing tinge; her body had filled out and she moved with a more certain grace. But she was obviously troubled; unhappy, and fighting not to admit that unhappiness.

"Well, I don't want to talk about it," she said. Then, with a pleading gesture, "Oh, I didn't mean it to sound that way, Dr. Ruthledge. I didn't want to sound rude. I do appreciate all you've done to help me—encourage me—" (Dr. Ruthledge smiled inwardly, wryly.) "But this is something that doesn't concern anyone but myself."

"No one, Rose?" he asked in a tone of disbelief.

"DON'T think so. It's my life. I've got a right to put all the happiness I can into it. Oh, I know what you're going to say—that I haven't the right to be happy at the expense of someone else—but that's only because you don't understand."

"Suppose you explain," he suggested.

"I will," Rose said defiantly. "I'm not ashamed. I'm not taking Charles away from anyone. He isn't in love with his wife—hasn't been for a long time. He's going to divorce her. He's in love with me and he's going to marry me. That's the whole story."

"Not a particularly happy story—"

"I think it is!"

"I'm not interested in either Mr. Cunningham or his wife, Rose. But I am—tremendously—interested in you. I've known you so long, my dear—ever since you were a child. I've watched you grow up, seen your horizon broaden. And I was glad when you thought you must leave Five Points—because I felt sure you would acquire enough success to learn that success didn't matter, but that knowledge and wisdom did."

"Please, Dr. Ruthledge," she said uncomfortably.

He sighed. "I won't talk to you about divorce. Whether I approve of it or not isn't the point. But no married man has a right to tell another woman that he loves her. That stamps him at once, in my mind, as a man to be mistrusted."

"You don't understand—you hardly know him!" she said in feeble, incoherent defense.

"And there's another thing," he continued quietly. "I think you ought to remember . . . Helen Ryder. I don't want you to be made as unhappy as she undoubtedly was."

Rose said impatiently, "Charles has explained all that to me. Helen was a foolish, neurotic girl. She thought she was in love with Charles, and made things so difficult at the office that the only thing he could do was discharge her. It wasn't his fault if she was fool enough to try to commit suicide afterwards!"

"Perhaps not. On the other hand . . . Oh, Rose, I only want you to be true to yourself! Don't be blinded by this man—"

With a quick, fluid movement, Rose stood up. "You've made up your mind about Charles already!" she said angrily. "Everybody is always warning me against him—you, and my

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father and mother, and even Ellis Smith! And none of you even know him—"

"Ellis Smith?" the Doctor interrupted, feeling a slight relief lighten his depression. "I'm glad you've been seeing Ellis, Rose. You used to be such good friends, when you lived in Five Points, and I know he's wanted to see more of you since you moved away."

"Oh—yes, Ellis," she said indifferently. "He comes around once in a while. He means well. . . . But he doesn't understand about Charles, any more than the rest of you!" She returned vehemently to her grievance. "It's all so simple, and everybody tries to make it complicated! Charles is going to get a divorce—and then we'll be married. That's all!"

The Doctor left her soon after, knowing that his visit had done no good—knowing that an appeal to caution could never do any good against an infatuation such as Rose's for Charles Cunningham.

A week later the evening paper announced that Mrs. Charles Cunningham, wife of the well-known publisher, had filed suit for divorce on grounds of infidelity, naming a "Miss X" as co-respondent.

ROSE had expected to see Charles that evening, but at office-closing time he rang for her and said, not meeting her gaze, "I'm sorry, Rose, but I don't think I'd better drop around tonight."

"Oh . . ." Rose's expressive face could not hide her disappointment and hurt.

"I know. I'd been looking forward to it too," Charles Cunningham was a big man, heavily muscled but not in the least fat, and so vitally, tinglingly masculine that it always seemed to Rose he filled the room with a sort of electricity. His voice softened now, and with a barely perceptible glance at the door to make sure it really was closed, he went on, "Something's happened. Celeste has finally done it. Filed suit, I mean."

"For divorce?" Rose put one hand on the back of a chair.

"Yes. And—well, she's gone too far." There was a petulance in his tone. "She's named a Miss X as co-respondent."

"Miss X?" Rose repeated the syllables stupidly.

"Of course," Cunningham said easily, "she's bluffing. She can't have any idea about—about you and me. Or if she has an idea, she certainly hasn't any evidence. But anyway, I think we'd better be a little careful—that's why I can't see you tonight."

"But I don't understand," Rose said. "I thought—I thought she'd just get a divorce, or you would. I didn't know there'd have to be any Miss X."

"There didn't have to be," he said, his face bleakly angry. "She's after more money, I suppose—but she won't get away with it!"

"What do you mean, Charles?" Uncomprehending fear made Rose's lips stiff.

The muscles of his jaw relaxed, and he smiled. "Nothing important, dear. Just leave everything to me—and don't worry . . . Oh, before you go, did those revised proofs come in?"

He was a master at dismissing her. Just a reminder that she was still, though they loved each other, his secretary. . . .

The evening stretched blankly ahead of her, uninviting, desolate, peopled only by fear and apprehension. Yet the thought of visiting her parents, or of dropping into a movie theater, repelled her. She had a poorly cooked dinner in a cheap lunch room, then went to her apartment. On the way she bought a paper and read with uneasy fascination the account of the divorce suit. She tried to see into Celeste Cunningham's mind, and gave up the attempt, baffled. She had met Mrs. Cunningham only once, at the office—a cool, glittering blonde woman, young of face and body, old of manner and eye.

Rose thought the evening must surely have passed—but she looked at her watch and it was only eight. It was a relief when the doorbell rang and she admitted Ellis Smith. That is, it was a relief until she glanced at his face and realized why he had come.

"Rose, I know you don't want to talk about it," he said. "But I just read the paper, and I've got to try once more—to make you realize—"

"I know what I'm doing." It was an effort to keep her voice calm. "You'd understand if you'd ever been in love."

He looked at her with amused, exasperated pity. "Don't be childish, Rose. I've not only been in love, I've been infatuated—as you are—and got myself well slapped for it, too!"

"I won't get slapped," she remarked with more assurance than, suddenly, she felt. When she'd first known Ellis Smith—when he first came to Five Points and she was still living there—she'd thought he was so wise, so all-knowing. Some of that early awe remained, enough at any rate to make her fearful.

"I hope you won't." He lit a cigarette with quick, nervous movements. "Rose, go away for a while. Please. Until this divorce case is over. You've got two weeks' vacation coming, haven't you?"

YES, I was going to leave—" She broke off, confused, aware that she had almost said too much. Ellis was clever and intuitive. He was quite capable of guessing that until a few days ago Charles had wanted to rent a mountain cottage for her . . . a cottage where he could visit her.

Luckily, Ellis was too busy pursuing his own thought to notice the slip. "Then take it now!" he urged. "Get out of town—and don't tell anyone where you're going!"

"Why should I?"

"You're Miss X!" he said roughly. "I know it, and so do your father and mother, and the Ruthledges, and Lord knows who else besides. Certainly Mrs. Cunningham knows, and the minute the suit comes to trial she'll drag you in to testify, if you're still in town and she can get hold of you. She's vindictive, Rose—she'll stop at nothing to get her little revenge—"

"I didn't know you knew her," Rose interrupted curiously.

"I—I met her, years ago." As always, when chance revealed a little of Ellis' life before he came to Five Points, he froze into evasive embarrassment.

"Well, anyway, I'm not afraid of anything she can do. All I want is for Charles to get the divorce—or for her to get it—so we can be married," Rose said stubbornly.

Ellis raised his eyes to the ceiling



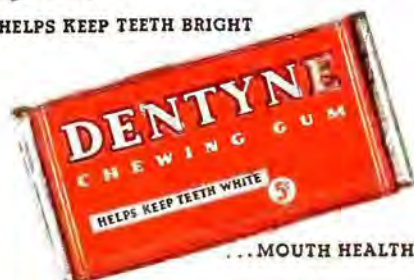
My dentist had no toothache—it was his pride that was hurt.

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and sighed. "Rose, listen to me. Do you think Cunningham would marry a girl that's been dragged through a divorce suit as Mrs. Cunningham will drag you?"

"She can't!" Rose's carefully maintained calm was breaking now. "She can't, I keep telling you! She can't do a single thing, because she hasn't any proof against us. She's bluffing."

"Celeste doesn't bluff," he told her. "And even if she is—what good does that do you? Your name will still be in the papers, people will still whisper about you and laugh at you—when they aren't pitying you, which is worse. They're not going to stop to wonder whether you're guilty or not. They'll just take it for granted that you are. And you'll feel the dirt of their thoughts settling on you, until you think you'll never be clean again. And meanwhile your father and mother will read the papers too, and hear the whispers, and their hearts will break with shame and sorrow—"

"Ellis!" she almost screamed, raising her hands and pressing them against her ears. "Stop! It isn't fair of you to talk this way! All that won't happen—it can't happen—"

"It can if Cunningham should decide to contest the suit," he said flatly.

"Well, he won't."

ARE you sure of that?" he asked, and there was a long silence. She tried to answer, and found herself unable to, because—

"But she won't get away with it!" Charles had said that. And when she asked him what he meant, he had skillfully changed the subject.

"You're not sure he won't contest the suit, are you?" Ellis said shrewdly. "No? Then do you still believe that he plans to marry you?"

"I—" Rose dropped her head into her hands; her words came out muffled and unhappy. "I've got to, Ellis. It's too late for me to believe anything else."

After a moment she felt his hand on her hair. "Poor kid!" he said softly. When she looked up he was gone.

The next two days she passed in a dream of dumb misery. Charles was being very much the president of the Cunningham Publishing Company, and she understood that, of course; knew why it was impossible, just then, for them to be alone together. But it was hard not to have a word or two of reassurance from him, inexpressibly harder still not to experience again the sweet, stolen joy of evening hours in her apartment.

But Charles knew best, she kept telling herself. He understood these legal matters, knew how to handle them.

On the third day after Ellis' visit, Charles called her into his office and told her cheerfully that he had decided to call Celeste's bluff. While she stood in silent amazement, he explained, "You see, I happen to know that her hands aren't any too clean in this business. There's a fellow named Raymond James that she's been seeing a lot of. She's even given him money—though she doesn't know I know this. So I'm having my lawyer, Rigby, tell her lawyer that if she persists in this attitude—if she insists on suing me for divorce on the grounds of infidelity—I'll file a coun-

ter-suit, naming James as corespondent."

"Oh—but you wouldn't, really?" Rose asked tremulously.

Charles pursed his lips. "Well—I—I—not unless I have to, of course. Not if she backs down."

"Charles—dear," Rose said on an impulse, "why not let her have her divorce, any way she wants it? We don't care, do we? Don't contest the suit—let it go through, and before we know it people will have forgotten all about it. They'll stop wondering who Miss X is—they'll even forget there was a Miss X—"

Shaking his head, he said, "It isn't that simple or easy, Rose. Remember, I'm president of a big company. If I let scandal touch my name, it hurts the company. And people don't forget as easily as all that."

"But haven't we—you and I—any rights?"

"Now!" he said, holding up a hand to silence her. "Please, dear, let me handle this in my own way. Don't you trust me?"

"I—why, of course I do."

"Then believe me when I say that whatever I do, I'm acting in the best interests of both of us." He meant to make his voice kind, but the edge of vexation showed through.

TWO days later a little man in a shabby suit was standing outside Rose's apartment house when she emerged on her way to work. He tipped his hat politely and asked if she was Miss Rose Kransky; when she said she was, he handed her a folded paper and walked away. Puzzled, she unfolded the long, crackling sheet and read, without understanding them, the endless legal phrases printed on it. In a panic, she hurried to the office and showed the paper to Charles. He read it, then tossed it angrily on his desk. "All right," he said, "if that's what she wants—!"

"But what does it mean?"

"It means, my dear," he said, "that Celeste is going ahead with her suit, in spite of my warning that I'll start a counter-suit. And it means that you've been ordered by the court to remain in this city because Celeste's lawyers want to put you on the stand as a witness!"

"Oh—no!"

"I'm sorry, dear," he said more gently. "I'd hoped it wouldn't come to this."

She began to cry. "Oh, I don't care about the publicity—I can stand that. I only wish it was all over, and I could be sure that you and I—Charles!" she threw her head back, searching his face. "Charles, you do love me?"

"Dearest. Do you have to ask that?"

"But do you? Will you marry me when this is all over?"

"Of course I do—and of course I will," he said tenderly. "We'll be happy yet."

"Then," she said slowly, "I don't care what happens. I don't care at all."

It was a resolution that she tried to hold to through the following two weeks, before the case of Cunningham vs. Cunningham came up for trial. But there were, inevitably, moments when fear and doubt came overwhelmingly back. One such time was the evening her father and mother, whom she had carefully avoided, afraid of what they might guess, visited her. The sight of thei

worried faces struck guilt into her heart, a guilt which she could not beat down by reminding herself that her life was her own, independent of others. They told her that Dr. Ruthledge had talked to both Cunningham and Mrs. Cunningham, vainly trying to persuade each to settle out of court. Charles had not told her of this, and she took refuge from that knowledge in anger at the minister for meddling.

WORST of all, though, was the coaching by Mr. Rigby, Charles' attorney. It seemed she must deny on the stand that she had ever loved, or been encouraged to love, her employer, must swear that he had never visited her apartment except, once or twice, to pick up some important papers she had been working on at home. She maintained an anguished silence while Mr. Rigby instructed her, but later, when she saw Charles alone, she protested:

"I can't lie—I can't say I don't love you! I don't care who knows I'm in love with you!"

"But don't you see," he explained, "that we have to deny it? Why, if we didn't, we might as well hand over the case to Celeste on a silver platter."

"I don't care if we do!" she said wildly. "I want her to win the suit—I want anything that will set you free!"

"You're being very unreasonable, Rose," he said coldly. "If you didn't want to go through with this you should have told me earlier."

He left her feeling whipped, unloved. And she knew she must do as he said, or lose him entirely.

She could not lose him—that was

THE CAST

Dr. Ruthledge	Arthur Peterson
Mary Ruthledge	Sarajane Wells
Ned Holden	Ed Prentiss
Fredrika Lang	Muriel Brenner
Elis Smith	Sam Wanamaker
Rose Kransky	Ruth Bailey
Mrs. Kransky	Mignon Schreiber
Charles Cunningham	Bill Bouchey

unthinkable. For if she did, then she would be completely alone, an object of the world's scorn and hatred. It could not be much longer, she knew, before her secret would be apparent to everyone.

Already, though she did not know it, Ellis Smith possessed that secret. He had guessed it on the night when she burst into tears under his arguments; the knowledge had been the reason for his abrupt departure. But as he left her, he had determined to do something—he did not know what—to help her. He did not for a moment believe that Charles Cunningham would marry her.

It was not idle curiosity that brought him to the packed courtroom the day the trial of Cunningham vs. Cunningham began, and kept him there through the five long, stifling days the trial lasted. He was watching, waiting for the moment he knew would come, when he could help Rose.

Mrs. Kransky was in the court every day, too, with Dr. Ruthledge by her side. And inside the enclosure, sitting with Rigby and Charles Cun-

ningham, was Rose.

Ellis listened abstractedly while a jury was chosen, and to the opening statements of Rigby and of Taylor, Mrs. Cunningham's lawyer. He listened when the first witness, a burly man named Galt, was called and testified that he had seen Rose and Cunningham enter a certain hotel room together—and at Galt's testimony he saw Rose start forward, amazement in her staring eyes, and knew from her expression that this, at least, was a lie.

MRS. CUNNINGHAM took the stand, calmly answering her attorney's questions; no less calmly parrying the questions Rigby flung at her. One important piece of testimony she gave the solemn jury and the gaping audience; that she had visited Redwood Lake; and had learned that her husband had been there, looking at summer cottages with a view to renting one. The proprietor of the cottage encampment was called, and identified Cunningham as the man he had talked to. Rose shrank back in her chair, not this time was there the startled, angry gesture of denial. Neighbors of Rose in her apartment house were called, and said that Cunningham had visited her there.

Cunningham testified, denying flatly all of Mrs. Cunningham's statements except that he had come to Miss Kransky's apartment on two occasions to pick up some work she had been doing. Under the skilful guidance of his attorney, he introduced the name of Raymond James, testified that to his knowledge James had spent an average of two or three days a week in the Cunningham home, and

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that Mrs. Cunningham had given him money.

All the time Ellis watched Rose, and saw her face grow more pinched and stricken. It was as he had prophesied—the dirt of this divorce action was settling on her.

At last Rose herself was called. She went through the ordeal bravely, speaking in a low but distinct voice, giving the answers she had been told, Ellis knew, to give. No, her relationship with Charles Cunningham had at no time been other than that of a secretary with her employer. Yes, he had visited her apartment on business. No, she had never accompanied him to any hotel room. No, he had never kissed her. And again no, she had not planned to spend her vacation at Redwood Lake.

"You may step down," Mrs. Cunningham's attorney said at last, after the cross-examination. Apparently he was satisfied—far too well satisfied, Ellis thought. A moment later his apprehension was justified, for a new and unexpected witness was called—a man named John Brown who had in his possession, he said, a dictaphone record made on the night of June 25 in Rose's apartment, and recording a conversation between Rose and Charles Cunningham.

ROSE sat frozen while the lawyers squabbled, while the judge handed down his ruling that a dictaphone record was permissible evidence. From far off she heard the faint, familiar voices of herself and Charles, but at first they conveyed nothing to her. Her mind refused to grasp the fact that this—this—was happening to her. And then, in one great smothering tide of emotion, she knew that it was, indeed, happening to her; that her own words, spoken so many weeks ago, had come back to prove her a wanton and a liar.

"Darling—I've missed you so—no, you can't kiss me now. I want to know just what this business was that kept you away so long."

"Rose! Come here!"
Laughter. The warm, low laughter of a woman in love, and sure that she is loved in turn—of a woman whose lips are ready for kisses. Remembering that night, Charles' ardent desire, her own happiness, she pressed hard against the back of her chair as if by so doing she could melt into the wood and disappear forever.

But the machine went on.
"You'll never guess where I've been, Rose. I've been looking at cottages up at Redwood Lake. You need a vacation, darling, and I thought you could take a few weeks off and stay up there—and then I'd come up when I could. . . ."

Would those two voices never stop? Would they go on and on forever, dining the consciousness of sin into her ears, into her soul? Rose looked wildly around the courtroom. Silent, intent faces surrounded her, faces that were cold and sneering. She jumped to her feet with a scream.

"Stop it! I can't stand any more!"
Sobbing, she crumpled on the floor.

Thus Rose's testimony has been proved a lie, and Celeste Cunningham has gained a tremendous advantage in her divorce suit. What will be the effect upon the life of Rose Kransky? Be sure to read next month's installment of this gripping story in the December RADIO MIRROR.

Dorothy LAMOUR ★ Robert PRESTON

Who Ditched Which?

Did Robert Preston drop Dorothy Lamour or did Dorothy ditch Bob?

In Movie Mirror for August appeared an article titled "Why Dorothy Lamour lost Robert Preston" in which the author advanced the theory that Robert Preston dropped Dorothy Lamour to renew an old romance with Catherine Craig.

This article brought a storm of protest, denial and contradiction from Dorothy's friends. It also brought a red hot article from one of them in which the author says that if any ditching was done Dorothy did it and tells why in no uncertain terms.

In fairness to both sides the editors of Movie Mirror have titled this most unusual feature "Rebuttal" and have published it in the November issue now on sale. Everyone interested in Robert Preston or Dorothy Lamour or in Hollywood events in general should not fail to read it together with the score or more of other



fascinating features, articles and departments which combined make Movie Mirror for November the biggest dime's worth of Hollywood facts and fancies you could possibly buy.

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How would you like an illustrated map of Hollywood showing where the stars live, work, play and hold their parties? Movie Mirror has a limited supply of maps of Hollywood drawn by the famous artist, Russell Patterson, 14" x 22", beautifully printed in two colors. While they last readers of Movie Mirror can secure them for only 10¢ each (coin or stamps). Address, all requests to Movie Mirror Hollywood Map, Dept. WM11, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

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Home, Home on the Ranch

(Continued from page 25)

and pantries overflowing with everything from whole hams to *hors d'oeuvres*, help simplify the menu question. But even with all the accessories, it takes a clever manager when unexpected guests arrive.

"Don has the most amiable disposition in the whole world," Honore told me, as we strolled through the house, "but he dislikes confusion and discord. So, we avoid all such things."

Neither Don nor Honore are faddists, so they've never gone berserk on periods, or antiques; they prefer smooth living in harmonious, cheerful environments. In fact, Don is a bit prejudiced against antiques for they suggest wobbly chairs and tippy tables, and he likes substantial, comfortable furniture. Honore has picked up a few rare pieces. For instance, the two-hundred-year-old English buffet for the dining room. It's a stunning piece and a perfect balance for the lighter decorations of floral print upholstered chairs, with the same design repeated in the wall paper on a silver background.

THE house has three wings. One contains the sunny bedroom of six-year-old Donnie, and Ronnie, four, who are beginning to complain that the baby blue frills make it look sissy. Also, there's the nursery for eleven-month-old Tommy, the new baby, and the nurse's room. In another wing are the kitchen and servants' quarters. The third, contains the powder room, deliciously feminine with gay peppermint stripe paper and pink ruffled draperies. Beyond, are the two guest rooms, each with dressing room and bath.

The entire second floor belongs to Don and Honore. "Here," she explained, "we enjoy complete privacy for no one comes up stairs, this being our own personal domain."

In their sleeping room is a six- by nine-foot bed, and on either side is a table and strong reading lamp. Don hates to go to bed. He's a poor sleeper, too, so he prepares for a cross-word session, always keeping a supply of puzzles on hand. Honore is a bed-reading hound, so it is late when the lights go out.

Don and Honore have their separate sitting room, dressing room and bath. Don's den is comfortable and masculine, and is in various shades of blue, his favorite color. A special treasure dominates the room. This is the crucifix which Cardinal Mundelein of Chicago, brought to him from Rome, it being one of the very first to be blessed by the new Pope Pius XII. Honore had it framed and it occupies a prominent place.

Don is extravagantly fond of clothes. He has a natural flair for them and is one of the best dressed men in Hollywood. The entire side of his den has built-in cedar closets to hold the dozens and dozens of suits, while other closets, opening off the bathroom, take care of the remaining wardrobe. And take it from me, there's not a single wrinkle in closets or dresser drawers.

"No, I had nothing to do with that," admitted Honore. "He's always been fussy about his clothes. He never wears any article the second time without cleaning and pressing and he did this even when he had to clean and press them himself."

With her auburn hair, Honore could never wear red, so she's given vent to her suppressed love of this color in decorating her sitting room. Vivid red drapes and cushions liven up the beige walls and carpet, making it stimulatingly gay. Her dressing room is pure white, with billows of ruffled organdy, and her bath room is a luscious pink.

In the blue and white solarium, off from her sitting room, the year around, husband and wife have breakfast together. No matter how early Don's studio call, Honore is there to pour the coffee and share a few laughs—they're a congenial, happy couple.

Despite the applause and the hypnotic glamour that is Hollywood's, Don has remained sincere and true to himself. I believe he is the most contented man I know.

"It's the rural life for us," Don sang out, as I was leaving. "We like this Arcadian simplicity. I hope we may always have it for, believe me, we are really living!"



■ Three daytime serial stars go for a whirl of fun in Chicago's River-view Amusement Park. They're Jane Gilbert (Billy Fairchild), Peggy Wall (Lois Colton), both of the CBS serial *Stepmother*, and Donna Reade (Marcia) of CBS's *The Romance of Helen Trent*.

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(Continued from page 14)

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though, there were delays—gasoline to be put into the tank, a mysteriously flat tire to be changed—and it was sunset by the time they left in a decrepit old car, the agent's seventeen-year-old son driving. And twenty miles on a desert road, they soon discovered, was a very different thing from the same distance in civilization. Twilight fell while they bumped painfully along; the boy put on the headlamps and they gleamed dully on the ruts ahead.

Connie, sunk in depression, wished that she had taken time to investigate other possible dude ranches instead of blindly accepting Lucy's suggestion. There was something frightening about the vast empty spaces of land which surrounded her, and not knowing what their destination was made it worse.

Then she heard Buddy beginning to talk, up in front with the driver, and she felt better. If his interest in this strange new land was thawing him out, that was all she asked.

It was really dark when the car drew up before a low adobe house which seemed to sprawl, shining palely in the reflected starlight, for a city block in each direction. "Here y'are," said the driver, and stayed where he was, making no move to help them with their bags. "That'll be five dollars."

Connie almost asked, as she paid him, that he wait until they had inquired about staying there. But there was nowhere else to go; they couldn't sleep in the railroad station. And light shone cheerfully in some of the recessed windows of the house. So she said nothing, and they were knocking on the heavy door when the car sped away.

While they waited a coyote howled, far away.

Minta jumped, and Buddy was startled into a giggle. "Gee, Mum," he said with a hint of pleasurable terror in his voice, "it's scary, isn't it?"

The door swung open. A mountain of a woman, dark-faced, unsmiling, confronted them. She listened to Connie's request for accommodations and said:

"Go away. No room here."

"But isn't this the Thunder Butte ranch? Don't you take guests?"

"No guests. Go away."

"Well, we—we can't," Connie laughed shakily. "There's no place to go."

"No difference. No room here," the woman said, and began to close the door.

"Wait! You can't do this! We—" Connie's protests died abruptly away. A man had appeared in the doorway, pushing the woman gently aside. He was smiling, showing startlingly white teeth against a swarthy skin.

"Ladies!" he said courteously. "A thousand pardons. Conchita did not understand. Will you not come in?" He held the door wide.

"The station agent told me this was a guest-ranch," Connie explained as they entered.

"And it is," he agreed, "in the season. Just now, it is summer, and hot, and we are closed. But I would not permit such charming company to be inconvenienced. You must stay all night, and tomorrow I will drive you

back to the station." With a wide gesture he ushered them into a big white-walled room where Indian rugs contrasted gaily with heavy, dark furniture. "You will be hungry? Conchita! Some supper! And permit me to introduce myself—Diego Alvarez."

It was all like a scene in a play—so theatrical was the setting, so polished the host's courtesy. And yet, for some strange reason—surely only because she was tired and hungry!—Connie felt ill at ease. In spite of his surface friendliness, she sensed in Alvarez the same hostility that Conchita had shown so openly. Not that it mattered, particularly—and in any case, it was probably only her nerves.

The sensation had passed by the time they had eaten and were installed in three pleasant rooms, and she was able to go to bed with the comforting thought that the trip was already doing Buddy good. He kissed her good night, and said rather wistfully, "Are we going to have to leave here tomorrow, Mum?"

"I guess so, Buddy. They aren't really prepared for guests."

"But these rooms are all fixed up, and we wouldn't be much trouble. I like it here. Couldn't we stay?"

She was so relieved to find him taking an interest in something that she said, "I don't know, but I'll ask."

The next morning, after a night of perfect rest, she found herself wishing, with Buddy, that arrangements might be made to stay on. The house enclosed a central patio, gorgeous with flowers, where a fountain tinkled musically. It looked as if it would be cool there on the hottest day. The walls of the house, too, were so thick that the heat of the sun never penetrated into the rooms. And outside there were miles of plains, and several horses which Buddy and she could ride. Best of all, she had lost that sensation of uneasiness: at breakfast, served silently by Conchita, Mr. Alvarez was merely a pleasant, dark-skinned, rather handsome gentleman who talked amusingly and intelligently.

BY noon she had decided to ask him if they might stay, and she made the suggestion just before luncheon, choosing a moment when Buddy and Minta were not present.

Alvarez froze at once. "I am very sorry, but that would be quite impossible."

"But why?" she argued. "I'd be willing to pay whatever you think is fair—and I promise we won't expect too much service. If it's too much for Conchita to do, we'd be glad to take care of our own rooms."

"I could not allow ladies to do that!"

"Nonsense!" Connie laughed. "I've done more menial work than that in my time. And my aunt is firmly convinced that no one but herself can make a bed correctly."

He did not smile. "It would be too lonely for you—we lead a very simple life here."

"A simple life, with plenty of rest and horseback riding, is exactly what we want, Mr. Alvarez. . . . To tell the truth, my son has fallen in love with your ranch. That's the real reason I'd like to stay."

He said gloomily, "You do not know what you are suggesting, Miss Vance."

"Well—let us stay for a few days, anyway. Then, if we're too much of a nuisance, we'll go away."

He looked at her for a long moment. Then, abruptly, he seemed to reach a decision. "Very well. Perhaps that will be the best plan."

Buddy, coming in for lunch after a morning spent exploring the corrals and sheds in back of the house, greeted the news with delight. The pleasure of seeing him returning to his old self was more than enough to make up for the feeling that she had forced Dalvarez into a consent he had not wanted to give.

After the meal she remembered that she should let Lucy James, in Hollywood, know of her changed plans. She asked Dalvarez, "Is there any way I can send a wire?"

"Why—" He hesitated, and then said smoothly, "Yes. One of my men is driving in to Vasco this afternoon. He will take care of it for you."

There followed two days of sun and air, of riding and relaxation. Dalvarez spent most of his time shut up in his office or away somewhere in his car. Minta sat contentedly crocheting in the patio, and Conchita padded silently and sternly about the house. There were a couple of Mexican men who worked around the corral and saddled horses when Buddy and Connie wanted them; otherwise they seemed to do a great deal of sleeping on the shady side of the barn.

It was on the third day that Connie had her first hint of why Dalvarez had not wanted them to stay.

The night before, she had been wakened by the humming of an airplane—a humming which rose to a roar and then suddenly stopped. Sleepily propping herself on one elbow, she had seen its lights flash past her window, and dimly thought that it must be landing somewhere near. Yet the next morning, when she mentioned the incident to Dalvarez, he appeared surprised.

"You must have been dreaming, Miss Vance! No airplane landed near here last night."

Nor had Buddy or Minta heard it. Connie was forced to the reluctant conclusion that it must have been, as Dalvarez said, a dream. But later that morning Buddy came to her.

"Mum," he said in a low voice, "Mr. Dalvarez wasn't telling the truth about the airplane. There's one out in that old shed in back right now—and, Mum, it wasn't there yesterday."

She looked uncomprehendingly at the boy's face, eloquent with suppressed excitement.

"Did you see it?"

"Yep. I saw the tracks of the plane's wheels in the dirt, and followed 'em to the shed. It's locked, but there's a little window in back and I climbed up and peeked in."

"Don't tell Mr. Dalvarez you know the plane's there. Buddy. I hope nobody saw you looking in?"

"I don't think so. What're we going to do, Mum?"

"I don't know," she said. "I'll have to think about it." The knowledge that, for some secret reason, Dalvarez had lied about the presence of the plane backed back in redoubled force the initial uneasiness that she had felt when she first entered this house. Another thought came—if a plane had arrived, someone must have piloted it. That meant, probably, that there was another person on the ranch this morning—someone who was

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Dalvarez did not appear for luncheon; Conchita mumbled that he had left word he would not be back until evening. After the meal, while both Buddy and Minta were taking a nap, the house was very still. Connie, on her way to her own room, paused outside a closed door in the hallway. Was it hysteria—or had she heard a slight movement behind that blank wall of wood? She hurried on to the sanctuary of her bedroom.

Evening came, and Dalvarez had not returned. He was still missing at bedtime. Connie had developed a blinding headache which was not helped by the necessity of keeping her worries to herself and presenting a brave face to Buddy and Minta—particularly when the former, at least, was not at all deceived.

In bed she lay wide awake, staring into the darkness. It was all very well to tell herself that there might be any number of logical explanations for Dalvarez' lie about the airplane; but instinct insisted that no logical, innocent explanation could be the right one.

In the morning, she determined, she would tell Dalvarez they wished to leave.

It must have been after midnight when she heard Dalvarez's car drive up and stop. His footsteps sounded softly as he walked to the house. A few minutes later she heard him walk down the hall, open a door. Straining her ears, she thought she could catch the murmur of conversation. There was a light tap on the connecting door between her room and Buddy's.

In a flash she was out of bed, opening the door for Buddy's white-clad figure. "There's men in the room next to mine," he whispered, "and they're talking funny. I can't understand 'em."

They were, indeed, talking funny, she learned by listening at the next connecting door. It sounded like Dalvarez and two others, and they were talking in a foreign language of some sort. Their voices were low; no doubt they did not believe a little boy in the next room could hear them, or perhaps they did not even care.

"Come into my room, Buddy," she said. But as they turned in the darkness they struck a chair; it grated over the rough wooden floor. Instantly there was silence in the next room. "Come, Buddy," she said again, and drew him into her room and closed the door. Perhaps five minutes later they heard more footsteps outside, and then the car drove away.

Buddy felt her trembling. "Never mind, Mum," he said stoutly. "I'll take care of you and Aunt Minta."

"We'll get out of here in the morning," she told him, "if we have to walk."

Throughout the sleepless night she listened, and toward dawn was rewarded by hearing Dalvarez come back. The first fingers of light, touching the objects in the familiar room, brought her a sudden revulsion of feeling. She felt rather like a fool. Surely there was no real cause for panic. Undoubtedly Dalvarez was carrying out some business which he did not wish her to know of, but he had not molested her in any way. They could leave today, and put the whole mystery behind them.

Buddy had slept a little, and woke feeling excited and refreshed, and anxious to talk about the night's hap-

penings. She made him promise to say nothing of them to Minta, however, and when her aunt appeared said merely that she had decided to leave. It was her first intimation that Minta, too, had been troubled when the old lady gave her a straight look and patted her on the arm, saying, "Good. There's somethin' funny about this ranch. I didn't want to say anythin' before. . . ."

Strengthened by the knowledge that Minta had arrived independently at the same conclusion as she, Connie went to the patio to wait for Dalvarez. To her surprise, for he could have had little sleep, he was there already, at breakfast.

"I think we'll leave today, Mr. Dalvarez, if you'll drive us to the station," she said.

He set down his coffee cup and touched his lips delicately with his napkin. "That," he said levelly, "will hardly be possible, Miss Vance. I told you it would be better if you did not stay here. Now you will have to stay until I permit you to leave—if I permit you to leave."

Suddenly weak in the knees, she sat down across the table from him. "But—I don't understand," she said.

"I think you understand very well. You are a most transparent person, Miss Vance. Even Conchita was able to see yesterday that you were frightened, suspicious of things here that you did not understand. One of my men saw your son looking at my airplane yesterday—and I believe you were listening last night to what was said in the room next to your son's. You do not know much, Miss Vance, but you know enough to make it necessary for me to keep you here."

"Keep me—! But you can't do that!"

"I can do more than that, if you are troublesome," he said with quiet menace. "As it happens, none of your friends know you are here at Thunder Butte. That wire you sent to Miss Lucy James, in Hollywood—it told her you had gone on into Mexico, and would write later."

"You changed my telegram!"

"I thought it a wise precaution. . . . My work here is nearly finished, Miss Vance. Another week, and it will be done. Perhaps then I will let you return to Hollywood, if you have not interfered with me."

WHAT is this work of yours?" she asked curiously.

He studied her a moment. "It is better I do not tell you," he decided at last. "The less you know, the better for you."

Unconsciously, she was cringing away from him. Now that the mask was off, there was in his face a calculating cruelty that was terrifying. "Why did you let us stay?" she cried.

"You insisted. I could not force you to leave without arousing your suspicions, and that I could not afford to do. You see, in the winter this ranch is a guest ranch—but I do not run it. For the past three months, since the summer began, it has been conveniently secluded here—until you came. I wanted it to remain secluded. I did not want you telling tales which might bring an investigation."

"We wouldn't have told any tales." Yet even as she said it, she knew this was not the truth. Their curiosity, and perhaps their anger, would have been too strong to keep them silent. He ignored the remark and went on:

"One other thing—I will be too busy

the next few days to watch you. It will be more convenient to take you from your rooms and move you to a . . . safer place."

"What do you mean?" she asked, fearful again.

"There is a cellar in back of the house—a kind of store room. Its window is barred, and the door has a good lock."

Connie had been afraid of him, and she still was. But she was angry too. She stood up, and said grimly, "You'll be sorry for this."

"Believe me," he smiled, "I am sorry now. But it is necessary, and you brought it upon yourself. Pancho!"

One of the Mexican ranch hands stepped out from the house behind her and pinioned her arms in a rough bear-hug. While she struggled, she heard the sound of scuffles from down the hall, and a moment later Buddy and Minta were led in, also prisoners. "Take them out to the cellar," Dalvarez ordered carelessly.

They were led, protesting, out of the house and across a hundred yards of ground to the cellar—a kind of dug-out, entirely underground except for about two feet under the roof. The door was slammed on them.

"The—the varmint!" Miss Minta gasped. "I'd like to—oh!" Anger made her speechless; she could only glare.

"How long're we going to have to stay here?" Buddy asked.

"I don't know," Connie said, fighting to keep back the tears. "I wish we'd never come!"

BUDDY crept closer to her. She felt his hand in hers. "I'm sorry, Mum—I know why you came. It's all my fault—if I hadn't acted the way I did in Hollywood—"

"Oh, Buddy!" She swept him into her arms, kissing him wildly, and for once he did not squirm in boyish embarrassment to get away. "I wanted to make you forget Hollywood—but I didn't intend to get us all into a mess like this!"

"I know—but we'll get out of it all right," he said, and such was the confidence in his young voice that she did feel better.

All through the long, hot day Connie tried not to remember the menace in Dalvarez' voice. It would almost be better to know exactly how much danger they were in. Perhaps he did not really mean to release them when his "work"—whatever that might be—was finished.

Buddy wandered about the cramped space, looking up at the tiny barred window near the ceiling. "Mum?" he said at last.

"Yes, Buddy."

"I was just thinking—I bet I could squeeze out between those bars after it gets dark tonight and—"

"No, Buddy!"

"But there's a town about fifteen miles away from here—farther south. I could get help there."

"You mustn't even think of it! I'd go crazy, thinking of you out there alone." And Minta added her stern command that such an exploit was not to be considered.

At noon and at dusk Conchita brought them food on a tray, one of the Mexican men standing behind her when she opened the door to make sure no attempt was made to escape. Otherwise, they were left severely alone. From the direction of the house they heard sounds of activity—

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a car arriving and departing, voices raised in command. When it grew dark the airplane motor suddenly roared, and soon after the plane took to the air.

Connie had not expected to sleep, but with the darkness came an overpowering drowsiness, legacy of the night before when she had not slept at all. Conchita had tossed three blankets in to them, and they each took one, curling up on the hard floor. Uncomfortable as she was, Connie could not stay awake.

She started up in the pitch blackness, some time later, awakened by the sound of the returning airplane. But after its motor had been cut off, and the bustle of Dalvarez' arrival had died away, she was still awake—and aware instinctively that something was wrong. Groping around on the floor, she encountered Buddy's blanket. But Buddy himself was gone.

HOUR after hour she hugged the blanket around her, letting Minta sleep and so escape the visions which were torturing her—visions of Buddy lost, trying vainly to find the village he had heard of, failing because of the darkness and the flat sameness of this country. Or of Buddy stumbling into Dalvarez' hands, making their situation even more dangerous than it was already.

It was dawn when Minta awoke and blinked stupidly at Connie. "Where's Buddy?"

"Gone," Connie confessed. "I should have stayed awake—I might have known he wouldn't give up the idea of going after help."

Minta's reaction was surprising, and heartening. "Good for him!" she crowed. "That boy's not afraid of anything! I hope he gets there."

But not all the admiration in the world for Buddy's bravery could delay the horrible moment when Conchita opened the door with their breakfast, took one look at the interior of the cellar, and ran back to the house. Dalvarez returned with her.

"Where is that boy?" he demanded. his face pale with fury.

Connie summoned up all her self-possession. "Gone—to get help," she said.

"Fool! I warned you not to interfere with me! Bring them outside," he

ordered the Mexican. "Tell the others they'll have to go on from here alone. I am flying into Mexico—at once. And you"—he turned to Connie and Minta—"will come with me!"

He whirled, and with quick steps went toward the airplane shed. And then he ducked and began to run—for up the road came a big open car, driven by a bulky man in a khaki shirt and a broad-brimmed hat, and carrying as passengers two other men and a small figure that made Connie cry out in relief.

They had sighted Dalvarez. The car came faster, and stopped in a cloud of dust, and out of it spilled the three men, revolvers drawn. Dalvarez fired at them wildly, and they answered with a fusillade of shots. Connie, her whole being concentrated in terror on that small figure in the automobile, so vulnerable to the flying bullets, was unaware that the Mexican Dalvarez had left to guard her had quietly disappeared.

The three men in khaki converged on Dalvarez, who, with his back to the wall of the airplane shed, was still firing. Suddenly he dropped his pistol, grasping his wrist with his other hand. The three men walked up to him and two of them linked their arms in his.

An hour later, the sheriff and one of his men had driven away with Dalvarez and Conchita. The other man stayed behind to guard a bewildered and unhappy group of foreigners who had been discovered in the house. For that, the sheriff explained, was what Dalvarez had been doing—flying aliens into the United States from Mexico and then arranging for their transportation to one of the big industrial cities.

WHEN he told you he was almost finished, he was telling the truth," the sheriff chuckled. "We were getting on to him, and it was too hot for comfort. But he'd have got away all right, if it hadn't been for this young man here." He laid his hand on Buddy's head.

Connie, her heart too full for speech, only smiled. It was as Minta had said—Buddy was a good boy.

For further adventures of My Son and I, tune in at 2:45 P.M., E.S.T., daily, over your Columbia station.

Double Duty Wife

(Continued from page 15)

can't possibly be run according to a routine pattern.

She's always prepared for the unexpected now. One day Kit came home from a shopping expedition and found little notes strewn all over the house. "Better take care of these letters. They look important. Where did you put my red socks? Phone my manager tomorrow. Leaving tonight to cover the Squalus sinking. Bring my overcoat to the airport. It'll be cold up there."

Kit knew that here was just another little chore for her. But when she considers the work Bob does, she doesn't mind. For instance, there was the time out west when Trout was to make a brief introduction of President Roosevelt after his arrival from a cruise. Instead of talking only a minute, Bob wound up ad-libbing for an hour—expecting Roosevelt to ar-

rive any second, not knowing that unavoidable delays were going to keep the Chief Executive away from the broadcast altogether.

BESIDES announcing President Roosevelt's Fireside Chats—incidentally Trout was the first to use that term—Bob has also covered Presidential Conventions—the Coronation in England, the American tour of King George VI and Queen Elizabeth, the pre-view flight of the Atlantic Clipper to Europe.

Kit first met Bob Trout soon after she went to CBS as a secretary in the Fall of 1935.

"I just picked him up," she laughed. As a matter of fact, she "picked him up" for information—and didn't get it! Kit had been asked to find out who had charge of announcers. While wondering where to begin, she saw

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Bob Trout ambling down the hall, and recognized who he was, although they had never met. She went out to see if he could help her.

"Sorry, I don't know," Bob replied unhelpfully. Then continued to stroll down the hall.

Kit felt a bit crestfallen as she returned to her desk and started inquiring elsewhere.

The next day, however, something attracted Bob back to Kit's office. He came in and found an excuse to start a conversation. Maybe it was her calm, quiet manner, or her sleek appearance, from her neatly combed black hair to her trim ankles. Anyway, he kept coming back.

Finally Trout got up enough courage to ask Kit to lunch. She accepted. In a nearby restaurant they discovered that each liked books—not ordinary novels, but biographies, works on politics, economics and international affairs; boats—and naturally, the broadcasting business. They found lots to talk about.

Just when they fell in love, neither of them seems to remember. Then came May 1937. By this time there was no doubt about the way they felt toward each other. But there was plenty of uncertainty as to when they could set a date for their wedding, what with Bob continually on the wing.

HERE he was now, due to sail for England to cover the Coronation for CBS. He would be gone two months. Kit thought she'd die that day when she went down to see him off on the Georgic. For two weeks after he sailed, she went around in a daze, hardly knowing what she was doing. Then Bob's first letter arrived.

Letter! It was practically a book, filled with thirty typewritten pages! "Bob had an awful time getting it mailed," Kit's dark eyes sparkled as she reminisced about their courtship. "The postal authorities were convinced it was a manuscript and that they ought to put a tax on it. Bob explained it was only a letter—and to make sure, he wrote all over the envelope 'LETTERS.'"

Those thirty pages and others that followed, helped pass the time until Bob came back to America. Then more weeks and months fled by, and still his work got in the way of their making any wedding plans.

One day Bob decided there was no use waiting for him to have any free time. "Let's pick a date—any date—and no matter what happens, we'll get married," he suggested.

"Let's make it the Fourth of July," he rushed on before Kit could offer any objections. "Then I'll always be able to remember our anniversary."

Joke and all, it sounded good to Kit, and so the matter was settled. Neither of them knew just where they would be on Independence Day, except that they would be together.

Turned out they were down around Washington. On July 3, 1938, Kit went shopping for a church. She found one that seemed just right, small and quaint, tucked in the countryside near Alexandria, Va. Then she drove back to Gettysburg where her bridegroom-to-be was broadcasting from the battlefield made famous by Lincoln's Address.

On July fourth Bob was describing a holiday ceremony at Mount Vernon. When the broadcast was over, he and Kit set out for the really important business of their day. The sun shone

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brightly as they escaped from the crowds and darted down a little side-road toward the place where the preacher was waiting. Kit looked more beautiful than ever, wearing a white dress, a corsage of orchids and a big-brimmed picture hat. Bob, deeply sunburned, was handsome in a white linen suit. Ted Church and Clyde Hunt, old friends from WJSV, Columbia's station in Washington, and Mrs. Hunt, went along to serve as attendants.

A local girl sang during the service—and soon the simple rites had been performed. Then the wedding party got in their car and whirled back to Washington for a dinner celebration at the Shoreham Hotel.

EARLY the next morning—to make the most of their few hours together, Kit and Bob got up and went fishing in the Chesapeake Bay. A few hours later they boarded the Presidential train and headed for Kentucky where Franklin D. Roosevelt was to broadcast a speech to the nation, introduced as usual over Columbia network by Bob Trout.

It was hardly the secluded, romantic wedding trip that most girls look forward to. But it was exciting to be in the midst of history in the making, surrounded by celebrities.

The days that followed brought a strange, breath-taking existence, but Kit fell into the swing of things quickly. After all, only a few years before she had suddenly left her family in Toledo, determined to make her living in New York. She landed on her feet that time. Now, getting used to an altogether different kind of life—with a man who was constantly in the public eye—was an easy adjustment to make.

As we talked, Kit brought out a

neatly kept photograph album, complete with captions as to date and place, of all the important broadcasts she had attended with Bob. "In case he ever gets around to writing a book about his experiences, it may come in handy," she explained.

They live in a three-room apartment—living room, bedroom and kitchen, which Bob occupied before they were married. There are books spilling all over the place. Every once in a while Kit says, "Bob, we ought to move. We need a bigger place."

Trout protests. "It wouldn't do any good. I know a hundred more books I'd like to buy. Pretty soon we'd be just as crowded again."

The maid prepares their evening meal according to Kit's menu which often includes sea food of some kind, since that's Bob's favorite food.

Kit supervises the maid's activities. Monday, washing. Tuesday, ironing. Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, cleaning. Saturday, silver polishing.

When Kit was through telling me about her life as a correspondent's wife, I took a look at the walls lined with bookcases, filled with volumes on national and international affairs—and the many technical books on boats. She told me this year they are learning to sail their new yacht, the 50-foot "Water Witch," and she is trying hard to learn how to cook.

In the middle of the room was a bridge table holding a typewriter surrounded by neat piles of clippings, books and papers filled with notes.

"Guess I better be going now," I said, "looks like you have a lot of work to do."

Kit smiled as she got up. "Yes, when Bob works, I do too. It's what I'd call being a double duty wife, and it's a pretty good arrangement too."



■ Every spare moment they had this summer, the Trouts spent on their new yacht, the "Water Witch." Bob scrubs up while Kit fishes for their supper.

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John's Other Wife

(Continued from page 32)

no real romance in this attraction your daughter has for my husband. Romance belongs where love is."

Mortimer Prince stood then. His lean, well-tailored figure towered above Elizabeth. He drew up his shoulders and shook his head. The movement signified that he had not come there to argue the right and wrong of the case. He had only come to ask Elizabeth Perry to give up her husband. Not simply because Charlie wanted him—but because marrying John would remove scandal from her name.

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"Mr. Prince—" Elizabeth's hands pressed her throbbing temples, "it isn't necessary to insult me to get what you want."

HIS face suddenly took on the ashen tint of his gray hair. "I beg your pardon. I'm afraid I used the wrong argument. But look at it this way—if you had your husband's future at heart, you might see that there are broader horizons for him than a small department store in a community like this. As my son-in-law he will go far. Without my money in Perry's, why, it seems to me you would have a most unhappy man on your own hands."

Elizabeth didn't know how long it had been since Mortimer Prince closed the door behind him, when John's key scratched in the lock. She was still sitting there, with the untasted coffee on the table in front of her, the lights all burning.

"Elizabeth—you still up?" John asked in surprise.

"I've something to tell you..." she said, seeing him drop his coat and hat on the chair in the hall. How tired he looked, strained, as he took up a cigarette and went through his pockets for a match, not seeing the box on the table in front of him.

"You're feeling better tonight? Had company? Granny stay with you?" His questions came rapidly, mechanically.

"Granny didn't stay. I—" "Pennington here, I suppose?" looking at the cigarette stub and brandy glass beside the chair.

Elizabeth shook her head. "Mortimer Prince," she said flatly. John threw his cigarette into the fireplace.

"There are things we should talk about, John. It won't take long—please sit down and listen."

He didn't sit down. He walked over to the mantle and leaned against it, running a nervous hand through his hair.

"Yes," he said. "That's not a bad idea. It wouldn't have been a bad idea, in fact, if you'd taken me into your confidence long ago."

"About the—baby, you mean? But I only knew it myself the day I came to the store."

"Not the baby." He was frowning, staring at her. "About your plans to go to New York—to leave me. You

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could tell everybody about your plans—but you kept them a secret from me! You were going to New York—close up this house, close up my home—and you didn't have time even to tell me."

"You came in so late—left so early... Your mind, your entire life—so filled with the store and with—other things. What difference could it possibly make to you that I had some plans of my own?"

"Elizabeth, it isn't odd that you kept everything from me. It's fantastic!"

Nothing was what it seemed to be, and suddenly to have her actions stripped of their real motives was almost more than Elizabeth could bear.

A lump rose in her throat. She told herself fiercely that she must come out with the thing, save him from telling her he wanted to marry Carlie, save him from asking her for his freedom. It would be much simpler than having him pile blame on her, put her on the defensive like this.

"John, it seemed the kindest thing—under the circumstances. It would make our arrangement smoother—the divorce, I mean."

JOHN walked over to the decanter then and poured a drink into the used glass. He gulped the drink, poured another. The expression on his face did not change as he swallowed. He seemed too tired, too absorbed and preoccupied with his own thoughts and plans to feel the bite and sting of the liquor.

"All right, Elizabeth," he said. "You get the divorce. No doubt, under the circumstances, that will make everything smoother."

He turned and left the room. Without looking at her again he went upstairs.

Some time later she followed, having waited long enough for him to go to bed. But she need not have bothered because he was not in their room. John Perry had gone into the guest room down the hall and closed the door.

From then on, it seemed that Elizabeth Perry's mind went off on a tangent and presented her with a pageantry of heartache.

When John phoned the next afternoon to ask that she pack his things and send them to the club, she said she would—answered him in a matter-of-fact voice. And in the same factual tone she told him she was moving to Granny Manners' until after the divorce.

The only time she cried was when she packed her picture in with John's shirts. What would he do with her picture when he was married to Carlie? Well, that was one decision she would make for him. So she unpacked the picture.

You couldn't expect a man to want your picture around when he was in love with someone else.

During the following weeks it was Robin Pennington who made the appointment for her with a lawyer, who later filed the divorce papers. And it was Robin who kept a stack of radio scripts piled on her reading table. He supplied Granny's whole house with flowers, cut daily from the gardens on his estate.

He sent tickets to concerts; the latest novels and phonograph records. He took her on long drives, when neither of them spoke for miles. She didn't realize how much of her exist-

ence was colored by his thoughtfulness.

But constantly, through and above everything she did or thought there was John. There was the divorce trial! How would she ever live through it all?

"What do you think will become of the store, Robin—when John is gone?" Elizabeth asked during one of their long, quiet drives.

"That is the problem now before the board," he said. "Prince is withdrawing his support. With John's offer to go to New York, naturally we can't expect Prince to keep backing a losing proposition. He backed John, not Perry's."

"John going to work for Prince—in New York?" she asked, as if discussing John's plans, which did not include her, were not a jolt.

"Nathaniel Amber, who has a store on Fifth Avenue, has made John an offer."

"Oh—" escaped Elizabeth. "Do you know Mr. Amber, Robin?"

Robin's eyes were on the road as he nodded and added, "Mortimer Prince knows him much better, of course. And that way it seems less obvious than if Prince were hiring John himself."

"Yes, of course," Elizabeth said, falling back into silence. Vividly she seemed to see John in New York, with Carlie beside him, Carlie so young and clinging. Her little girl's eyes caressing John, adoring him. And—John would be happy—John would, as Mortimer Prince said, have a broader horizon, a greater future as his son-in-law than he ever would as a small-town husband of a simple, small-town woman. As her husband, with Perry's gone from under him—John would indeed be an unhappy man, as Prince had told her.

The day before the trial was to open, Elizabeth met Carlie face to face in a drug store.

Carlie flushed a little under her sun-tan makeup.

"Hello, Elizabeth," she said, "I've been hoping we would meet because—"

SOMETHING in Elizabeth's face seemed to break her sentence.

"Yes, Carlie?"

"I—I just wanted to say," the embarrassed girl continued, "I knew you wouldn't be selfish and—I mean, I know you're happy about John's big opportunity in New York."

"Naturally, I am pleased. You'll like to live in New York again, won't you?"

"I'll love it—and don't you imagine you and Robin will live there part of the year? We—we ought to be friends—up there—"

"Robin and I?" Elizabeth repeated.

"Don't look so puzzled! We know you're going to marry Robin Pennington right after the divorce!"

Elizabeth looked at the impish smiling face in front of her and wanted to scream. It took all her strength to turn and walk out of the store. On a bench in the park, she tried to sift out the whole fantastic thing.

"Poor Robin," she thought.

The future without John seemed bleak and uncertain. It resisted the impression of any pattern, no matter how gaily Robin pictured it for her. It was a shock to learn that she seemed the only one who was the least in doubt about what would happen to her after the divorce.

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The morning she walked into the courtroom, she felt like a ghost of a woman—a woman who had never known laughter or the slightest pleasure. Every pair of eyes focused on her, seemed to burn right into her heart, see its painful beats. Robin's hand on her arm tried in its tenderness to give her strength. But Granny's moist eyes, despite her smile, almost broke her heart. Granny, she saw, had never dreamed she and John would really get as far as the divorce court.

Elizabeth sat on a bench down near the front. She looked up at the stooped-shouldered old judge and felt that his eyes had seen too many hearts breaking in that room. Then she saw John. Sitting at the table near the judge's bench. She felt he had been watching her ever since she walked into the room. Her lips formed his name and he nodded. They looked at each other and she felt that during that second every dream and hope they had ever shared passed between them in review.

There were other cases before theirs on the calendar. She could not listen to anything that was said, because nothing made sense.

"Perry versus Perry," came from the court clerk. "Perry versus Perry first case on the calendar after recess."

"What?" Elizabeth turned to Robin. "The case comes up right after recess," he explained. "Let's go out into the corridor, shall we? I'd like a smoke."

ELIZABETH went with Granny and Robin into the corridor, where it seemed that everything she had thought in the noisy room echoed and fell upon her heart. But only a few more minutes—and it would all end.

John came up to her. She felt her nervous lips stretch into something resembling a smile.

"Congratulations, John," she said. "On your job in New York."

She saw his eyes narrow, then he said,

"I'm not going to take any job in New York. Didn't Pennington tell you?" Turning to Robin, he asked, "You haven't told her?"

"What?" Elizabeth asked. John, then Robin.

"I thought you would prefer to tell Elizabeth yourself," Robin said.

John looked down into her eyes and she could not pull her gaze from him.

"What is it you want to tell me, John?" she asked.

He came nearer.

"I'm not taking the New York job, Elizabeth. I explained that to the board of directors yesterday when I handed in my resignation as president."

"But—Nathaniel Amber's Fifth Avenue store, John—it was the opportunity you've always needed—a greater future than in this small town."

"Don't!" His hand waved all that away. "You sound like Mortimer Prince—like Charlie. Trying to send me where you think I belong! I resent people who show me up for the weak fool I am—" he said. "Do you think I'd accept a job on the basis I now know Mortimer Prince offered it? Elizabeth—I belong here, in this town. I don't intend to leave. I can face anybody, because I have no reason not to."

"What about Charlie?" she asked from far away.

"She's going back to New York."



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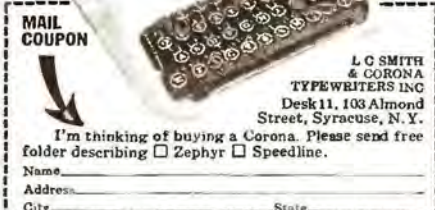
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"But aren't you—going to marry her?"

Wet beads dotted John's face. "There has to be time for me to tell you this: I thought you didn't love me, yet I was vain enough to expect you to. Yet, when I didn't expect you to—and thought you loved someone else, I learned that you loved me, enough to give me up. You always said a man could love only one woman. That's why I can't love Carlie. I couldn't marry her because I love you. I've always loved you."

"Then, why—"
"I've wanted to explain about the hotel fire—many things."

"You still want to explain?"
"More than anything else."

"Then—oh, John, I've been wrong too! You don't have to explain—now, or ever. Because—"

"Why, Elizabeth?"

"I love you."

"Will you come back to me?"

ELIZABETH'S eyes were shining and a smile crowded into her voice; "I've never wanted anything more."

She was almost in John's arms when the gavel, rapping for order, echoed from the courtroom. Then through the strange quiet, came the booming voice of the clerk:

"Perry versus Perry."
Was it too late to retrieve a situation almost lost?

John clutched Elizabeth's hands and together they hurried into the courtroom, down the aisle between the benches.

"Your honor," John's voice rang out over the hushed crowd. He held up his arm as if to hold the attention of the stooped, gray man on the bench. "This case cannot go on—because my wife and I love each other."

The judge's eyes crinkled behind his glasses as he leaned forward, looked down at Elizabeth.

She shook her head and focused her starry eyes on him. There was a husky catch in her voice as she said, "I don't want to divorce my husband, your honor."

Whatever the judge's reply was, Elizabeth never knew. The noise in the court room was deafening. She heard the gavel pounding, realized dimly that court had adjourned.

Granny was there, and Robin. And they were all talking and laughing.

Then John and Robin were shaking hands and Elizabeth heard Robin say, "The best man always wins, John."

"No man ever had a better friend than you, Robin. I'll try to deserve everything you've done—for us." Turning to Elizabeth John ran his hand through her arm and said, "Dear, Robin Pennington bought out Perry's yesterday—but I guess he neglected to tell you that. He seems to have a habit of waiting for me to tell you the important things—"

"You, Robin?" Elizabeth's hand went out to him.

"Yes," said Robin, "and I've asked your husband to run it for me. My proposition to you, Perry, is for a partnership arrangement."

"I'm the luckiest fellow alive!" John said. "I've always wanted to be a part owner, Pennington."

"We'll make a go of it, I'm sure," Robin said. "Suppose I try to keep things under control while you and Elizabeth fly to New York for a little trip. Then we can talk when you come back."

Elizabeth put her hand on Robin's shoulder and, looking up at him, asked,

"Please, may I kiss you? And bless you?"

Her lips touched his cheek as he murmured, "Thank you."

Driving through traffic beside John a little later that day, she thought that John had never seemed happier. Not even on their wedding day! His arm pressed closely against her shoulder and ecstasy vibrated from him. He was laughing and talking about their trip to New York, filled with plans for good times.

"If we could always be like this," she sighed to herself. Her smile was tinged with sadness, because she realized that John's happy mood could not last. Some day soon his mind would slip back into that work groove. He would lose himself in the new partnership, become fascinated again by work which she did not share. History would repeat itself, even after a day like this! She would have to share him with his work, and in his work there always would be another woman whose life would touch and color his. And that woman, whoever she was, would always be "John's Other Wife."

THE END

What's New from Coast to Coast

(Continued from page 37)

day or so before the program, when business called him to New York. Rather than explain his absence, they hired the actor.

Fred Dannay and Manfred Lee, who write the Ellery Queen mysteries, are in Hollywood now, concocting another "Thin Man" story for Bill Powell and Myrna Loy.

Those long-distance telephone calls Joan Blaine, Valiant Lady star, receives every day or so come from Hollywood, where singer Cyril Pitts is making a picture.

Arch Oboler, whose new series of programs starts in October over NBC, will have a book to his credit as well. It's a collection of fifteen of his radio plays, and—funny coincidence—it's being published the same day his

radio show goes on the air.

Durward Kirby, Club Matinee and Lone Journey announcer, has had altogether too much Leap Year. The year 1940 has brought the NBC announcer four proposals from feminine fans who don't believe in mincing words. The latest, which was scented with verbenas, ended up, "I've heard your voice just once; now I'm your devoted admirer and hoping to be more." Durward, who is a bachelor, goes home the back way these days.

SALT LAKE CITY—The only girl and the only native Salt Laker on KDYL's announcing staff is Jerry Lane, who answers at home to the name of Helen Frank. She's only a year out of college, but the fact that this is the first job she ever had doesn't keep her from having plenty

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of listenable radio ideas of her own.

Helen grew up in Salt Lake City and graduated from Rowland Hall, Salt Lake's select girls' school. Then, in Mills College, California, she majored in dramatics and public speaking. With her diploma tucked safely away at home, she descended upon KDYL and asked for a job—and got it, to her own surprise, since it was the first one she had ever applied for.

Since then, she has originated, written, and put on the air a number of distinctive programs—Women in the News, The Kitchen Quiz, Hollywood Fashion Notes, Woman to Woman and For Men Only are only a few of them.

A longing to travel was partly appeased last mid-winter with a Honolulu vacation from which she came back with a suntan that was so successful she plans to repeat the trip every year. She believes that the strenuous indoor work and nervous strain of radio require regular daily exercise, which she gets with swimming and tennis.

Jerry isn't married, but her co-workers at KDYL are sure she will be before so very long. One young man, also in radio, is known to be eagerly waiting for her to say "Yes"—but when cornered and asked for a statement he admitted that his biggest peeve is Jerry's greatest joy and privilege—breakfast in bed! Jerry herself confirms this, and declares that she has no intention of changing her mind, at least for the present.

CHARLOTTE, N. C.—One of WBT's star announcers, and master of ceremonies on the station's Midnight Dancing Party, is very thankful that his health broke down last winter. If it hadn't, he might never have known how much fun it was to live and work in a pleasant Southern city where people don't believe in rushing.

Don Kerr, the gentleman in question, has been in radio since both he and it were very young. When he was ten he operated an amateur station and built crystal sets to sell to friends. At fourteen, he was broadcasting over a Newark, N. J., station, singing duets with a schoolmate. When he finished high school, though, he parted company with radio for a while and became a photographer. He built up a nice business, photographing millionaires at \$200 per dozen prints, but then 1929 came along and there weren't any more millionaires, so Don went to work as a coal stoker in Peoria, Illinois.

In 1931 he won a public speaking contest, and went on to win first prizes in oratorical contests in Illinois and the mid-west district, finally working up to a grand total of \$1,500 in cash and a gold watch. But after that he went back to the power company—reading meters this time. Briefly, during the Christmas shopping season, he was in radio again—as a "Mystery Man" who dressed up in a Spanish Cavalier costume and told fairy stories to a studio and listening audience of delighted children.

Somehow, he landed on Wall Street, as a stock runner. One day while delivering some securities to station WOR he heard that there was to be an announcers' audition that afternoon. He hung around, took the audition, got the job and has been on the air ever since. Last winter he was with WMCA, New York, and was one of radio's highest-priced and busiest announcers, (he announced a



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Take a hint from millions of women
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Midol is a new formula developed for one purpose—to relieve the functional pain of menstruation. Millions of women who have learned about Midol now find they can face their trying days without dread, and live through them in active comfort.

Try Midol, to know how much relief and physical freedom you're missing without its help. Midol contains no opiates. One comforting ingredient is prescribed frequently by thousands of doctors. Another ingredient, *exclusively in Midol*, increases the relief by reducing spasmodic pain peculiar to the menstrual period.

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How to get rid
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Corns are caused by pressure and friction, become a mass of dead cells packed into a hard plug (A) whose base presses on sensitive nerves (B). Home paring only gives temporary relief—means risk of infection. But now it's easy to remove corns. Fit a Blue-Jay pad (C) neatly over the corn. It relieves pain by removing pressure.

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Don't suffer with stuffed-up nose, phlegm-filled throat, constant coughing or sinus headaches due to nasal congestion. Get Hall's "TWO-METHOD" Treatment from your druggist. Relief or your money back! Send for **FREE** Health Chart and information about nasal congestion. F. J. Cheney & Co., Dept. 2311, Toledo, Ohio.

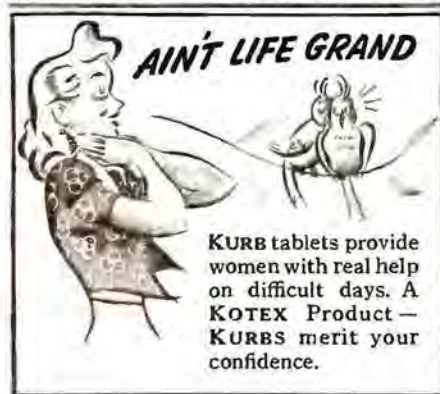
HALL'S NASAL TREATMENT

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE—

Without Calomel—And You'll Jump Out of Bed in the Morning Rarin' to Go

The liver should pour 2 pints of bile juice 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 gas bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. You feel sour, sunk and the world looks punk.

It takes those good, old 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. 10¢ and 25¢.



KURB tablets provide women with real help on difficult days. A KOTEX Product—KURBS merit your confidence.

program sponsored by RADIO MIRROR'S sister magazine, MOVIE MIRROR) when he developed sinus trouble and was ordered by his doctor to take a long rest. In Florida, once his vacation had started, he realized he'd been on the verge of a nervous breakdown.

On his birthday, February 23, he walked into WBT in Charlotte and asked for a job. He got it, and now seriously doubts that he'll ever return to the hurly-burly of New York. One of the station's star announcers, he specializes on the Midnight Dancing Party, which consists of recorded music and is on the air nightly from midnight until 2 A. M.

Don looks like a movie hero—six

feet tall, handsome and blond, with blue eyes and an engaging smile. On his days off, he swims or plays tennis or golf. About once a month he sneaks away, all by himself, for a day or two of fishing and hunting in the mountains.

All the Charlotte restaurants have learned to respect Don's one eccentricity, which is that he seldom enters an eating place without going into the kitchen to hobnob with the chef. He always orders special dishes, and insists on helping to prepare them. At first he was a nuisance, but now the restaurateurs enjoy his interest in their work, and swap recipes with him.

Women in Washington

(Continued from page 33)

is the laboratory for many schemes and policies that later crowd the headlines. They are not pre-arranged or plotted. Those developments merely flow from pleasant conversation between convivial people—an experimenting of minds, between sweet-breasts sous cloche and the salad.

The oratory and the ideas, the policies and the promises, that you are hearing on the radio right now may well have stemmed from one of "Princess Alice's" dinners, or from some other social occasion conceived and guided not by men, but by women.

Fountain for the discussion is often the hostess herself. The guest list may look like a concoction of District of Columbia hash—to one who doesn't know. A front-page by-line writer or a \$1,000-a-week columnist finds himself seated next to a promising mid-western Congressman—a sort of "Mr. Smith goes to Washington" type (although I never saw one in real life exactly like Jimmy Stewart). A power in political parties finds himself next to one who reputedly is "on the way out."

But somehow, if the hostess knows her business, it always clicks.

A WOMAN is directly responsible for the present presence in Congress of one of the most powerful figures in the House of Representatives—Representative John J. Dempsey of New Mexico.

Dempsey himself had absolutely no intention to enter politics. Important political groups in New Mexico urged him to accept the Democratic nomination for Congress from that state. (New Mexico has only one representative.) Finally a committee called at his hotel room and argued in vain until the wee hours. Dempsey, tired and out of patience, arose. "Gentlemen," he said, "I don't know any other way to tell you no. I've already said it in Irish, Spanish and English. If you won't go home, I'm going into the next room and go to bed."

But young Mrs. Dempsey—one of the most cultured and talented women in Washington today—remained to convince the delegation that further argument was useless.

Early next morning, Dempsey was up, packing the grips to start for their home in Santa Fe. Mrs. Dempsey shook her head.

"You'll have to wait, Jack," she said. "They're coming back after breakfast."

"Why?" Dempsey asked, stumbling

over a chair in his amazement.

"Because," she said, "they talked me into accepting for you and you're already nominated."

Another case is that of a recently elected Southern Senator, who has risen to nation-wide fame in an almost impossibly short time.

He doesn't speak on the Senate floor very often, yet he is one of the most frequently mentioned Senators. His name seldom misses the daily newspapers. And why?

Because his beautiful wife is news-minded. When reporters want feature stories or photographers want pictures, she never fails to cooperate. And a Senator's appreciation for publicity when he needs publicity, is only surpassed by a reporter's appreciation for a story or picture when he needs a story or picture.

One-half of the political brain trust that guides the destinies of Kentucky's colorful Senator Albert "Happy" Chandler belongs to his aggressive wife, Mildred.

This was never more convincingly demonstrated than during the heated 1938 Senatorial campaign when Chandler, then Governor, pitted his strength against Alben W. Barkley. The latter had received the support of the White House, but the Chandlers pushed on vigorously. Politics in Kentucky are no picnics. The voices are loud and the insults frequent.

When "Happy" fell ill at the height of the battle, political wisecracks thought the Chandlers would throw in the political sponge. But they underrated the distaff side of the Chandler forces. She not only finished the campaign in a whirlwind, making speeches all over the state, but went on the radio numerous times to woo the voters.

Barkley beat Chandler that year, but he never had a tougher fight. The Chandlers were only temporarily vanquished. Washington was still their goal.

When Senator Logan died, Chandler was sent to fill the vacancy. He's still in the Senate and Mrs. Chandler is still his closest advisor. State capital or nation's capital are the same to clever Mildred Chandler when a good fight is coming up.

Perhaps the most beloved of all Senatorial wives is Mrs. Harry B. Hawes, wife of the former Senator from Missouri—precisely because she is a wonderful hostess. She has her own peculiar technique. Most of her entertaining has been to arrange stag parties for her husband. She appears

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briefly at these affairs, usually accompanied by her two beautiful daughters, then disappears quietly. One newcomer to the capital who carried much weight, politically and physically, came to the Hawes place recently and asked for a particular brand of bourbon. It could not be produced. But the next time this whiskey-fancier arrived, his beloved bourbon was placed before him without a word being said. Little things like that have made this home a rendezvous for great political figures. The most important woman in Washington is Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt. I have no doubt that her reassurances and personal prodding and emotional boosting were really the forces that were first responsible for the President keeping on, after he was stricken with infantile paralysis. She dared to defy doom, and told him the preposterous and impossible story that he could overcome the handicap and even become President if he wanted to. Every precedent and every politician would have agreed that he couldn't.

Wendell Willkie is elected President, his petite, blonde wife, Edith, expects to share her husband's every thrill, but will try to accept the role of First Lady with all the poise and reticence she can muster. When the husky GOP candidate mapped out his campaign tour, he insisted that his fair mate accompany him. Edith was overjoyed but said "I'll go so long as I'm not in the way."

Washingtonians doubt that the Willkies will become lavish hosts, even if ensconced in the White House. They live quite conservatively in a New York, seven-room apartment on Fifth Avenue. They have one maid and don't own a car. When they give a dinner party it is usually held at some hotel or club. Their son, Philip, aged 20, has just graduated from Princeton.

The Willkies are home-town sweethearts, met in the public library after the World War, where Edith worked for \$12 a month as the librarian.

Our influential ladies are not obvious in their roles. They prefer to operate in their own sphere of talents, with soft lights and sweet music, behind a delicate glass of dry sherry, in a carpeted drawing room.

For when a Washington woman wants to make an impression she doesn't buy a new fur piece or sit attentively in the visitors' gallery. She gives a party.

Now I think it only fair to clear up in your minds some of the figments of imagination that perhaps find their way to the very silver screen. They might lead you astray.

The idea that beautiful widows go into back doors, wheedling favors from statesmen like streamlined Mata Hari, is pure fiction. It just doesn't happen. Our statesmen may make mistakes, but they are far from naive.

I know of no one in the pay of villainous lobbies. Whatever intrigue women weave is done for their own personal objectives and their husband's ambitions.

About ninety-five per cent of all political and national affairs is done outside the public buildings. Therefore it is up to the woman of the house to guarantee the success of these affairs.

Although you may never vote for these ambitious women of Washington—remember—they also serve.

DON'T BE "THE GIRL WITH A RUN"



Always carry RUN-R-STOP in your purse. Comes in smart colored vanity. Just one drop of this amazing clear liquid stops runs and snags instantly, permanently—even in the new "nylon" stockings. It's the only product of its kind—a stocking life-saver. And it leaves no black marks after washing. Get it today at any drug, dept, shoe or 10c store—or send coin or stamps to

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49 E. 21st St., N.Y.
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10¢ Complete, tube in vanity

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You correct faulty living habits—unless liver bile flows freely every day into your intestines to help digest fatty foods. SO USE COMMON SENSE! Drink more water, eat more fruit and vegetables. And if assistance is needed, take Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets. They not only assure gentle yet thorough bowel movements but ALSO stimulate liver bile to help digest fatty foods and tone up intestinal muscular action.

Olive Tablets, being purely vegetable, are wonderful! Used successfully for years by Dr. F. M. Edwards in treating patients for constipation and sluggish liver bile. Test their goodness TONIGHT! 15¢, 30¢ and 60¢.

Peaches and CREAM

By DR. GRACE GREGORY

WHEN you see a really lovely complexion of the kind our grandmothers used to call "peaches and cream," you may be sure the glowing freshness, the almost transparent quality, is not merely a matter of cosmetics. It cannot be applied from outside, because it is the unmistakable sign of a healthy, well-cared-for skin. And that means the careful choice and correct use of creams.

Jean Dickenson, whose countless fans listen to her every Sunday night at 9:30 on The American Album of Familiar Music over NBC, has a naturally clear and fine-textured skin. But she takes no chances with it. She experimented a bit until she found just the creams best suited to her needs, and then established her beauty routine from which she never varies.

Jean has had a particularly interesting life. Her father is a mining engineer, a profession which means much globe trotting. Hence it came about that Jean was born in Montreal, went to British India at an early age, and arrived in New York the first time when she was about six. When she reached college age, she found herself in Denver, and began work for a musical degree in the University there.

Like many young people who have knocked about the world, she has a charming natural friendliness, poise beyond her years, and the ability to make her own decisions. When she was eighteen she won the Atwater Kent contest, much to her own surprise. She came to spend holidays with her parents, then in New York, and auditioned for both Columbia and NBC. Both offered her contracts. Jean broke all precedents by refusing both, saying she wanted to finish col-

lege, and radio could wait.

Radio is not accustomed to waiting for what it wants. NEC arranged for Jean Dickenson a coast-to-coast program of Golden Melodies, which she broadcast from Denver while she was finishing school. Since then she has been on the air continuously.

There are four essentials of scientific skin care: cleanliness, stimulation, correction, and protection. All four are accomplished largely with the aid of creams.

For cleaning, you need a thin, liquefying cream. Use this first, for the removal of make-up and general cleansing. Stroke it on lightly but liberally, careful not to rub in the old make-up. Wash off with good soap and warm water. Next comes a soothing cream, for final cleansing and a light upward and outward massage. Let your fingers find all the tired places, all the tense nerve spots. Smooth them out gently, on no account stretching or wrinkling the skin.

Wash off this second cream, pat with a skin freshener, and you are ready for the third cream—your powder base. This not only makes the powder stay with you, but actually protects the skin from these raw November winds. If you want to take your light massage with soothing cream at night, you will follow it with the application of any corrective cream you may require. There are emollient creams for dry skin, others for oily skin, and special creams for the treatment of acne and other blemishes. Finally, there are general purpose creams which may be used with excellent

effect if your skin is normal and does not require correction or special care.

THE ART OF ROUGING

CREAM rouge or compact rouge? Complete beauty kits include both, for both are necessary. The cream rouge goes on first, often under the powder base. It has the staying quality. Powder over, and give the final touches with the compact rouge. A light dusting or powder over all (surplus removed with powder brush), and you have a lovely glow that seems to shine through the skin naturally. During the day, use compact rouge to repair damages. Apply your rouge so as to improve facial contours—towards the nose for a broad face, farther out for a thin face, and so on.

The best way of applying both cream and powder rouge is a rabbit's foot—one for each, just as it is used in the theater. The rouge gets down among the soft, long hairs and can be brushed on a little at a time, spreading evenly.



Sunday nights she sings on NBC's Album of Familiar Music but every day Jean Dickenson gives scientific care to her lovely complexion.



RADIO MIRROR ★ ★ ★ ★ ★
★ ★ ★ ★ ★ **HOME and BEAUTY**

DON'T FORGET
NATIONALLY ADVERTISED BRANDS WEEK
OCT. 4TH—OCT. 14TH

Druggists all over the country will feature well-known and popular brands of cosmetics during Nationally Advertised Brands Week—October 4th to October 14th—and offer an ideal opportunity for wise shoppers to stock up on beauty preparations.

Ida Lupino's Ghost World

(Continued from page 29)

Time went on. She was weak and listless for many weeks after that illness—too exhausted even to wonder particularly about the talent so awesomely bestowed upon her. So it was the following Christmas Eve before the next chapter of this story was written.

"I was riding west on Sunset boulevard in a taxicab. There were many people out, of course. The shop windows were gay with holiday trappings. I was concerned with my errands. And then, again, within me, I heard music—not broken chords and unfinished melodies this time, but music compelling and complete. I called to the driver. 'Take me home quickly!' I was living in an apartment at that time and had no piano. So upon my arrival, I rushed to the manager's office. 'Please, please tell me where I can find a piano! I must have a piano!' I told him.

"He hesitated. He seemed to wonder if I were a little mad, as perhaps I was. 'Well, some people who have a piano have gone out for the evening. I could let you in their apartment for a couple of hours,' he said, finally.

AND so he admitted me to the apartment and I sat down at the piano there, and went to work on my first symphony. I didn't work as composers usually do. I didn't write my notes on a musical staff. I simply wrote down on paper the letters which corresponded to the piano notes I wanted. I worked for the two hours the manager had promised me, and by the time they were over, my composition was blocked out. Through it all, I had heard not only the melody, but the orchestration. I had jotted down, 'violins here,' 'brass strong here,' 'cellos here.' I could hear them all.

"And when I had finished, I took it to a musician friend of mine and he helped me arrange it in conventional form so that it could be read and played by an orchestra.

"I never named that suite," she added, "but it was played to members of the Alderman Salon of Music in Hollywood.

"By this time, I was engrossed in music. I was playing the piano myself. My mind was full of it. I was anxious to begin, then and there, a musical career. I heard that the Alderman Salon was to present a music festival at the Los Angeles Philharmonic auditorium; that they were looking for an original work for this occasion. So I asked its directors to let me undertake it. They looked at me strangely. 'You?' their glances seemed to say, 'but this is real music we contemplate! And you are not a musician!'

"But I persuaded them to give me a trial. I invited the salon membership to spend an evening at my home, to hear my efforts. And I persuaded Maury Rubens, a well known musician, to play my unnamed suite on the piano.

"I shall never forget the new

glances that passed among them as our 'concert' progressed. 'She will do,' these glances seemed to say, this time. 'Would you have believed it?' And when Maury finished playing, they gave me the assignment for the festival. 'We want music written around the story of Aladdin,' they told me.

"I promised them they should have it, and went to work. It was easy. I loved writing down my rows of letters, feeling out my theme on the piano as I worked. I suppose that manuscript of mine was the queerest looking musical composition ever seen. But when it was finished and orchestrated, the salon accepted my suite and it was presented by the Los Angeles Philharmonic orchestra as planned.

"That was a wonderful night for me. It wasn't the applause nor the congratulations I suddenly received. It was something more—some sort of fulfillment within myself; a deep, beautiful satisfaction. I feel it whenever I sit down at a piano to record some melody that has come to me, just as I feel frustration when one comes and I have no means of recording it. They never come back, those melodies, once they are lost. Nor can I find music if it eludes me. I must wait for it to seek me out.

"I cannot explain this, any of it. I do not attempt to. Yet in my heart I sense an explanation. You see, it is my conviction that nothing dies on this earth, or in this universe; that nothing is lost, nothing destroyed. And so, it seems possible to me that on that strange summer night when I was so ill, so close to 'the other side' as to be extraordinarily receptive, the soul of some musician who still had work to do, was departing this earth. And I believe that, since his work was not done, that spark, that magic something which made him understand and create music, was passed on to me.

I KNOW. . . It's beyond the realm of logic and reason. It is wild. It is crazy. But how else could it have happened? I was no musician. I did not understand music. I hated it. Now I am a musician. I understand music. And I love it! Have you, then, a better explanation than mine?"

And this is the story back of the musical dramatization on the air, of the life of Ida Lupino, which was climaxed by a part of her own "Aladdin Suite." Long after her career as an actress (an amazing hit in "They Drive By Night," Ida is now at work on Warners' "High Sierra") has ended, perhaps, Lupino music will go on. Ida hopes, one day, to devote her life to this demanding power which says to her "Here is music. Give it to the world."

That its source is baffling and obscure lessens not at all its importance, but, rather, increases her obligation. It is a miracle which she accepts, because there is nothing else she can do, with respect, with humility and with obedience.

Another popular drama comes to life in the pages of

RADIO MIRROR Magazine. Starting in an early issue, read in exciting fiction form, the heart-stirring story of **STEPMOTHER**

BLONDES!



Specially Made for Blondes—Helps Keep Light Hair from Darkening—Brightens Faded Blonde Hair.

1. Not a liquid! It's a fragrant powder that quickly makes a rich cleansing lather.
2. Instantly removes dull dingy dust-laden film that makes blonde hair dark and old looking.
3. Called Blondex it gives hair attractive lustre and highlights—keeps that "Just Shampooed" look for a whole week.
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NEW! Smart, long tapering nails for everyone! Cover broken, short, thin nails with Nu-Nails. Can be worn any length and polished any desired shade. Defies detection. Waterproof. Easily applied; remains firm. No effect on nail growth or cuticle. Removed at will. Set of Ten, 20c. All 5c and 10c stores.
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NEW SAFE WAY TO REMOVE CUTICLE
NEGLECTED CUTICLE
● Wrap cotton around the end of an orangewood stick. Saturate with Trimal and apply it to cuticle. Watch dead cuticle soften. Wipe it away with a towel. You will be amazed with the results. On sale at drug, department and 10-cent stores.
TRIMAL

Facing the Music

(Continued from page 39)

Cass Tech high school band, only Bobby failed to display any nervousness.

"I had never heard of them," admits Bobby, still a bit sheepish about his early ignorance.

When the concert finished, Tommy Dorsey spoke to Bobby.

"Listen, son. We could use you on a couple of one nighters here in Michigan. I think you could learn the ropes."

Tommy gulped a little when the boy politely refused. "Thanks, Mr. Dorsey," said Bobby, "but I don't think I'm ready for it."

"Okay, kid," replied the great trombonist, "but one of these days a smart bandleader will hire you."

DORSEY'S statement was prophetic. For in 1935 Jimmy and Tommy Dorsey had their historic fight and the latter's abrupt exit from the Glen Island bandstand—the same one that Bobby's band occupied five years later—left brother Jimmy without a trombonist.

Jimmy remembered the clean-shaven kid from Cass Tech and Tommy's enthusiastic opinion of the boy. Jimmy sought out Byrne senior, and overnight the seventeen-year-old, blue-eyed lad stepped from a schoolroom into bandom's big league.

Bobby attracted attention immediately. His appearance reminded some of a boy scout who had just completed his day's good deed. Yet, astute showmen saw behind his youthful countenance, a well rounded musical background too important to hold behind a music rack.

It was Tommy Rockwell, noted bandmaker and booker, who helped the boy get his band together in November, 1939. This action nettled Jimmy Dorsey. Although used to having his best men leave him for bands of their own, he hadn't expected Bobby to turn bandleader for another five years.

Bobby got loads of advice from more experienced musicians but on one point he had a definite opinion:

"I was determined to hire youngsters. I didn't want to have musicians who had played with every band in the country." A checkup reveals that Bobby got his way. The average age of the band is 27.

The band started in Brooklyn Rose-land with thirty-four tunes in the books. They now have 170. Veterans feared Bobby was too young to deal with his men firmly. But they forgot that Bobby's father had toughened him up to all the musical tricks.

The band is not making any real money at present. They've only had a few months behind them, playing in New England, Cleveland, and New York. But their Decca records, NBC and Mutual broadcasts have blazed a trail for them. Then, too, a new band represents a large investment in salaries, arrangements, and broadcast fees. It will take some time before black ink is written in the books.

Helping Bobby keep expenses down is his young, brown-haired wife, Pat. They were married in March, 1939, after a whirlwind romance.

"We met in Dallas when I still was with Jimmy. We had two dates down there, each lasting an hour. But when Pat came to New York two months

later, we practically got married on the spot."

They lived all this summer in Pelham, hard by Glen Island Casino. The little white doll house they had rented was well within their budget. Pat cooked all the meals, did the house-keeping.

The band was almost dealt a serious blow in July. Bobby had an appendicitis attack. If an operation was needed, the band would have been without their leader during the height of the season. As the doctors consulted, Bobby made his worried manager, Les Reis, promise that he would not tell Clarence Byrne. However, the news trickled out on the grapevine. Glenn Miller happened to be in Detroit and he immediately telephoned the boy's father.

Next night, the anxious music master was seated in Glen Island Casino, keeping his eyes glued on Bobby for the first sign of another attack. But the doctors decided that Bobby could delay the operation until Fall.

Bobby is very enthusiastic about his band and his two young singers, Dorothy Claire and Jimmy Palmer. But about his own trombone solos, he can't get too excited, even though the critics have showered him with praises.

"Gosh," he says naively, "I was taught to play like that sixteen years ago. If they want some real trombone playing, they should hear my dad!"

OFF THE RECORD

Some Like It Sweet:

Where Do You Keep Your Heart; Shades of Twilight (Decca 3270) Jimmy Dorsey. Slick and imaginative. The reverse tune is Jimmy's adaptation of Rimsky-Korsakoff's beautiful "Scheherazade."

Can't Get Indiana Off My Mind; Maybe (Columbia 35564) Kate Smith. A tune earmarked for success by the corpulent caroler. Betcha Willkie likes it.

Bride Comes Home; Workout (Victor 26662) Hal Kemp. A thrilling new performance of Hal Kemp's happiest tune. Bob Allen sings it with the gusty enthusiasm any new groom should have. Let's Do It (Varsity 8327) Rudy Vallee. Naughty but nice.

When the Swallows Come Back to Capistrano; Cabana in Havana (Bluebird 10776) Glenn Miller. An excellent grinding by this musical Miller. He has two other disks—"Angel Child" and "Devil May Care" (Bluebird 10796, 10717) that also rate your purchase.

Rumba Rumbero; Nueva Conga (Victor 26661) Xavier Cugat. A must for Latin-American addicts.

And So Do I; One I Love (Victor 26660) Tommy Dorsey. Done in the smooth "I'll Never Smile Again" manner. Tommy is also making Bluebird records, which are more popular priced. Best of these is "Whispering," which brings back pleasant memories of Whiteman.

Some Like It Swing:

Embraceable You; Shortenin' Bread (Decca 3271) Bob Crosby. Believe it is Billy Butterfield's trumpet that makes the disk a standout, although Billy is no longer with the Bobcats. Don't miss this one.

Overnight Hop; Meet Miss 8 Beat (Okeh 5648) Red Nichols. A reliable veteran comes through neatly on this new label (formerly called Vocalion.)

Birdseed Special; Four Beat Shuffle (Columbia 35565) Raymond Scott. Screwball titles can't detract from the swell musical hijinks.

Herman at The Sherman; Jukin' (Decca 3272) Woody Herman. A sizzler dedicated to a hotel in Chicago where Woody played. Will his next be "A Corker From The New Yorker," his newest hotel spot?

For Serious Music Lovers: Jeanette MacDonald has recorded two beautiful songs from "New Moon" on Victor 2048. They are "Lover, Come Back to Me," and the haunting "One Kiss."

■ Loretta Young's recent whirlwind courtship by Tom Lewis, top radio executive, climaxed in a colorful late summer wedding. They met when Tom came out to Hollywood to stage CBS's Screen Actors' Guild show, a year ago.





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