

Radio and Television Mirror

OCTOBER
15¢



DONNA DAE
Heard on Fred Waring's
"Pleasure Time"

LOVE and LEARN—The Story of a Girl Whose Romance Was a Scandal

See Photographs of Your Favorites in

THE GUIDING LIGHT • MAUDIE'S DIARY • PEPPER YOUNG'S FAMILY

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Each time you brush your teeth, massage a little Ipana onto your gums. That invigorating "tang"—exclusive with Ipana and massage—tells you that circulation is speeding up within the gum tissues—helping gums to healthier firmness.

Let the regular use of Ipana and massage help you to have a lovelier, more appealing smile through healthier gums and brighter teeth.



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Radio AND TELEVISION Mirror

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They're Talking About—

... Bernardine Flynn (Sade of Vic and Sade) being a war wife these days. Her husband, Dr. C. C. Doherty, Chicago physician and veteran of the last war, expected to be called for active service about the time these pages went to press.

... The way the CBS Sunday-afternoon Family Hour with Gladys Swarthout and Deems Taylor is set to continue on the air for almost another full year. The sponsor likes the show as much as listeners do.

... Herb Shriner's new catch-line, which he draws on the Camel Caravan program—"It's possible!" Looks as if it might become as popular as Joe Penner's "Wanna Buy a Duck?" or Molly's "Tain't Funny, McGee!"

... Those jokes Phil Baker makes on Take It or Leave It, regarding orchestra leader Jacques Renard's reduced poundage. They're all founded on fact, because Jacques has managed to drop almost a hundred pounds. But—frankly—he's still no stripling.

... Al Jolson's coming return to the air, scheduled for October 3. He's to be star of an NBC program on Saturday nights. Others on the show will be Hildegard, the songstress, comedienne Eve Arden, comedian Parkyakarkus, and announcer Fred Uttal, who will also double as a stooge for Jolson.

... The new young lady at the home of Charles Correll (much better known as Andy of Amos 'n' Andy). Her name is Barbara Joan, and she's the Corrells' second daughter.

... The substitution of Robert Haag for John Raby in the part of Harry Davis, hero of When a Girl Marries. John, who was heard in the role ever since he originated it three years ago, is now Private Raby, U.S.A., stationed at Camp Upton, New York.

... The flat refusal of Madeleine Carroll to play her movie role in an air version of "My Favorite Blonde" opposite Milton Berle. The beautiful Miss Carroll said it was a "stooge" part and she hadn't liked doing it even in the movies. The job was offered to Constance Bennett, who also turned it down. Binnie Barnes finally obliged, just as Berle was suggesting they give the part to his mother.

"It's fun to sit out dances... but not when you sit alone!"



Peg: "But I'd rather solo out here, Helen, than sit on the mourner's bench inside!"
Helen: "Peg, darling, you shouldn't be a

wall-flower! You dance like a dream—and you *look* like a dream! You'll have partners galore, if you will let me speak up!"



Peg: "But underarm odor, Helen! Why I bathed just before this party. I always shower every day. Isn't that enough?"
Helen: "Not if you want to be *sure*, Peg. Every day, before every date, I use Mum too!"



Peg: "Helen's right—and a pal to give me that hint! A bath washes away past perspiration—but Mum prevents risk of underarm odor *to come!* Tonight's another party! I'm playing safe, with MUM!"



MUM

Takes the Odor Out of Perspiration
Product of Bristol-Myers



For Sanitary Napkins—Gentle, safe Mum is so dependable! That's important in a deodorant for this purpose



It was ill health that made Russ Morgan master the trombone. Now he's both healthy and successful. Left, with Anne Gwynne at the Universal movie studio. Below, beautiful Elizabeth Rogers, who sings with Morgan's orchestra.



Facing the Music

UNION CZAR JAMES PETRILLO'S decision to stop his musicians from making any records or electrical transcriptions for radio or juke box use, threw the band and broadcasting world into a state of jitters. At our press time no compromise had been found but cooler heads did not believe the union edict would be carried out. Petrillo is mainly concerned about the many unemployed musicians and the many radio stations who, he claims, capitalize on recordings and do not hire enough "live" musicians.

Look for a number of second-flight dance bands to fold before the Fall. War-time conditions have made operations too precarious.

Benny Goodman will be featured in the forthcoming film, "Powers Girl," based on the famous professional models. Other movie minded maestros are Xavier Cugat who's in the Columbia film, "You Were Never Lovelier," and Sammy Kaye who is appearing in the 20th Century-Fox film, "Iceland."

Bobby Byrne filed a voluntary petition in bankruptcy, listing over \$50,000 in liabilities. The young trombonist suffered mostly from an overabundance of ballyhoo. He is now making a fresh start.

Larry Clinton was graduated recently from a civilian aeronautical school and is eligible for a Navy or Army commission as a flying instructor.

Frank Sinatra is due to leave Tommy Dorsey's band this Fall and branch out as an individual soloist. He has a contract with Columbia records set and is negotiating for a commercial.

Clifford Odets penned the George Gershwin movie scenario for Warner Brothers and its 550 pages is said to make it one of the longest scripts ever turned out.

Lucky Strike's Hit Parade signed singer Barry Wood for his twelfth consecutive thirteen-week stint. This is the longest run in the history of the show for any performer.

Vera Barton, CBS songstress, is being called "America's Defense Girl." Her series of musical salutes to defense factories and shipyards winning the coveted Navy "E" pennants, has won official commendation.

Lionel Hampton and his fine band will be back on the air from Casa Manana, Culver City, California, September 25.

THIS CHANGING WORLD:

Al Donahue is recovering from an appendectomy . . . Jan Savitt is another bandleader to add a string section . . . Merry Eilers is Bob Allen's new canary . . . Ralph Young has replaced drafted Ken Curtis as Shep Fields' vocalist . . . Marcia Neil, who sings on NBC's Johnny Presents programs, is a 23-year-old former music teacher . . . Vaughn Monroe's new

girl vocal quartet, The Four M's, used to be known as The Le Ann Sisters . . . Newt Stammers is now conducting Orrin Tucker's band . . . Billy Butterfield, one of the country's outstanding trumpet stars, has joined Les Brown's band.

Red Norvo has made a complete cycle. He's back again leading a small, swing-styled septet, after fair-to-middling success as the conductor of larger staffed orchestras. Right now he's playing at New York's The Famous Door in swing alley.

Have any old records? Why not send them to Records For Our Fighting Men, Inc., which is designed to help the record companies collect old disks for the valuable shellac on them, and with the resultant capital, supply our men in the armed forces with new records and instruments. Kay Kyser and Kate Smith are associated with this worthwhile effort.

Credit bandleader Freddy Nagel with this candid comment, culled from a recent issue of Downbeat Magazine, "So I do copy Kay Kyser. At least I admit it and that's more than a lot of mimicking bandleaders are doing."

They say that if you dial R. Humber on a Manhattan telephone, you will get the noted bandleader on the wire.

Has Hal McIntyre, whose style is not unlike that of Duke Ellington, been Continued on page 6

By KEN ALDEN

“...and last year
Nobody remembered”



A year ago only a printed remembrance from an insurance agent and a pair of gloves from “good old Helen.” And now . . . all this!

There were Bill’s flowers, Henry’s orchids, an exquisite bottle of perfume from Loran, three telegrams, and a dozen other assurances that the awful year of loneliness lay behind her forever.

“How nice to see people and to be liked again!” she thought—and then, eyeing Bill’s flowers, “How wonderful to be loved!”

Life was really worth living now . . . might have been all along if she hadn’t been such a fool.

Looking back it didn’t seem possible that a normally attractive and popular girl could have been so gradually yet so completely dropped as she had been. But that is the way gossip works—and a girl found guilty of this trouble* only once may be continually under suspicion.

And had it not been for Helen’s friendly but brutal candor she might never have known what it was or what to do about it.

How About You?

No matter what your other good points are they may be overlooked if you have *halitosis (bad breath). Incidentally, anyone may have it. The worst of it is you may not know when you offend this way, so common sense tells you not to take chances.

Why not get in the habit of using Listerine Antiseptic as a mouth rinse every night and morning and between times, before business and social appointments? This wonderful antiseptic, with its delightful effect, not only freshens the entire mouth but makes the breath sweeter, purer, less likely to offend. Countless fastidious people, popular people never, *never* omit it.

While some cases of halitosis are systemic, most cases, according to some authorities, are due to bacterial fermentation of tiny food particles on tooth, gum and mouth surfaces. Listerine Antiseptic quickly halts such fermentation, then overcomes the odors that fermentation causes.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY, St. Louis, Mo.

A little loving care is what your teeth need and this delightful new dentifrice gives it.

**LISTERINE
TOOTH PASTE**

LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC for oral hygiene



Songstress Bea Wain is a busy traveller these days, visiting her husband, Andre Baruch, in Washington and entertaining at Army camps.

Dinah Shore, as glamorous now as any full-fledged Hollywood star, is beamed to a premiere at the Carthay Circle by Mervyn LeRoy.



FACING THE MUSIC (CONTINUED)

trying to woo some of the Duke's arrangers away?

RUGGED INDIVIDUALIST

IF barrel-chested Russ Morgan had viewed his dance band career strictly as a hard-headed commercial venture, today he would probably be a retired gentleman farmer, resting easily on his laurels and annuities, and making only occasional excursions to Tin Pan Alley to deliver the manuscript of his latest song hit.

Instead, at 38, the rugged ex-coal miner from Scranton, Pa., is still one of the busiest big league batoneers, touring the country playing theaters, hotels, ballrooms, one-night stands, dashing off popular tunes, making Decca records, and keeping his six-and-a-half-foot, 215 pound frame in a state of continuous activity.

"Leading a band doesn't really mean a thing to me if it has to be measured in dollars and cents," Russ says with the refreshing frankness that's as individual with him as his sobbing, throbbing trombone notes. "After all, what good's the do-re-mi when you go down that deep dark hole?"

Unlike his more commercially-minded contemporaries who try to keep their payrolls down, Morgan's troupe numbers seventeen musicians, a girl singer, and a rapid-fire portrait artist. He uses the latter for stage show work. Morgan gets a kick out of leading an over-sized ensemble even though it cuts heavily into his bank account. For just the same reason he pays out bountiful sums for arrangements of Strauss waltzes.

"I paid \$25,000 for a flock of Strauss arrangements because I love 'em. But I bet I couldn't give 'em away to another band leader," he admits.

Don't get the idea that Russ plays

five shows a day or maps out a 64,000 mile road tour just to satisfy his musical whims. He has a healthy and normal respect for earning money because it brings him such trifles as flashy roadsters, beach and country homes, good food and clothes. But Russ believes he can make more money playing on the road than following the orthodox custom of getting a New York hotel spot.

Because he realizes the value of network air time, Morgan shrewdly accepts just enough mid-western hotel dates to fill the broadcasting gap. He is currently heard over the Blue network from Chicago's Edgewater Beach Hotel.

Leading a band is no novelty to Morgan. He's been a professional musician since he was fifteen. Although he can play every instrument in the band, except the strings, the trombone is his favorite.

"Gosh, if it wasn't for that old horn I might be pushing up daisies," he says—and here is the explanation of that remark:

When Russ was a youngster, doctors discovered that he had a weak lung. They suggested that he learn to play a wind instrument.

The news came as quite a shock to Russ' family because everyone in it had always been remarkably healthy.

Russ' father followed the doctors' advice, bought the ailing child a trombone and made him practice diligently. The parents helped teach the boy. Before becoming mining people, the Morgans had been small-time vaudevillians.

When Russ was fifteen, he believed he had mastered the slide horn well enough to give impromptu solos deep down in the mines.

These coal-mine concerts did not meet with the approval of Russ' dad,

a stern Welshman, and he banned the boy from the mines and saw to it that his son couldn't work in any other near-by pits.

"My dad figured this would make me earn my living as a musician and he was right," Russ recalls. "But every once in a while I sort of get homesick for the mines and every chance I get I go back there to talk with the workers. The same guys are still there."

Russ played with all kinds of bands—Phil Spitalny, Ted Fiorito, Arnold Johnson, Victor Herbert, John Phillips Sousa, Paul Specht, and the renowned Jean Goldkette. He helped the latter organize one of the great pioneer swing bands.

"When Jean hired me he asked me for a candid opinion of the men in his band. I told him to throw all those bums out and I would dig him up a group of real musicians."

Goldkette took the brash youth at his word and Russ rounded up Bix Beiderbecke, Jimmy and Tommy Dorsey, Joe Venuti, Eddie Lange, Don Murray and Chauncey Morehouse. Russ still thinks it was the greatest swing crew ever assembled.

Russ drifted into all sorts of musical work. He was recording director for the old Brunswick studios, musical director of WXYZ, Detroit, and a key trombone soloist on a number of network shows. He didn't organize his

own band until he left Freddy Martin's employ in 1935. He soon clicked on his own as musical director of the Philip Morris cigarette shows. However, the idea to become a leader himself had come to Morgan some time before, while he was playing with Ted Fiorito.

It happened one night when Fiorito had an argument with the trumpet player in the band. Morgan tried to intercede but this action only infuriated the excitable Fiorito. In white heat, the leader smashed his baton into bits and walked off the bandstand.

The crowd was still dancing and something had to be done in a hurry. So Russ picked up his trombone and vamped into "Wabash Blues" using a sort of crazy wa-wa effect.

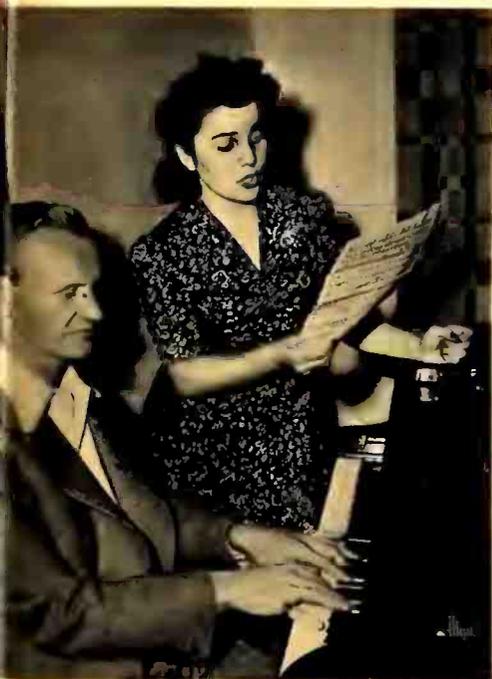
The strange wail intrigued the dancers and they had Morgan doing it all night. Later on, Fiorito cornered the trombonist and asked him to develop the effect for permanent use.

"No, sir," Morgan told him, "I'm going to save that style until I get my own outfit."

Morgan has been married twice. His first marital try ended in the divorce courts. His present wife, Shirley Gray, used to be his secretary. They have two children, two-year-old John Gray, and three-months-old David Huw. The Morgans have two homes, one at Long Beach, L. I., the other on a sizable Pennsylvania farm.

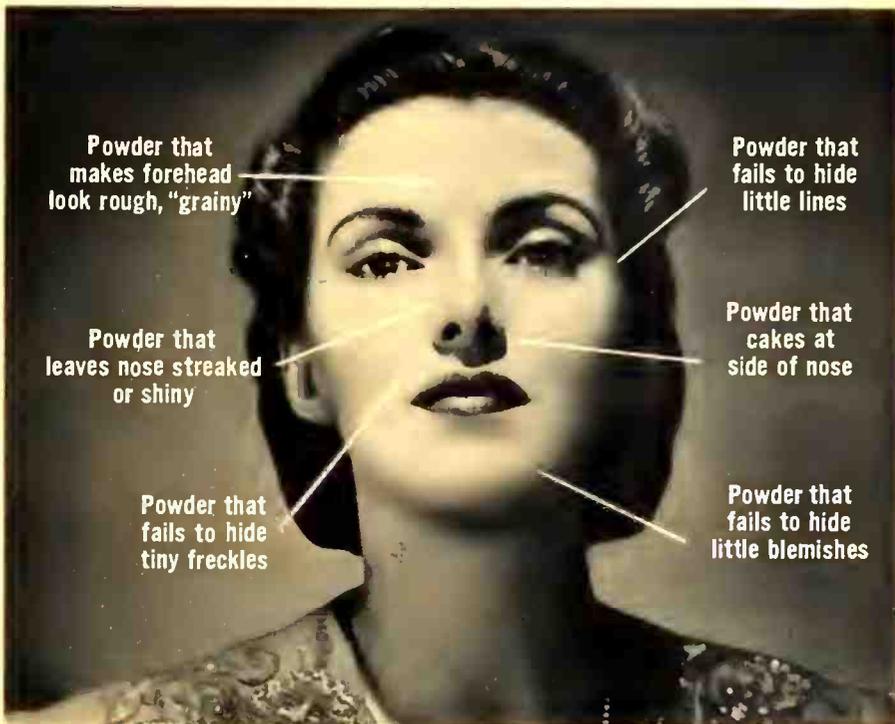
Russ likes to compose music more than anything else. He hopes that is what he'll wind up doing exclusively. He has already turned out twenty popular tunes, including "Does Your Heart Beat for Me?," "Sweet Eloise," and "Somebody Else Is Taking My Place."

"And I think I'll write better ones when I have more time," he promises. "Now I have to do most of my composing on rubbing tables, in dressing rooms, railroad stations, and on the back of coffee pot menus."



While making the picture "Ice-land," for 20th Century-Fox, Sammy Kaye discovered his first girl vocalist—Nancy Norman.

Which of these 6 "FACE POWDER TROUBLES" do You have?



Powder that makes forehead look rough, "grainy"

Powder that fails to hide little lines

Powder that leaves nose streaked or shiny

Powder that cakes at side of nose

Powder that fails to hide tiny freckles

Powder that fails to hide little blemishes

New-texture powder helps end these troubles—makes skin look fresher, younger!

WHAT DO YOU SEE when you re-powder your face? Does your skin look smooth, fresh, appealing? Or does the powder look caked on your forehead and chin? Does your nose look streaked or shiny? Do tiny lines around your eyes and mouth seem emphasized?

Don't blame your skin for what you see in the mirror: *blame your face powder!* For these are "face powder troubles"... and now you can quickly help end all these 6 troubles, just by changing to the amazing new-textured face powder!

Here is the secret of this new face powder

What is its name? *Lady Esther Face Powder!* Why is it so different? *Because it's made differently!* How is it made? It isn't just mixed in the usual way—it's blown and rebrown by **TWIN HURRICANES**, blown until it's smoother, finer by far than powder made by ordinary methods!

Women who use this new-texture face powder for the first time are thrilled to see what a "baby-skin" smoothness it gives their skin. They say this new, smoother texture seems to hide tiny lines and blemishes, and even little freckles! They say this new-texture powder seems to change the whole appearance of their skin—seems to make it look smoother, fresher, and often years younger!

How to find your Lucky Shade

Send your name and address on the coupon below for the 7 new shades of Lady Esther Face Powder. Try them one after another—and when you find the one that's most flattering to your skin, you'll know you've found your lucky shade!

Lady Esther
FACE POWDER



LADY ESTHER, 7134 W. 65th St., Chicago, Ill. (80)

Send me by return mail the 7 new shades of face powder, and a tube of your 4-Purpose Face Cream. I enclose 10¢ to cover cost of packing and mailing.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____

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

What's New from Coast



This is how a radio star who is also a family man spends his vacation: George Burns takes his two children, Ronnie and Sandra, to a ball game.

BUD ABBOTT and Lou Costello get their own sponsored program this Fall. Not only that, but the two comedians, who aren't anywhere near as foolish as they act, will have a say in the way the program is put together. It's their idea to have several different outstanding dancebands supply the music—not a new one each week, but a new one every three or four weeks. Benny Goodman, Gene Krupa, and Harry James are the first three bands signed up. The definite starting date for the new series hasn't been set yet, but it will be early in October.

Bing Crosby's "vacation" consisted of making the rounds of various U.S.O. canteens, entertaining the men in uniform.

Speaking of vacations, Selena Royle played the name part on *The Story of Bess Johnson* while the real Bess Johnson was on a two-week holiday.

NASHVILLE, Tenn.—During the week Sam and Kirk McGee are farmers—the honest dirt variety, not the gentlemen owners of pretty estates. On Saturday nights they turn into entertainers, and appear on the famous WSM program, the *Grand Ole Opry*. They've been Opry favorites for the past sixteen years, and have never missed a single Saturday night.

In the off seasons, when their farms don't require their presence, they hit the road for personal appearance dates; and at the present time they're with the Roy Acuff Unit of the *Grand Ole Opry Tent Show* playing in Louisiana, Mississippi and Tennessee.

Sam, the elder of the two McGees, was born on May 1, 1894, on a farm near Franklin, Tennessee. He plays the guitar and the electric steel guitar, and furnishes the comedy for the brothers' act. His manner of delivering a monologue, in a sort of twangy monotone, has endeared him to listeners everywhere.

Kirk was also born on the farm near

Franklin, five years after Sam. He plays the violin, the five-stringed banjo, and the guitar, as well as being the master of ceremonies for the act and helping Sam out on the comedy.

Both Sam and Kirk are married, and their big farms adjoin each other about twenty miles from Nashville. Sam has four children and Kirk has three.

Don Ameche will once again be master of ceremonies on the Charlie McCarthy program when the brash little wooden imp and his boss, Edgar Bergen, return to the air September 6. Thus Don goes back to the post he held from 1937, when the show first went on the air, until 1940.

Mary Ann Mercer, singing star of Uncle Walter's Doghouse, has sold almost three million dollars worth of War Bonds and Stamps. To do it she has flown 31,000 miles and appeared before 81,000 soldiers and sailors. She confines her bond-selling activities solely to men in the service, explaining to them that by investing in the bonds they are insuring their future when they return to civilian life.

Saturday, November 28, is the date set for the beginning of next season's Metropolitan Opera broadcasts. There will be sixteen full-length operas in all, and they'll be heard on the Blue network as in former years.

BOSTON—Ruth Moss has had to coax, plead, smile, weep and sometimes threaten, but she has succeeded in bringing more than 3500 celebrities, mostly theatrical, to the Yankee Network microphones, and has made such a career out of interviewing them that she has become a celebrity herself.

It isn't hard, now that she has an established reputation, to arrange interviews with important people. But back in 1936, when Ruth was only an unknown little girl, it was no easy task to persuade some temperamental

Kirk and Sam McGee have been favorites on the WSM Grand Ole Opry for the past sixteen years.

matinee idol to get up in the early morning, travel across Boston to WNAC's studios, and answer a lot of personal questions for public listening.

Ruth used to get a number of polite refusals and occasionally a blunt "No!" but she persisted, and it's a tribute to her personal charm that she has never yet failed to get an interview she went after.

Once the interview was arranged, all Ruth had to worry about was getting her guest to the broadcast on time, a problem that she still feels could best be solved by a couple of Grade A kidnapers. For Ruth's broadcasts have nearly always been scheduled in the morning—just now she's heard every day from 8:30 to 9:00—and the only surefire way of getting an actor out of bed in the morning is to set off the air raid alarm.

However, in more than 3500 broadcasts, only four guests have failed to arrive at all, and not more than a dozen were late, although Lee Dixon, the dancer, only saved himself from being number thirteen on the tardy list by dashing madly into the studio in his pajamas. The four who didn't make it at all returned to be interviewed later.

Ruth's first interview was with Joe Reichman, the orchestra leader. She was so nervous that the only way she could get through the broadcast was by taking heart from Reichman's calm expression. Afterwards, she discovered that he too had been almost paralyzed with mike-fright, but had kept watching her and getting help from what he thought was her self-assurance.

Ruth was born in Roslindale, Massa-

By DALE BANKS

to Coast



Ruth Moss, of the Yankee network, has interviewed so many celebrities she's one herself.

chusetts, and still lives there. She started out to be an actress, but switched to interviewing people on the air after touring for three years with a dramatic stock company.

That first broadcast is the only one which gave her mike fright, although she was plenty terrified, for a different reason, a few years ago. She went to the Sportsmen's Show to arrange an interview with Joe LaFlamme, the Canadian woodsman who was appearing there with his trained wolves. Joe insisted on taking her right into the cage to see the wolves, and then when someone called him he walked out and left her there alone. Paralyzed, she didn't dare even to blink an eyelash, while the wolves prowled around her in a circle and glared. Finally Joe returned and Ruth got out of that cage—but fast!

Jean Dinning, one of the Dinning Sisters trio, is going to be Mrs. Howard Mack of Oak Park, Illinois, very soon. The trio won't be broken up by her romance, though—it will still be heard on the Barn Dance and Roy Shield programs.

"Married — to an Iceberg"

HOW A YOUNG WIFE OVERCAME
THE "ONE NEGLECT" THAT
OFTEN RUINS A MARRIAGE.



1. At first, we were the most romantic couple! Happy as larks. But little by little, Dick grew neglectful of me. I couldn't think why his love had cooled off so soon.



2. Then my nerves cracked, and Dick's uncle, who's a doctor, guessed the truth. "Poor child," he comforted me. "So often a devoted wife is guilty of this one neglect. She's careless about feminine hygiene (*intimate personal cleanliness*). Now if that's your case . . ." And understandingly, he set me straight.



3. He told me how, today, thousands of modern women use Lysol disinfectant for feminine cleanliness. "You see," he explained, "Lysol is a famous germicide. It cleanses *thoroughly*, and deodorizes, as well. Just follow the easy directions on the bottle—it won't harm sensitive vaginal tissues."



4. Today, I use Lysol disinfectant regularly for feminine hygiene. I'm thankful it's so inexpensive, so easy to use, too. But best of all, Dick's kisses aren't icy—not any more!

Check this with your Doctor

Lysol is NON-CAUSTIC—gentle and efficient in proper dilution. Contains no free alkali. It is *not* carbolic acid. EFFECTIVE—a powerful *germicide*, active in presence of organic matter (such as mucus, serum, etc.). SPREADING—Lysol solutions *spread* and thus virtually *search out germs* in deep crevices. ECONOMICAL—small bottle makes almost 4 gallons of solution for feminine hygiene. CLEANLY ODOR—disappears after use. LASTING—Lysol keeps full strength indefinitely no matter how often it is uncorked.

Lysol
Disinfectant

FOR FEMINE HYGIENE



Copyright, 1942, by Lehn & Fink Products Corp.

For new FREE booklet (in plain wrapper) about Feminine Hygiene, send postcard or letter for Booklet R.M.-1042. Address: Lehn & Fink, Bloomfield, N. J.



There are three reasons for the beautiful eyes of Nadine Conner who sings with Nelson Eddy Wednesday nights on CBS:

Making Eyes



YOUR eyes are by all odds your most important and most revealing feature. Moreover, eyes are extremely responsive to intelligent beauty treatment. In short,

beautiful eyes are yours for the making, regardless of how little nature has done to help you.

There are three quite separate points to be considered in making your eyes beautiful. The first is health. That includes treatments to correct some of the unfortunate conditions to which our eyes are subjected in modern life.

The first beauty treatment for the eyes is a good night's sleep. In fact, regular sleep, in a well ventilated, quiet room, with the bed so arranged that the morning light will not glare under your lids, is a necessity if your eyes are to look their best.

If all this cannot be managed by city dwellers, there are little waxy ear stops, and sleeping masks that help greatly.

Late parties? Of course! Who doesn't? But enjoy them when you can catch up on sleep the morning after, if you do not want tired, inflamed eyes.

Of course you will see to it that you have adequate lighting for work or reading. But with all care, eye strain is practically universal. It ages us prematurely. Also, we live in a gritty, dusty world most irritating to these sensitive eyes of ours. Therefore bathe your eyes daily at least, preferably oftener, with one of the soothing preparations designed for the purpose.

To offset strain, use simple eye exercises, at least twice a day, and as frequently between times as you think of them. Here are three good ones, designed to strengthen the eye muscles and offset strain. (1) Look at something as distant as possible. Then look at your forefinger held at arms length. Gradually bring it nearer until it touches your nose, and try to keep your gaze upon it. (2) Roll your eyes from side to side, trying to see as far as possible out of the corners without moving your head. Repeat with an up and down motion. (3) Cup your hands over your closed eyes. Then open your eyes and gaze into the darkness of your cupped hands.

Glasses are crutches. Put them off as long as you can, and try to soothe and strengthen your eyes instead. But

By Dr. Grace Gregory

when you must have glasses keep them scrupulously clean. (I use a little toilet water on a handkerchief to clean mine, because I enjoy the pleasant odor that lingers.) And choose a becoming shape. If the domino does not suit your type, try the eyebrow line. In fact try all shapes until you find the one that suits you.

When you are relaxing in a beauty bath, or with a face mask, or just relaxing, cover your eyes with cotton pads soaked with an astringent or a soothing lotion. Always at night use an eye cream or astringent or lotion around your eyes and on the lids. You can get inexpensive eye lotions at both syndicate variety and drug stores.

So much for eye health. Now for eye make-up. It's equally important, and especially so in these busy, hectic days when everyone owes it to herself and her loved ones to be always as attractive as possible. First the brows. Most of them need a little shaping. But the thin line is no longer smart and never was becoming. And careful with those tweezers! A hair that is tweezed often comes back wiry and curled. If white hairs appear in the middle of the eyebrows, darken them but never pluck them.

Use cream on your brows, and brush them the wrong way, then straight up, then back into place. Do this every night.

Darken them with a good eyebrow pencil, trying to touch the skin only at the beginning and end. Most of the penciling should darken the hairs themselves. Some women use mascara on their brows, and some use that little color touch that is so useful at the roots of hair that has been darkened. But whatever you use, brush carefully with a clean brush of the kind that comes with your mascara.

Now eye shadow. And, lady, be careful! Eye shadow helps the eyes greatly, but it must be so applied as to be practically undetectable. Otherwise it is very unbecoming. It comes in a variety of shades—blue, gray, bluegray, violet, mauve—all yours from which to select by experiment. You apply it on the edge of the upper lid, and fade out towards the brows. Remember, if anyone knows you wear eyeshadow, it is wrong.

Last, mascara for the lashes. Choose the right color, and curl the upper lashes upward with a brushful of mascara. Unless your lashes are blonde there is no need to do the lower lid.

We all need mascara. Even the long, luxuriant lashes tend to fade at the tips. But use it naturally. Just because radio or film stars put it on in excess for the sake of the photographer, that is no sign they or you should overdo it in private life.

Finally, try for real expression in your eyes. I do not mean the "come hither" or the wide baby stare. Both defeat their own purposes. But think, and let your eyes say, "You are a very interesting human being. Go right on telling me about yourself, about your work, about your ideas." Back that up with real attention and interest. No man can resist it.

To give you new glamour, more allure SILKIER, SMOOTHER HAIR... EASIER TO ARRANGE!



So romantic—this lovely new "up" hair-do, designed around a center part. Before styling, the hair was shampooed with new, improved Special Drene containing hair conditioner!

Improved Special Drene, with hair conditioner in it, now makes amazing difference! Leaves hair far more manageable . . . silkier, smoother too!

Would you like the man of your heart to find you even more alluring? Then don't wait to try the new, improved Special Drene, which now has a wonderful hair conditioner in it! For if you haven't tried Drene lately, you just can't realize how much silkier and smoother your hair will be, because of that added hair conditioner. And far easier to manage, too, right after shampooing!

Unsurpassed for removing dandruff!

Are you bothered about removal of ugly, scaly dandruff? You won't be when you shampoo with Special Drene! For Drene re-

moves that flaky dandruff the very first time you use it—and besides does something no soap shampoo can do, not even those claiming to be special "dandruff removers". Drene reveals up to 33% more lustre than even the finest soaps or soap shampoos!

So, for extra beauty benefits, plus quick and thorough removal of flaky dandruff, insist on Special Drene. Or ask for a professional Drene shampoo at your beauty shop.

Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.
Procter & Gamble



**Special DRENE Shampoo
with HAIR CONDITIONER added**

Avoid That Dulling Film Left By Soaps And Soap Shampoos!



Don't rob your hair of glamour by using soaps or liquid soap shampoos—which always leave a dulling film that dims the natural lustre and color brilliance! Use Drene—the beauty shampoo which never leaves a clouding film. Instead, Drene reveals up to 33% more lustre! Remember, too, that Special Drene now has hair conditioner in it, so it leaves hair far silkier, smoother, easier to manage—right after shampooing!



SHE'S ALL THIS . . . and 21 TOO!

*A Brand New Brilliant
Barrymore!*

She's Bewitching! . . . as a
12-year-old imp!



She's Radiant . . . as heroic
Joan of Arc!



She's Glamorous! . . . as daring
Sadie Thompson!



She's Magnificent! . . . as dynamic
Queen Victoria!



Diana **BARRYMORE**

AND

Robert **CUMMINGS**

in THE HENRY KOSTER PRODUCTION

"Between Us Girls"

with *Kay* **FRANCIS**

**JOHN BOLES, ANDY DEVINE, WALTER CATLETT,
GUINN WILLIAMS, ETHEL GRIFFIES**

Screen Play, Myles Connally · True Baardman
Based on "Le Fruit Vert" by Regis Gignoux and Jacques They
Adapted by John Jacaby

Produced and Directed by **HENRY KOSTER**
Associate Producer, Phillip P. Karlstein

A UNIVERSAL PICTURE

BETWEEN US GUYS—She's Terrific!
and when Diana goes all-out for Bob . . . it's a gay
and gleesome riot that'll keep you whirling for weeks!



COMING SOON TO YOUR LOCAL THEATRE

Dearest Stranger

How little she had known what was in her husband's heart—until in a burst of fury he revealed it! And now there was only one way to prove that he was wrong

THE night was cool and autumn stars glittered in the sky. From the window of our apartment I could see the blinking lights of the city. There was something romantic and exciting about it, something that made you think of young lovers and moonlight and the smell of flowers. Only to me, it meant nothing at all.

That was our wedding anniversary, that night. It was nearly eight o'clock, and in the next room, Lucky, our five-year-old son, was already asleep. But you see, Bill—my husband—wasn't there, and I felt alone and miserable, and sorry for myself.

"It's business, Anne," Bill had explained when he called. "Olga's taking me to meet a producer who may—may give me the chance."

Big and boyish, for all his thirty years, with a deep, resonant voice, Bill had always wanted to sing. I'd known how music was in his heart, ever since I first met him. Known those wild dreams of his of startling the world with his song. And I knew, too, when we were married, the chance we were taking, knew what the responsibilities and burdens of married life might do to him and his dreams. But I loved him so much I had to take that chance. *Continued on page 63*



Bill laughed. "I guess we'd better wake Lucky up and tell him." And hand in hand, we went upstairs.

“To My Wife”

“WAIT a minute,” Paul said, and the laughing imp in the back of his eyes twinkled at me. “I know what the trouble is—I didn’t propose right.” And before I could stop him, he had gotten out of his chair and—oblivious to everybody in the crowded little restaurant—knelt on one knee, took my hand and said solemnly, “I love you very much, Olivia. Will you marry me and live happily ever after?”

People were watching us in amusement, enjoying my blushes as much as Paul’s antics. And although I was embarrassed, I couldn’t keep the corners of my mouth from twitching upward. “All right, you idiot, I’ll marry you,” I said—and, for no reason at all, suddenly felt as if I might cry.

Paul got to his feet imperturbably, sat down in his chair again, and calmly drank his coffee. I watched him and I thought, “Now, Olivia, you’ve done it. You’ve done what you always knew you would—and what you always knew you probably shouldn’t. You’re going to be the happiest woman in the world—and the most miserable. You’ve said you’d marry Paul.”

Gay, irresponsible, charming Paul! His widowed mother had pampered and babied him all his life. In the year since her death I had pretty much taken over the same job. Not that I minded. I’d been in love with him ever since grade-school days, and after his mother died it was perfectly natural that he should leave the town where we’d both grown up and come to New York, where I’d already gone; natural that we should see each other every day. And most of all natural and beautifully right that we should be married.

I knew Paul’s faults but, knowing them, I did not care. I could look

at him and love him for what he was now, still feeling my heart melt for the tousle-headed little boy he never quite stopped being. He was mine, and if I was to spend the rest of my life getting him out of scrapes he had wandered into gayly and thoughtlessly, that was all the happiness I asked.

“Shall we go?” Paul asked now.

“All right,” I said. “But where?”

“To get married, of course.” He smiled as he said it.

“But aren’t we going to have a real wedding—with flowers and rice and things, like other people?”

He reached over and patted my hand. “Poor darling—who’d come to our wedding? We practically don’t know a single soul in all New York. Who would we invite—your hotel clerk? Or maybe the soda jerker at the drugstore where I eat breakfast?”

He was right, of course. Paul had no family at all, and mine was scattered all over the country—Mother and Dad in California and my two brothers married and with families in Minnesota. The sudden pang of loneliness that struck me must have shown on my face, because Paul held my hand tightly and said, “I’ll tell you what we’ll do, honey. We’ll celebrate tonight—we’ll paint the town red. We’ll dance and laugh and be gay and then we’ll drive out to Greenwich and get ourselves married, and you’ll hardly realize it at all. It’ll be done before you know it. Absolutely painless. All right?”

I hesitated, then smiled a little shakily. “All right, Paul.” Paul called for the waiter, paid the check and we started out on our great adventure. It was a wonderful night. Even now as I look back on it I can still feel the careless elation we shared. For once I forgot about



Adapted for Radio Mirror by Gwen Jones from an original radio story by Marjorie Camp, entitled "The Withered Heart," and first broadcast over station WMCA, New York.



Their elopement was gay, impulsive, filled with romance. And now Olivia knew that she was destined to be the happiest woman in the world—or else the most miserable

responsibilities and duties and the troubles of the world, and thought only of the moment and of Paul and of the fun we were having. I forgot that my little stage career would probably have to be left behind—because Paul, being Paul, would want me near him every minute. I forgot that Paul's career as a writer was by no means accomplished and that the years ahead would not be easy ones. I remembered only that I was with the man I loved, the man I had loved always and that soon—precious thought to be hugged tightly and quietly to my breast—soon we would be made one.

WE went to the Stork Club that night, and watched the little debutantes come in with their long careless hair-dos and fresh faces. We stood at the bar at "21" and read the signs tacked on the wall—left-over signs from old tavern days:—"Bed and breakfast—35c" and "Gentlemen will retain their coats while dancing." We went over to the Broadway Sports Palace and had our fortunes told by the automatic gypsy. We had our pictures taken together on the Photomaton, and Paul brought me a candied apple which stuck to my teeth. We crashed a radio program at Radio City and discussed life with a man who was mopping the floor in the main lobby. We went over to Sardi's where all the theatrical folk gather and had cups and cups of black coffee. We talked incessantly about foolish things and pretended that we were visiting royalty and that tomorrow we would have to assume the cares of state once more.

We tired ourselves out so that when we finally climbed into Paul's ratty old car and started out for Greenwich, we couldn't talk any more. We sat quietly in the

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We tired ourselves out so that when we finally climbed into Paul's ratty old car and started out for Greenwich, we couldn't talk any more. We sat quietly in the

front seat, holding hands on the long straight stretches of road, and watched the new dawn turn from pearl to pink in the east.

It was daylight when Paul pulled up in front of a neat white frame house on the outskirts of Greenwich. On its front door was a little sign which read "Justice of the Peace."

"Here we are, Sweet," he whispered to me. "Now all we have to do is get 'em out of bed."

Opening the car door, he picked me up in his arms and carried me to the front door of the house. "All right, now you can stand up," he told me, as he set me on my own two feet. Not taking his eyes away from mine, he knocked on the door.

All the time the beautiful marriage lines were being read by the still drowsy but sweet and friendly old man who was Justice of the Peace, I could think only "Well, I didn't have a real wedding with bridesmaids and a church and rice, but this is fun." I said "I do" automatically, and then suddenly Paul had his arms around me and was kissing me, and I knew that miraculously I was married and he was my husband. The Justice of the Peace beamed at us and said, "Well, good luck, folks!"

Paul looked up then, cleared his throat and drew me to one side. In a hurried, slightly embarrassed whisper, he asked, "Olivia, do you

happen to have five dollars with you? I just looked and all I have is thirty-five cents. I guess maybe we overdid it a little tonight."

It was a jarring note. For a second I thought to myself—this is the beginning. This is the way it's going to be. And then I mentally scolded myself for being romantic and silly, and whispered back. "Yes, Paul—just a minute. Here it is."

"Don't let them see," he begged me.

I didn't let them see, and he paid the nice old man. We both said goodbye and were on our way back to New York.

"Gosh," said my new husband, "people can sure spend a lot of money in an evening, can't they?"

"They certainly can," I agreed, and made a mental note that from then on the budget situation was going to be my own particular concern.

IT WAS mid-morning by the time we got back to New York. We had decided that we would allow ourselves a week-end at one of the really nice hotels in town for our honeymoon and after that we'd find a small apartment somewhere and settle down to working out a life together. I had to go back to my own hotel, first, of course, to get my things together, and so did Paul, so we arranged to meet in an hour at our favorite Sunday-morning breakfast restaurant.

When I walked into my hotel I was also walking straight into my first chance to be a wife. Because waiting for me there were about six frantic messages to call Joe Blaney.

Joe had been the closest approach I'd ever had to an actor's agent since I had been in New York. He was like me—just starting out, and the acting jobs he'd gotten for me

had been anything but startling. But if he wasn't the world's most efficient agent, I never knew anyone who was a better friend.

This time he really had something for me. Joe always shouts over the telephone, but now he was practically screaming. The leading lady of "Modest Maidens," a Broadway hit that was just starting out on a road tour, had fallen and broken her ankle. It happened that I looked very much like her—small and blonde and pert-featured—and the director wanted me for the tour.

It was a beautiful part, a wonderful part—and a piece of luck that I'd never hoped for. As Joe screamed at me, "This is the beginning for you, Baby. A few months with that show on the road, and you'll be hitting Broadway. You can't miss."

"Oh, Joe," I breathed into the telephone. "It's come at last! It's too good to be—"

And I stopped. It was too good to be true. Much too good. Yesterday I could have leaped at the chance. But today was—today. I couldn't leave Paul. I couldn't leave him and go off on the road—because they'd want me at once—and be gone for weeks and weeks. He'd never understand, and even if he did, it still wouldn't be fair to him. Paul came first now. Everything else had to be secondary.

"Look, Joey," I almost sobbed, "it's wonderful, and you've been swell, but I can't do it."

"What do you mean you can't do it?"

"Joe, I just got married!"

"Married! When? Who to?"

"A few hours ago. To a boy I'm crazy about."

There was silence, and then Joe rallied. "So you're married—all right, what of it? You go out on tour for a couple of months and then you come back. What's being married got to do with it?"

YOU don't understand, Joe," I said.

And of course that was true—nobody could understand who didn't know Paul. "This marriage is more important to me than anything. I'm not going to let anything happen to it."

"Not even a chance at being a great actress?"

It was hard to say, but I said it. "Not even that, Joe."

He was kind about it, and a good loser, although he was probably as disappointed as I. When he hung up I knew I hadn't lost a friend, and that he would still do his best to get me parts in shows that wouldn't take me out of New York. But I had a mo- *Continued on page 79*



The words you spoke

This moment was stolen, but that was not why it had become tense and filled with conflict. He had put a price on their love—a price higher than she could pay

We were laughing when we got back to the dock. "When can I see you again?" Ken said.

IT'S been said before, but love is a funny thing. I used to think it was simple. I thought a girl met a man and suddenly something like a dazzling white light illuminated her whole life, and she was sure with a wonderful, absolute certainty that she loved him and only him. And yet, when I got engaged to Harry Ormsby it wasn't that way at all.

It wasn't that I *didn't* love Harry. I was deeply fond of him, and I admired and respected him more than anyone I've ever known. Of course, every soul who knew him felt admiration and respect, because Harry was a rare person. He was good—not in a pious, self-righteous way, but good out of honor and fineness and a belief in his fellow human beings. He had humility and a simple, right kind of pride, and when you were with him you felt warmed as if by a physical glow.

Ormsby was an American version of his real name. He had come to this country as an immigrant from Middle Europe when he was thirteen—penniless and completely alone. Through hard work and his own fine integrity he had built up a business until now, at forty-three, he was owner of a highly successful chemical plant that employed hundreds of people and was worth hundreds of thousands of dollars.

Harry didn't look forty-three. He didn't look any age. In his figure and movements, he might have been thirty—tanned and big and vigorous, with dark hair shot through with gray, and bright brown eyes. When you looked into those eyes, though, he might have been a hundred; they were filled with the understanding



Adapted for Radio Mirror by Helen Irwin Dawdey from an original drama by Brian J. Byrne, first heard on the Lincoln Highway program on the NBC network.



Panic had transformed him into something I'd never seen before. "I won't hide, Ken," I said stubbornly. "Please open the door."

and sympathy that only comes with a lot of living. The things that Harry Ormsby loved he loved with a passionate and single-hearted intensity. He loved America, the country that had been so good to him, that stood for all the things he believed in, and his patriotism was the kind that went a lot deeper than the lip-service of some native born citizens who take it for granted. And he loved—me.

I met him when my boss became Harry's lawyer for the chemical concern. The first time I ever saw him was when I was called in to take notes at a legal conference, and I thought he was one of the most attractive men I'd ever seen. When he first started asking me out and taking me around, I looked on him as a fine, older friend with whom I had many interests in common and who treated me with a rare old-world courtesy I'd never experienced before. He touched me, he was so simple and so sincere. And then when, abruptly one night at dinner, he asked me to marry him, I was so surprised I said "Yes." I said it because, overwhelmed by the feeling for me he suddenly revealed, I couldn't say "No."

I've never seen a man so happy. "There's only one thing," he said finally. "I'd like to wait a while before we announce our engagement. You see, I'm resigning from the plant!"

"Resigning!" I was startled. "But Harry, that plant has been your life."

"Now it's time to offer my life where it will do the most good—to my country. I'm too old to fight, Carol, but I'm not too old to work. I've offered my services at Washington, and they've accepted me for a post in the supply procurement department. I'm to take over in two months, and in the meantime I have to decide which of the men in the office to put in my place. No one there knows I'm leaving. I'd like to wait until that's settled before we make an announcement. Do you think you could be happy living in Washington, Carol?"

"If you're there," I said, and meant it.

"And you won't mind waiting till September? We can be married just as soon as I'm established in the new job. It wouldn't be fair to you to do it any sooner . . ."

"I don't mind, Harry. Honestly, I don't." I meant that, too.

I was glad of the delay. It would give me time really to know my own mind, I thought. I was twenty-five, and I'd worked for eight years—worked hard because I was alone in the world and things don't come easy for a lonely girl in these in-

secure days. I'd never been in love. I'd known several men I'd been attracted to, and they to me, but whenever the question of marriage had come up I had never felt as I thought I should. I'd never been carried away by anyone, and I'd wanted to wait for the dazzling, shining thing that would make me forget all else. Love should come like an irresistible force.

Harry told me he had never been in love before, either. He had worked too hard to have time or thought for it, he said. And I knew I represented all the things he had missed—a home, a woman's care, an abiding place.

"You are laughter to me when I am gay," he said, "and comfort to me when I am sad, and warmth when I am cold with the fears that beset us all."

THAT night when I was alone at home, I was torn with doubts. And for many nights after. Not of Harry, but of myself. I felt a deep affection for him and I would try to be a good wife to him. But still I didn't feel the thing I'd waited to feel.

And yet, I told myself, maybe some women just don't have the rapturous kind of love in their lives. Maybe some of us never know that ecstasy mixed with pain. I wanted to be fair with the man who loved me so much. And so Harry never knew I doubted.

He showered me with presents—lovely things I had always wanted, but never ostentatious. Phonograph albums of the recordings I liked, books, handkerchiefs of sheer, fragile linen. Having been poor himself, he understood the deep longing one can have for beautiful things, and he gave them to me. He gave of himself to me, too. Early memories of heartache and loneliness in a strange country; beliefs and dreams—all these he shared with me. And he talked over the problems of his business. He was worried about selecting his successor. He had picked his associates carefully and all of them were loyal and trustworthy, but the responsibilities he was leaving were heavy and he had to be sure the man he picked could carry them.

"You know what?" he said one night. He was pacing up and down my little apartment, whistling the tuneless, abstracted little whistle that was as much a part of him as his broad shoulders. "I'm going to give a weekend party at the summer place and invite every man in the office and his wife, if any. I've given parties for the force before but never one like this. A whole week-



Harry was smiling as he came in. His eyes went past Ken's face to me and he stopped smiling.

end will give me a good chance to see them all when they're relaxed and feel at home. You can tell a lot about a man if you can see him when he's at ease."

"It's a good idea," I said idly—never dreaming what that weekend party was to lead to. . . .

IT WAS at the weekend party that I met Ken Willis.

I'd seen him several times before, when I'd dropped by the office to pick up Harry. He was dark, with a keen face and the most direct gaze I've ever seen. He was about thirty but I knew Harry regarded him as very able for his years and thought more of him than of some of the older executives. But it was on that Friday night I really knew him for the first time.

It was after dinner and some of the guests were dancing, out on the terrace. Harry and I were sitting in big wicker chairs, watching. I felt lazy and languid but vaguely restless, too. Then I saw Ken Willis

coming toward us. The light from the house fell on his face and threw it in bold relief, with its high cheekbones and deepset, direct eyes. I thought suddenly of a Spanish buccaneer.

He stopped beside my chair. "May I have this dance, Miss Masters?"

I hesitated and looked at Harry. He smiled and nodded. "Go ahead, Carol. I'd enjoy watching you."

With a reluctance I couldn't understand I let Ken lead me out on the flagstoned terrace. "I ought to warn you," he said, "this isn't going to be any jitter-bug exhibition. Anybody who dances with me has to be a sedate, proper little lady. I've got a game leg."

"I'm always a sedate, proper little lady," I laughed. "And I haven't danced in ages, which is worse than having a game leg."

"Except that it doesn't keep you out of the Army. Mine does," he said soberly and briefly. "Automobile accident."

"Oh! I'm sorry!"

He put his arm around me and—how shall I describe what happened? It was like an electric shock. It was as if, at his touch, I had come alive. Suddenly and frighteningly, Ken Willis was *Youth*. And youth, in all these last weeks of restless doubt and conflicting emotion, was what I'd wanted and needed. Harry had filled my life and Harry was no longer young. And I knew that whatever this was I was feeling, Ken knew it and felt it, too.

We danced slowly and silently for a long moment, my heart thudding in my breast. His arm tightened around me, holding me close. His eyes searched my face as if he had never seen it before. I was afraid to look up, afraid to breathe, this thing and the knowledge that we shared it was so sudden and so strong.

"Did anyone ever tell you," he said frankly, "that you are breathtakingly—lovely?"

"Often." I tried to laugh. "But never as charmingly as you."

"Don't try to laugh it off. Don't fence with me," he said almost roughly. "This is important."

It was. And when the music stopped and he led me back to Harry and took his arm from about me, I drew a long, shuddering breath as though I'd been released from an embrace.

Harry smiled at us. "You looked fine, dancing together. You ought to do it again."

"It's too hot," I said quickly.

"As a matter of fact," Ken said, "it would be a wonderful night for a boat ride on your lake, Mr. Ormsby. How about it?"

"It might be for you youngsters, Ken, but the dampness is bad for an old guy like me. Besides, I've got to get a couple of tables of bridge started for those who don't want to dance. Why don't you take Carol for a quick ride?"

"But Harry—"

"No, run along. I've got to be a host now." And he moved away from us, whistling his cheerful little whistle.

There was moonlight on the lake and we drifted along with the breeze soft on our faces. I had been afraid to come on this ride, afraid of my own feelings. Yet I had come and I was still afraid, only now the fear seemed part of the high excitement.

After a while Ken stopped rowing, and we floated in the moonlit stillness, and talked. Ken told me about himself. He'd been a poor boy, left alone as I was, and he'd worked his way through college to learn to be a chemist. When he got out jobs were few and hard to get.

"I piled up debts I'm still paying off, while I waited," he said. "But that wasn't what worried me the most. It was the feeling of wasting myself, my youth, everything."

I nodded sympathetically. I, too, had felt that.

Then he'd come to Harry for a job, and Harry had been interested in him. He'd given Ken the first really important job he'd ever had, and all the boy's driving, rebellious energy had gone into it. He lived for it and in it. But he was lonely.

"In fact, tonight is the first time in my life I've ever *not* been lonely. And that's because of you . . ."

"Maybe it's because I have been, too, and I understand." I looked away from him as I said it, trying to keep my tone only conversational, but I felt his eyes on my face as they had been when we danced. Then, as if by mutual consent, we changed the serious tone of our conversation, and we were laughing when we got back to the dock.

After he had helped me out of the boat, Ken said, "When can I see you again?"

"Why—tomorrow. Everybody's staying over until Sunday."

"I don't mean here, at the house party. I mean alone. Will you have lunch with me next week?"

"I'm—really awfully busy these days, Ken."

His grasp on my arm tightened. "I asked you not to fence with me. What about Monday?"

"But I—all right, Ken, Monday."

I'M sure that all the guests at that house party had a wonderful time, because Harry is an excellent host. But never once was I really aware of them or whether they had a good time or not. Nor did I remember the real purpose of the party, which was to give Harry the chance of observing them. All that I was aware of was Ken Willis. We seemed drawn together like the opposite poles of a magnet, and no matter what one of us was doing—swimming in the lake or chatting with the others or driving around the countryside—the other one would be there too. If Harry noticed, he gave no sign.

Driving back to town Sunday night I told Harry I was lunching with Ken the next day. "That's good," he said. "I'd like your opinion of him. The field has pretty well narrowed down between him and Bill Dean. Tell me what you think, so I can make my final decision."

I think that Sunday night was the longest I ever spent. I couldn't get Ken out of my mind. Maybe, I thought, I'd been mistaken. Maybe it had been a kind of abnormal excitement—just the mood I was in, undecided about my real love for Harry, and all that.

But when I saw him Monday noon at the little French restaurant, I knew it had been no mistake. The same surcharge of electricity went

through me and I knew this was the feeling I'd been waiting for all those years when I hadn't married.

We made conversation for a while about trivialities, each trying to be natural. Finally Ken said, "Let's quit stalling, Carol. It isn't any good. If things were different with me I'd never talk to you like this—about the books we've read lately and how we get along in our jobs. I'd talk to you about what I'm feeling—and what you are too."

In one last vain attempt to be casual, I said. "And what is that?"

"Face it, Carol. There's something tremendous between us and we both know it. It happened—bingo, just like that. But I'm in no position to offer you anything. If I could, if I had a better job—"

"But I'm engaged to Harry, Ken. I thought you knew. I thought everybody in the plant knew that."

"I do know," he said bitterly. "And I know he can give you everything in the world and I can give you nothing."

"It isn't what he can give me! That has nothing to do with it. I promised to marry him for what he is in himself."

"He's a great guy, all right. But you don't feel for him what you do for me."

"I—I'm not sure . . ."

"I'd make you sure. If I could only say, 'Marry me right now!' If I could only—"

"Oh, don't!" I cried. "Don't."

For I knew something that Ken didn't. I knew if I urged Harry to put him at the head of the plant he would do it. Then Ken would have enough money to support a wife.

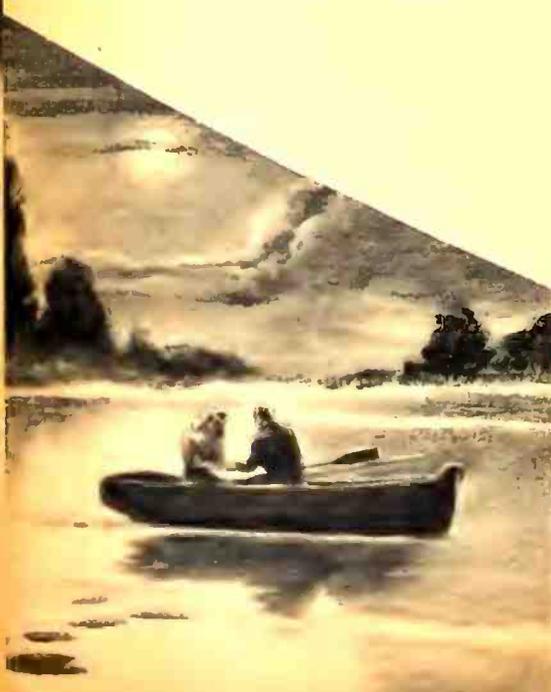
His voice was urgent in my ears. "Harry's going to Washington on business this weekend. Have dinner with me Saturday night, Carol. I've got to see you again."

"I can't," I said miserably. "Please don't ask me."

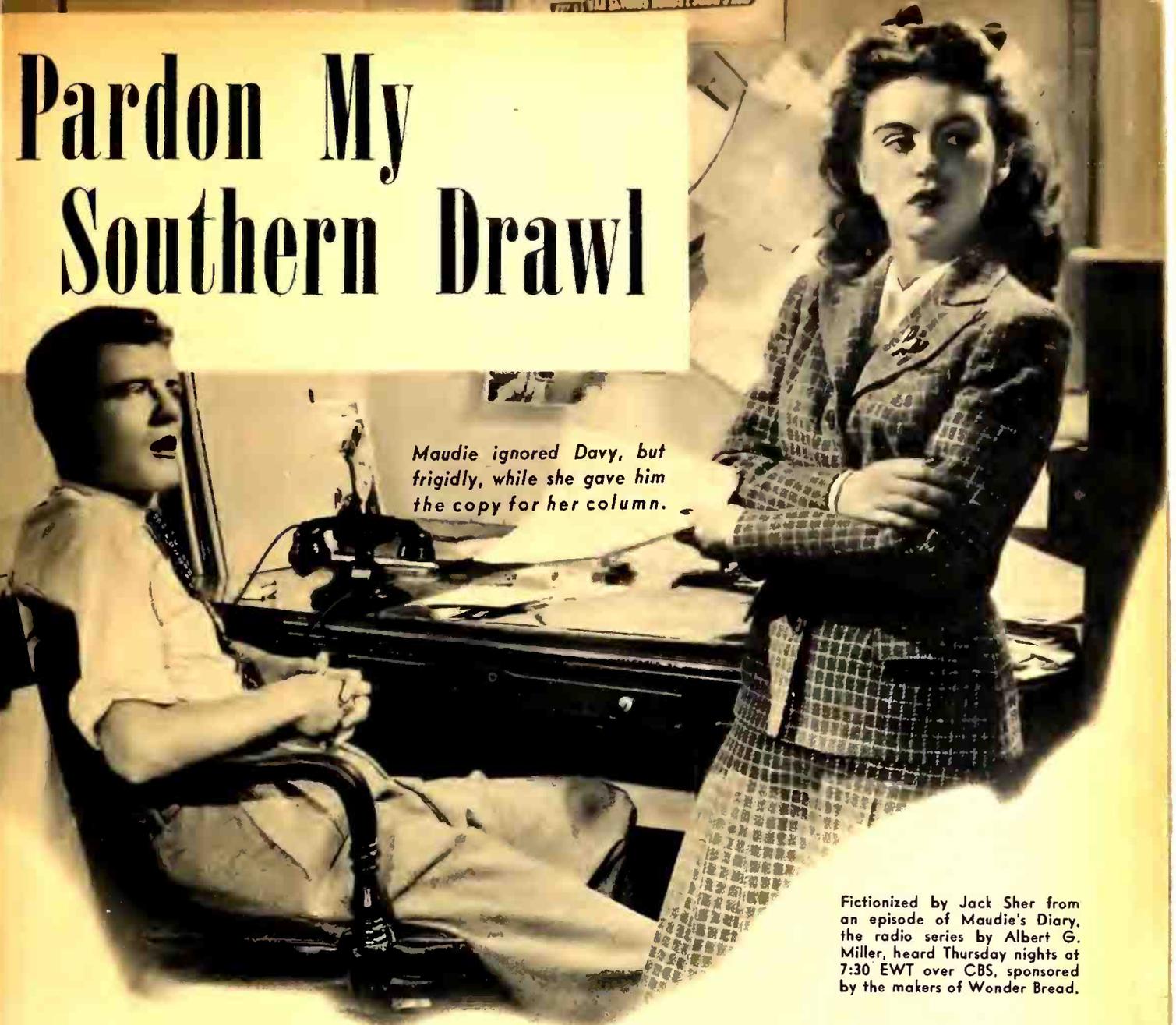
"You're being cowardly. You're afraid to face facts. That's not fair to any of us, Carol."

He was right. There's no sense, ever, in trying to evade the truth. "Till Saturday, Ken," I whispered as we said goodbye.

Being with Harry that week was like tearing my heart into small pieces. While he talked of what our life would be like when he was established in his new job in Washington, I was thinking of another man—of a keen dark face and an urging voice. While he kissed me, I was wondering how I could ever bring myself to hurt this fine, sweet man who loved me so much. He seemed to sense something was wrong. *Continued on page 52*



Pardon My Southern Drawl



Maudie ignored Davy, but frigidly, while she gave him the copy for her column.

Fictionized by Jack Sher from an episode of *Maudie's Diary*, the radio series by Albert G. Miller, heard Thursday nights at 7:30 EWT over CBS, sponsored by the makers of Wonder Bread.

In all her seventeen years, Maudie could not recall ever being more helplessly devastated. It was simply revolting to love someone she hated as much as Davy

PAULY HOWARD, Maudie's extra-special girl friend, looked up from her botany book and gasped. She nudged Maudie. "Oooh look!" she whispered. "Your superman and that blonde again!"

Maudie Mason looked. Her heart began doing flip-flops and her round blue eyes became dangerously bright, lit with an unholy anger. She hoped that the heat they were now emitting would burn two large holes in the back of a head covered with curly brown hair.

The head belonged to Mr. Davy Dillon and it was very close to the blonde locks of a very feminine, cuddlesome student with whom

he was sharing a microscope.

This, Maudie Mason thought, is the end. This loathsome, drippy exhibition, right in front of the whole class which knew that Davy Dillon was her man. In all her seventeen years, Maudie could not recall ever being more stricken, more helplessly devastated. *Men*, she thought, bitterly, *oh, men!* She wondered how she could ever love Davy Dillon when she hated him so colossally.

When the bell ending the class rang, Maudie did not wait for Davy. "C'mon Pauly," she said, "let's breeze."

Pauly's mouth fell open. "You're

going to leave him with that droop-snoot?"

Maudie nodded. There were tears in her eyes, but she marched past Davy Dillon with her head held high, turning it just once in order to scorch the temptress standing by his side. She felt supremely murderous, but on the way home this feeling was supplanted by a deepening melancholy which even Pauly's brave cheerfulness could not route. Her books, which Davy usually carried, were not nearly so heavy as her heart.

Instead of going straight home, Maudie stopped at Pauly's house for a glass of chocolate milk, which



Davy

(Played by Bob Walker)

temporarily fortified her for the rest of the journey. As she wearily climbed the steps of her front porch, the door opened and, of all people, there stood Davy Dillon. He was smiling a smug, awful, hateful smile. "Hi, queen bee," he greeted her. "Whyn't you wait for your honey?"

Maudie clenched her fists and glared. "Mr. Dillon," she informed him, "I wouldn't wait for you if you were the last man on earth!"

Davy grinned. "Any other com-

pliments before the man in the white coat comes to drag you away?" He paused, while Maudie caught her breath. "Don't be a jealous character," he added, "or I won't take you to the dance Saturday night."

Maudie's voice reached Mrs. Mason, who was in the kitchen at the rear of the house. "You're a hootowl and a zombie!" she cried, "And I would rather be *totally* dead than be seen with you at the dance."

Davy scowled, wrinkling his usu-

ally smooth and unperturbed forehead. "I don't have to stay here and listen to insults," he said loftily as Maudie hurried past him into the house.

Maudie stopped for the last word. "Go home, then," she said, her lips trembling. "That brass thing in your hand is the doorknob."

She turned her back, waiting for him to answer, and then the door slammed and Maudie felt as if she had been slapped. "Davy," she said,



Maudie

(Played by Charita Bauer)

rushing to the door. "Oh, Davy!" And then she leaned against the door, dropping her books as the tears began to flow freely.

Her tears changed to deep, soulful sobs as she thought about the delicious plans she had made for their future. Their home, their children, which she had never happened to mention to Davy, their whole beautiful, excruciating life together had been utterly crushed by that ishy blonde and Davy's ghastly temper.

Everything—just everything—was a revolting mess. Maudie wondered how she could go on living. There didn't seem to be much point to it now.

Then she felt her mother's arm around her shoulder and, somehow, felt a little better. She stopped sobbing, went back to tears, and ended up with tiny, plaintive sniffles.

"What's the matter, darling?" Mrs. Mason asked tenderly.

"Oh, mother!" Maudie sniffed.

"It's just too tragic to talk about."

Mrs. Mason nodded. "Did you and Davy have another quarrel?"

Maudie looked surprised. The mater seemed to sense everything. "It was worse than a quarrel," Maudie said. "It was like a rehearsal for Judgment Day!" She choked on her next statement. "Mother, Davy is mixed up with a regular wolfess!"

"A what, dear?" Mrs. Mason asked. *Continued on page 54*

WE LOVE and LEARN



ANDREA REYNOLDS could scarcely believe her own ears. It wasn't possible that Frank Harrison was saying, "I love you—" that he was asking her to be his wife.

She and Frank Harrison hadn't any meeting point, for he was the richest man in Beechmont and she was a teacher who depended on her meagre salary for the material things, at least. Not only that, she was in her early twenties, untouched, untried, and he was in his middle forties—sophisticated, divorced. There was a gap of years and custom between them, as well as a money barrier. Why, it was only through his son Junior that he had come to her attention at all. She hadn't even considered him as a possible suitor. Junior—deprived of a mother's affection, inhibited, living alone in a great house with his father and a staff of servants—had seemed more pathetic to Andrea than any of her other pupils. It was only natural that she should lean toward Junior, that she should try to help him with his lessons—the child was no student, he needed help! It was only natural that she should take up Junior's problems with Frank, but she hadn't dreamed that their stilted parent-teacher consultations would lead to this!

"Mr. Harrison," she faltered, "I—really, I don't know what to—to say. You've taken me—by surprise. I—I'm at a loss."

Frank's voice, shaken with emotion, told her—"I'll be at a loss for

She whispered, "What's come over us?" And then suddenly another voice was breaking the magic, as a bubble is broken.

the rest of my days if you don't marry me—and so will Junior. Junior needs a mother and I need—you. Even if you don't love me, Andrea, marrying me will be an act of Christian charity and—" his voice roughened—"and I'll make you love me! I'll be so good to you, Andrea. I'll give you everything in the world."

Everything in the world! Andrea's mind, traveling backward, found an evening five years ago when she and her father, himself a college professor, seated in front of their fireplace, had discussed her vocation. She, at seventeen, had been so sure of her ability to rationalize living and loving. "Being a teacher," she argued, "is the greatest job in the world but it needn't blot out happiness. You managed to reconcile love and a career, dad—why do you think

that a woman can't teach and have a home—a man to love—at the same time?" There had been sadness on her father's face as he answered, "I don't think anything about it, Andy-girl—I know. A man can build a partition in his heart—he can reserve one side of it for business and one side for his personal life—but a woman's different. A woman can't teach and have romance without one or the other suffering."

Her father. He was dead now and Andrea was alone in the world—more alone even than Junior, Frank Harrison's son. For Junior had Frank and she—once more the man's voice intruded on her reverie, breaking the thread of it.

"I'll give you everything," he was saying. "Not only for yourself—for others. You can help the poor people of this town, Andrea—you can help

★ *Two men loved her, but only one—the wrong one—had asked her to marry him. An*

RADIO'S
ROMANTIC DRAMA
TOLD AS A
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plete, and—forgive me for saying it, dear!—you're incomplete without us, too. Any woman is incomplete when she hasn't a husband and a child. Andrea, you—you're too beautiful, too warm, too human to degenerate into an old maid school teacher with a dried up heart in her breast and a shriveled sense of humor."

It was a cruel way to put it but Andrea realized the truth of Frank's summing up. It was the same old controversy she'd had with her father. "I—I like you, Frank," she said, "but I scarcely know you. And—" she laughed shakily—"I'm a tiny bit scared of you. You're such a formidable person."

"I'll never be formidable with you," objected Frank. "Why are you scared, Andrea? Do you think that my wife left me, twelve years ago, because of—brutality?" His voice hardened. "That wasn't the case, I assure you—she left me for entirely selfish reasons.' Do you think that making money has made me so hard and unyielding that I haven't any softer side? Well, give me the chance and I'll prove that that's not so. Andrea, I won't even ask you to give up teaching school if your work's so vitally important to your peace of mind—I won't ask you to do anything that goes against the grain. Just marry me and—" there was something boyish and appealing, now, in his tone, "and let me teach you a few things for a change."

Andrea felt suddenly tired. Frank Harrison, despite the sprinkling of gray on his temples, was a handsome man and a strong man. He'd protect her and shield her—it would be pleasant and restful to know that someone else was taking over the responsibilities, was doing the teaching. She heard herself whispering—"Well, perhaps, if you don't expect too much of me—" And then at his swift exclamation of delight—"I—I'll try to make a go of it, Frank—I am sorry for Junior and I'm sorry for you, too. And I'm very fond of Junior and I admire you immensely and—and that'll be a good beginning!"

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the youngsters that she taught in the eighth grade. "As the twig is bent—" the old proverb came to her often—"so is the tree inclined." She'd been busy seeing that the twigs who came her way were bent in the proper direction—it was a sacred trust, a trust that had kept her free of entanglements and sentimentality. Her days were spent in the schoolroom—her solitary evenings in her own small room back of Daddy Little's flower shop. Daddy Little—his image brought a faint smile to Andrea's face. The quaint old man with whom she boarded was her only masculine admirer. Or—she corrected herself—he had been, up to a few moments ago. For Frank Harrison's hand was touching hers almost shyly and he was saying, "Andrea, please. I'm incomplete without you—and Junior's incom-

the children that you've come to know—the ones who haven't proper food and clothing. You can—Andrea, you can help me! I haven't food for my soul, and I'm shivering because I need love as much as those children need winter coats. Andrea, there isn't anyone else?" his tone grew apprehensive—"Tell me there isn't anyone else."

Andrea reassured him slowly—"No, there isn't anyone else." Her existence, she realized, had been curiously devoid of close attachments. Since her father's going she'd squandered her every emotion on

While Andrea searched her heart, the town was filled with mounting whispers of scandal

THE LOVE and MARRIAGE

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drea—" Just that, just her name. And then his arms were around her, holding her with a tenderness and passion that was astonishing and—yes, gratifying. When he kissed her mouth Andrea knew a brief sensation of withdrawal and revolt, and then even the revolt passed and she was submitting to his caress and almost answering it.

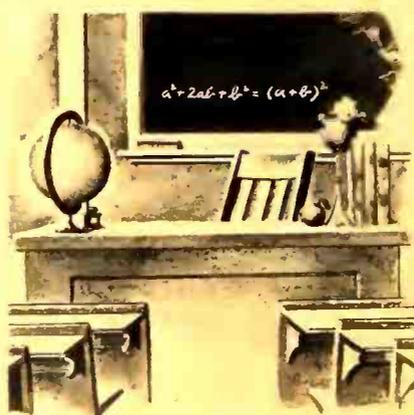
WHEN the first excitement was over Frank started planning. Andrea must have her engagement ring at once—so the town would know that she belonged to him. Not a diamond—diamonds were too cold—it must be a sapphire, the color of her eyes, and she must let him give her a mink coat for an engagement present. He was going to New York that weekend and she must come along with him—it would be perfectly proper, they'd stay at different hotels—and choose the ring and the coat. He was leaving on Thursday—they'd go down by train—Andrea interrupted him here. "But I have to work until Friday night," she reminded him. "School keeps, no matter what!" Frank's brow clouded with brief annoyance and then the annoyance passed. "Perhaps it's just as well," he said. "Thursday and Friday I'll be busy—but you can fly down on Saturday morning and join me for lunch and we can do our shopping in the afternoon, and fly back together. I don't have to tell you that I've an interest in that airplane plant on the outskirts of town. I'll have one of our test pilots take you in a brand new ship."

A sapphire ring—a mink coat—a special trip in a new airplane. What girl wouldn't be thrilled and dazzled? Andrea, responding with less restraint to Frank's kisses, told herself that she'd made a good choice—that the marriage might be a great success, after all, that she wouldn't let a twelve-year-old divorce mar her shining future. . . . When Frank left her, that evening, her mind was swimming and if her heart was a trifle numb that was only natural. Her heart was unused to the amount of strain that had been put upon it.

It was the beginning of the week when Andrea Reynolds became engaged to Frank Harrison and she lived in a gathering whirl of excitement during the days that followed. Phone calls, notes by special messenger, flowers—Daddy Little complained whimsically that the orchids Frank sent her put the blossoms in his shop to shame! The Harrison car waited every afternoon at the school gate to take her home and Andrea knew that her fellow teachers and

the principal, Mr. Saunders, were speculating about the attention she received from the town's richest man. She hoped that Mr. Saunders, especially, wouldn't mis-read the signs. He'd been antagonistic ever since her arrival in Beechmont—he seemed to resent her youth and prettiness. But, despite her apprehension and embarrassment, she was too shy to announce her new status, even to the favorite few who were her confidantes. "You mustn't tell a soul," she warned Frank, "not even Junior—until I'm wearing my ring. The ring will be self-explanatory—I won't have to make alibis when it's on my finger. Promise, Frank?"

Frank had promised, but Andrea wasn't quite sure that he'd stuck to his guns. For once when she was teaching the world's changing history to her eighth graders—pointing out new boundaries on the map—she detected Junior's speculative gaze on her face and couldn't help wondering if he had an inkling of what was going on. She flashed a



Fictionized by Margaret E. Sangster from the radio story heard weekdays at 2:30 P.M., EWT over CBS, sponsored by Grape Nuts. Illustrations posed by the cast—Betty Warth as Andrea, Horace Braham as Frank Harrison and Dan McLaughlin as Kit Collins.

wistful, bright smile in his direction and he answered it doubtfully.

Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday. On Wednesday night Andrea had dinner with Frank at the town's best hotel. He'd be leaving for the city tomorrow and she wouldn't see him again until their Saturday rendezvous. When he reached across the table to pat her hand, when he lifted that hand and pressed his lips to her slim fingers, Andrea—flushing—was aware of many eyes watching her avidly and knew that waiters and hotel guests alike were forming their own conclusions. She wished that she could be less self-conscious about Frank's attentions—she wished that she could be more ardent in her feelings toward him, and told her-

self, over and over again, that his evident happiness was compensation for all that she couldn't feel! But the constant reiteration didn't help much. There was a lack and—in the inner recesses of her soul—she recognized the lack.

Thursday, with Frank Harrison leaving Beechmont and with a telegram from the train telling her that he loved her—and that he was counting the hours until Saturday. Friday, with another telegram and a night letter and two long distance calls. Saturday morning at last and Andrea was starting in a taxi for the commercial air field that was a part of the aviation plant in which Frank held the controlling interest. She was wearing her smartest suit and a tight little hat—her fiancé would be proud of her when she arrived in New York, if she weren't blown to pieces! When she reached the field she stepped out of the taxi, feeling like a streamlined Cinderella, but she was oddly flustered when she asked at the entrance about the plane that had been chartered for Miss Reynolds. The man at the gate surveyed her slantwise and said—"Oh, yes, I know all about it—Mr. Harrison's orders. You're in luck, Miss Reynolds—Kit Collins will fly you down, and he's tops!" He raised his voice and shouted, "Hi, Kit! The lady's here!"

And then she saw him. Kit Collins, tousle-headed, tall, with the bold eyes of a paid adventurer and the lithe body of a professional athlete and the swinging stride of a man who is bred of the sea or the air. He came toward her across the level ground and raised his hand in a mocking salute and drawled, "All set, Miss Reynolds? Because if you are, let's get goin'!"

Sometimes it happens suddenly. Sometimes a man—no better looking than other men, much less desirable than other men from the standpoint of material values—will walk toward a woman across a broad field and will never stop walking until he's reached the center of her soul. As Andrea watched Kit Collins come closer and closer, she knew a hot, breathless sensation in her brain. Usually at ease with strangers, she was curiously abashed and tongue-tied in the presence of something she couldn't analyze or explain. She followed the pilot, wordlessly, to the neat little ship that stood with wings outspread waiting to take flight—she let him help her in and adjust her safety belt—she told him, in the shortest of sentences, that she'd never flown before, that this was all new to her, that yes, she was excited. But she didn't tell him that nine-tenths *Continued on page 72*



She remembered what Frank had said—"Andrea, you're too beautiful, too warm, too human to degenerate into an old maid school teacher with a shriveled sense of humor."

Helpmate

WHEN Linda Emerson married Steve Harper, very much against her father's wishes, she believed that love was the only thing needed to make a happy married life. She did not know that in every marriage there must be adjustments—the fusing of two personalities into a single one. And because she did not know this, she could not understand why her first year as Mrs. Stephen Harper was less than the perfection she had anticipated.

Her father would have said that Linda was unused to the new, rather bohemian life she entered when she became Steve's wife. For Steve was a composer, and George Emerson, respectable business man that he was, had no use for composers. Steve had gone to New York once before, failed there, and returned to Axminster. Now he and Linda, together, attacked the big city once more, and before their money ran out, Steve wrote a complete Symphony and had it accepted for performance.

Linda's joy in this step forward was shadowed, to some extent, by a girl whom Steve introduced as Agnes Corey, an old friend of his former days in New York. But Linda, reading the expression in Agnes' eyes, knew that to her, at least, Steve had been something more than a friend. As the weeks passed, Linda was unable to forget Agnes. Once she saw her with Steve in the park, and several times she telephoned, then hung up quickly when Linda answered. Linda knew that these meetings and contacts were all engineered by Agnes, not by Steve, but still she was afraid that the past was menacing her happiness.

Then came a few days of contentment, when Steve and Linda returned to Axminster, planning to spend a week with her parents. New York and its problems seemed far away—until a hasty telegram summoned Steve back for a conference with the conductor who was to play his Symphony. It was their first separation, and Linda had never known she could be so miserable as

she was the night Steve was later than he had promised in telephoning her from New York.

LINDA kept telling herself she was being foolish. There was really nothing to be upset or anxious about, except that she was here in Axminster and Steve was in New York—alone. He was working hard on his music—their music, the beautiful Symphony Steve had written for her and that was going to be played by the New York Symphony Society. But Linda couldn't hide her restlessness. She couldn't feel entirely at home here, in this quiet town, in the lovely white house where she had lived for so long with her family. It didn't feel like home without Steve.

She tried to preserve her gayety before her family, but it was hard. She caught her father scowling as he had done in the days when he had been willing to move heaven and earth to prevent Linda's marriage to Steve. It would be terrible if George and Irene Emerson misunderstood. It would be terrible if



Read the story of Linda and Steve Harper in romantic fiction form, based on the popular radio serial heard daily Monday through Friday, 10:30 A.M., EWT, over NBC network, sponsored by Old Dutch Cleanser. Illustration posed by Arlene Francis as Linda, Santos Ortega as her father.

they thought that her marriage was a failure. It wasn't a failure! It was a success. Her love for Steve was surer, greater than it had ever been. There was only that tiny, gnawing fear—like last night, when Steve's telephone call had been late. If only Linda could be sure that Steve were telling the truth about that girl, that Agnes Corey was really unimportant to him—what a success their marriage would be!

Late that afternoon, Linda sat alone with her mother. Mrs. Emerson's health had improved considerably, but the doctor had advised a good deal of rest.

"I can't tell you how nice it was to have you here for a few days, Linda," Irene said. "I only wish Steve could have stayed longer."

Linda smiled. "Steve wished he could, too, Mother."

"I can't wait to hear his music played by the Symphony. Just imagine turning on the radio—and hearing them announce a piece of music written by our Steve—Ivan Jacoby conducting it—the New York Symphony playing it—and millions of people listening to it."

"Yes, Mother."

"Your pride won't be any greater than ours, Linda." Irene patted the bed beside her. "Sit over here."

"Of course, Mother. Can I get you anything?"

"No, dear. I was just thinking." Irene paused as though wondering if she should go on. "I know that you and Steve have been separated for the first time since your marriage—because of me—and I feel guilty about it."

"Oh, Mother, you shouldn't. I've loved being here."

"We heard you crying in your room last night, Linda."

"It wasn't anything," Linda said.

"They were tears that hurt." Irene looked timidly at her daughter. "Linda—"

"All tears hurt, Mother." Linda took her mother's hand. "But you mustn't worry about me—and Dad mustn't jump to any conclusions—"

"I know how much you love Steve

At last, Linda was learning the lesson every wife—and every husband too—must be taught before true happiness can come to their marriage

and how much you miss him.”

“That’s not the only thing.” Linda looked down. “I’m a fool,” she said, suddenly.

“A fool about what, Linda?”

Linda shrugged her shoulders.

“Can I help, dear?” Irene tried not to make her voice sound too anxious.

“I doubt it.” Linda took a deep breath. “It’s all so absurd—I’m ashamed to talk about it.”

“Please tell me, Linda—it may help.”

“It’s about a girl.”

“Yes?” Irene questioned gently.

“A girl that Steve used to know—in New York—years before he met me. The first time I saw her and heard her name—it did something to me. I don’t know why. It just did. I had such a queer feeling about it—a feeling of terror, in a way. It wasn’t as though Steve didn’t tell me everything about it. He told me the absolute truth. But he keeps meeting her—we keep meeting her. It isn’t Steve’s doing—she just wants to see him. Steve is annoyed by it.” Linda tightened her grip on her mother’s hand. “There isn’t anything unusual about her—she’s pretty and seems rather bright—and I’m almost sure she doesn’t love Steve—but there’s something about it all that upsets me so. I keep thinking about it—I dream about it—and when Steve went back to New York, I thought about it twice as much—and when that phone call was late—how could I have such thoughts?”

Linda was breathless when she stopped talking. She looked at her mother expectantly. Irene shook her head.

“You’re a jealous wife, Linda,” she smiled.

“But jealous of what?” Linda cried. “Something that’s dead and past?”

“There’s no reason for you to feel like this at all, Linda—unless you aren’t sure that the past is dead.”

“Oh, I’m sure of it, Mother,” Linda was emphatic.

“You are?”



Suddenly Linda felt very sorry for him. He was torturing himself needlessly over her and her problems.

"Yes, I am." Linda tried to blink away her tears. "You see what a fool your daughter is?"

"Yes," said Irene tenderly, "but I never realized she was this big a fool. Now, stop those tears."

"I'm just ashamed, ashamed," Linda repeated.

"You should be," Irene said. "But I'm glad you spoke about it to me. I thought it was something more real—I mean, something that actually happened. Darling, think only of the future—and if you must bother with the past, just make up your mind it began with the day you met Steve." Irene took a deep breath. "And another thing," she went on. "I think you should take the first train for New York tomorrow. You should go home, Linda."

Tears sprang to Linda's eyes once more as she leaned over to kiss her mother.

George Emerson started to protest the idea of Linda's leaving so soon and so suddenly.

But even he was moved by the real gayety in Linda's voice and eyes that evening. But the next morning, as he waited with Linda on the windy station platform he tried to impress on Linda that Axminster was really her home and that she would be welcome back at any time she cared to come.

"After all," he said gruffly, "New York is—well, it's New York. It's not like your own home town."

"But New York is my home town now, Dad," Linda said.

"Hm. Well, maybe some day you'll change your mind. Anyhow, it was good, having you home again, Linda, even if it was only for a few days."

"Maybe Steve and I will be able to come for a longer visit next time."

"Yes, well—Steve—I hope he got your wire all right."

"I'm sure he did, Dad. Don't worry. He'll be at the station to meet me."

The train came roaring in. George Emerson stood, hatless, on the platform until it was out of sight. For Linda's own good, he hoped he was imagining things . . .

STEVE was at the station to meet her. Linda felt a surge of quick happiness to feel his arms around her. And Steve—he seemed to want to devour her with his eyes.

"It's so good to have you back, darling," he kept repeating.

It wasn't until they were home that Linda noticed how pale and tense he looked. She looked at him searchingly.

"What's the matter?" Steve asked.

"Can't I look at you?"

"It's not a very pleased look," Steve said.

"Your face is so drawn, and your eyes—" Linda took his hand.

"I just need a good night's sleep, that's all. I stayed up all night making the last changes on the score."

"Were they good?" Linda asked.

"I think so. At least, Jacoby seems satisfied."

"Oh, Steve, it's so wonderful—I have the hardest time convincing myself it's all true—"

"Don't convince yourself too hard. I don't want you to be disappointed in me," Steve said. But his arms went out to Linda. "Darling, darling, darling," he whispered. "I've missed you—I'm just beginning to realize now how much."



Next Month

*The Living Portraits
you've all been asking
for—vivid photographs of Dr. Jim
Brent and all the
other people you listen
to on the dramatic daytime serial,
Road of Life*



They went to one of their favorite restaurants for an early dinner. In spite of Steve's obvious fatigue his face was alight with eagerness as he explained the work he had done while Linda was away. Linda leaned back in her chair. Steve's voice painted such a clear picture. She could see it all—the orchestra, the crowded hall—Steve's great talent recognized and accepted.

"When is the society going to play your music, darling?" she asked.

"I don't know exactly, but it'll be some time this season. Soon, I hope."

"Soon."

It had been a dream worth having.

But Steve couldn't seem to lose his

restlessness. The Symphony was finished, accepted. And after a few days, Linda began to worry about his attitude.

THAT night they had come back from a long walk through the streets of New York. Linda had tried to awaken Steve's interest and enthusiasm as they walked along the noisy, crowded streets. But Steve had seemed moody. So they had just walked—walked until Linda complained of tiredness.

"What's the matter, darling?" she asked as soon as they closed the door of their apartment.

"Nothing."

"Steve—Look at me. Don't you think I can tell that you're worried about something?"

"It's nothing, Linda. Just me. You know what ideas I can get. All I can think of is the Symphony. If Jacoby would only call me and tell me that the date was set—"

Linda laughed.

"Don't laugh at me, Linda. Come over here and sit by me. I want you to understand."

"But I do darling—"

"No, Linda." Steve's face was tense. "All my life it seems I've been waiting for one moment—the time that I would know just how good my music was. It's not only because of fame or success. It's something I've got to know—for myself—"

Linda leaned her head against Steve's shoulder.

"You're a composer, darling. A great composer," she said. "And you should know—for yourself—how good your music is."

"I'll know when I hear that Symphony played by the New York Symphony Society."

"Yes . . ."

As they sat there, Steve's arms about Linda, their dream seemed to come alive. Before long the anxious frown disappeared from Steve's forehead. Linda visualized every moment of that great occasion that was to take place. Little by little, she coaxed Steve's enthusiasm, and when he finally went to the piano to play some of his score, that old feeling of joy had returned.

"That's what it is," Steve said, after he had finished playing. "I've got to keep on working. That's what my trouble is."

"Of course, darling."

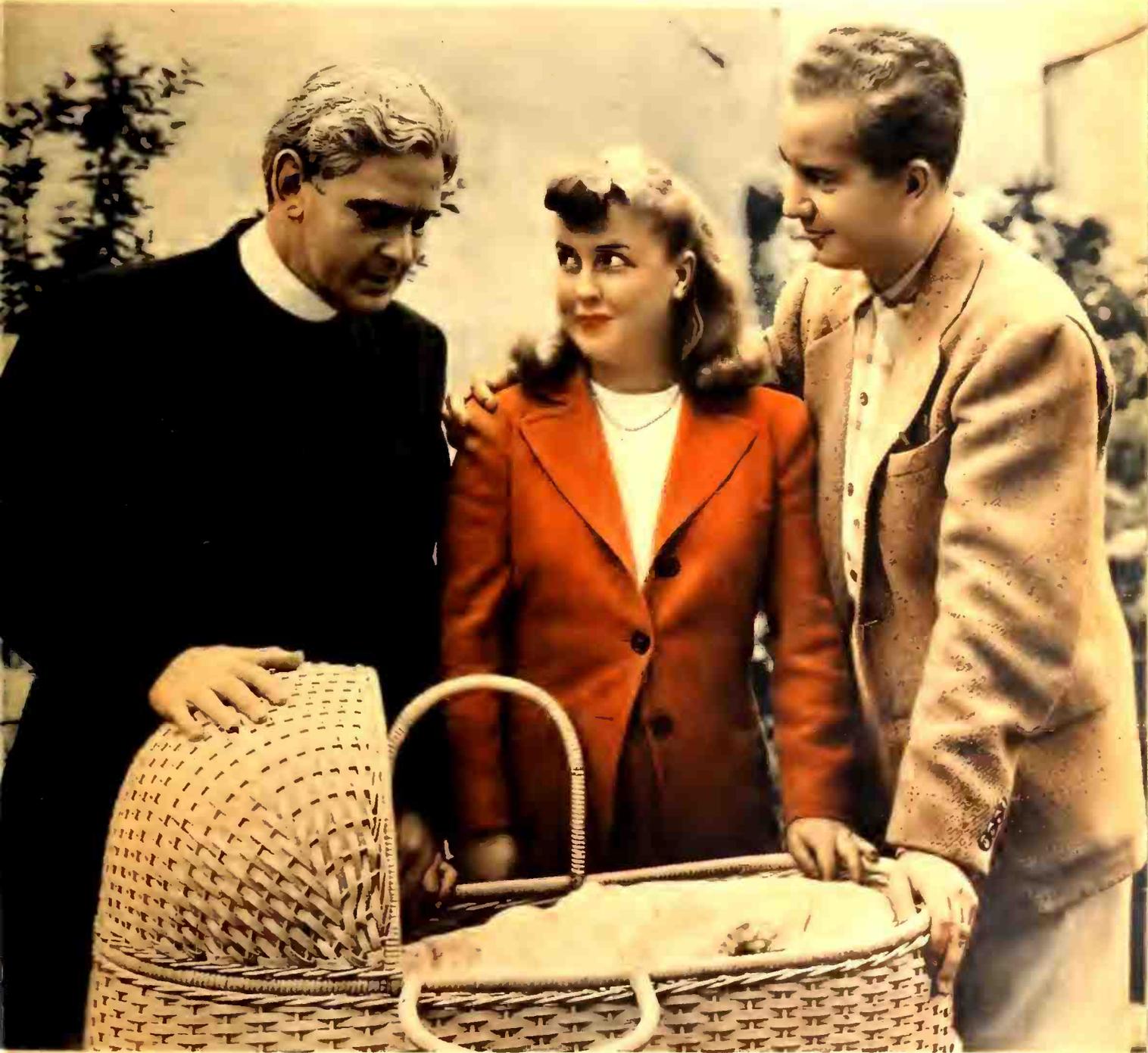
"Well," Steve said. "I'll start something new tomorrow. Maybe that'll keep my mind off Jacoby and the Symphony."

But it wasn't easy. Steve tried for several days, then gave it up as a bad job. There seemed to be nothing to do but wait. *Continued on page 68*

IN LIVING PORTRAITS

The Guiding Light

You know them all and now you can see them—these people you hear in radio's inspiring drama heard Monday through Friday over NBC, sponsored by Wheaties



The Guiding Light of humanity—man's aspiration toward a fuller and more beautiful life—is symbolized by Dr. John Ruthledge. And perhaps a moment such as this in which Dr. Ruthledge, his daughter Mary and her husband Ned Holden look adoringly at Mary's and Ned's child, is an expression of that same struggle upwards (Played by Arthur Peterson as Dr. Ruthledge, Sarajane Wells as Mary, Ed Prentiss as Ned)

ROSE KRANSKY is the daughter of a humble Jewish family—but years ago she shook off the restraining ties of her original environment and set out to build a new life for herself. We first knew Rose when she was a restless, vivid girl of Five Points. Against her father's advice, she found work as the stenographer of Charles Cunningham, a wealthy business man. In her inexperience she soon fell wildly in love with Cunningham, and his subsequent betrayal of her completely changed her outlook on life. Ellis Smith, "Mr. Nobody from Nowhere," befriended her and gave her his name when her child was born. Later the child was killed by an automobile. Rose started life anew and is now a governess to the two Greenman children. Against her will, she has fallen in love with her employer, Mr. Greenman.
(Played by Charlotte Manson)

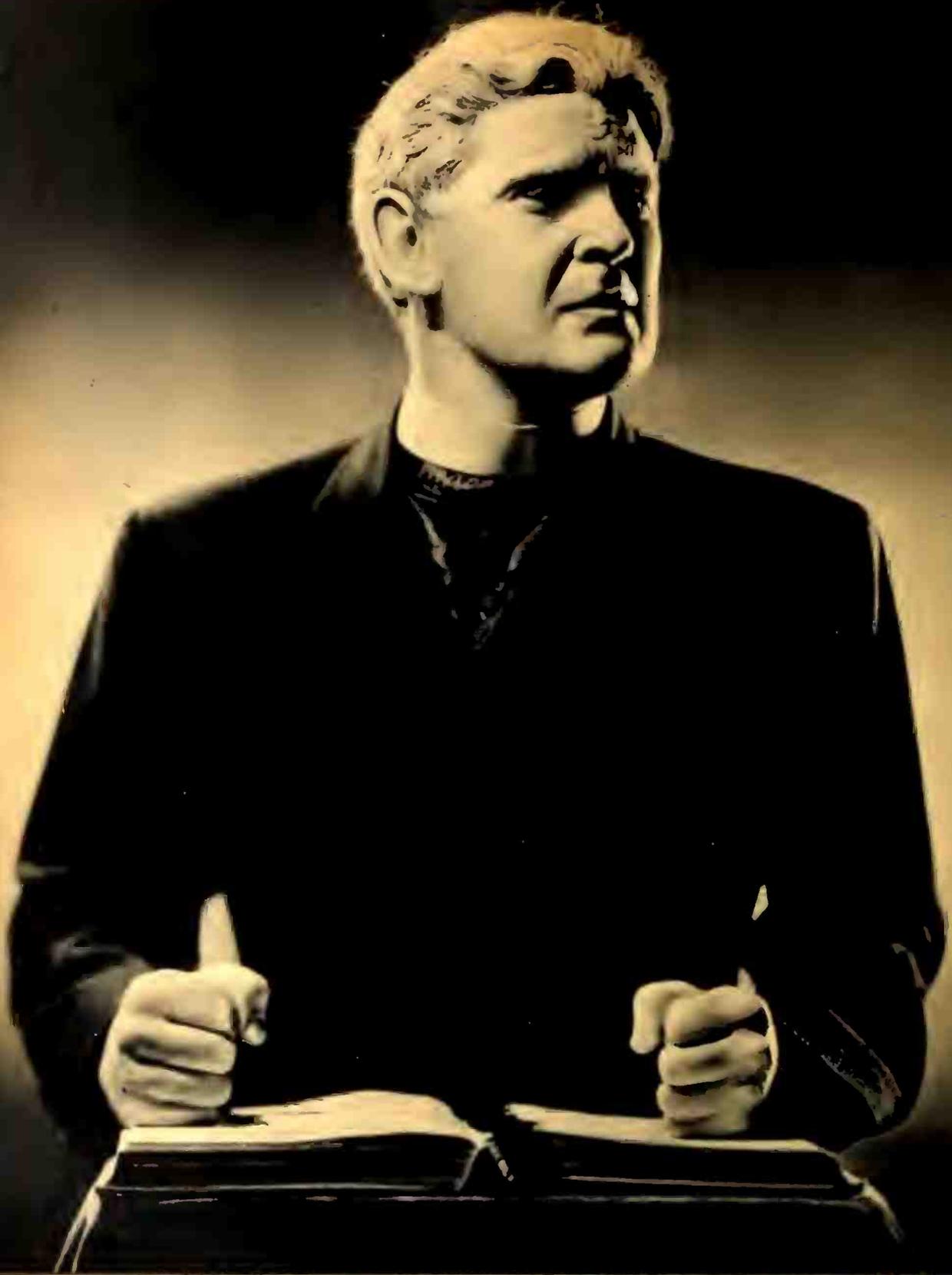




EDWARD GREENMAN is wealthy, respected and a bit conventional. He first met Rose Kransky when she was his wife's social secretary. Until then he had not been completely happy in his marriage, but he was content to let it continue, interesting himself in his business. But Rose has shown him what a normal home life could be. He has watched her with his two children and seen the love which sprang up between them. His character will not let him admit, even to himself, that he is in love with Rose, nor will he take lightly a love which is outside the bounds of convention. At the same time, he is too just to give in to his wife's demands that he send Rose away.
(Played by Ken Griffin)



NORMA GREENMAN is Edward Greenman's jealous, possessive wife. Her love for her husband has been demanding and fierce. When Rose came to her home, Norma was immediately aware of the respectful friendship that existed between the girl and her husband. Her tortured mind magnified this friendship, innocent in itself, into the beginnings of a love affair, and the violent scenes she made only made the situation worse by forcing Edward to turn to Rose for sympathy. Recently, it has been learned that Norma is actually mentally ill due to a physical defect. An operation, while it might restore her to normalcy, might also mean her death. Thus, while Norma has been sent to a sanitarium, it will be necessary for Edward to make this difficult decision.
(Played by Eloise Kummer)



DR. JOHN RUTHLEDGE is pastor of the church at Five Points, the crowded slum section of the city. In him are embodied all the finest qualities of mankind. He is kind, understanding, self-sacrificing, tolerant; and has won for himself the affectionate nickname of "The Good Samaritan." He himself has known suffering. His love for his daughter Mary's dead mother is buried deep in his heart. Many years ago he befriended Ned Holden, who is now married to Mary, and brought him up as his own son. When Ned was hurt and bewildered because of the mystery surrounding his parentage, Dr. Ruthledge's affection was one of the few things the boy knew he could count on. The pastor is not an orthodox clergyman. Creeds mean nothing to him. Of late his sermons have become beautiful expressions of hope in the midst of war, and their influence has extended far beyond the rather narrow confines of Five Points.
(Played by Arthur Peterson)

TORCHY REYNOLDS was once the wife of Ned Holden. They met in San Francisco, where Ned had fled in an effort to hide from the knowledge that his father had been a thief and his mother a murderess. He was on the verge of a complete moral breakdown when he chanced upon Torchy, who was a singer in a cheap waterfront dive. Torchy's love for him brought about his rehabilitation. In gratitude, Ned married her and brought her with him to Five Points. She saw that Ned really loved Mary, and finally, heart-broken, she left Ned. A year later she returned to Five Points, full of a new self-assurance. She and Ned were divorced and he married Mary. Torchy was badly scarred by acid thrown by a jealous nightclub dancer, and now has an ugly scar on her face which she does her best to hide.

(Played by Gladys Heen)



All photos by Maurice Seymour



MRS. KRANSKY (left), Rose's mother, has never learned all the modern, brisk ways of this America to which she came as a young bride, but that does not lessen her devotion to her adopted land. She gladly gave her son, Jacob, to the Army. If, when she is wrapping a box of cookies to send him, she cries a little—well, that is no more than thousands of other mothers are doing. Mrs. Kransky has lived entirely for her family. In earlier years she was always the loving buffer between the children's desire for independence and Mr. Kransky's stern insistence upon tradition. Although there is a deep bond of affection between her and Rose, circumstances have made it impossible for them to live together, and since her husband's death she's been lonely. Her simple philosophy has done much to help her over these difficult times.

(Played by Mignon Schreiber)



ELLIS SMITH has always been a man of mystery to the people of Five Points. They called him "Mr. Nobody from Nowhere", because of the secrecy with which he shrouded his past. Dr. Ruthledge is almost the only person who knows that Ellis is really Gordon Ellis, son of the city's wealthiest family, who had broken with his father over his ambition to be a painter. Some time ago there was a disastrous fire in Five Points, and in it Ellis received injuries that blinded him, until an operation restored his sight. But the injuries were so severe that he is now going blind again. Still he continues his painting, peering at his canvases under bright lights. (Played by Marvin Mueller)



NANCY STEWART is, although she doesn't know it, the daughter of Ellis Smith—the result of an unhappy marriage years ago. From him she inherited the flair for painting which has led her to become an art student. When Nancy came to the city she met Dr. Ruthledge, and became a friend of Mary Holden. Mary and her father are now Nancy's only link with Ellis, whom she thoroughly dislikes because of his arrogant, cynical attitude. But inwardly she feels a kind of affection for him, which, of course, is instinctive. Ellis does not wish to reveal his identity to Nancy until she has learned to look upon him as her friend. Torchy Reynolds, who knows of Ellis' approaching blindness, is trying to bring about a deeper friendship between him and his unacknowledged daughter. (Played by Laurette Fillbrandt)



You hear Jay Jostyn as Mr. District Attorney on NBC Wednesday nights, while Mrs. Jostyn and their two sons listen in.

The Moment they Met

... Ruth saw his lean strength and Jay Jostyn was sure her voice was low and gentle—and both knew there would never be anyone else for either of them



WE'VE all known the surge of joy. Different things occasion it in different people. A famous painting hanging on a museum wall may inspire it, or a tree

blossoming in the springtime. It comes too when a great orchestra plays a Beethoven symphony and again with the laughter of a child.

Jay Jostyn felt it, overpoweringly, at the sight of a girl.

She was sitting on a stepladder on the bare stage of a Seattle theater studying the type script of a play. A glaring light used by the cleaning crew shone over her. Steam pipes clanked behind her. It wasn't

By Adele Whitely Fletcher

a romantic setting but she was, nevertheless, romantic. Her ruffled hair was bright as dandelions. Her eyes had blue stars in them. And beneath her white silk shirt—she had thrown off her suit jacket—and her dark green skirt her body was young and warm.

She felt Jay's presence and looked up. She marked the sureness with which his features were cut. She marked the lean strength of him. Her smile widened.

"Hello," she said, "Looking for someone?"

He had known her voice would be low and gentle like that.

"I suspect I'm looking for you. You're Ruth Hill, aren't you?" Considering his tumult he spoke calmly enough.

Several members of the Seattle Stock Company, coming on stage for the first rehearsal of the season, saw the new leading-man and the new leading-lady talking there together and thought nothing of it. Which goes to prove you can't tell by appearances.

In the theater, starring in a different play every week, Ruth and Jay began making love to each other immediately. In the first play they did together they were arrested for speeding and he tapped "I adore you" in Morse code on the wall between their *Continued on page 84*



Yours -
Peggy Young

Pepper Young's Family

"People don't do things like this!" That was Mrs. Young's first thought as she stared unbelievably at the lawyer, knowing her daughter's happiness was at stake

MARY YOUNG never thought of herself as a particularly important person. She was only a small-town housewife, who had borne and raised two children and had stuck with one man through riches and poverty, exactly as she had promised to do when first she married him. Yet, if a family is the vital part of American civilization, Mrs. Young was extremely important in the scheme of things—because it was always around her that the Young family, revolved, like a wheel around its axle.

It was Mrs. Young, for instance, who was her daughter Peggy's most reliable confidante when Peggy fell in love with Carter Trent, who before his induction into the Army had been chiefly famous as the sole heir of the fabulous Trent millions. It was Mrs. Young who was always on hand to greet Pepper, her son, when he came home from his work at the air field; Mrs. Young who brought Biff Bradley in to live with the family until his own father could support him again; Mrs. Young who planned successfully to send Sam, her husband, to Chicago on a visit to his old friend Curt Bradley when she saw that Sam's business reverses had filled him with the unhappy conviction that he'd never again be the prosperous man he had once been. And it was Mrs. Young who knew, alone of all the family, that the house they had lived in for years might be sold out from under them unless they could find the money to buy it themselves.

Peggy's youthful love affair was perhaps Mrs. Young's biggest worry. For Carter and Peggy had become engaged, planning to keep the affair a secret, but through a mistake on the part of Pepper the newspapers got hold of the story. All the Youngs knew Carter's father well enough by reputation to be sure he wouldn't welcome this publicity about his son and a girl he'd never met. Then, while Sam Young was still in Chicago, came what appeared to be good news. Mr. Trent's

secretary called Peggy on long distance, and in her brief, excited conversation with him she was led to believe the Trents were coming to see her. Yet, the next day, it was not Mr. and Mrs. Trent who arrived, but a cold-faced man who announced that he was their attorney.

MR.S. YOUNG led the lawyer toward the living room. As they passed through the hall, she thought of Peggy, upstairs, getting ready to meet Mr. and Mrs. Trent. She walked uncertainly to the center of the living room. The sunlight was streaming in through the windows yet she felt cold. She realized that her hands were clenched and forced herself to relax them before she faced the lawyer.

"Mr. Taylor," she said quietly, "you've come to tell me that Mr. Trent objects to Carter's engagement to my daughter, haven't you?"

"Yes," Mr. Taylor said.

She had not expected him to answer so bluntly. "Would you mind telling me why?" she asked.

For the first time an expression flickered in the man's eyes, a look of surprise mingled with amusement. "Oh, come now, Mrs. Young," he said. "Isn't it rather obvious?"

The lawyer's tone was infuriating. Mrs. Young bit her lip. She flushed and felt anger growing in her—an anger she knew she must control. "I can understand Mr. Trent's being surprised and angry," she said, fighting to keep her voice steady. "But I thought Carter had explained to his father that all the publicity was an accident."

"Accident? My dear lady, that was a stroke of genius. Nothing could have forced Mr. Trent to come to terms so quickly."

Mrs. Young didn't reply, yet she knew she had heard correctly.

"Suppose we drop the pretense, Mrs. Young," the lawyer went on, coldly. "Mr. Trent is very aware of the fact that Carter—or rather his money—is a tempting catch. He is not as surprised as you might think.

And he is just as anxious to avoid any unpleasantness as you might be. Mr. Trent has authorized me to say that he will pay any reasonable amount for Carter's release from this engagement."

Mrs. Young had expected all sorts of objections to marriage for Carter and Peggy, but she had not expected anything like this. She no longer tried to control her temper. Her words tumbled out, cutting and angry. "I had no idea," she said biting, "that people still did things like this." She was glad to see Mr. Taylor's face go red with embarrassment. "Not that it matters, but Carter and Peggy were in love with each other long before Carter ever told us who he was."

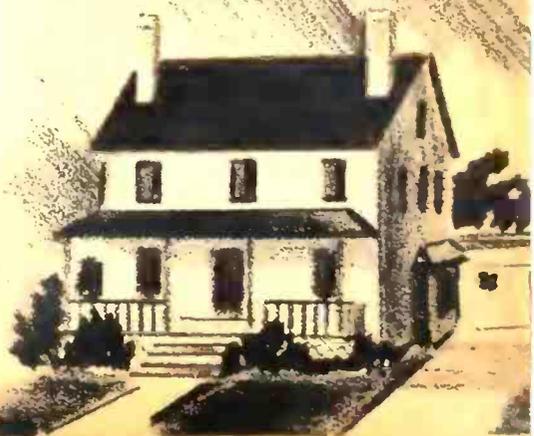
Mr. Taylor had recovered his composure. His eyes were speculative. "Mrs. Young," he said, "I'm not sure whether you're very clever, or really naive, but I warn you that playing at injured innocence will not get you one cent more."

Mrs. Young wanted to slap him. "I don't think we have any more to say to each other," she said. "I think you had better leave now."

"No, Mother!"

Mrs. Young turned to the door—

In exciting fiction form by Modeline Thompson, read the adventures of Pepper Young's Family adopted from the radio serial by Eloine Corrington, heard daily at 3:30 P.M., EWT, over the NBC network and at 2:45 P.M., EWT, over CBS, sponsored by Procter & Gamble.



way. It was Peggy. She wondered how long Peggy had been there, how much she had heard. The girl's face was so white that even the small amount of lipstick she wore stood out sharply like a scarlet gash. For a long minute, Peggy just stood there, looking at the lawyer.

"I heard you," Peggy said at last. "I heard what you said. I don't know who you are, but you know Carter's father, don't you?" There was no response. "Don't you?" Peggy cried, clutching his sleeve.

MRS. YOUNG could feel how close Peggy was to breaking. "It doesn't matter, Peggy, dear," she said, trying to draw the girl away.

"Yes, it does," Peggy cried. She turned to the lawyer. "You do know him, don't you?"

Mr. Taylor nodded. "I'm his lawyer."

Peggy laughed sobbingly. "I want you to tell Mr. Trent something for me," she said. "Tell him I wouldn't marry Carter now for anything in the world! And tell him he doesn't have to pay me a penny! Not one single penny!" She turned suddenly and ran from the room.

"Please go now, Mr. Taylor," Mrs. Young said.

She went toward the hall. She saw Peggy collide blindly with Pepper and saw Pepper scowl, watching his sister stumble up the stairs. Mrs. Young realized he couldn't have heard very much, or he wouldn't look so bewildered.

"Peggy—Mom," Pepper said. "What's the matter?"

"It's nothing, Pepper," she said wearily. "Mr. Taylor here is just leaving. He—he seems to have made a mistake."

After the door closed, Mrs. Young collapsed into a chair and buried her face in her hands. She was conscious of Pepper hovering over her, but she couldn't bring herself to speak until the sickening pounding of her heart had quieted down a little. Then, briefly she told Pepper what had happened.

Pepper was standing beside her, stiff and angry. "Sis is lucky," he said. "I'm glad she found out what kind of people they are before she married Carter."

It was so wrong, Mrs. Young thought. Carter and Peggy loved each other. What right had they, any of them, to meddle with their happiness? What right had the Trents to interfere, to decide whether they should marry or not?

Suddenly, she saw that it didn't actually matter what was right or wrong. The harm had been done. And she had let it happen.

"If only Sam had been here!"

Mrs. Young didn't even know she had said it aloud, until Pepper spoke.

"Dad would have knocked his block off!" Pepper said.

Mrs. Young wasn't listening. She was thinking how differently Sam would have handled the whole thing. And she wished sadly that she hadn't been in such a hurry to talk Sam into going to Chicago. If only he had waited a few more days, all this might have been avoided.

However, it was useless to think what might have been. Sam had not been there and she had made a mess of things and she didn't know what to do now. She didn't know what to say to Peggy, how to help her, how to ease her pain.

Mrs. Young glanced at the clock. Six-thirty. If she hurried, she

At last Peggy took a deep breath and sighed. She turned her troubled misty gray eyes on her mother. "Oh, if it's only true," she whispered.

might catch Sam at Curt's hotel, before they went out for dinner. She stood up and went to the telephone.

"Long distance, please," she said to the operator. Already, she felt a little better. She was doing something.

"Mary!" she heard Curt's voice, Curt saying happily, "How are you? How's Biff?"

"Curt, listen," Mrs. Young didn't quite know how to go on from there. "Is Sam with you? I've got to talk to him. Something's happened."

"You're all right?" Curt asked anxiously.

"Oh, yes—" Mrs. Young said. "Oh Curt," she went on quickly, "We've had a terrible time. You know about Peggy's engagement to Carter Trent?"

"Yes," Curt broke in, "I think it's



wonderful."

"It's—Curt, I've got to talk to Sam." She paused. "Mr. Trent sent his lawyer down here to buy us off!"

"What?" And Mrs. Young was surprised to hear that his voice sounded not so much shocked as amazed. "That's funny," he added.

"Why?" Mrs. Young asked.

"Sam's having dinner with Mr. and Mrs. Trent right now. He called them up as soon as the papers came out with the news of the engagement, and they invited him to dinner."

"Oh, Curt, are you sure?" Mrs. Young asked weakly. "I—I don't understand. Why should they do that—after—after sending their lawyer here?"

"I guess maybe they had a little time to think it over," Curt said reassuringly. "Maybe they've changed their minds. They must have. Sam said Mr. Trent sounded very friendly on the phone. Now don't worry, Mary. You know Sam. He'll straighten things out."

Mrs. Young could feel herself relaxing. Curt must be right. He knew Sam almost as well as she did. They had been partners for years. They were good friends. Curt would have known if Sam were uneasy, or expecting trouble.

"I hope you're right, Curt," she said.

"Sure I am," Curt said. "I don't think there's anything to worry about, Mary. Is Biff there? I'd like to say hello to that scamp of mine. Has he been giving you any trouble?"

"No—no, he's been no trouble at all, Curt," Mrs. Young said. She found it a little hard to switch her thoughts to Curt's son. "He isn't home yet, Curt. I'm sorry. He'll be very disappointed when he hears he missed talking to you."

"Well, tell him I may be down there soon." Curt sounded disappointed. "And tell him I have a swell surprise for him when I come."

"I'll tell him, Curt," Mrs. Young said. She wondered, fleetingly, what brought such an expectant, strange quality into Curt's voice. But her own concerns were too pressing for her to think about that very long. "Curt, have Sam call me, will you?"

"I'll do that," Curt said, "But don't worry, please."

"Thanks, Curt," Mrs. Young said. She felt close to tears. "Goodby. Have Sam call me," she said again.

"Mother," Pepper said anxiously, "what did Mr. Bradley say?"

"I—I think it's all right," Mrs. Young said. "Your father's gone to see Mr. and Mrs. Trent. I'll tell you all about it later. I've got to go see Peggy now."

SHE found Peggy stretched out on the bed staring up at the ceiling. Peggy's eyes were red and swollen and her face was tearstained.

"Peggy," she said softly. There was no response. "Darling," she tried again, feeling a little helpless in the face of Peggy's misery.

Mrs. Young sat down on the edge of the bed and took Peggy's hand. "Your father is having dinner right now with the Trents," she said to Peggy. She waited, not knowing what more to say.

And at last Peggy took a deep breath and sighed. She turned her troubled misty gray eyes on her mother, "Oh, if it's only true," she whispered. "Mother, it's got to be true. I—I couldn't live, if it isn't!"

Mrs. Young brushed the moist, blonde curls back from Peggy's tearstained cheeks. "Your father will straighten things out, dear," she said as reassuringly as she could.

She took Peggy in her arms and sat there a long time, holding her close. It grew dark and still she sat there. Finally, she laid the girl down on the bed and covered her with a blanket, leaving her to sleep.

All evening, Mrs. Young waited for Sam to phone. But the phone rang only once and then it was for Biff. At last, she checked with the operator. There had been no calls from Chicago. And there weren't any later, either, although she waited long past her usual bedtime.

For the first time in years, Mrs. Young was reluctant to face the new

day. She lay in bed a long time the next morning, keeping her mind on all sorts of trivial things, the sunlight, the dust motes in it, the morning sounds from the street—anything but the day that lay ahead. And, when she finally did get downstairs, she found Pepper examining the morning mail, looking as though he had spent a sleepless night, too.

"Nothing from Dad," he said dejectedly.

They went into the dining room together. Pepper made a half hearted attempt to eat the breakfast Hattie brought him, but Mrs. Young couldn't touch it. She was just about to go and call Biff, when he came dashing downstairs noisily, his hair not quite combed, his eyes not quite rid of the heaviness of sleep.

"Gosh!" he gasped. "I'll be late for school!" He tumbled into his chair and attacked his cereal.

"You certainly will. And what would your father say to that?"

Mrs. Young looked toward the door. It was Sam. His big, good-natured face was calm. There was a smile in his eyes. He looked refreshed and confident.

There was a frantic clatter of heels on the stairs and Peggy came running into the room. "I heard Daddy!" she cried. "He's here!" She threw herself into his arms and kissed him wildly. "What did they say? Oh, Daddy hurry! Tell me!"

Sam Young held his daughter by the shoulders and looked down into her eyes seriously. "Peggy, dear," he said softly. "I don't know how to tell you this, except to be blunt. Believe me, you would never have been happy married to Carter and trying to live the kind of life the Trents live."

"You mean—they haven't changed their minds?" Peggy asked and Mrs. Young was surprised to hear that she said it calmly, without a hint of hysteria.

"No, Peggy. I mean I've changed *my* mind," Sam said. "I didn't even give them a chance to change theirs."

Peggy looked puzzled, bewildered. Sam made her sit down and he held her hand all the while he was talking. Slowly, Mrs. Young began to see why Sam had returned from Chicago with such renewed courage and faith in himself. It wasn't only because he had seen his old friend, Curt, and helped him with a business problem or two. It was much more than that. He was sure of himself again, because he had found a serious situation and he had discovered he could handle it.

Continued on page 58

THE GIRL WITH THE STARS IN HER EYES

As one of the composers of this delightful romantic ballad, band-leader Sammy Kaye proves he can write hit tunes as well as play them

Words and Music by

SAMMY KAYE, H. H. PRIEST and GEORGE HENNINGER

Moderato

The love - li - est girls are the girls of my dreams And the
Rubato
love - li - est one that I've seen Is not Sal - ly Lou - ise or I -
rene Or a girl smil - ing down from the screen The girls of all a - ges on
mag - a - zine pag - es Don't cause me the slight - est un - rest, For I've found the one girl - the
stars, moon and sun girl - The girl I will al - ways love best. I

CHORUS

dream of the girl with the stars in her eyes, And the gold of the

sun in her hair_____ The lilt of her glance holds a hint of ro-

mance And the love that I'm long-ing to share_____ I'd build her a

pal-ace, a man-sion or two, Or a cas-tle way up in the

skies_____ But a cot-tage for two I'm sure will do For the girl with the

Optional
stars in her eyes. I eyes.



**RADIO MIRROR'S
HIT OF THE MONTH**

Frills

FOR AN OLD FRIEND



"Stew!" It's an ordinary dish—here's one attractive way to make it interesting. Serve in individual bowls (above) garnished with macaroni.

ONE of the best all 'round and all year 'round dishes I know, and one that appeals especially to men, is stew, and with our food budgets getting more difficult to control I think it's time for us to give a lot of thought to the preparation of really good stews. If you have always thought of them as heavy fare, suitable only for winter menus, and if it happens to be a warm day when you read this, please don't let that stop you, because stew is just as satisfactory as a warm weather dish and it doesn't confine you to the kitchen any longer than many traditional summer-time meals. It's all in the way you make it, and the simplest way for us to get started is to consider a basic stew recipe first and then think about ways to vary it.

Basic Beef Stew

- 2 lbs. beef in 1-inch cubes
- 4 cups boiling water
- 1 medium onion, chopped
- 2 tbs. chopped celery leaves
- 2 tsps. salt
- 8 peppercorns
- 1 large bayleaf
- ½ tsp. rosemary
- 6 carrots

BY
KATE SMITH

**RADIO MIRROR'S
FOOD COUNSELOR**

Kate Smith's vacationing from her Friday night variety program, but broadcasts her daily talks at noon on CBS, sponsored by General Foods.



- 4 onions
- 6 potatoes
- 2 turnips
- 6 stalks celery

Wipe meat with a cloth, cover with boiling water, add chopped onion and celery and dry seasonings and simmer very slowly until meat is almost tender enough to eat (about an hour). Prepare other vegetables (dice or slice them into convenient serving sizes), add to stew and continue cooking until vegetables are done.

And now for variations:

1. Use veal or lamb in place of beef and vary the dry seasonings to suit.
2. Use other dry seasonings such as sage, thyme, marjoram, savory, curry powder and basil, combining quantities and varieties to suit your taste (a good rule is to use only ¼ tsp. of any herb with which you are not familiar). Marjoram, mint and rosemary are nice with lamb, savory and oregano with veal and a pinch of curry is nice with any kind of meat.
3. Omit potatoes and turnip (and celery if it is difficult to get) and make up the difference with string or lima beans, peas, green peppers, tomatoes, corn or other vegetables. This gives a light, tangy warm weather stew.
4. Serve a potatoless stew with decorations of one of the fancy maca-



Try hiding your leftover stew in a muffin. Left, cut a triangle out of a round piece of dough to make a neater cup. Fill and cover. Below, ready to serve—hot, crunchy, delicious.



roni products, as illustrated here.

5. Use whole baby carrots and onions when available in place of the older ones which require chopping.
6. Use fresh garden herbs whenever possible, also add chopped spinach and chard and the outer leaves of escarole and lettuce. These should be added just a few minutes before serving.

Continued on page 78

INSIDE RADIO—Telling You About Programs and People You Want to Hear

SUNDAY

PACIFIC WAR TIME	CENTRAL WAR TIME	Eastern War Time
	8:00	CBS: News
	8:00	Blue: News
	8:00	NBC: Organ Recital
	8:30	Blue: The Woodshedders
8:00	9:00	CBS: The World Today
8:00	9:00	Blue: World News
8:00	9:00	NBC: News from Europe
8:15	9:15	Blue: White Rabbit Line
8:15	9:15	NBC: Deep River Boys
8:30	9:30	NBC: Words and Music
9:00	10:00	CBS: Church of the Air
9:00	10:00	NBC: Radio Pulpit
9:30	10:30	CBS: Wings Over Jordan
9:30	10:30	Blue: Southernaires
10:00	11:00	CBS: News
10:00	11:00	Blue: News
8:05	10:05	11:05 CBS: Egon Petri
8:05	10:05	11:05 Blue: Sunday Morning Revue
8:30	10:30	11:30 CBS: Invitation to Learning
8:30	10:30	11:30 MBS: Radio Chapel
9:00	11:00	12:00 CBS: John Daly, News
9:00	11:00	12:00 Blue: News from Europe
9:00	11:00	12:00 NBC: Sunday Down South
9:15	10:15	12:15 CBS: Womanpower
9:30	11:30	12:30 CBS: Salt Lake City Tabernacle
9:30	11:30	12:30 Blue: Radio City Music Hall
9:30	11:30	12:30 NBC: Emma Otero
10:00	12:00	1:00 CBS: Church of the Air
10:00	12:00	1:00 NBC: Robert St. John
10:30	12:30	1:30 Blue: Josef Marais
10:30	12:30	1:30 NBC: Modern Music
11:00	1:00	2:00 CBS: Spirit of '42
11:00	1:00	2:00 Blue: Blue Theater
11:00	1:00	2:00 NBC: Sammy Kaye
11:30	1:30	2:30 CBS: St. Louis Opera
11:30	1:30	2:30 Blue: Yesterday and Today
11:30	1:30	2:30 NBC: University of Chicago Round Table
12:00	2:00	3:00 CBS: Columbia Symphony
12:00	2:00	3:00 Blue: Roy Porter, News
12:00	2:00	3:00 NBC: Music for Neighbors
12:15	2:15	3:15 Blue: Wake Up, America
12:15	2:15	3:15 NBC: Upton Close
12:30	2:30	3:30 NBC: The Army Hour
1:00	3:00	4:00 Blue: Sunday Vespers
1:30	3:30	4:30 CBS: Pause that Refreshes
1:30	3:30	4:30 Blue: Army-Navy Game
1:30	3:30	4:30 NBC: We Believe
2:00	4:00	5:00 CBS: The Family Hour
2:00	4:00	5:00 Blue: Moylan Sisters
2:00	4:00	5:00 NBC: Ports of the Pacific
2:15	4:15	5:15 Blue: Olive Santoro
2:15	4:15	5:15 NBC: Music of the Americas
2:30	4:30	5:30 Blue: Lyde Henderson Orch.
2:30	4:30	5:30 NBC: Britain to America
2:45	4:45	5:45 CBS: William L. Shirer
3:00	5:00	6:00 CBS: Edward R. Murrow
3:00	5:00	6:00 NBC: Catholic Hour
3:15	5:15	6:15 CBS: Irene Rich
3:30	5:30	6:30 CBS: Gene Autry
3:30	5:30	6:30 Blue: Drew Pearson
3:30	5:30	6:30 NBC: The Great Gildersleeve
3:45	5:45	6:45 Blue: Edward Tomlinson
4:00	6:00	7:00 CBS: Our Secret Weapon
4:00	6:00	7:00 MBS: Viocea I Prophecy
4:00	6:00	7:00 Blue: Tommy Dorsey
4:15	6:15	7:15 CBS: Time Out For Laughs
4:30	6:30	7:30 MBS: Stars and Stripes in Britain
4:30	6:30	7:30 CBS: We, the People
4:30	6:30	7:30 Blue: Quiz Kid
4:30	6:30	7:30 NBC: Fitch Bandwagon
5:00	7:00	8:00 CBS: World News
5:00	7:00	8:00 Blue: Ear Godwin, News
5:00	7:00	8:00 NBC: Chase and Sanborn Show
5:15	7:15	8:15 Blue: Gibbs and Finney
5:30	7:30	8:30 CBS: Crime Doctor
5:30	7:30	8:30 Blue: Inner Sanctum Mystery
5:30	7:30	8:30 NBC: ONE MAN'S FAMILY
5:45	7:45	8:45 MBS: Gabriel Heatter
5:55	7:55	8:55 CBS: Eric Sevareid
6:00	8:00	9:00 CBS: Mischa the Magnificent
6:00	8:00	9:00 MBS: Old-Fashioned Revival
6:00	8:00	9:00 Blue: Walter Winchell
6:00	8:00	9:00 NBC: Manhattan Merry-Go-Round
9:15	8:15	9:15 Blue: The Parker Family
6:30	8:30	9:30 CBS: Texaco Star Theater
6:30	8:30	9:30 Blue: Jimmie Fidler
6:30	8:30	9:30 NBC: American Album of Familiar Music
7:00	9:00	10:00 CBS: Take It or Leave It
7:00	9:00	10:00 Blue: Goodwill Hour
7:00	9:00	10:00 MBS: Raymond Gram Swing
7:00	9:00	10:00 NBC: Hour of Charm
7:30	9:30	10:30 CBS: They Live Forever
7:30	9:30	10:30 NBC: Joe and Mabel
8:00	10:00	11:00 CBS: News of the World
8:00	10:00	11:00 NBC: Dance Orchestra
8:30	10:30	11:30 NBC: Author's Playhouse



SHE LOVES TO SING . . .

Every few years Jane Froman makes up her mind to retire from show business and devote all her time to playing golf and being a model housewife. The decision never lasts more than a few months, and pretty soon she's back at work, probably on a schedule as crowded as the one she's been following this summer.

For the record, that schedule is as follows: Singing in the star spot of the Texaco show, Sunday nights on CBS while Fred Allen is vacationing; appearing as a featured performer in Ed Wynn's Broadway hit, "Laugh Town Laugh," seven nights a week, matinees every day but Monday and Tuesday, and an extra show between the matinee and evening performance on Sunday; making records for the Columbia Record Company; singing a couple of times a week at the Stage Door Canteen; selling War Bonds and Stamps at various places around New York; and still finding time to be "the finest little wife in the country," according to her husband, Don Ross.

Jane got into all this hustle-bustle by accident. She grew up in the town of Columbia, Missouri, and after singing in the local choir for years, decided she wanted to be an opera star. After she was graduated from the University of Missouri, she went to Cincinnati to get a job that would pay her expenses at the Conservatory of Music there.

She got the job, and studied all the proper arias, never paying any attention to popular music until one night at a party she was asked to try singing one of the current song hits. When she finished, one of the guests complimented her by saying she should be on the air. The guest turned out to be Powell Crosley, the Cincinnati businessman who owned everything from the local baseball team to the radio station. The next thing Jane knew, she was singing on Mr. Crosley's station at ten dollars a broadcast.

That was in 1930, and Jane has been going strong ever since. Although she is today one of the highest-paid girl singers in the business, she's never lost her modesty, and says that there must be scores of girls who can sing as well and probably better than she—only they've never had the lucky break that gave her her start. She thinks the public will eventually tire of any performer, and has no patience with people who become puffed-up with their own importance.

"Any one of us," she says, "can wake up some morning and find out that she—or he—is no longer wanted. But I'm not too worried. I can always go back to singing in the choir."

MONDAY

P. W. T.	C. W. T.	Eastern War Time
		8:30 Blue: Texas Jim
8:00	9:00	Blue: BREAKFAST CLUB
8:15	9:15	CBS: The Radio Reader
8:45	9:45	CBS: Hymns of All Churches
8:30	9:00	10:00 CBS: Vallant Lady
10:15	9:00	10:00 NBC: Bess Johnson
1:45	9:15	10:15 CBS: Stories America Loves
9:15	10:15	Blue: Helen Hiett
10:30	9:15	10:15 NBC: Bachelor's Children
	9:30	10:30 CBS: Honeymoon Hill
	9:30	10:30 Blue: A House in the Country
	9:30	10:30 NBC: Help Mate
	9:45	10:45 CBS: Fletcher Wiley
	9:45	10:45 Blue: Chaplain Jim—U. S. A.
8:00	10:00	11:00 CBS: Clara, Lu, 'n' Em
8:00	10:00	11:00 NBC: Road of Life
8:15	10:15	11:15 CBS: Second Husband
8:15	10:15	11:15 NBC: Vic and Sade
11:00	10:30	11:30 CBS: Bright Horizon
11:00	10:30	11:30 NBC: Against the Storm
11:15	10:45	11:45 CBS: Aunt Jenny's Stories
11:15	10:45	11:45 NBC: David Harum
9:00	11:00	12:00 CBS: KATE SMITH SPEAKS
9:00	11:00	12:00 NBC: Words and Music
9:15	11:15	12:15 CBS: Big Sister
9:30	11:30	12:30 CBS: Romance of Helen Trent
9:30	11:30	12:30 Blue: Farm and Home Hour
9:45	11:45	12:45 CBS: Our Gal Sunday
10:00	12:00	1:00 CBS: Life Can Be Beautiful
10:00	12:00	1:00 Blue: Baukhaage Talking
10:15	12:15	1:15 CBS: Woman in White
10:15	12:15	1:15 MBS: I'll Find My Way
10:15	12:15	1:15 Blue: Edward Mac Hugh
10:30	12:30	1:30 CBS: Vic and Sade
	12:45	1:45 CBS: The Goldbergs
	12:45	1:45 MBS: Don Norman
	12:45	1:45 NBC: John Vandercook
4:15	1:00	2:00 CBS: Young Dr. Malone
11:00	1:00	2:00 NBC: Light of the World
12:30	1:15	2:15 CBS: Joyce Jordan, Girl Interns
11:15	1:15	2:15 NBC: Lonely Women
11:30	1:30	2:30 CBS: We Love and Learn
11:30	1:30	2:30 Blue: James McDonald
11:30	1:30	2:30 NBC: The Guiding Light
	1:45	2:45 CBS: Pepper Young's Family
	1:45	2:45 Blue: Jack Baker
11:45	1:45	2:45 NBC: Hymns of All Churches
	2:00	3:00 CBS: David Harum
12:00	2:00	3:00 Blue: Prescott Presents
12:00	2:00	3:00 NBC: Mary Marlin
12:15	2:15	3:15 CBS: News
12:15	2:15	3:15 NBC: Ma Perkins
12:30	2:30	3:30 CBS: Columbia Concert Orch.
12:30	2:30	3:30 Blue: Men of the Sea
12:30	2:30	3:30 NBC: Pepper Young's Family
12:45	2:45	3:45 Blue: Joe Rines Orch.
12:45	2:45	3:45 NBC: Right to Happiness
1:00	3:00	4:00 Blue: Club Matinee
1:00	3:00	4:00 NBC: Backstage Wife
1:15	3:15	4:15 CBS: Victory Begins at Home
1:15	3:15	4:15 NBC: Stella Dallas
1:30	3:30	4:30 CBS: Giants of Freedom
1:30	3:30	4:30 NBC: Lorenzo Jones
1:45	3:45	4:45 CBS: News
1:45	3:45	4:45 NBC: Young Widder Brown
2:00	4:00	5:00 CBS: Are You a Genius?
2:00	4:00	5:00 Blue: Air Corps Band
2:00	4:00	5:00 NBC: When a Girl Marries
2:15	4:15	5:15 Blue: Sea Hound
2:15	4:15	5:15 NBC: Portia Faces Life
2:30	4:30	5:30 CBS: Listen Neighbor
2:30	4:30	5:30 Blue: Flying Patrol
2:30	4:30	5:30 NBC: Three Sons Trio
2:45	4:45	5:45 NBC: The Bartons
2:45	4:45	5:45 CBS: Ben Bernie
2:45	4:45	5:45 Blue: Secret City
3:00	5:00	6:00 CBS: John Daly, News
6:30	6:00	7:00 Blue: The Lone Ranger
3:10	5:10	6:10 CBS: Eric Sevareid
3:15	5:15	6:15 CBS: Hedda Hopper
3:30	5:30	6:30 CBS: Keep Working, Keep Singing
3:45	5:45	6:45 CBS: The World Today
	5:45	6:45 Blue: Lowell Thomas
3:45	5:45	6:45 NBC: Bill Stern
4:00	6:00	7:00 CBS: Amas 'n' Andy
4:00	6:00	7:00 Blue: Major Hoople
4:00	6:00	7:00 NBC: Fred Waring's Gang
7:30	6:30	7:30 CBS: Vaughn Monroe
4:45	6:45	7:45 NBC: H. V. Kaltenborn
5:00	7:00	8:00 CBS: Vox Pop
8:00	7:00	8:00 Blue: Roy Porter, News
9:15	7:00	8:00 MBS: Cat Tinner
5:00	7:00	8:00 NBC: Cavalcade of America
8:15	7:15	8:15 Blue: Lum and Abner
8:30	7:30	8:30 CBS: GAY NINETIES
5:30	7:30	8:30 Blue: True or False
8:30	7:30	8:30 NBC: Voice of Firestone
5:30	7:30	8:30 MBS: Bulldog Drummond
5:55	7:55	8:55 CBS: Cecil Brown
6:00	8:00	9:00 CBS: Victory Theater
6:00	8:00	9:00 MBS: Gabriel Heatter
9:00	8:00	9:00 NBC: The Telephone Hour
6:30	8:30	9:30 CBS: Lady Esther Serenade
6:30	8:30	9:30 Blue: Radio Forum
6:30	8:30	9:30 NBC: Doctor I. Q.
7:00	9:00	10:00 CBS: Norman Corwin's Plays
7:00	9:00	10:00 MBS: Raymond Gram Swing
7:00	9:00	10:00 Blue: Morgan Sealy
7:00	9:00	10:00 NBC: Contented Program
7:15	9:15	10:15 Blue: Alias John Freedom
7:30	9:30	10:30 CBS: Columbia Workshop
7:30	9:30	10:30 NBC: Lands of the Free

TUESDAY

P.W.T.	C.W.T.	Eastern War Time
	8:30	Blue: Texas Jim
	9:00	Blue: BREAKFAST CLUB
	8:15	9:15 CBS: The Radio Reader
	8:45	9:45 CBS: Hymns of All Churches
8:30	9:00	10:00 CBS: Vallant Lady
10:15	9:00	10:00 NBC: Bess Johnson
10:45	9:15	10:15 CBS: Stories America Loves
	9:15	10:15 Blue: Helen Hiett
10:30	9:15	10:15 NBC: Bachelor's Children
	9:30	10:30 CBS: Honeymoon Hill
	9:30	10:30 Blue: A House in the Country
	9:30	10:30 NBC: Help Mate
	9:45	10:45 CBS: Fletcher Wiley
	9:45	10:45 Blue: Chaplain Jim—U. S. A.
10:45	10:00	11:00 CBS: Mary Lee Taylor
8:00	10:00	11:00 NBC: Road of Life
8:15	10:15	11:15 CBS: Second Husband
8:15	10:15	11:15 NBC: Vic and Sade
11:00	10:30	11:30 CBS: Bright Horizon
	10:30	11:30 NBC: Against the Storm
11:15	10:45	11:45 CBS: Aunt Jenny's Stories
	10:45	11:45 NBC: David Harum
9:00	11:00	12:00 CBS: Kate Smith Speaks
9:15	11:15	12:15 CBS: Big Sister
9:30	11:30	12:30 CBS: Romance of Helen Trent
9:30	11:30	12:30 Blue: Farm and Home Hour
9:45	11:45	12:45 CBS: Our Gal Sunday
10:00	12:00	1:00 CBS: Life Can Be Beautiful
10:00	12:00	1:00 Blue: Baukhage Talking
10:15	12:15	1:15 CBS: Woman in White
10:15	12:15	1:15 MBS: I'll Find My Way
10:15	12:15	1:15 Blue: Edward Mac Hugh
10:30	12:30	1:30 CBS: Vic and Sade
	12:45	1:45 CBS: The Goldbergs
10:45	12:45	1:45 MBS: Don Norman
10:45	12:45	1:45 NBC: John Vandercook
4:15	1:00	2:00 CBS: Young Dr. Malone
11:00	1:00	2:00 NBC: Light of the World
12:30	1:15	2:15 CBS: Joyce Jordan, Girl Interne
11:15	1:15	2:15 NBC: Lonely Women
11:30	1:30	2:30 CBS: We Love and Learn
11:30	1:30	2:30 Blue: James Mc Donald
11:30	1:30	2:30 NBC: The Guiding Light
11:45	1:45	2:45 CBS: Pepper Young's Family
11:45	1:45	2:45 Blue: Jack Baker
11:45	1:45	2:45 NBC: Hymns of All Churches
	2:00	3:00 CBS: David Harum
12:00	2:00	3:00 CBS: Prescott Presents
12:00	2:00	3:00 NBC: Mary Marlin
12:15	2:15	3:15 CBS: News
12:15	2:15	3:15 NBC: Ma Perkins
12:30	2:30	3:30 CBS: Keyboard Concerts
12:30	2:30	3:30 Blue: Men of the Sea
12:30	2:30	3:30 NBC: Pepper Young's Family
12:45	2:45	3:45 NBC: Right to Happiness
1:00	3:00	4:00 Blue: Club Matinee
1:00	3:00	4:00 NBC: Backstage Wife
1:15	3:15	4:15 NBC: Stella Dallas
1:30	3:30	4:30 NBC: Lorenzo Jones
1:45	3:45	4:45 CBS: News
1:45	3:45	4:45 NBC: Young Wilder Brown
2:00	4:00	5:00 CBS: Are You a Genius?
2:00	4:00	5:00 NBC: When a Girl Marries
2:15	4:15	5:15 Blue: Sea Hound
2:15	4:15	5:15 NBC: Portia Faces Life
2:30	4:30	5:30 CBS: Landt Trio
2:30	4:30	5:30 Blue: Flying Patrol
2:30	4:30	5:30 NBC: Three Suns Trio
2:45	4:45	5:45 CBS: Ben Bernie
2:45	4:45	5:45 Blue: Secret City
2:45	4:45	5:45 NBC: The Bartons
7:45	5:00	6:00 CBS: Frazier Hunt
3:15	5:15	6:15 CBS: Dorothy Kilgallen
3:45	5:45	6:45 CBS: The World Today
	6:45	Blue: Lowell Thomas
	6:45	NBC: Bill Stern
8:00	6:00	7:00 CBS: Amos 'n' Andy
4:00	6:00	7:00 Blue: EASY ACES
8:00	6:00	7:00 NBC: Fred Waring's Gang
8:15	6:15	7:15 CBS: Glenn Miller
4:15	6:15	7:15 Blue: Mr. Keen
4:15	6:15	7:15 NBC: European News
4:30	6:30	7:30 CBS: American Melody Hour
4:45	6:45	7:45 NBC: H. V. Kaltenborn
8:30	7:00	8:00 CBS: Are You a Missing Helr
8:30	7:00	8:00 Blue: Roy Porter
8:30	7:00	8:00 NBC: Ginny Simms
8:15	7:15	8:15 Blue: Lum and Abner
5:30	7:30	8:30 CBS: Hobby Lobby
5:30	7:30	8:30 Blue: Sing for Dough
5:30	7:30	8:30 NBC: Horace Heidt
5:55	7:55	8:55 CBS: Cecil Brown
6:00	8:00	9:00 CBS: Tommy Biggs, Betty Lou
6:00	8:00	9:00 MBS: Gabriel Heatter
6:00	8:00	9:00 Blue: Famous Jury Trials
9:30	8:00	9:00 NBC: Battle of the Sexes
6:30	8:30	9:30 CBS: Cheers from the Camp
6:30	8:30	9:30 Blue: This Nation at War
6:30	8:30	9:30 NBC: Meredith Willson
7:00	9:00	10:00 MBS: John B. Hughes
7:00	9:00	10:00 Blue: Morgan Beatty
7:00	9:00	10:00 NBC: A Date With Judy
7:30	9:30	10:30 NBC: Tommy Dorsey
7:45	9:45	10:45 CBS: Mary Small



INTERNATIONAL ACTRESS

Dellie Ellis, who plays the title role in NBC's A Date With Judy, Tuesday nights, was born fourteen years ago in Hong Kong, China. Her father was English and her mother Russian.

Dellie has been acting since she was four, and can emote in five different languages. She can also sew (she makes a lot of her own dresses), cook (she's a connoisseur of foreign dishes), and she tended a fine Victory garden this summer.

That stage debut at the age of four was non-professional, and took place when she played a venerable doctor in her kindergarten class play. She made her first professional appearance at five, singing and dancing at the Paris Theater in Shanghai, where her family had moved, temporarily, from Hong Kong. Throughout the next six years she was a headliner at Shanghai's Lyceum Theater and Cafe Hotel, and the Queen's Theater and the Hong Kong Hotel in Hong Kong. Most of her later appearances were for China Relief—because by that time war was spreading over China.

When Hong Kong itself was threatened, Dellie's father sent his wife and daughter to the United States. He hasn't yet been able to join them in America. He is still in Hong Kong—a prisoner of war.

The three years Dellie has spent in America have made her into a real American. She and her mother live in the heart of Hollywood—which is, strangely enough, one of those little, hidden-away places that tourists never see. Their home is one of the seven flats into which the house that belonged to old-time movie actress Clara Kimball Young has been remodeled.

Dellie goes to the Mar-Ken Professional School in Los Angeles, where she is now a high sophomore. Until a few months ago she had done no stage work in this country. However, she was so eager to continue her career that when early last spring she heard auditions were being held for a children's radio program, she tried out. The program never went on the air, but Dellie was such a success in the audition that she was brought to the attention of Irene Rich, who had the part of Pamela written into her own Dear John series, specially for Dellie. From there it was only a step to A Date With Judy.

Dellie's friends are all American boys and girls. Her best, particular friend is Louise Erickson, who, as Mitzi, plays Judy's pal on the air. When Dellie auditioned for the program there was no suspicion around the studio that she hadn't spent her entire life in the United States, for she had become such a typical American girl. And as she herself says, "I'm very American now. Except that I'm still sort of surprised to see so much food in the markets. It wasn't like that in China when we left." Or now either, Dellie.

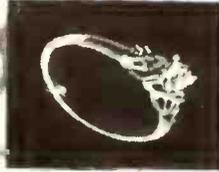
WEDNESDAY

P.W.T.	C.W.T.	Eastern War Time
	8:30	Blue: Texas Jim
	9:00	Blue: Breakfast Club
	8:15	9:15 CBS: The Radio Reader
	8:45	9:45 CBS: Hymns of All Churches
8:30	9:00	10:00 CBS: Vallant Lady
10:15	9:00	10:00 NBC: Bess Johnson
1:45	9:15	10:15 CBS: Stories America Loves
	9:15	10:15 Blue: Helen Hiett
10:30	9:15	10:15 NBC: Bachelor's Children
	9:30	10:30 CBS: Honeymoon Hill
	9:30	10:30 Blue: A House in the Country
	9:30	10:30 NBC: Help Mate
	9:45	10:45 CBS: Fletcher Wiley
	9:45	10:45 Blue: Chaplain Jim—U. S. A.
8:00	10:00	11:00 CBS: Clara, Lu, 'n' Em
8:00	10:00	11:00 NBC: Road of Life
8:15	10:15	11:15 CBS: Second Husband
8:15	10:15	11:15 NBC: Vic and Sade
11:00	10:30	11:30 CBS: Bright Horizon
	10:30	11:30 NBC: Against the Storm
11:15	10:45	11:45 CBS: Aunt Jenny's Stories
	10:45	11:45 NBC: David Harum
9:00	11:00	12:00 CBS: Kate Smith Speaks
9:00	11:00	12:00 NBC: Words and Music
9:15	11:15	12:15 CBS: Big Sister
9:30	11:30	12:30 CBS: Romance of Helen Trent
9:30	11:30	12:30 Blue: Farm and Home Hour
9:45	11:45	12:45 CBS: Our Gal Sunday
10:00	12:00	1:00 CBS: Life Can Be Beautiful
10:00	12:00	1:00 Blue: Baukhage Talking
10:15	12:15	1:15 CBS: Woman in White
10:15	12:15	1:15 MBS: I'll Find My Way
10:15	12:15	1:15 Blue: Edward Mac Hugh
10:30	12:30	1:30 CBS: Vic and Sade
	12:45	1:45 CBS: The Goldbergs
10:45	12:45	1:45 MBS: Don Norman
10:45	12:45	1:45 NBC: John Vandercook
4:15	1:00	2:00 CBS: Young Dr. Malone
11:00	1:00	2:00 NBC: Light of the World
12:30	1:15	2:15 CBS: Joyce Jordan, Girl Interne
11:15	1:15	2:15 NBC: Lonely Women
11:30	1:30	2:30 CBS: We Love and Learn
11:30	1:30	2:30 Blue: James Mc Donald
11:30	1:30	2:30 NBC: The Guiding Light
11:45	1:45	2:45 CBS: Pepper Young's Family
11:45	1:45	2:45 Blue: Jack Baker
11:45	1:45	2:45 NBC: Hymns of All Churches
	2:00	3:00 CBS: David Harum
12:00	2:00	3:00 CBS: Prescott Presents
12:00	2:00	3:00 NBC: Mary Marlin
12:15	2:15	3:15 CBS: News
12:15	2:15	3:15 NBC: Ma Perkins
12:30	2:30	3:30 CBS: Columbia Concert Orch.
12:30	2:30	3:30 Blue: Men of the Sea
12:30	2:30	3:30 NBC: Pepper Young's Family
12:45	2:45	3:45 NBC: Right to Happiness
1:00	3:00	4:00 Blue: Club Matinee
1:00	3:00	4:00 NBC: Backstage Wife
1:15	3:15	4:15 NBC: Stella Dallas
1:30	3:30	4:30 CBS: Lorenzo Jones
1:45	3:45	4:45 CBS: News
1:45	3:45	4:45 NBC: Young Wilder Brown
2:00	4:00	5:00 CBS: Are You a Genius?
2:00	4:00	5:00 NBC: When a Girl Marries
2:15	4:15	5:15 Blue: Sea Hound
2:15	4:15	5:15 NBC: Portia Faces Life
2:30	4:30	5:30 CBS: Landt Trio
2:30	4:30	5:30 Blue: Flying Patrol
2:30	4:30	5:30 NBC: Three Suns Trio
2:45	4:45	5:45 CBS: Ben Bernie
2:45	4:45	5:45 Blue: Secret City
2:45	4:45	5:45 NBC: The Bartons
	5:00	6:00 CBS: John Daly, News
	6:30	6:00 Blue: The Lone Ranger
3:10	5:10	6:10 CBS: Eric Sevareid
3:15	5:15	6:15 CBS: Hedda Hopper
3:30	5:30	6:30 CBS: Keep Working, Keep Singing
3:45	5:45	6:45 CBS: The World Today
	6:45	Blue: Lowell Thomas
	6:45	NBC: Bill Stern
4:00	6:00	7:00 CBS: Amos 'n' Andy
4:00	6:00	7:00 Blue: EASY ACES
4:00	6:00	7:00 NBC: Fred Waring's Gang
8:15	6:15	7:15 CBS: Glenn Miller
4:15	6:15	7:15 Blue: Mr. Keen
4:15	6:15	7:15 NBC: European News
4:30	6:30	7:30 CBS: Green Valley, U. S. A.
4:45	6:45	7:45 NBC: H. V. Kaltenborn
5:00	7:00	8:00 CBS: Old Gold Show
8:00	7:00	8:00 Blue: Earl Godwin, News
9:15	7:00	8:00 MBS: Cal Tinney
	7:00	8:00 NBC: The Thin Man
8:15	7:15	8:15 Blue: Lum and Abner
8:30	7:30	8:30 CBS: De, Christian
8:30	7:30	8:30 Blue: Manhattan at Midnight
5:30	7:30	8:30 NBC: Dough-Ra-Mi
5:55	7:55	8:55 CBS: Cecil Brown
6:00	8:00	9:00 MBS: Gabriel Heatter
6:00	8:00	9:00 Blue: Basin Street Music
6:00	8:00	9:00 NBC: These We Love
6:30	8:30	9:30 CBS: Suspense
6:30	8:30	9:30 NBC: Mr. District Attorney
7:00	9:00	10:00 CBS: Great Moments in Music
7:00	9:00	10:00 MBS: John B. Hughes
7:00	9:00	10:00 NBC: Kay Kyser
7:00	9:00	10:00 Blue: Morgan Beatty
7:30	9:30	10:30 CBS: The Twenty-Second Letter
8:00	10:00	11:00 CBS: News

(Turn to page 48 for Thursday and Friday Programs)



HONEY-BLONDE—WITH A FRESH-AS-WILD-ROSES COMPLEXION



Jane's Precious Engagement Ring is dear and sweet like herself. A Tiffany setting of gold holds the clear, sparkling diamond that once belonged to her fiancé's grandmother.

DAINTY JANE DRURY

of Leominster, Massachusetts—engaged to Loring Harkness, Jr., of New York and Connecticut. Loring was preparing for a teaching career—but, like so many boys now, he's working in a defense plant until the Army calls him.

*A*dorable, modern daughter of a distinguished New England family, Jane plunged right into war duties after college. She works like a beaver at her Civilian Defense job and nearly dances her feet off "hostessing" at U.S.O.

Wherever she goes, Jane has compliments about her lovely complexion. "I tell all the girls just to use Pond's Cold Cream," she says. "Then they'll see why I say it's so 'super'—and makes your skin feel so soft and spandy clean."

Copy Her Soft-Smooth Complexion Care

First—Jane smooths Pond's Cold Cream carefully over her face and throat—pats with gentle finger tips to soften and release dirt and old make-up. Tissues off well. Next—she "rinses" with more Pond's. Tissues it off again.

Use Pond's Cold Cream as Jane does—*every night*—for quick daytime clean-ups, too. You'll see why war-busy society women like Miss Fernanda Wanamaker and Mrs. Allan A. Ryan use this soft-smooth cream—why more women and girls all over America use Pond's than any other face cream. At your favorite beauty counter. Five popular-priced sizes—the most economical the lovely *big jars!*

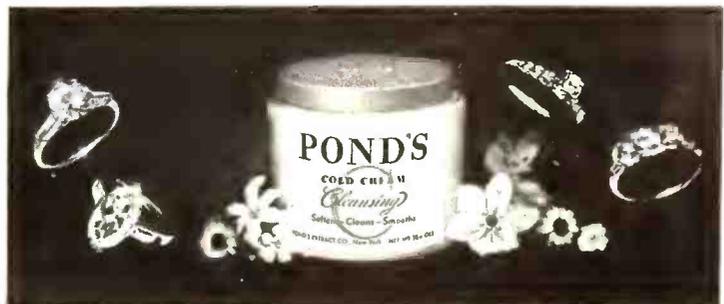
She's Engaged!

SHE'S LOVELY! SHE USES POND'S



They love to look at Jane!

Loring and Jane with two Army friends on leave. There's always a "sweet-as-a-pink" look about Jane's flower-fresh complexion. She gives Pond's lots of credit for helping to keep her skin so softly smooth.



IT'S NO ACCIDENT SO MANY LOVELY ENGAGED GIRLS USE POND'S!

THURSDAY

P. W. T.	C. W. T.	Eastern War Time
	8:30	Blue: Texas Jim
	8:00	9:00 Blue: Breakfast Club
	8:15	9:15 CBS: The Radio Reader
	8:45	9:45 CBS: Thus We Live
8:30	9:00	10:00 CBS: Vallant Lady
	9:00	10:00 Blue: Clark Dennis
10:15	9:00	10:00 NBC: Bess Johnson
1:45	9:15	10:15 CBS: Stories America Loves
	9:15	10:15 Blue: Helen Hiatt
10:30	9:15	10:15 NBC: Bachelor's Children
	9:30	10:30 CBS: Honeymoon Hill
	9:30	10:30 Blue: A House in the Country
	9:30	10:30 NBC: Help Mate
	9:45	10:45 CBS: Fletcher Wiley
	9:45	10:45 Blue: Chaplain Jim—U. S. A.
10:45	10:00	11:00 CBS: Mary Lee Taylor
	10:00	11:00 NBC: Road of Life
8:15	10:15	11:15 CBS: Second Husband
8:15	10:15	11:15 NBC: Vic and Sade
11:30	10:30	11:30 CBS: Bright Horizon
	10:30	11:30 NBC: Against the Storm
11:15	11:45	11:45 CBS: Aunt Jenny's Stories
	10:45	11:45 NBC: David Harum
9:00	11:00	12:00 CBS: Kate Smith Speaks
9:00	11:00	12:00 NBC: Words and Music
9:15	11:15	12:15 CBS: Big Sister
9:30	11:30	12:30 CBS: Romance of Helen Trent
9:30	11:30	12:30 Blue: Farm and Home Hour
9:45	11:45	12:45 CBS: Our Gal Sunday
10:00	12:00	1:00 CBS: Life Can Be Beautiful
10:00	12:00	1:00 Blue: Baukhage Talking
10:15	12:15	1:15 CBS: Woman in White
10:15	12:15	1:15 MBS: I'll Find My Way
10:15	12:15	1:15 Blue: Edward Mac Hugh
10:30	12:30	1:30 CBS: Vic and Sade
	12:45	1:45 CBS: The Goldbergs
10:45	12:45	1:45 MBS: Don Norman
10:45	12:45	1:45 NBC: John Vandercook
4:15	1:00	2:00 CBS: Young Dr. Malone
11:00	1:00	2:00 NBC: Light of the World
12:30	1:15	2:15 CBS: Joyce Jordan, Girl Intern
11:15	1:15	2:15 NBC: Lonely Women
11:30	1:30	2:30 CBS: We Love and Learn
11:30	1:30	2:30 Blue: James Mc Donald
11:30	1:30	2:30 NBC: The Guiding Light
	1:45	2:45 CBS: Pepper Young's Family
11:45	1:45	2:45 Blue: Jack Baker
11:45	1:45	2:45 NBC: Hymns of All Churches
	2:00	3:00 CBS: David Harum
12:00	2:00	3:00 Blue: Prescott Presents
12:00	2:00	3:00 NBC: Mary Marlin
12:15	2:15	3:15 CBS: News
12:15	2:15	3:15 NBC: Ma Perkins
12:30	2:30	3:30 Blue: Men of the Sea
12:30	2:30	3:30 NBC: Pepper Young's Family
12:45	2:45	3:45 NBC: Right to Happiness
1:00	3:00	4:00 Blue: Club Matinee
1:00	3:00	4:00 NBC: Backstage Wife
1:15	3:15	4:15 NBC: Stella Dallas
1:30	3:30	4:30 CBS: Highways to Health
1:30	3:30	4:30 NBC: Lorenzo Jones
1:45	3:45	4:45 CBS: News
1:45	3:45	4:45 NBC: Young Widder Brown
2:00	4:00	5:00 CBS: Are You a Genius
2:00	4:00	5:00 NBC: When a Girl Marries
2:15	4:15	5:15 Blue: Sea Hound
2:15	4:15	5:15 NBC: Portia Faces Life
2:30	4:30	5:30 CBS: Landt Trio
2:30	4:30	5:30 Blue: Flying Patrol
2:30	4:30	5:30 NBC: Three Suns Trio
2:45	4:45	5:45 CBS: Ben Bernie
2:45	4:45	5:45 Blue: Secret City
2:45	4:45	5:45 NBC: The Bartons
7:45	5:00	6:00 CBS: Frazier Hunt
3:30	5:30	6:30 NBC: Engineers at War
3:45	5:45	6:45 CBS: The World Today
3:45	5:45	6:45 Blue: Lowell Thomas
3:45	5:45	6:45 NBC: Bill Stern
8:00	6:00	7:00 CBS: Amos 'n' Andy
8:00	6:00	7:00 Blue: EASY ACES
8:00	6:00	7:00 NBC: Fred Waring's Gang
8:15	6:15	7:15 CBS: Glenn Miller
8:15	6:15	7:15 Blue: Mr. Keen
8:15	6:15	7:15 NBC: European News
9:30	6:30	7:30 CBS: Maudie's Diary
9:30	6:30	7:30 NBC: How 'm I Doln'
5:00	7:00	8:00 CBS: Jim Backus
8:00	7:00	8:00 Blue: Earl Godwin, News
8:30	7:00	8:00 NBC: Post Toasties Time
8:15	7:15	8:15 Blue: Lum and Abner
8:30	7:30	8:30 CBS: Death Valley Days
9:00	7:30	8:30 NBC: ALDRICH FAMILY
5:55	7:55	8:55 CBS: Cecil Brown
6:00	8:00	9:00 CBS: Major Bowes
6:00	8:00	9:00 Blue: Gabriel Heatter
6:00	8:00	9:00 NBC: America's Town Meeting
6:00	8:00	9:00 NBC: KRAFT MUSIC HALL
6:30	8:30	9:30 CBS: Stage Door Canteen
7:00	9:00	10:00 CBS: The First Line
7:00	9:00	10:00 Blue: Raymond Gram Swing
8:15	9:00	10:00 Blue: Morgan Beatty
7:00	9:00	10:00 NBC: Rudy Vallee
7:30	9:30	10:30 NBC: March of Time
7:45	9:45	10:45 CBS: Mary Small



WHITE HOUSE NEWSMAN . . .

When fellow-correspondents in Washington mention the colleges and universities from which they graduated, Earl Godwin, who broadcasts the news five nights a week over the Blue network, slyly boasts that his Alma Mater is the "Erie Railroad School of Journalism." By this he means that although his father was managing editor of the Washington *Star*, he himself got all his newspaper training on the Passaic, N. J., *Herald*, where his job was to meet all trains and interview people on their departures and returns.

Looking backward over thirty years of work as a White House correspondent, Earl says he still employs the same technique of reporting that he learned at the Erie station—asking people where they've been, what they saw, and what they know. The method apparently works, because he's known as the Dean of White House correspondents, and is the only one to have been elected twice in succession to the presidency of their association.

Earl was born in Washington, on the precise spot where the new U. S. Supreme Court Building now stands. There was a brief period in his youth when he thought he would become an industrialist. This happened when his father left his post as editor of the Washington *Star* and became advertising manager for the newly organized Columbia Phonograph Co. Young Earl moved right into the phonograph plant and addressed envelopes at one dollar per thousand. But it didn't take him long to discover that industry was not for him, and he quit to attend the "Erie Railroad School of Journalism."

As a newspaper man, Earl went along with General Pershing on the Army's mad dash to Mexico to capture Pancho Villa, the bandit. This was the one time the Erie Railroad technique of reporting failed him. He kept asking people when they were going to catch Villa, but no one ever answered him.

Earl's most exciting newspaper experience occurred one Saturday evening in 1914. He was on the staff of the Washington *Star*, and was one of the skeleton crew of five men working the night shift. He wandered into the room where telegraph copy was received, and met there another reporter—a new man who had just joined the paper as a movie columnist. The columnist had a slip of Associated Press copy in his hand, and he held it out to Earl, saying nonchalantly, "That's going to make a lot of trouble, isn't it?" Earl read the message, gasped, and dashed for the composing room.

The AP flash was the one announcing the beginning of the first World War.

Earl got out the extra edition of the paper almost single-handed, and earned a lot of praise for his work. What was more important to him in those days, he collected a cash bonus too.

(Turn to page 50 for Saturday Programs)

FRIDAY

P. W. T.	C. W. T.	Eastern War Time
	8:30	Blue: Texas Jim
	8:00	9:00 Blue: Breakfast Club
	8:15	9:15 CBS: The Radio Reader
	8:15	9:15 NBC: Isabel Manning Hewson
	8:45	9:45 CBS: Thus We Live
8:30	9:00	10:00 CBS: Vallant Lady
	9:00	10:00 Blue: Clark Dennis
10:15	9:00	10:00 NBC: Bess Johnson
1:45	9:15	10:15 CBS: Stories America Loves
	9:15	10:15 Blue: Helen Hiatt
10:30	9:15	10:15 NBC: Bachelor's Children
	9:30	10:30 CBS: Honeymoon Hill
	9:30	10:30 Blue: A House in the Country
	9:30	10:30 NBC: Help Mate
	9:45	10:45 CBS: Fletcher Wiley
	9:45	10:45 Blue: Chaplain Jim—U. S. A.
8:00	10:00	11:00 CBS: Clara, Lu, 'n' Em
8:00	10:00	11:00 NBC: Road of Life
8:15	10:15	11:15 CBS: Second Husband
8:15	10:15	11:15 NBC: Vic and Sade
11:00	10:30	11:30 CBS: Bright Horizon
	10:30	11:30 NBC: Against the Storm
11:15	10:45	11:45 CBS: Aunt Jenny's Stories
	10:45	11:45 NBC: David Harum
9:00	11:00	12:00 CBS: Kate Smith Speaks
9:00	11:00	12:00 NBC: Words and Music
9:15	11:15	12:15 CBS: Big Sister
9:30	11:30	12:30 CBS: Romance of Helen Trent
9:30	11:30	12:30 Blue: Farm and Home Hour
9:45	11:45	12:45 CBS: Our Gal Sunday
10:00	12:00	1:00 CBS: Life Can Be Beautiful
10:00	12:00	1:00 Blue: Baukhage Talking
10:15	12:15	1:15 CBS: Woman in White
10:15	12:15	1:15 MBS: I'll Find My Way
10:15	12:15	1:15 Blue: Edward Mac Hugh
10:30	12:30	1:30 CBS: Vic and Sade
	12:45	1:45 CBS: The Goldbergs
10:45	12:45	1:45 MBS: Don Norman
10:45	12:45	1:45 NBC: John Vandercook
4:15	1:00	2:00 CBS: Young Dr. Malone
11:00	1:00	2:00 NBC: Light of the World
12:30	1:15	2:15 CBS: Joyce Jordan, Girl Intern
11:15	1:15	2:15 NBC: Lonely Women
11:30	1:30	2:30 CBS: We Love and Learn
11:30	1:30	2:30 Blue: James Mc Donald
11:30	1:30	2:30 NBC: The Guiding Light
	1:45	2:45 CBS: Pepper Young's Family
11:45	1:45	2:45 Blue: Jack Baker
11:45	1:45	2:45 NBC: Betty Crocker
	2:00	3:00 CBS: David Harum
12:00	2:00	3:00 Blue: Prescott Presents
12:00	2:00	3:00 NBC: Mary Marlin
12:15	2:15	3:15 CBS: News
12:15	2:15	3:15 NBC: Ma Perkins
12:30	2:30	3:30 CBS: Russian-American Festival
12:30	2:30	3:30 Blue: Men of the Sea
12:30	2:30	3:30 NBC: Pepper Young's Family
12:45	2:45	3:45 Blue: Southernaires
12:45	2:45	3:45 NBC: Right to Happiness
1:00	3:00	4:00 Blue: Arthur Tracy
1:00	3:00	4:00 NBC: Backstage Wife
1:15	3:15	4:15 CBS: Victory Begins at Home
1:15	3:15	4:15 Blue: Club Matinee
1:15	3:15	4:15 NBC: Stella Dallas
1:30	3:30	4:30 CBS: Lorenzo Jones
1:45	3:45	4:45 NBC: Young Widder Brown
2:00	4:00	5:00 CBS: Are You a Genius
2:00	4:00	5:00 NBC: When a Girl Marries
2:15	4:15	5:15 Blue: Sea Hound
2:15	4:15	5:15 NBC: Portia Faces Life
2:30	4:30	5:30 CBS: Listen Neighbor
2:30	4:30	5:30 Blue: Flying Patrol
2:30	4:30	5:30 NBC: Three Suns Trio
2:45	4:45	5:45 CBS: Ben Bernie
2:45	4:45	5:45 Blue: Secret City
2:45	4:45	5:45 NBC: The Bartons
	5:00	6:00 CBS: John Daly, News
	6:30	6:00 Blue: The Lone Ranger
3:10	5:10	6:10 CBS: Eric Sevareid
3:15	5:15	6:15 CBS: Hedda Hopper
3:30	5:30	6:30 CBS: Keep Working, Keep Singing
3:45	5:45	6:45 CBS: The World Today
3:45	5:45	6:45 Blue: Lowell Thomas
3:45	5:45	6:45 NBC: Bill Stern
8:00	6:00	7:00 CBS: Amos 'n' Andy
8:00	6:00	7:00 Blue: Scramble
8:00	6:00	7:00 NBC: Fred Waring's Gang
4:15	6:15	7:15 NBC: European News
4:30	6:30	7:30 CBS: Report to the Nation
4:30	6:30	7:30 Blue: Neighborhood Call
4:45	6:45	7:45 NBC: H. V. Kaltenborn
8:00	7:00	8:00 Blue: Earl Godwin, News
9:15	7:00	8:00 MBS: Earl Tinnery
	7:00	8:00 NBC: Cities Service Concert
5:45	7:15	8:15 Blue: Gibbs and Finney
5:30	7:30	8:30 Blue: Listen America
5:30	7:30	8:30 NBC: INFORMATION PLEASE
5:55	7:55	8:55 CBS: Cecil Brown
8:30	8:00	9:00 CBS: Phillip Morris Playhouse
8:30	8:00	9:00 Blue: Gang Busters
6:00	8:00	9:00 MBS: Gabriel Heatter
6:00	8:00	9:00 NBC: Waitz Time
6:30	8:30	9:30 CBS: That Brewster Boy
6:30	8:30	9:30 Blue: Dinah Shore
6:30	8:30	9:30 MBS: Double or Nothing
6:30	8:30	9:30 NBC: Plantation Party
7:00	9:00	10:00 CBS: Camel Caravan
7:00	9:00	10:00 Blue: Meet Your Navy
7:00	9:00	10:00 NBC: People Are Funny
7:30	9:30	10:30 Blue: Manpower and the War

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Beatrice Mann



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SATURDAY

P. W. T.	C. W. T.	Eastern War Time
	8:00	CBS: The World Today 8:00 NBC: News
	8:30	NBC: Dick Leibert
	8:45	CBS: Adelaide Hawley 8:45 Blue: News 8:45 NBC: News
	8:00	9:00 CBS: Press News
	8:00	9:00 Blue: Breakfast Club
	8:00	9:00 NBC: Happy Jack
	8:15	9:15 CBS: Caucasian Melodies
	8:15	9:15 NBC: Paul Lavalie Orch.
	8:30	9:30 CBS: Garden Gate
	8:30	9:30 NBC: Hank Lawson
	9:00	10:00 CBS: Youth on Parade
	9:00	10:00 Blue: Andrini Continentales
	9:00	10:00 NBC: U. S. Navy Band
	9:30	10:30 NBC: String Serenade
8:00	10:00	11:00 CBS: News
8:00	10:00	11:00 NBC: The Creightons Are Coming
8:15	10:15	11:15 CBS: Ged's Country
8:30	10:30	11:30 CBS: Let's Pretend
8:30	10:30	11:30 Blue: Little Blue Playhouse
8:30	10:30	11:30 NBC: America the Free
9:00	11:00	12:00 CBS: Theater of Today
9:00	11:00	12:00 Blue: Music by Black
9:00	11:00	12:00 NBC: News
9:15	11:15	12:15 NBC: Consumer Time
10:30	11:30	12:30 CBS: Stars Over Hollywood
9:30	11:30	12:30 Blue: Farm Bureau
9:30	11:30	12:30 NBC: Golden Melodies
10:00	12:00	1:00 CBS: Country Journal
10:00	12:00	1:00 Blue: Vincent Lopez
10:00	12:00	1:00 NBC: Whatcha Know Joe
10:30	12:30	1:30 CBS: Adventures in Science
10:30	12:30	1:30 Blue: Al and Lee Reiser
10:30	12:30	1:30 NBC: All Out for Victory
10:45	12:45	1:45 CBS: Symphonettes
11:00	1:00	2:00 CBS: Of Men and Books
11:00	1:00	2:00 Blue: Paul Lavalie Orch.
11:00	1:00	2:00 NBC: U. S. Marine Band
11:30	1:30	2:30 CBS: Brush Creek Follies
12:00	2:00	3:00 Blue: Canadian Air Force Band
12:00	2:00	3:00 NBC: Nature Sketches
12:15	2:15	3:15 NBC: Paul Lavalie Orch.
12:30	2:30	3:30 CBS: F. O. B. Detroit
12:30	2:30	3:30 NBC: Charles Dant Orch.
1:00	3:00	4:00 CBS: Hello From Hawaii
1:00	3:00	4:00 Blue: Club Matinee
1:00	3:00	4:00 NBC: Pan-American Holiday
2:00	4:00	5:00 CBS: Matinee at Meadowbrook
2:30	4:30	5:30 NBC: Three Suns Trio
2:45	4:45	5:45 NBC: News. Alex Dreier
7:45	5:00	6:00 CBS: Frazier Hunt
3:00	5:00	6:00 Blue: Dance Music
3:00	5:00	6:00 NBC: Golden Melodies
3:15	5:15	6:15 CBS: Calling Pan-America
3:30	5:30	6:30 Blue: Jesters
3:30	5:30	6:30 NBC: Religion in the News
3:45	5:45	6:45 CBS: The World Today
3:45	5:45	6:45 Blue: Edward Tomlinson
3:45	5:45	6:45 NBC: NBC Orchestra
4:00	6:00	7:00 CBS: People's Platform
4:00	6:00	7:00 Blue: Message of Israel
4:00	6:00	7:00 NBC: Neah Webster Says
4:30	6:30	7:30 CBS: Tillie the Teller
4:30	6:30	7:30 Blue: Swap Night
4:30	6:30	7:30 NBC: Musicana
4:45	6:45	7:45 NBC: War in the Air
5:00	7:00	8:00 CBS: Soldiers With Wings
8:00	7:00	8:00 Blue: Earl Godwin. News
8:30	7:00	8:00 NBC: Abie's Irish Rose
5:15	7:15	8:15 Blue: Gibbs and Finney
5:30	7:30	8:30 CBS: Commandos
6:30	7:30	8:30 Blue: The Green Hornet
8:00	7:30	8:30 NBC: Truth or Consequences
5:55	7:55	8:55 CBS: Eric Sevareid
9:00	8:00	9:00 CBS: YOUR HIT PARADE
6:00	8:00	9:00 Blue: Summer Symphony
6:00	8:00	9:00 NBC: National Barn Dance
6:30	8:30	9:30 NBC: Grand Park Concert
6:45	8:45	9:45 CBS: Saturday Night Serenade
6:45	8:45	9:45 Blue: James McDonald
7:00	9:00	10:00 MBS: Raymond Gram Swing
7:00	9:00	10:00 Blue: Prescott Variety Show
7:00	9:00	10:00 NBC: Bill Stern Sports Review
7:15	9:15	10:15 NBC: Labor for Victory
7:30	9:30	10:30 NBC: Ted Steele Variety



Donna Dae, this month's Radio Mirror cover girl, is Fred Waring's vocalist on his Pleasure Time programs heard on NBC.

A VERY BRIGHT DAE

DONNA DAE, Fred Waring's lovely little singer on his nightly Pleasure Time broadcasts over NBC, was almost literally nursed on popular music. Her father, Ted Cooper, ran a band—"Ted Cooper's Harmony Four"—in which her mother, Velma Dimmitt, played the piano. Donna was born in O'Neill, Nebraska, and spent a large part of her babyhood parked behind the piano in a clothes basket while her young parents played for dances. She learned to sing and dance as a matter of course, and was making radio and stage appearances in Lincoln and Council Bluffs when she was still a tiny little girl.

In those days her name was Donna Rae Cooper, but as time went on Donna and her family decided that short names are easier to remember—and also look better in bright lights. For a while she was known as Donna Rae, but then people with similar names began to shine in Hollywood—notably Martha Raye—so rather than confuse the issue further, Donna changed the first letter of her last name and became Donna Dae.

Donna is only nineteen years old, and although in her short life she has attained success that most of us only dream about, her boss, Fred Waring, insists that what's happened to her so far is only the beginning. Fred "discovered" her in the summer of 1937, when she was singing and dancing with Frankie Masters' orchestra at the College Inn in Chicago. The Waring Pennsylvanians weren't on the air at

the time. Fred had just lost his two popular girl singers, Priscilla and Rosemary Lane, to the movies, and he was very much on the lookout for new recruits. As soon as he saw Donna he knew he had one.

It wasn't until the following New Year's Day, though, that Donna joined the Waring gang, and not until the next October that she went on the air with them. In the meantime, she put in a lot of time studying. She took dramatic lessons from Frances Robinson Duff, who had coached the Lanes when they were with Fred. And Waring himself gave her singing and "stylizing" lessons. "Stylizing," in case you're puzzled, is the art of singing a song in a way that's peculiarly and particularly your own. Even though she'd been singing and dancing in public since the age of nine, Donna says now that she soon realized, when she began to work with Fred Waring, how much she still had to learn.

All the hard work will be worth it, though, if the future develops as Fred is confident it will. He says she's going to be a big star in radio and movies—and if he's right, of course that means he'll probably lose Donna as he lost the Lane sisters. He won't mind, though, because he gets a kick out of discovering and developing new talent.

Donna used to have long hair, but she's had it bobbed to page-boy length now. When she sings for the Waring broadcasts she usually wears long hoop-skirted evening gowns, which go well with her petite figure.

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The Words You Spoke

Continued from page 20

"I'm just tired," I told him when he asked.

"I wish I weren't going to Washington; I'd take you out to the lake for the weekend and let Mrs. Carew take care of you."

"Don't worry about me—it's nothing. Harry—Ken Willis has asked me to have dinner with him Saturday night. Do you mind?"

"Of course not," Harry said heartily. "I'm glad you won't be lonely. I've been selfish with you anyway, Carol—keeping you from your younger friends to be with an old fellow like me!"

"Don't say that!" I cried. "You're the youngest person I know."

There was a sort of wistfulness in his voice when he answered. "I feel young when I'm with you, darling. Well—take good care of yourself. I'll call you the minute I get back."

I could hear his whistle all the way down the stairs, and I wept as though my heart would break.

Ken and I had dinner at his apartment. We cooked it ourselves—and we were very gay with the forced gaiety of those who know their moments must be stolen ones. Everything we did took on a meaning and significance bigger than itself. Every small incident was a token of what lay between us that we could no longer put in words.

I made Ken take me home early. And when he kissed me in the shadowy foyer of my apartment, I made myself pull away and run up the stairs. I was running away from the blood pounding in my veins, from that sweet, intoxicating fire—and from my own feeling of guilt.

Harry came back the next day. "It's all set," he told me. "I'll leave in two weeks. I'm going to make the announcement at the plant tomorrow morning."

"Have you—decided who's to take your place?"

"Not yet. I'll wait until just before I go. Did you have a good time last night?" His eyes were, for once, inscrutable.

"Yes, it was very pleasant. Has—has Ken still a chance for the job?"

"A good one. Do you think he's equal to it?"

"I know he'd throw his heart and soul into it." And then I hurriedly changed the subject. Did Harry suspect? Did he know, out of that deep understanding and wisdom of the human heart? And if he did, what would he do?

His kiss was almost fatherly when we parted. "I'll see you tomorrow night," was all he said.

THE next morning Ken called me at my office. "I've got to see you." Excitement ran high in his voice. "Harry's just announced he was leaving."

"I know."

"I want to talk to you—tonight."

"But I'm having dinner with Harry."

"Tell him you'll see him later. This is important, Carol. I've got to talk to you."

So I called Harry. It was the first time I had ever lied to him. I said I had to go to a Red Cross meeting and that I'd meet him at my place at nine.

I was so keyed up I could hardly do my work. Letters blurred in front

of my eyes as they took the form first of Harry's face, then of Ken's. Tonight would bring some kind of climax that would force me to make my decision.

After work I hurried to Ken's apartment. He was waiting for me, with the table laid for two and dinner sent in from a nearby restaurant. We faced each other across it, unable to eat.

"I've got a good chance to be promoted to Harry's place when he leaves," Ken said. "I know he's considering me. He'll do what you say—tell him to give it to me, Carol."

WHATEVER it was I'd expected, whatever I'd tensed myself to meet, this somehow was not it. Tell him to give it to me. The words had a flat, off-key sound that jarred against the high, singing mood that had always been between us until now.

More disturbed than I cared to admit, I could not answer at once.

"I can't do that, Ken," I said at last.

"Why not?" It wasn't a question; it was like a command. "You know I'd be good at it. He wouldn't consider me if he didn't think so."

"That's not the question. I'd be using Harry's love for me to influence him. I can't do that."

"You're being foolish, Carol." His keen face was taut with bold, driving energy and I thought again of a Spanish buccaneer. "That job means everything to me. It would make up for the years of half-starving and debt and frustration. And think what it would mean to us—to you and me."

"I am thinking of it!" I cried desperately. "That's the very reason I can't ask him. It would be cruel, it would be brutal, to urge him to give it to you and then when he did, to reveal to him how we feel about each other."

"He'll be hurt anyway, when he finds out we love each other. You can't spare him that. And he won't be hurt any more if I have the job. Can't you see what it would mean for us—we could get married right away." He took my hands. His own were hot and urgent. "We could belong to each other."

Yes, we could belong to each other. All the doubt, the questioning would be over. And I would know the fulfillment of my long quest for the ecstasy and pain, the transcendent forgetfulness of passionate love. No longer would I have to hold back from a touch, from a kiss . . . I drew a deep breath. "Then I'll tell him first how we feel about each other."

Ken's chair rasped over the floor as he pushed it back and stood up. "And ruin deliberately the chance I have of getting the job! Can't you see—"

"I can see you're asking me to use a fine, generous man." Those were the bitterest words I've ever said, the bitterest thought I've ever known. I made myself go on. "If you get the job it must be because he thinks you deserve it. This business is like a child to him. He's slaved at it, given it his brilliance, his ambition, his heart. If he hands it over to you now, it will have to be because he wants you to have it—not because I ask for personal reasons of my own."

"You're blinded by these schoolgirl scruples of yours! One word from you would fix everything. And you won't

give it, you'd rather see the chance of a lifetime slip through my fingers. Why?"

"I've told you why."

For a moment his eyes held mine, hard and angry. Then they softened. He came toward me, slipping his arms around me. When he spoke again, his voice was low and deep with appeal.

"I've never asked you for anything, darling. And I've had to take a lot these last weeks, knowing you were engaged to another man when I longed to tell the world you were mine. If you have any sense of fairness, if you love me at all, you'll do this one small thing . . ."

I tried to escape that appeal, tried to free myself from those arms that made me weak. "Betrayal's not a small thing. And that's what this amounts to, Ken. Betrayal of something in him and in me—" I broke off. From the courtyard below came a cheerful, tuneless whistling.

"That's Harry now! He's coming!"

Ken rushed to the window. "He's coming in! He mustn't find you here."

"But I can't leave now. I'd meet him in the hall."

"Then—then—" he glanced quickly around the room. "Here, hide in the kitchen."

"I won't hide! I won't sneak around behind his back like this!"

"But you've got to." His hand was on my arm, raising me from the chair. "He can't find us together—"

PANIC had transformed him into something I'd never seen before. It wasn't pretty. "I won't hide, Ken," I said stonily. "Open the door."

"Do you know what you're doing? Do you know what this will cost us when he finds us here like this?"

"I know what I'm doing. I know a lot I never knew before." For a moment he stared at me, his mouth a grim line. I stared back, stubbornly, implacably. It was like a physical clash. One movement from me and it would be over, I would be safe. I had only to run to the kitchen. But I said again, "Open the door, Ken."

His eyes fell. He shrugged a little and dropped my arm. He crossed the room and opened the door.

Harry was smiling as he came in. His eyes went past Ken's face to me and he stopped smiling.

"Why—hello, honey. I thought you said you were going to the Red Cross . . ."

"I did say so," I answered steadily. "I came here instead."

His glance took in the table set for two, my bag on the couch. And his eyes went suddenly deep with pain. "I—see." He turned back to Ken. "I was just dropping in on some of the office force this evening, Ken. I'm sorry I've interrupted you and Carol."

"Oh, that's all right, Mr. Ormsby."

Ken was struggling to be at ease. "Carol was—ah—she was just—"

"Yes." Harry looked around. "It's a nice little place you've got here."

"I'm glad you like it. I fixed it up myself."

"I'm glad you take an interest and pride in such things." Harry wandered over to the end table, looked at the books lying there. He studied the prints over the mantelpiece, strolled over to look at the compact, neat little

kitchen. I might not have been there for all the attention he paid me. "A man's home means a lot to him, or it should," he went on. "It's more than just a place to live. It ought to represent something to him—hospitality to friends, a place to establish his relationships."

I felt he was giving us something—some wisdom he had learned out of years of striving and benevolent living. "Human relationships are about the most important things in life, Ken. More than money or fame."

"Yes, indeed, Mr. Ormsby. I think so too," Ken said.

"I'm glad you do. I'm glad you feel that way. Well—I must be going."

"Wait, Harry," I said. "I'll come with you."

He looked at me for the first time since he'd entered. His face showed nothing—neither anger nor shock nor disappointment. It was carefully blank. Only his eyes were shadowed with the memory of pain.

Ken tried to catch my glance as I passed him on my way to the door. I didn't look up.

HARRY and I walked down the stairs. He said in a natural voice that told me nothing, "Well, Carol, I've made up my mind. I'm going to leave the business jointly in the hands of Ken here and young Bill Dean. Bill's extravagant—he lets his heart run away with his head. Ken's harder, really more interested in his work, but maybe he's too hard. Together they ought to make a pretty good team."

I stopped there on the landing and faced him in the dim light. "I'm glad," I said evenly. "I don't know Bill, but you are right about Ken. He's able—but he's hard. He's ruthless and—" My voice broke. "But, Harry, I don't want to think about him. I want to think about us. Let's get married right away—now. Let's not wait until you're settled in Washington. I want to go there with you, be with you when you take on your new job."

He put his hands on my shoulders. His eyes were kind, but very searching. "Are you sure that's what you want to do, Carol?"

"I know it! Listen, Harry. I've got to tell you. For a while—a short little while—I thought I was in love with Ken. He's young, he's attractive, he was exciting to me. Until tonight. Tonight he asked me to do something I couldn't do, and he didn't understand why I couldn't. And when he heard you coming, he—he wanted me to hide—in the kitchen."

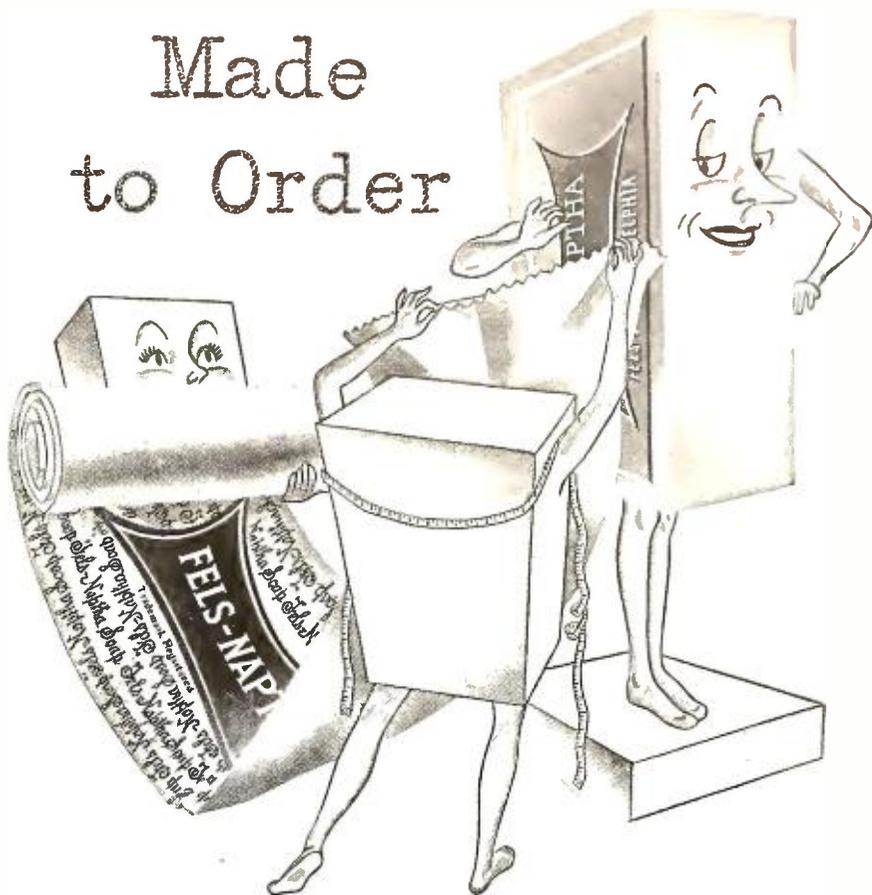
"Why didn't you?"

"I couldn't. It was sneaky. It was despicable. I couldn't do it to you—not because I was afraid of you, but because you are you. What you said up there about human relationships—that's true, Harry. And when you said it I knew it was true and I knew I'd been in love with you all along—"

His smile grew radiant, instead of kind, and his eyes reached far into my mind and soul to the root of what I was trying so incoherently to say. He held me close and in the embrace I realized he, too, had been holding something of his love back these last months, lest he rush me too fast before I was sure. He'd known all along.

"Those are the words I've been waiting for, my darling. I've waited for you to say them of your own free will. Now we can start our new life unafraid and unresisting, and I'll be starting mine with the greatest gift America could give me—you."

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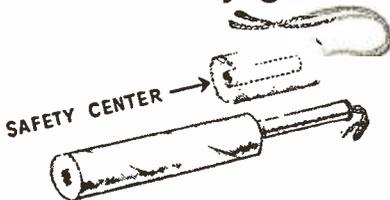


At last I know what
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The Modess Tampon

Pardon My Southern Drawl

Continued from page 23

"A blonde menace," Maudie explained, picking up her books. "She's in my botany class and she turned her steam on Davy and got him to share her microscope."

"Is that very bad, Maudie?" Maudie was amazed. Sometimes mothers understood nothing at all about life. "Bad?" she gasped. "It's crucial! Girls share microscopes with girls and boys share them with boys, but Davy and that blonde had their heads together for a whole hour. I was absolutely mortified," she added.

Mrs. Mason sighed, sympathetically. "But Maudie," she said "if this girl turned the—the steam on Davy, why do you blame him?"

"He enjoyed it," Maudie answered bitterly.

"This really sounds serious," her mother agreed. "But crying isn't going to help." She took a handkerchief out of her apron pocket and dried Maudie's tears. "You know, Maudie," she said hesitantly, "before your father and I were married I had blonde trouble, too."

"Mother!" Maudie was honestly shocked.

"Oh, yes." Her mother nodded, "I walked by a soda fountain one afternoon and there before my very eyes sat your father and a cuddly blonde drinking a lemon phosphate out of one glass with two straws."

MY own father, Maudie thought. How awful! The very thought of her father drinking a lemon phosphate with another woman was too revolting. "What happened?" she asked breathlessly.

"My world came to an end," Mrs. Mason said, reminiscently. "I was completely miserable—for two whole days. Then somehow the whole thing blew over. I hadn't thought of it again until just this moment, and I'm sure neither your father nor the cuddly blonde remember it."

"Gee," Maudie said excitedly, "who was the blonde, Mother?"

Mrs. Mason smiled. "I don't suppose I should tell you," she said, "but it was Harry Polk's wife. Your father and I play bridge with them every Saturday night."

"Oh Mother," Maudie exclaimed incredulously. "Mrs. Polk looks like such a mouse."

"Well," Mrs. Mason sighed, "you think about that little story, Maudie. And," she smiled again, "if Davy calls I'd advise you to be sweet and ignore everything that has happened."

"If that lop-eared, raisin-brain, woman-chaser calls," Maudie said spiritedly, "you may inform him I am not at home to him."

Mrs. Mason paused on her way to the kitchen long enough to remark, "And I'll bet you're the first one to that telephone every time it rings."

"Oh, honestly, mother," Maudie said, "that's ridiculous!"

But that evening, every time the telephone rang, Maudie had to exert every ounce of her will power to keep from being the first to answer it. Pauly called four times and three other girls in the botany class also called to say how sorry they were about what had happened. Maudie was sure they were positively gloating and, she thought, if this evening

didn't end soon she was going to be a stretcher case.

Only when she was in bed would she admit to herself the horrifying fact that for the first time in five years Davy had failed to telephone her before retiring for the night! It was too excruciating to contemplate in silence and she resorted to tears for the second time that day. At a little after midnight, she fell into a troubled sleep, to dream about Davy surrounded by dozens of nauseous blondes. No matter how hard she tugged at them to get at Davy they were immovable.

The next day, at school, she met Davy twice in the halls. He was alone, but she went past him without so much as a nod, her heart pounding. When school was over she begged Pauly to come home with her.

"I just can't stand to be alone, Pauly," she explained, as they sat despondently in the Mason living room. "At such a time, one shouldn't be alone, don't you think?"

Pauly agreed. "I hope," she sighed, "Davy doesn't give my pash any of his ideas about other women." Pauly's passion was Davy's best friend, Bill Brandt.

THE telephone rang. Both girls sat for a moment, electrified. Then Maudie rushed to the phone, stopped, caught her breath and recovered her dignity. She picked up the receiver, Pauly breathing in her other ear, and said "Miss Mason speaking."

"How's your bad temper today?" Davy's voice said.

"Mr. Dillon," Maudie said coldly, "I do not care to speak to you on the phone or anywhere else."

Davy's chuckle was infuriating. "Keep your girdle on, sweetmeat," he said. "I'm down here at the Marble Slab, and I just want to tell you something dynamic about my plans."

"I'm not interested, Mr. Dillon,"



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DON'T discard these outside, greenest leaves of lettuce. Wash them well—and use. The brighter the color of the leaves the fuller they are with healthful vitamins!



Serve on the home front—protect your family's health, yet economize in food budgeting. Lend the pennies you save to help your county meet its War Bond quota.

Maudie said, trying to keep a breathless quality out of her voice.

"It's about the dance Saturday night," Davy said. "Remember?"

"Yes," Maudie admitted, "dimly."

"I just want you to know," Davy said, "that between now and the dance I'm going to look over the female talent in this town and drag the sweetest hag I can find."

"That matters little to me, Mr. Dillon," Maudie answered. "And I happen to know that every girl who isn't completely soggy is already dated for the dance."

"That's what you think," Davy snorted. "I'm gonna get me a girl that's but bonza!"

Maudie began to tremble. "Goodby, Mr. Dillon," she said, and hung up.

Pauly was hopping with excitement. She hugged Maudie and chortled. "I'm simply mad about the way you put him on ice with your freezy voice. He must have frost in his left ear."

Maudie slumped in a chair. Somehow, freezing Davy hadn't given her the slightest satisfaction. What if he could get himself another woman! This revolting thought made Maudie sit straight up. "Pauly!" she said, "I'm simply stricken. What if Davy does get a date for that dance?"

"What a gory thought!" Pauly exclaimed. "Oh, if there were only some way to get even with him."

Maudie sighed. "Honeychile, if ah was Scarlett O'Hara ah'd jes' up and shoot him."

Pauly's eyes widened. "Maudie," she said, "where did you get that marvy southern accent?"

Maudie smiled sadly, still thinking of Davy. "From mah po old granny," she said absently. "She was bohn and raised in Joe-jah."

"Maudie, dear!" Pauly screamed, jumping to her feet. "Your accent gives me the germ of a million dollar idea!" She danced around the room caroming off pieces of furniture. "Oh, we'll fix Davy Dillon," she shouted, hugging herself. "We'll really masticate him!"

PAULY stayed for dinner. Her giggles didn't aid Mr. Mason's digestion, but to Maudie, her precious girl friend's subtle hints about their plan to humiliate Davy Dillon were killing, but riotous. Maudie had never heard such a simply de-luscious plan and she was sure it would work.

It just had to work, she kept saying to herself all through the meal. But after dinner, when she and Pauly stood before the phone, she began to weaken. Pauly egged her on, though, and there was nothing to do but go through with it. Then she heard Davy's voice on the other end of the wire.

"Oh, Mistah Dillon," Maudie said with southern oomph. "You-all don't know me, but down home in Joe-jah I met a friend of yours named Tubby Washburn."

"Oh?" Davy said surprised. "Old Tubby?"

Maudie said a little silent prayer for Davy to believe her. Tubby Washburn was a friend of Davy's in an army camp near Atlanta. "How is Tubby?" he asked after a moment.

"He's jus' fine," Maudie said. "He knew ah was comin' up heah, and tol' me to look you up. Ah'm Honeycake Honeycut."

"You're who?" Davy asked.

"Honeycake Honeycut," Maudie

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Put FRESH #2, the new double-duty cream, under this arm. See which stops perspiration—prevents odor—better!



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1. See which stops perspiration better. We feel sure that FRESH #2 will!
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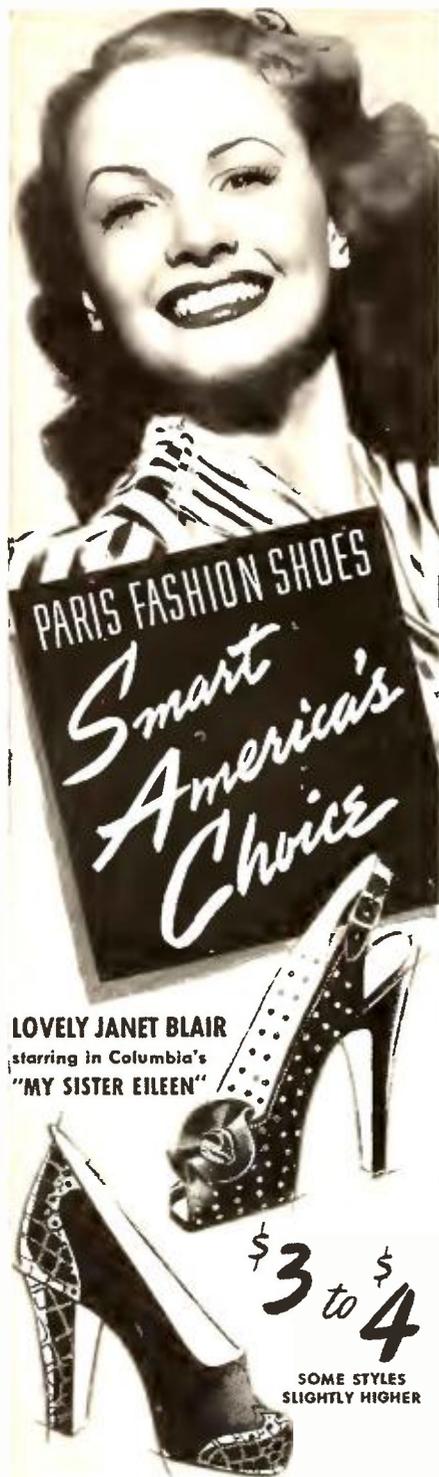
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drawled. "You must read about me in the paper. Ah'm the new Joe-Jah Peach Queen for Nineteen Fo'ty two."

Davy's voice began to crack. "The Peach Queen of 1942?"

"Yah-us," Maudie said. "Don't you recall me now?"

"Why uh," Davy giggled, "sure I recall you, ah, Miss Honeycut."

"Honeycake, to you, Day-veh." Maudie could hardly control herself. Davy laughed self-consciously. "Well, what can I do for you, Honeycake?" he said.

"Well, Day-veh," Maudie said, "I hope you won't think me too bold—"

"I should say not," Davy broke in. Maudie went on, all in one breath.

"Well, Day-veh, I heard about that dance you-all were havin' next Saturday and ah don' know a soul in town and ah was just wonderin' if you'd escort me." Now Maudie giggled. "You mus' think me bold as bray-as."

"Oh no." There was a long pause and then Davy asked, haltingly, "A—that is—what do you look like, Honeycake?"

Maudie's description of Honeycake Honeycut made Davy Dillon drool and purr. Davy wanted to see "his Honeycake" right away, but Maudie, her accent getting thicker by the second, explained that she had to leave town and wouldn't be back until the night of the dance. "Suppose ah meet you at the school gym," she cooed, "wheah the dance is hay-ehd?"

"Woo-woo," Davy gurgled. "Look, Honeycake, I've never seen you, so how will I know you?"

"I'll be wearin' peach velvet," Maudie answered, "an' ah'll have a camellia in mah hay-uh."

"Peach velvet!" Davy fairly yowled. "Cover the ice with ashes, Mother, I'm slippin'!"

"Bye, now," Maudie said quickly, "you big wonderful may-un!"

For several minutes after Maudie hung up, Pauly was hysterical. She kept telling Maudie over and over again how terrific she was. Maudie was too ferociously angry to care whether or not she had been terrific. "The big double-crossing cheat!" she said fiercely.

"But wait until Saturday night!" Pauly said delightedly. "Jeepers! I can just see Davy Dillon waiting around all evening for somebody who doesn't even exist. You'll certainly have the horse laugh on him!"

TO Maudie, the days seemed to be never-ending. Monday and Tuesday were perfectly gruesome and boring and she spent the evenings moping in her room. On Wednesday, as usual, she took her fashion column into the editorial office of the high school paper, the *Crimson and Gold*, and handed it to the assistant editor, Mr. Dillon.

"Well, it's about time," Davy said, taking the column from her hands.

Maudie ignored him, but frigidly. She turned to Bill Brandt, sitting on the other side of the office. "You may tell Mr. Dillon," she said, "I have no intention of speaking to him."

"I heard that," Davy grinned. "Okay by me, it saves wear and tear on the eardrums."

"Oh!" Maudie exclaimed and fairly flew out into the hall.

Friday, when the *Crimson and Gold* was distributed to the eager hands of the students of Suburban High, everyone was ago because of an item in the

Tid Bits column, obviously written by Davy himself.

"The *Crimson and Gold* staff," it read, "takes pride in announcing that at the dance Saturday night, Mr. David Dillon, associate editor, will have the honor of escorting Miss Honeycake Honeycut, the Georgia Peach Queen of 1942. Miss Honeycut is one of the most glamorous, breathtaking women in these United States. Mr. Dillon will be the sinecure of all eyes.

MAUDIE read it at least a dozen times. Then she read it, in a whisper, to Pauly in botany class. "He'll be the laughing stock of the whole school," she said, falteringly.

On Saturday night, sitting between Bill and Pauly on the way to the dance, Maudie's stomach felt as though it were full of hummingbird's wings. She could hardly contain her excitement and lust for revenge because on Friday, after the paper had come out, Davy's ego had been positively ghoulish. When he finds out there's no such person as Honeycake Honeycut, she thought, he'll want to crawl under something and die.

Maudie entered the room leading to the dance floor in a flurry of pink and white. Her eyes, shining and expectant, met those of Davy Dillon. He was leaning nonchalantly against a railing and Maudie was forced to admit that she had never seen him so spruced, so completely sharp and handsome. He was wearing a brand new summer tux! Maudie and Pauly and Bill swept up to him.

"Well!" Maudie said. "Hello there!"

"Hi, Maudie," Davy smiled. "Hey, I thought you weren't speaking to me."

"Since everybody should be happy at a dance," Maudie replied sweetly, "I've decided to be magnanimous and recognize your existence."

"Thanks too much," Davy said.

"Davy," Pauly asked maliciously, "what are you doing out here?"

Davy looked slightly embarrassed.

"Oh, uh," he hesitated, "just waiting."

"Where is she, Davy?" Maudie asked, turning the knife.

"We mean," Pauly said pointedly, "Honeycake Honeycut."

"Come on, son," Bill said slapping him on the back. "Drag her out. Give me an eyeload of the wench."

Davy tried to stammer explanations and Maudie was fairly seething with glee and satisfaction. "Oh, Davy," she gushed, "everyone is just quivering for a look at her."

"I hear she's quite a cuddle cat," Bill broke in. "Or haven't you had a chance to test that theory yet?"

Davy blushed and looked at the floor. "Wait a sec, Bill." He turned to Maudie. "Hey, Maudie," he said, "is everybody really excited to see Honeycake?"

"Oh," Maudie assured him, "monumentally so!"

"Gosh," Davy said. And Maudie was sure he was squirming inside.

"The orchestra's finished the first set, Davy," Pauly said nastily. "Where is she?"

"Davy!" Maudie said. "I just had the most ghastly thought! Suppose Miss Honeycut doesn't show up at all!"

Maudie smiled into Davy's eyes which seemed to be filled with terror. He really was suffering, she thought—and showing it, which was unusual for Davy. "Hey, Maudie," he said

huskily. "What do you mean?"

Pauly giggled. "It would be an awful shame if she forgot about meeting you here and everything."

Davy straightened his shoulders manfully. "Oh," he said, "she hasn't forgotten."

"Is she really here, Dave?" Bill asked anxiously.

"Well," Davy said. It was a long drawn out "well," followed by a sigh. "Yes. Yeah, she's here."

Maudie smiled cruelly. "You don't say. Where is she?"

"Why—she's—she's in there. Right there in the powder room." He added lamely.

Maudie almost felt sorry for him. Almost, but not quite. "Oh, but I can't wait to see her," she said. "Come on, Pauly, let's drag her out."

"Wait a minute," Davy protested. "Why don't you let her alone?"

"We just can't wait any longer," Pauly said snidely. "Why don't you call her, Davy?"

"Yes," Maudie urged, "please call her, Davy."

Davy began to call "Honeycake" in a very weak voice and Maudie thought she'd simply choke if he kept it up a minute longer. I'll just have to stop this, she thought, there's simply no sense in torturing the poor man beyond endurance. She walked over to Davy and smiled up into his eyes. And then she heard the most unbelievable, horrifying voice say, "Sorry to keep you-all waitin', sugah snoot!"

Maudie whirled around and there before her stunned eyes was a luscious, yes, even cuddly blonde girl just a shade taller than herself coming toward Davy! Maudie swallowed.

"Sorry to keep you waitin', Day-veh, dear," the awful thing said, taking Davy's arm!

Bill was beaming. "Well, shut mah mouth!" he exclaimed.

Davy's smile was gloating. "Folks," he said, "I'd like you to meet Miss Honeycake Honeycut!"

To Maudie, the next few minutes were nightmarish. The girl smiled at her and at Pauly, who stood open-mouthed, and at Bill, who was utterly devastated. "Come on, Day-veh," she finally said, "Put those big, grizzly-beah arms around me and dance me off into loveland."

Maudie watched the girl whirl off in Davy's arms, she watched them floating over the dance floor until the tears in her eyes made it impossible to see them clearly. She wandered away in a daze, thinking it just couldn't have happened, it was just too impossible to have happened. How she got out to the balcony over-looking the lake, Maudie never knew. There, she sobbed as quietly as she could, her heart aching and her spirit completely crushed.

DON'T cry, Maudie." It was Davy's voice.

"Oh, Davy!" she thought. "Go away," she sobbed, "I hate you!"

Davy put his arms around her and Maudie wished mightily that she had the strength to shake them off. "Now look, lambface," he said. "Look me in the eyes. The joke is over now."

"Go away," Maudie repeated, but she looked up at Davy's anxious pleading face and into his serious brown eyes. "What—what joke?"

Davy looked at her reprovingly but tenderly. "Now don't pretend

you don't know," he said.

Maudie managed to get Davy's handkerchief out of his breast coat pocket without leaving his arms and began patting her swollen eyes. "How did you find out about it?" she sniffled.

Davy kissed her forehead. "Well, lambface," he said, "I may not be a quiz kid but a man in my position, an assistant editor of the *Crimson and Gold*, has to read the other newspapers. I happened to take in a little item about a week ago that said on account of the war a Georgia Peach Queen wasn't going to be elected this year!"

Maudie looked up astounded. Then she lowered her eyes. "Then who is that awful girl?" she asked.

"That's my cousin Bernice from Adamstown," Davy smiled. "Gee, lambface, I had to figure some way out of it. I didn't want to look like a dope in front of the whole school. So that's why I got the cousin to come buzzin' down here and make like Honeycake Honeycut!"

"Oh," Maudie murmured. Sometimes, she thought, Davy was so wonderfully, brilliantly bright. And then for some reason she thought of the story her mother had told her about Mrs. Polk and her father. Maudie felt immeasurably better.

"Hey, starfish," Davy said, tightening his grip. "Why so quiet?"

"I was just thinking," Maudie said, looking up into his eyes again, "of a story I heard about a lemon phosphate with two straws."

Davy looked worried. "Are you sure you're all right, Maudie?"

"I never felt better in my life!" Maudie said and she kissed Davy thoroughly to prove it.

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Pepper Young's Family

Continued from page 41



The movie colony has had an unusual opportunity to see and appreciate how fine a job the USO is doing for our men in the army and navy—through USO clubhouses, camp shows and many other services that make the life of service men easier and brighter.

Because we know this and believe in it so strongly, all of us in Hollywood are giving everything we can to support this great undertaking.

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Send your contribution to your local USO chairman or to National Headquarters, USO, Empire State Building, New York City.

Sam was describing the Trent home and he did it so vividly that Mrs. Young could almost see the driveway that seemed to wind for miles through landscaped gardens and rolling lawns up to a mansion so huge it could easily have been a hotel.

"A beautiful place," Sam said, "but cold—like a museum—as if no one lived there."

Then he had met the Trents and found them as cold and formal as their house. He had done his best to break through the ice of their austerity. He had talked about Carter and how much they all liked him and how happy they were about the engagement. Then, just as he was beginning to feel at ease, Mr. Trent had stopped him.

"Come on, Mr. Young," Mr. Trent had said abruptly, "Let's cut out the fancy dressing. How much do you want?"

"For a minute," Sam explained, "I didn't know what he was talking about. Then I understood. And I got mad. I don't mean I just lost my temper. I got boiling mad. And I did the only thing you can do with such people. I hit him, good and hard, right on the chin!"

Peggy gasped and Pepper said exultantly, "Good!"

"I know it's hard to listen to advice, now, Pegs," Sam said. "But believe me, it's much better this way. You could never live their kind of life. You'd be smothered—lost and miserable. And no matter how much you loved Carter in the beginning—no matter how much he loved you—that would be killed, too, in that atmosphere. You couldn't stop it."

"I know," Peggy said calmly, resignedly. "I guess I've known all the time that it couldn't ever be the way I wanted it. I—I told Mr. Trent's lawyer I'd never marry Carter, now."

"Lawyer?" Sam Young asked, flushing with anger.

They had to tell him everything that had happened since he went away. And the more they talked, the more convinced Sam Young was that he had done the right thing.

SOMEHOW they all managed to drift back into their usual routine, except Peggy, who didn't go to school that day. She busied herself about the house, staying close to her mother, as though she found strength in that.

It was almost four in the afternoon, when Peggy came running into the kitchen, her face very pale.

"Mother! It's Carter. He just drove up. I don't want to see him. I can't!"

"You'll have to tell him, dear," Mrs. Young said.

"Yes, yes, I know," Peggy cried. The doorbell rang. "I'll see him—sometime—later. But not now, not yet. Mother, I'm afraid. I've got to get used to the idea that we can't get married. I—I'm afraid he'll talk me out of it. I'm afraid he'll ask me if I love him and—and—I couldn't lie to him. Please!" And she escaped through the back door and ran into the garden.

So it was left to Mrs. Young to talk to Carter. She found it extraordinarily difficult to do, too. It was hard to tell the boy what his parents had done. It was even harder to see the pain in his face.

"I hope Peggy doesn't think I had anything to do with this," Carter said.

"No," Mrs. Young said. "But it's done, Carter, and I'm afraid it's started Peggy thinking. And it's started Mr. Young and myself thinking, too. Carter—maybe your family is right. You've got certain responsibilities and I'm not at all sure that Peggy could face them with you. Mr. Young and I are afraid of what might happen to your marriage, if—well, if Peggy found it too hard to adjust herself to your way of life—"

"But I don't want to live like that, Mrs. Young," Carter said. "I hate it. I've hated it all my life."

"That's the way you feel, now," Mrs. Young said. "But if you were to give it up, the day might come when you'd regret it. You'd begin to look at Peggy differently. You'd begin to see her as the person who cost you your fortune, everything. What would happen to your love then?"

"That would never happen," Carter said, so surely that Mrs. Young's heart ached for him.

She couldn't help thinking how very much he was just the kind of boy she had always hoped Peggy would marry someday, but realities had to be faced.

"Carter," she said. "I know how you feel. You're hurt and upset. So is Peggy. I don't think either of you is in any condition to think clearly, or make decisions, now. Give yourselves a little time, please."

"But there isn't any time," Carter said a bit frantically. "My regiment in the army's going away on maneuvers. We may be gone for months. I've got to tell Peggy I love her and that none of this matters and that I'll never give her up! I can't just go away like this. Don't you see?"

"Yes, I see," Mrs. Young said. "But—I'm afraid Peggy won't see you. She ran out of the house, just now, when she saw you coming. Please try to understand, Carter. She's afraid of everything, you, herself. She can't figure things out, now. And I'm not sure you can, either. I'll tell her what you said. But I want you to think it all over, too—and be very careful that you know what you're doing, before you take any step."

Carter looked at her for a long time in silence. "All right," he said finally. "I'll give Peggy a chance to get over it. But nothing's going to change my mind. I—I can write to her, can't I?"

Mrs. Young nodded. Carter left then, although he sat in his car for a long time before he drove away.

Mrs. Young had counted on time to help Peggy. But she realized very soon, that Peggy was not arriving at any clarity, at all. Peggy would seem fine, for awhile. She would be calm and natural. She would even talk sensibly about Carter. She would seem to have made up her mind that she could never marry him, because she loved him too much to take a chance on causing trouble with his family. It all sounded very practical.

Then Peggy would get a letter from Carter and all her fine resolves, all her seemingly clear thinking, would vanish into the air. For hours, for days sometimes, Peggy would wander about the house, her eyes on some faraway dream.

As if this weren't enough, Mrs. Young had to watch Sam going to pieces again, losing the strength and self confidence he had regained in Chicago, having it torn from him slowly, steadily, by the daily accumulation of little defeats, disappointments, failures.

The weeks dragged by, Mrs. Young had counted so much on Sam's recovery. She had hoped so much that he would get back on his feet and make some sales. She had been waiting for him to do that, so she could tell him the secret she had been keeping so fearfully—that Mr. Walters, the real estate agent, was going to be forced to sell their house unless they could make a down payment toward buying it themselves.

But there were no sales. Every day Sam found it harder to face the world. Every day he started out later and with less hope. Every day he seemed to expect and accept defeat a little more. She couldn't bring herself to tell him about Mr. Walters' visit and what he had said about having to sell the house to someone else.

Summer came and to Mrs. Young that whole time seemed like a slow, steady period of deterioration, as though the persistent heat, the constant, beating sunlight, the breathless, heavy nights, were having the same effect on the spirits of her family, as on her lovely garden—burning them dry and brittle.

And she wondered how long they could go on this way, without some eruption, some breaking out.

Then, on a hot, oppressive evening in August, Mr. Walters arrived with a young couple who wanted to see the house.

Mrs. Young had answered the door and Mr. Walters had announced his purpose in a loud voice, before she had recovered sufficiently to ask him to come another time. Sam heard him and came to the door of the living room. He just stood there while Mrs. Young suggested that Mr. Walters show his prospective buyers the top of the house first.

When the three people had gone upstairs, Mrs. Young drew Sam into the living room. It wasn't easy to tell him. It wasn't easy to tell any of them that she had known for months that they might have the house sold out from under them at any moment.

"Why didn't you tell me right away?" Sam asked.

"I—I didn't want to worry you," Mrs. Young explained feebly. "I—I hoped you'd make a sale and we could put down a first payment toward buying back the house. That's all Mr. Walters wants—to know how much money he can count on."

"Huh!" Sam said bitterly. "He's got a fine chance of getting any money from us!" Without another word, he turned on his heel and walked out of the house.

"They can't sell our house!" Pepper said.

"I'm afraid they can," Mrs. Young said. "It could have been sold any time in the past two years."

"But it's our house," Peggy said. "We've never lived anywhere else."

Mrs. Young felt very close to tears. If anything, the house meant more to her than to any of the rest of them. She felt almost as if she had built it, she had worked so hard to make it a special place.

"Well," Pepper said, "we can keep them from buying it."

Romance can be divine



"Be sure
your Hands are
delightful"—
says
SONJA HENIE
(Glamorous Hollywood Star)

Sonja Henie and John Payne, 20th Century-Fox Stars, in "Iceland". You can have love-inviting hands—use Jergens Lotion.



Sonja Henie's Charming Hands

7 times as many of the Stars in Hollywood use Jergens as any other lotion! Smooth Jergens on your elbows, too!

FOR lovely protection of your hands' youth-like smoothness—for help in preventing degrading rough, chapped hands—use Jergens Lotion regularly. It's easy! Jergens Lotion leaves no sticky feeling.

You give your hands practically professional care with Jergens! Two of its secret ingredients are the very ones many doctors use for helping harsh skin become heavenly soft. Take Hollywood's way to darling hands—use Jergens Lotion!

Jergens Lotion

FOR SOFT, ADORABLE HANDS

FREE! PURSE-SIZE BOTTLE

(Paste on penny postcard, if you wish)

The Andrew Jergens Company, Box 3539, Cincinnati, Ohio
(In Canada: Perth, Ontario)

I want to try the favorite hand care of the Stars. Please send me a free bottle of Jergens Lotion.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____





After 113 washings, Linit-starchings, ironings, this inexpensive little dress was examined under the microscope for signs of wear. No slightest sign of fraying. (Test No. 24747 by United States Testing Co., Inc., Feb. 6, 1942.)

Child's Dress Passes Linit Laundry Test

Washed, Linit-Starched, and
Irons 113 Times; Looks
Perky and New

The child who wears LINIT-starched clothes looks smart and well-groomed. Her clothes stay clean looking longer. They're easier for Mother to iron. AND they're easier on Mother's clothes budget. For LINIT-starched fabrics wear and wear. LINIT penetrates the fabric, covers tiny fibres with protective coating.

Free! The helpful "LINIT LAUNDRY CHART". Write Corn Products Sales Company, 17 Battery Place, New York, N. Y., Dept. LC-10.

ALL GROCERS SELL LINIT

LINIT
PERFECT LAUNDRY STARCH
MAKES COTTON LOOK AND FEEL LIKE LINEN

**PENETRATES THE FABRIC
PROTECTS THE FIBRES**

"How?" Peggy asked eagerly. "By telling them how awful it is in winter—the roof leaks and the heating system doesn't work and—" "Pepper!" Mrs. Young said sharply. "You'll do no such dishonest thing!" "Well, it was worth a try," Pepper said. And they all fell into a morose silence, until Mr. Walters and his prospects left.

Mrs. Young didn't know what she would have done, if Curt Bradley hadn't phoned from Chicago that evening. It took something as startling as his unexpected announcement that he was coming to visit them that weekend—and bringing a friend with him, a Miss Nancy Wayne, to pull them out of the depths into which they had sunk.

Even Sam, when he finally came back, looking haggard and beaten, reacted almost normally to the news. He knew Nancy Wayne. She was the secretary of the president of the firm for which Curt was working. In fact, she had helped Curt to get his job.

That night, when they were alone in their room, Sam reached over in the darkness and took Mrs. Young's hand. "Mary," he said hesitantly, "I've been a lot of trouble, haven't I?" "No, dear," Mrs. Young whispered. "I'm sorry, Mary," he said. He was quiet for a few seconds. "Mary, we mustn't let Curt know we're—we're in difficulties. I don't want to spoil his happiness."

"What do you mean, Sam?" "Well, now," Sam said and there was just a hint of a smile in his voice, "why do you think he's bringing Miss Wayne down here to meet us—and Biff?"

TWO days later, when Curt and Nancy Wayne arrived, Mrs. Young needed only one look at Curt's proud, flushed face to see that Sam had been right. Even Curt seemed to sense that it was unnecessary for him to announce that he and Nancy were going to get married.

"When?" Sam asked, clapping Curt on the back.

"This weekend," Curt blustered, suddenly looking years younger. "That's why we came to Elmwood."

In the flurry of congratulations, the milling excitement, the shouted ideas and plans, the confusion, trouble lost itself for awhile. Somehow, Mrs. Young was never quite sure how, it was settled that Curt and Nancy were to be married right there in the Young living room.

By some miracle, everything was made ready by Sunday afternoon. The living room was a profusion of sweet smelling flowers and the happiness of Curt and Nancy was so contagious that everyone was in high spirits.

At least, everyone seemed to be in high spirits. Ever since the preparations had begun, Peggy had held her feelings in check heroically. Every time her own shattered dreams forced themselves into her mind, she pushed them aside resolutely and found something to keep her from thinking.

Now, there was nothing more to do. Peggy stood at one side of the living room, her eyes only vaguely aware of Curt and Nancy standing before the minister.

She was thinking of another wedding—the one that would never take place. She and Carter would never stand like that and hear those words

and respond to them. Never! Suddenly, Peggy felt she couldn't stand it another minute. She couldn't stand there and watch Curt and Nancy Bradley and their happiness. She couldn't bear the thought that others could be so happy, when her happiness was all over—over—over before it had even begun.

Her eyes blinded by suddenly welling tears, Peggy stole quietly out of the room. Once outside, she ran, stumbling through the garden to the grape arbor, where she could hide from everyone. She had thought it was all over, that she had stopped missing Carter, that she had got used to the idea that they would never be married. Now, she realized she would never get used to that. She would never stop loving Carter.

Helplessly, she sobbed into her hands. "Oh, Carter, Carter. What will I do? What will I do?"

"Stop crying, darling."

For a moment, Peggy thought she had gone crazy. But when a big, clean, white handkerchief was thrust toward her face and the tears were wiped away gently, but firmly, and she could see again, she knew she was not crazy. She was just coming alive again. It was Carter. Carter as she had last seen him, smiling, in his uniform, his face tan and his dark eyes only for her.

He grinned in the way she had always loved so much. The next moment, he had her in his arms and Peggy forgot everything but that he was there.

Finally, she caught her breath and pulled away from him. She shook her head and tears sprang to her eyes again. "We—we mustn't. I—I said I'd never marry you—I—"

Carter drew her over to a garden bench and made her sit down. He sat beside her and held both her hands, forcing her to look at him, to listen.

"That's all over," he said. "I saw my father and mother. They understand now—and they're sorry."

"They know how much I love you. They know all about you, now. They're ashamed and they want to make it up to you. They want you to come to Chicago and spend next week-end with them."

"But—but my father," Peggy whispered, "hit your father—"

Carter grinned. "Maybe that helped my father change his mind. Anyway, that's all forgotten. And I've made all the arrangements. I've got plane reservations for next Friday afternoon and a week-end pass and—and—I love you. Peggy, I love you terribly."

He pulled her close again and Peggy clung to him. It's all right, she thought. Everything is all right. Carter's here. I'm holding him. He loves me. He's mine. And I love him and nothing else matters.

And then, far back in her mind, she was hearing her father's voice saying it would never work out and a little shudder passed through her.

The passion and impatience of youth are almost enough to make Peggy forget all the objections that have already been raised to her love for Carter—almost, but not quite. Perhaps this invitation to Chicago is not quite the gesture of surrender on the part of the elder Trents that it seems. Be sure to read the final instalment of Pepper Young's Family in next month's RADIO MIRROR.

O V E R H E A R D

From radio's treasure-chest a constant listener selects these words of wisdom and entertainment

HOW YOU CAN HELP

I asked my listeners, "What are you personally doing to help win the war?" Answers flooded in. Many of the letters are from women. Listen to what they say:

"I've got women from all over our State salvaging wool from wrecked automobiles. Before we started to work, that wool was being burned out with acetylene torches just in the race to get in the steel scrap."

"We had no blankets for our local casualty station, so we got the idea of cutting up old woolen coats and dresses, exchanging colors, and making wool blankets out of those squares."

"We're cooperating in our community with butchers, saving goose and duck feathers, because we can make warm comforters out of them."

Another: "I do all my housework in the morning and spend the afternoon selling war stamps from house to house. Otherwise, I'd probably be sitting home getting fat."

"I found too many knickknacks when I cleaned house this spring, so I set up a victory exchange in part of my living room. The neighborhood women came in, gave me the articles

they didn't want, and when they were sold they got the money back in war stamps."—Helen Hiett on Town Meeting of the Air, on the Blue Network.

CONFUCIUS SAY:

The Chinese have a proverb: "It is better to be rare jade—and broken—than be common tile—and whole."—Claire Boothe, speaking at a banquet for United China Relief, broadcast over CBS.

ARTIE SHAW'S NEW HOBBY

It was a Thursday night when I finished playing my final number on the stage of a Detroit theater. I said goodbye to my gang and Friday morning I was in dungarees aboard a Navy ship. From that time, music became my hobby. My profession is trying to learn to be one of Uncle Sam's good sailors.—Artie Shaw, former bandleader, on CBS' Hobby Lobby.

TWO OPPORTUNITIES

Every American citizen must understand clearly the one most important fact about the situation our

country now faces. That fact is that this year of 1942 is the most critical year in American history and tomorrow is the most critical day in the year. I say tomorrow because we have not one instant to lose. Our golden opportunity already has slipped by; our silver opportunity is before us.—Donald Nelson, Chairman of the War Production Board, on The March of Time, over the NBC Network.

A NEW KIND OF EDUCATION

Education in this country has been largely devoted to an effort to teach people how to earn a living. Now it seems likely to be diverted to teaching people the mechanics of industrial production and the mechanics of military operations. Such training is necessary. But it is training which must be added to or superimposed upon that basic liberal education which fits men for freedom. This liberal education is training in reading, writing, figuring, understanding, and judging. It is the education which the free citizen of a free community must have in war as in peace.—Robert M. Hutchins, President of the University of Chicago, on NBC.

If you like Rachel,
you'll LOVE this New Rachel!

Pond's New Dreamflower Powder

Fragile and Creamy as exquisite bridal lace... Pond's new Dreamflower "Rachel" powder is deftly keyed to your most exotic skin tones—the rich, luscious *ivory* tones. As you smooth it on, you'll see Dreamflower "Rachel" lend your skin a look of mysterious new beauty—delicate... creamy-clear... tender...

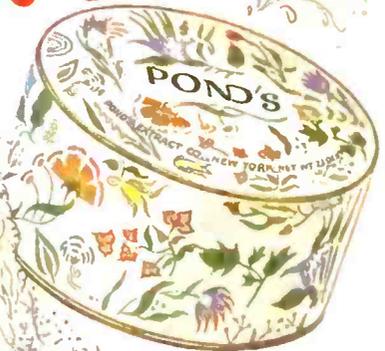
New Dreamflower Smoothness gives your face a dreamy "misty-soft" appeal—

"Pond's Dreamflower Rachel is the loveliest, creamiest rachel I've ever tried! It makes my skin look different, somehow—richer in tone, more dramatic—even softer!"
MRS. ANTHONY J. DREXEL, III

New "know-how" lipstick

Pond's "LIPS"—stays on longer!

5 gorgeous Stagline Shades. Wear Pond's "Lips" with new matching Pond's "Cheeks" (compact rouge).



Enchanting New Dreamflower Box—big dressing table size—only 49¢! Two smaller sizes, also. 6 shades—each lovely!

FREE! All 6 New Dreamflower Powder Shades

POND'S, Dept. 8RM-PK, Clinton, Conn.

I'd like to try all of Pond's glamorous new Dreamflower Powder shades including "Rachel." Will you please send me FREE SAMPLES of all 6 Dreamflower Shades right away?

My name _____

My address _____

(This offer good in U.S. only)

Lana Elopes!

The gorgeous girl who brightens this page is Lana Turner. She's the one who was "discovered" right in her native Hollywood while sipping a soda. She made sweaters famous and her bosses call her "Hollywood's Beautiful Headache".

Today she is Mrs. Stephen Crane. Out of the blue she surprised fans, friends and reporters with an unsuspected elope-

ment. But who's Mr. Crane?? In "Lana's Madcap Marriage" in the October Photo-play-Movie Mirror you will be delighted with the real story about Lana's sudden elopement and the things you want to know about her new husband including a recent photo by Hyman Fink. Get your copy today.



THE STARS—IN FULL COLOR...

The beautiful Color Section of the October issue has eight exquisite portraits in natural colors of

Ida Lupino
Donna Reed
Maureen O'Hara
Mary Martin
Geraldine Fitzgerald
George Sanders
John Garfield
LANA TURNER

Each a looked for addition to any collection.



INSIDE STUFF: Beneath the lovely Deanna Durbin cover are specially selected features for your entertainment . . . The thrilling story of the romance and marriage of *Cary Grant* and *Barbara Hutton* • *John Payne's* Life Story • a complete dramatization of "The Hard Way"—that new picture soon to be released • something about *Errol Flynn* • *Their First Dates* (what the stars did on their firsts) and loads of grand candid shots, spicy tidbits direct from the land of the movies—all in the aristocrat of motion picture magazines. Get your copy today!

PHOTOPLAY-MOVIE MIRROR October Issue
Out Now!

Dearest Stranger

Continued from page 13

You can't live on dreams though, and after we married Bill got a job as bookkeeper in an insurance firm. For a while his plan was to study singing after hours. But then he gave that up too and one day solemnly assured me he'd put aside his earlier ideas. All he wanted now was to make a success in business.

I tried to tell him it was a mistake but that caused arguments and finally I pretended to agree. I wanted him to know that whatever he was doing, I was with him.

Then the baby came. William Tyndale, Jr., we called him, and nicknamed him Lucky. Bill got a small raise and stuck closer than ever to his work and never mentioned music.

Things seem so clear sometimes—looking back. I should have known he couldn't forget music, that he was only putting on a grand pretense. I should have realized that we were living a lie. But I didn't—and I didn't even guess what was in his mind until Olga came into the picture.

We met Olga Sears at a dinner party. Tall and dark-haired, with that air of sophisticated worldly-wisdom some women like to wear. Bill had a few cocktails and grew talkative and sang a number of songs and Olga Sears began to rave about his voice and what a future he had. Naturally, he was flattered.

Perhaps, had I been wiser, I would have known then what was to come—what was to happen to us and to our love. The truth was, I had no idea what it was to mean.

Olga's husband, George, was a banker. I knew they had money and Olga had some scheme of starting an opera company in the city, with Bill singing leading roles. Of course, she couldn't finance it single-handed but she was sure others would be interested. Bill told me this was his great opportunity.

I tried to understand, even though it was difficult. Bill and Olga were together practically every evening. And a change began to come over him. He grew angry at little things, became brusque and abrupt, even with Lucky. Quarrels and disputes became frequent in our home.

SOMETIMES, Olga came to see us and she would talk to me about Bill's future. She was tall and always smartly dressed. She and I were as different as night and day. I have light hair and my eyes are blue-gray and I'm not nearly as tall as she. She always seemed to be playing the role of the grand lady, yet I always felt stronger than she, because I knew or thought I knew, that I had Bill's love.

"If only Bill could be free of financial worries, my dear," Olga would say to me. "If only he could devote himself utterly to his music—nothing could stop him."

She would smile ever so slightly. Oh, she didn't say it, but what she meant was—if only he could be rid of you and that boy.

But that night of our anniversary was more important than the others. I'd been counting on it. At least for this while we'd be together, only the two of us, the way it used to be. And then had come Bill's call from the office in the afternoon. Olga and he

had an appointment with a producer and it was so important, he knew I'd forgive him.

"But naturally, I forgive you, Bill." I really tried to mean it. "We—we'll have the party later."

Later. As I stood there by the window, I kept telling myself it was only business, that the dark haired Olga was nothing to him, really, that he was the same Bill I'd always known and loved, that I had no reason to be jealous and hurt.

IT was a little after nine when George Sears, Olga's husband, came to the apartment. I knew, almost from the first moment I saw him at the door, that something was wrong. It was a kind of premonition, something in the hard lines of his face, the cold, steel-gray eyes, that seemed to warn me

"Mrs. Tyndale—may I come in?" There was no mistaking the grave tone. I followed him into the drawing room. For a moment he sat nervously on the sofa, running long fingers through his graying hair.

"I don't quite know how to begin," he said. "I—"

"Come, Mr. Sears," I said. "Whatever it is, it can't be that bad."

"It's about—about Olga and Bill," he said finally.

"Olga and Bill?" I heard myself echo the words, wondering what he might be about to say, wondering if some of those unspoken fears I'd tried to hide, even from myself, might be coming true.

"I've had them followed, Mrs. Tyndale." He spoke slowly, with a strange finality.

For a moment, I didn't answer. Then I said, "Mr. Sears, why have you come here? Are you trying to tell me that—that there's anything wrong between my husband and your wife? Because if you are—"

He looked at me then and I saw pain in his eyes. "Believe me, Mrs. Tyndale. This is harder for me to do than you can realize. But those business meetings of theirs—none of that was true. They've been—been having an affair, Mrs. Tyndale."

"That's a lie!" I could feel my cheeks blazing. "I won't believe it."

He was standing then. He said, with a quietness that only made his words more terrible, "I know my wife. This kind of thing has happened before. I've made the mistake of saying nothing, letting it burn itself out. This time I'm not going to do that."

I made a desperate effort to hold fast to sanity, to the secure life with Bill that seemed to be slipping away. "And I know my husband, Mr. Sears," I said. "He wouldn't . . ."

"You think, don't you, that they're having a business meeting tonight, with a producer?"

"I don't think—I'm sure."

"Well, they aren't having any conference. They're having a good time—alone together—in a night club downtown. A party. If you think I'm lying—well, come with me. I can take you to them."

I knew I shouldn't go. I should have stayed home, should have waited for Bill. But there was a challenge in his voice. I kept telling myself: "He's lying, it isn't true." But another

"Why can't my friends and the calendar get together!"



SO it's happened again, young lady? The invitation says "... a week-end with us in the country." And all you can see is three bad days—three days of functional periodic pain, of headache, cramps and dull inaction.

But don't blame your friends and the calendar for not getting together. Just blame yourself, for never trying Midol!

By its quick relief of the needless functional pain of menstruation, Midol redeems "lost days" for active, comfortable living. Among many women interviewed, 96% of those who reported using Midol at their last menstrual period had found it effective.

You, too, should discover fast and welcome comfort in Midol, if you have no organic disorder needing special medical or surgical care. Try it. Put confidence in it. Midol contains no opiates. Of its three active ingredients, one relieves headache and muscular suffering, one is mildly stimulating, and the third—exclusive in Midol—acts directly against spasmodic pain peculiar to the menstrual process.

Look for Midol tablets on your drugstore counter, or just ask for Midol. Two sizes—a small package containing more than enough Midol for a convincing trial, and a large package for economical, regular use.

MIDOL



RELIEVES FUNCTIONAL PERIODIC PAIN



LIKE A LOT of other fellows, I used to take what I thought was a "he-man's" laxative. And, boy, what awful punishment I'd take with it. The stuff tasted terrible — and acted worse. It was just *too strong!*

THEN I SWITCHED to another brand. It tasted pretty bad, too. But I wouldn't have minded that so much if it had done me any good. Trouble was I didn't get the proper relief. It was just *too mild!*



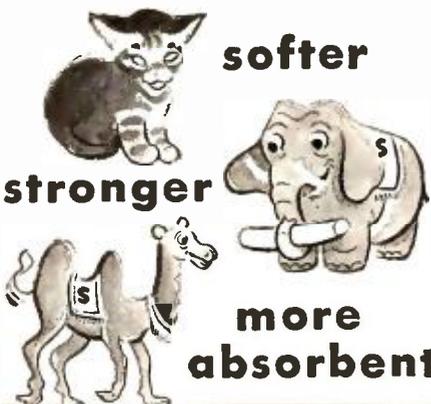
FINALLY, A FRIEND suggested Ex-Lax!... "It's so easy to take," he said. "Ex-Lax tastes like chocolate and it works like a charm!"... Well, I tried it and I knew right away that I'd found MY laxative. Ex-Lax is not too strong, not too mild—it's just right!

Ex-Lax is effective, all right—but effective in a gentle way! It won't upset you; won't make you feel bad afterwards. No wonder people call it:

The "HAPPY MEDIUM"
Laxative

Naturally, like any effective medicine, Ex-Lax should be taken only as directed on the label.

EX-LAX
10¢ and 25¢ at all drug stores



SITROUX
"SAY SIT-TRUE" TISSUES
AT 5 & 10¢ — DRUG & DEPT. STORES

voice within me was whispering that it might so easily be true, that Bill might be in love with her.

"I don't believe a word of it," I told him. "I'm going with you, not because I'm afraid but because I want you to see how wrong you are."

I had hired a high school girl to watch Lucky that evening, thinking that Bill and I would be going out. I gave her a few words of instruction and then we started. Outside, we hailed a taxi and Mr. Sears gave an address on the far side of town. It was a district of theaters and gaiety, and we stopped before a small cabaret where there were bright lights and the sound of rumba music.

At the door, Mr. Sears gave the check girl his hat and we stood a moment looking around at the crowded tables and then I saw them and a horrible sickening sensation swept through me.

They were at a table together, the two of them—Olga looking so sophisticated and charming, Bill sitting close beside her. His face was flushed and he was whispering something to her. "A curious way," Mr. Sears remarked acidly, "to conduct a business conference."

This was it. This was the moment I had been dreading, the moment I had never allowed to creep into my thoughts because I was afraid of it. Our anniversary night. The night I had counted on. It seemed as if everything in my life had suddenly stopped, lost meaning, reality.

Bill looked up, as though he had felt our eyes on him. There was a grin on his lips and it faded—faded to anger as he saw me.

I'd seen enough. I wanted no more of it. No breaking my heart in public. I was terrified of what I might say or do. I turned—ran out of the restaurant. I found a taxi on the corner.

"Take me home," I said. "Quickly." The driver turned. "Home, lady?"

I gave him the address. I leaned back in the shadows of the taxi. Tears were welling in my eyes and suddenly I was sobbing.

BILL arrived home shortly after I did. He seemed flustered as he came into the apartment, but there was a hard light in his dark eyes. He stood looking down at me a second. Then he said, "Anne, why didn't you wait? What was the idea of running away like that?"

I didn't look at him. "It was a business appointment, wasn't it?"

"Yes!" He shot the word at me, so defiantly that some of my misery was changed to anger.

"It didn't look like it," I said. "Are you trying to prove I've been lying to you?"

I said, more pleadingly, "This was our anniversary, Bill. This was one night I'd counted on. And you—"

"You don't understand, that's the trouble." His words ran on hurriedly, frighteningly. "You can't understand that I've found someone who believes in my music, someone who thinks I can be more—more than a mere book-keeper."

It was as if he had struck me. Someone who believed in his music. Someone who thought he was more than a mere bookkeeper. I was remembering Olga, the things she had told me—about how he was being held back by financial worries and all that.

I looked at him now, his brown hair mussed, his wide, sweet mouth sweet

no longer. Not the Bill I'd known. "What you mean," I said, "what you mean is that—we've held you back. Your home here—"

He turned away, his back to me. I went on, "She gives you what I can't—belief in yourself and your music. It's so, isn't it?"

"Of course it isn't so."

But his tone was cold, remote, striking the death knell of our love, our life together. I knew that it, and not the words he spoke, told what was in his heart.

"That's why you've been running around with her," I said.

Bill whirled, color rising to his face. "I haven't been running around with her—as you call it. If you had any trust—but you haven't. That's the real trouble—you never understood. Never knew what my dreams were. Holding me back, like an anchor. How could I rise out of it—"

It was all untrue. I knew he was speaking in fury. But I knew too that thoughts buried deep come out in moments like this.

"If that's the way you feel, Bill," I said. "If it—"

"That is the way I feel."

Bitterness grew in our words. Bill was at the door. "I don't want any more of it tonight. No more of it. I've had enough."

Before I could answer, he had opened the door, hurried out into the night.

I stood there, dazed. Hardly realizing what had happened. Oh, he'd be back, I knew. After the rage cooled. Only—

Only, it was over. It had to be over. There are moments that stand out—moments when one part of your life ends and something new begins. One thought was running in my mind: You can't stay any more, Anne. When Bill comes back, you'll be gone.

It wasn't the quarrel, you see. It was more than that. It was Bill himself, what he wanted, what he believed. We were holding him back, Lucky and I. We were burdens on his dreams. Olga had been right. And because that was so, because Bill felt that way, there could be no happiness, no matter how much he loved us. It was better to break clean, to let the wounds heal quickly.

The high school girl who was watching Lucky was still there. I paid her, sent her home. Tonight, Anne.

VICTORY LIMERICKS



A painter named Samuel
Brush

Said "Here is our job, and
it's RUSH . . .

Buy War Bonds so fast

That Hitler can't lost,

And the Japs will collapse
in the crush!"

Before he comes back to try to make up, to try to pretend nothing has happened. Those thoughts were running over in my mind as I hurriedly threw a few things in a suitcase and woke up my boy.

The taxi took us to my parents' home, and we put Lucky to sleep. I tried to explain to them what had happened. They were upset, of course—but whatever happened, they said, they'd stand by me.

Bill called in the morning and I wouldn't talk to him. Mother told him I wasn't coming back and asked him to send along my belongings. It was difficult hearing her talk to him, realizing he was so close. But I couldn't weaken in my purpose. It wasn't just for my sake—it was for his sake, too.

IT was so hard to realize it was finished. Two people who had been so close, sharing so much, so many memories. The first time we'd gone on a ride together and we'd stopped by the beach and Bill sang and I closed my eyes and listened and then he kissed me and I was so surprised and upset. The way he used to talk about how I was the only one who understood him, the only one he cared about. The way, that day Lucky was born, he sent me a corsage of white orchids—

But all right, it was finished and I had to forget him. Of course, I'd never forget him, really. I knew that.

I wanted to get away, away from the city, where I'd be likely to see Bill. It wasn't as difficult as I'd expected, because a few days after that, I got a chance for a job. A friend of my mother's ran a dress shop in a town on the other side of the state. If I wanted, I could work there. We could live with her in her home and there'd always be someone to watch over Lucky and we'd be paying our own way. We took the first train.

In those months that followed, working and living in that town, I found perhaps not happiness but at least a kind of peace. It was pleasant and quiet. I never spoke of Bill but I suppose the few people we knew had been warned by Mrs. Bascom, the energetic, white-haired little woman who ran the shop, not to ask embarrassing questions.

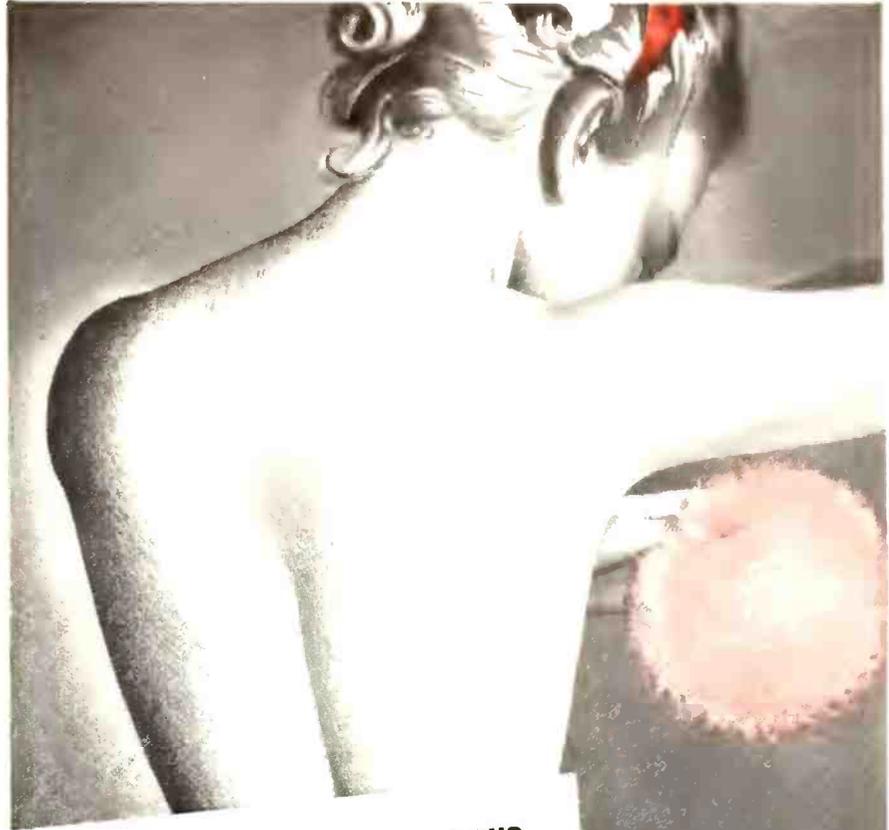
Those months helped to cool the pain. I didn't really forget him, but it was easier, after a time, to think of him objectively.

Sometimes I had word of him, through Mother and Dad. He had given up his job, and with the backing of Olga Sears, was planning a concert tour. But after that there was no word about him.

The days seemed to go fast. Six months—a year—a year and a half. Lucky was six and going to school. With the light-heartedness of a child he'd accepted my vague explanation that we weren't going to live with Daddy any more. At night he used to listen to the Laughing Cowboy program on the radio. And when the cowboy would sing some western songs, Lucky would try to sing along with him and I thought how much Lucky was like Bill.

He didn't ask about his father much. He seemed to understand that was something I didn't want to talk about.

They should have been easy, those days, but with the coming of war life became more difficult. We'd been unable to obtain materials we needed to run the dress shop and the business



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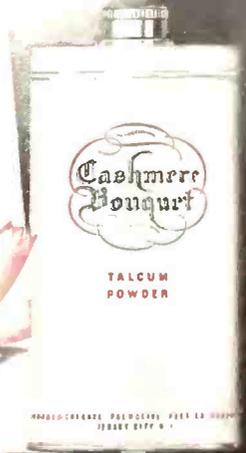
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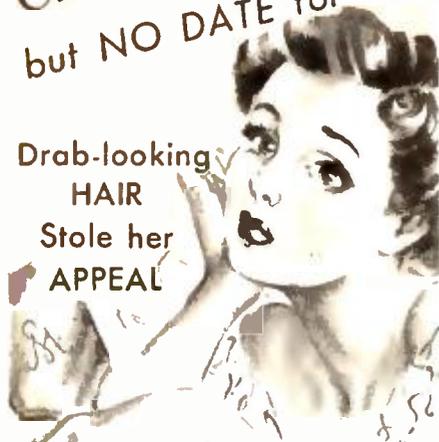


Cashmere Bouquet Talcum Powder

A Member of Cashmere Bouquet—the Royal Family of Beauty Preparations

Saturday night- but NO DATE for Ellen

Drab-looking
HAIR
Stole her
APPEAL



"WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH ME?" cried Ellen as she gazed into her mirror. "Why don't the boys ever date me?" Just then Joan walked in. Joan, Ellen's best friend, worked in a beauty shop.

"Nothing's the matter with you," Joan said. "It's your hair! It's dull and mousy-looking. Men go for girls whose hair is full of sparkle and highlights. Why don't you try Nestle Colorinse? You'll be thrilled at the difference it will make in your hair." That very night Ellen used Colorinse and listen to what she told Joan—



"I NEVER THOUGHT my hair could look so lovely. Colorinse has given it a warmer, richer tone—filled it with highlights that catch the light and sparkle every time I turn my head. And now my hair's so much softer and silkier—easier to manage, too."



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P. S. Take a tip from Ellen. Use Nestle Shampoo BEFORE and Nestle Superset AFTER Colorinsing.

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had been doing very badly. There'd been no money in for two weeks, and it began to look as though the shop would have to close.

Of course, Lucky knew nothing about that. One night we were listening to a story the Laughing Cowboy was telling and Lucky was sitting there by the radio, his face all screwed up and intent. When it was over, the announcer said something about how if you sent five box-tops from some breakfast food—and ten cents in stamps—they would send you a wonderful cowboy holster and toy gun.

"Gee, Mommy," Lucky said, "gee, if I could get that—"

I smiled. "We'll get it, Lucky. In a little while."

I couldn't tell him that we were short of funds, that I couldn't afford to go out right away and buy five packages.

TWO nights later, Mrs. Bascom called me to her room. She said there wasn't any use trying to go on. She would have to close the business. I'd realized this was coming. Yet it hadn't seemed so close, so real. After all this time, I was without work, without a way of caring for Lucky and myself.

"You know what I'd do if I were you?" Mrs. Bascom said. "I'd go back to my husband. That's where you belong."

She sat there knitting and not looking at me. How could I tell her the truth—that there was no chance of going back to my husband, that the love we had known was dead?

"No," I said. "There'll be something. I've taken nothing from him since—since that night. I won't start now. I'll get some kind of work, I'm sure of it."

I wasn't quite as sure as I tried to sound. Jobs in factories were open, but most of them required special training and I had none.

"You'd be better off," she said, "at home—where you belong."

She got up slowly and smiled and said goodnight. After she was gone I sat in the room alone. Her words rang in my mind. Better where you belong—home. Only I had no home.

I went to my room, sat on the bed and counted all the money I had left in the world—two dollars and fifty-eight cents. I wasn't used to worrying about things like that. I had to find a way, somehow—

The doorbell was ringing, a loud, blatant, frightening ring. It was almost ten—Mrs. Bascom would be asleep. I hurried downstairs.

It was dark in the hall. As I opened

the door, I could make out the form of a man outside. I stood there an instant, wondering. The man didn't speak and at last, I said, "Yes? Is something—"

"Anne!"

Anne. The word echoed in my heart. Because it was Bill—Bill's voice. And for that second, I hadn't known him.

My heart pounded in my breast. What had brought him here, how he had found me, I didn't know. Only at that moment it didn't seem to matter. I tried to hide the racing excitement of that instant. "Bill!" It was hardly a whisper. "Bill—"

"I hope—I hope it isn't too late." His voice was husky. "May I—may I come in?"

"Why—of course, Bill."

We went into the living room and I switched on the lamps. For a moment, panic swept through me. How was my hair—did I look all right? The thought came to me that I should look my best for this stranger who was my husband.

I was looking at him. The same Bill, I thought. Not changed at all. The dark eyes still with their laughter and the mussed hair and the lips with their odd sort of grin.

I said, "Bill—you're looking well." His eyes met mine. "You look—wonderful, Anne. And—and Lucky?" "He's wonderful too."

Silence then. It was awkward, difficult to find words. "What made you come, Bill? I mean—I'm so glad to see you—only, I wonder why—"

"You don't really know?"

I shook my head, wondering if I did know, wondering if the strange force that was taking hold of me as I looked at him, something that seemed to be stronger than I—wondering if that could be love, love I thought long ago had died.

"Bill, I don't know. I—"

Very slowly he said, "It's only one word, Anne. You. I still love you."

I tried to make my voice calm. "You came to tell me that, Bill? And how about Olga? Is she—"

He was standing close to me. "Anne—Olga never meant anything to me. Most of it—most of it was really—ambition. I thought she would help me to get that dream. Even that night—she really had told me we were to meet a producer there. Maybe I was, well, flattered. Maybe a little infatuated. I was angry that night, Anne. Angry. But after you had gone and—and wouldn't let me see or talk to you—"

"It was because I wanted you to make your own way without—with-out me and Lucky holding you back."



Say Hello To-

PETER DONALD—wha plays the young English lad, Jack, in the NBC serial, Stella Dallas. Peter has been a radio actor, comedian and writer for the last fifteen years—even though he is only 24 now. When he's not acting he's busy writing radio adaptations of plays and short stories. As the youngest member of the Lambs, famous Broadway actors' club, he always writes most of the skits and songs for the organization's annual "Washing," or vaudeville show, and he's the co-author of a musical comedy which will be produced in New York next fall. Peter's hair is strawberry blonde. He's thin and of average height. His mather was Irish but that daesn't keep him fram being an expert at Hebrew dialect.

"Yes—I realized that, after a while—a rather long while." He walked across the room. "First I thought I wanted to prove to you I could be a great singer. Olga and her producer put up money for a concert tour. It was a large failure. I wasn't ready for it. After that, I tried to reach you. I haunted your mother, but she wouldn't tell me where you were. I guess by that time she thought you were better off without me."

"But Bill—you were right, you know. Music is your life. And now—well, you're free. There's still a chance for that career you once talked about. If you took on burdens again—"

He stood with his back to me. "Music, yes. I used to believe it was everything, Anne. Only I don't any more."

"You mean—the dream's over?"
 "I mean it's changed." He turned and faced me. "Don't you see, Anne? You were my music, you and Lucky. That was my song—but I couldn't hear it. Now I want to find my music here." He came across the room, stood above me. "With you and Lucky."

I saw his fists close, his lips were a taut line. "Anne—Anne."

His voice broke. I stood up quickly. I could feel that strength of him as his arms drew me to him, held me tightly.

"Bill, I—"
 But I didn't finish, because his lips were on mine and the world seemed to fall away, the world of problems and troubles, and there was only Bill, my husband, and I.

Later I asked him if he'd like me to wake up Lucky. And Bill said, "I think we ought to, Anne. He's really responsible for my being here."

I LOOKED at him puzzled. Bill grinned. "You see—well, read this." He reached in his pocket and drew out a folded piece of paper, handed it to me. The moment I opened it, I recognized Lucky's childish script.

"Dear Laughing Cowboy (it read): I listen to you every nite and I like you very much and I want a cowboy belt and gune but we haven't aney tops of boxs right now. Would you ples send me the belt and gune now and I will send you the tops latter. Lucky Tyndale, aged 6."

A mist came over my eyes as I read that and I was fighting with myself because I didn't want to cry. "But how—I don't see—" I said.

Bill, smiling, said, "I'm the Laughing Cowboy, Anne. I'm the one Lucky listens to on the radio. And I got this letter this morning."

"But I listen to you too, and I didn't know—"

"That's no wonder. The microphone does funny things to a person's voice, and of course you weren't expecting to hear me."

I folded the grimy bit of paper, held it carefully, like something very precious. "Lucky did it," I said. "He wrote that letter by himself. I suppose Mrs. Bascom helped him with the address, and gave him the stamp—but it was Lucky who did it." Suddenly I smiled, my heart full of happiness. "He'll be so proud—that his Daddy is the Laughing Cowboy."

Bill laughed. "I guess we'd better wake him up and tell him, Anne."

"And thank him," I whispered.

I took Bill's hand, and we started up the stairs.

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Medium <input type="checkbox"/>	Green <input type="checkbox"/>	BROWNETTE
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Helpmate

Continued from page 30

Then one morning, Linda came back from her marketing to find a note on the table.

"Jacoby called," Steve had scribbled. "Have gone up to see him. I love you."

It was late afternoon before Steve got home. Linda had arranged a bowl of flowers on the piano and the little apartment had a festive air. But the moment Steve entered the room it seemed to disappear. He came in heavily, hardly looking at Linda, and threw a bundle on the table.

"Steve—"

"Well, there it is," he said.

"What, darling? What happened?"

Linda was frightened.

"There it is," Steve repeated.

"What is it?"

"It's the score—the score of my Symphony." Steve's lips curled with anger and fatigue.

"Your Symphony?" Linda was bewildered.

"Our Symphony," Steve said.

"But Steve—"

Steve suddenly leaned forward and buried his face in his hands. Linda ran to him.

"Steve—Steve, darling—"

At last Steve looked up and drew himself away.

"Well, you may as well know, Linda," he said in a strained voice.

"Know what? Tell me, Steve."

"You ought to know. You know what I've been feeling. What I've been expecting to happen. Well, it happened."

"No, Steve," Linda said. "I don't know. You've got to tell me."

"Well, Jacoby tried to be nice about it—said he still liked my music—but that the Society found it impossible to play it this season. I would have to wait, he said. Wait! After all the waiting I've done!"

"The Society isn't going to play your music?"

"I'm trying to tell you—Jacoby said they wanted to hold it until next season—oh, he gave me quite a line—about how wonderful my Symphony was—but that it had to wait."

"But Steve—that's the truth. Mr. Jacoby does think your music is wonderful—"

"Yes? Well, it seems the Board didn't agree with him. But he didn't fool me. I wish he'd had enough respect for me to give it to me straight from the shoulder."

"Give you what straight from the shoulder?" Linda asked.

"That he doesn't like my music any more. That it was just a passing enthusiasm on his part." Steve drew himself up. "Anyway, I got my score back."

"You asked him for it?" Linda was horrified.

"Of course I asked him for it. I did what I thought was right. Jacoby may have no respect for me, but I've got some for myself."

But Steve was wrong, terribly wrong. Slowly, patiently, Linda pieced together the whole story. Mr. Jacoby had found it impossible to include Steve's Symphony in this season's repertory. That was all. But Steve's impatience had overflowed. By taking his score back he had perhaps antagonized the great conductor, injured his career as a composer.

For days Linda tried to make Steve understand. She wanted to call Mr. Jacoby herself, but Steve turned on her so harshly that she didn't dare. Steve refused to discuss his music or his actions. He was morose and surly, hardly talking to Linda at all. He sat and brooded for hours and never touched the piano. It was only Linda's recognition of his unhappiness that made her own unhappiness bearable.

But Linda couldn't give up hope. Steve must be made to understand. He had to call Mr. Jacoby, speak to him, come to some understanding with him. Mr. Jacoby thought so highly of the Symphony. It was a fine piece of work. Steve shouldn't, couldn't allow his own feelings to stand in the way of its performance—even if it meant waiting a whole year. Or even many years.

Linda tried in a hundred ways, but she couldn't reach Steve. The pain and heartbreak in her voice and face seemed to drive him further away from her. But still, Linda tried, until Steve would grow harsh and impatient, or merely sullen.

Then one night, even Steve couldn't stand the tension in the house. He grabbed his hat, mumbled something about getting an evening paper, and went out. The picture of Linda sitting there, so miserably unhappy, followed him. But what right did she have picking on him all the time? Why couldn't she leave him alone? He knew what he was doing. He was right.

HE bought a paper, then decided to step into a coffee shop for a cup of coffee. He'd sit there and think it through. There wasn't any sense in his going back to listen to Linda's reasons why he should call Jacoby and apologize. Apologize! Steve sat at a corner table and tried to read his paper. But all he could see before him was Linda's hurt, unhappy face. Unhappy because of him, for him. Linda wanted him to be a success. She loved him, he knew that. It was a good thing to know. As Steve sat there, all his anger and resentment began to fade.

"I'll have a cup of coffee, then get some flowers for Linda," he decided "And then maybe we can talk this whole thing out."

He looked up to summon the waitress. There was a girl standing by his table, looking down at him, smiling.

"Good evening, Steve," she said.

"Agnes."

"We always seem to be running into each other."

"Yes," Steve said uncomfortably.

"I guess we do."

"All alone?" she asked. Then without waiting for Steve to reply she sat down opposite him.

The waitress brought them their coffee.

"You look tired, Steve," Agnes said.

"I am tired."

"Funny—our meeting each other this way—" Agnes began.

"What's funny about it? I live just around the corner, and you—"

"I don't live so far away," Agnes said.

Steve stirred his coffee.

"Your wife—"

"My wife's fine, thank you," Steve said quickly.

"She doesn't like me, does she?"
 "That's a silly remark," Steve said.
 "What does my wife know about you?"

"Only what you may have told her—or didn't tell her."

Steve raised his cup to his lips. Agnes caught his eye.

"What are you unhappy about, Steve?" she asked.

"I'm not unhappy."

Agnes laughed. "Don't tell me that, Steve. I know you better than anybody—and I mean anybody." Agnes paused for a moment. "Did you have a fight with your wife?"

"No, I didn't have a fight with my wife," Steve said angrily. "And what's more, Agnes—"

"I ought to keep my mouth shut," she interrupted.

"To the best of your ability," Steve snapped back.

"I just don't like to see you unhappy, that's all," Agnes said quietly. "Not that you weren't unhappy plenty of times before, but I thought that was all gone now. You've got a beautiful wife—you're going to be successful. What's the trouble, Steve?"

"There isn't any trouble."

"You treat me as though you hated me. Can't we be friends?" Agnes asked plaintively.

Steve's eyes traveled past her and stopped on the window of the coffee shop. He stared and got up suddenly. "Excuse me, Agnes," he said hurriedly and dropped some coins on the table.

STEVE'S heart was pounding loudly as he raced down the street. He couldn't have been mistaken. That was Linda—probably out to look for him. And she had seen him with Agnes! He prayed that she had gone home, that he would find her there. Steve didn't bother to think now whether he was right or wrong about Jacoby. Linda had seen him with Agnes again. What would she think? What would she do?

Steve pounded up the stairs and flung the door open. Linda stood by the window. She hadn't removed her coat.

"Darling—"
 Linda drew away from him.

"Don't touch me," she said.

"Linda, I love you—I wouldn't do anything wilfully to hurt you. Meeting Agnes—that was such an accident—"

"Don't touch me," Linda repeated.

"All right," Steve said violently.

"But you might at least try to be reasonable. Let's suppose by the remotest stretch of the imagination—that I wanted to see Agnes—would I see her in a coffee shop just around the corner from where I live—"

Linda began to cry softly. "I don't know. You might."

"Now, Linda—"

"After all, you're a very rash young man," she said. "You do what you please. You don't care about other people. You insult them—"

"Who did I insult?" Steve demanded.

"Everyone—everyone you've spoken to since I've come back from Axminster. And you took your score back from Ivan Jacoby—and probably insulted him, too, in the bargain—and probably put your career back ten years—"

"Linda—"

"And then, of course, your treatment of me," Linda sobbed. "That's some-



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thing to write home about—"

"Write home?" Steve asked quickly. "No," Linda said, "I'm not going to write home—I'd be too ashamed. They think I'm happy."

"Well, you were happy," Steve said, "until you started to think about Agnes. That's the whole trouble—Agnes."

"The whole trouble is you," Linda said. "I was happy until I discovered that you were so selfish that you didn't even know other people were alive. As long as everything goes your way, you're fine—you're a very charming young man. But as soon as you get crossed—as soon as you get disappointed—"

Sobs choked her.

QUICKLY, Steve put his arms around her. "Don't cry, darling," he begged. "I'm sorry—really sorry about the whole thing. Really. And everything you say about me is true—that is, everything except Agnes. I'm self-centered and thoughtless. I know it. But I promise to reform. I'll be different from now on. I promise. Don't cry, Linda. I love you. And I'll never hurt you again. I've just got a crazy streak in me. I guess you're right. I can't take disappointment, but I've got to learn to take it—and I need your help. I need your help in everything." His arms tightened about her. "You know that's true, don't you, Linda?"

"I know a great many things I didn't know a year ago." She was still sobbing, but she didn't try to pull away from him. His contrition was thoroughly sincere, she knew; he didn't mean to hurt her, ever. The trouble was that, meaning to hurt her or not, he often did. "Oh, Steve . . ." she murmured. "If only—"

The telephone's shrill clangor shattered this moment of half-surrender. Linda slipped from his arms and answered it. Steve saw her hurriedly dab at her eyes, heard her force gayety into her voice.

"Dad! It's wonderful to hear you . . . You are? Oh, I'm so glad. We'll be dying to see you . . . Day after tomorrow? We'll meet you at Grand Central . . . How's Mother? . . . That's good . . . Yes, he's fine. He's right here . . ."

When she hung up, she said quietly, "Dad's coming to New York for a few days on business."

Steve, looking across the room at her, understood that the time for apologies and explanations—perhaps even the time for reconciliation—had passed. Whatever more might have been said between them had been silenced by the long-distance telephone call from Axminster.

Their life together, for the next week, was a strange thing. On the surface, it had not changed. They spoke of casual things, made plans and carried them out. But underneath, there was a question. Steve was quiet and subdued with Linda's father when he arrived. He explained, quietly, what had happened to Jacoby's plans for the Symphony, and talked hopefully of getting it played next season. He had tried to reach the conductor by telephone, to apologize for his hasty action in demanding the return of the score, but Jacoby was out of town and not expected back for a few weeks.

Very little seemed to escape George Emerson's watchful eyes as he sat in their little apartment. He listened

carefully to everything that was said, and expressed no opinions. But Linda knew that he too saw past the orderly surface, to the unspoken question beneath.

Her father asked Linda to go shopping with him one afternoon. He wanted to buy some presents for her mother and Holly. After their tour of the stores, instead of returning to the apartment on Washington Square, George Emerson insisted that Linda come up to his hotel room. "I'd like to talk to you," he said heavily.

And Linda, although she knew what the subject of the conversation would be, could do nothing but obey.

He began very carefully—for he had learned to be careful with his daughter when it was a question of Stephen Harper. Linda sat quietly listening while he talked about his family—of how much he loved them and wanted them to be happy—

"And you have decided I'm not," Linda interrupted at that point.

"Well, I—" he began in a placating tone, and then abruptly his mouth hardened. "It's been pretty obvious, the last few days, that you aren't," he said flatly. "You were crying when I spoke to you over the phone from Axminster. And all the time I've been with you—ever since I got to New York—you've been tense—on guard. You're trembling, right now."

"Perhaps," Linda admitted.

"That hole-in-the-wall you live in. How can you have a decent life there? And after all the excitement, that piece of music Steve's been working on so long didn't turn out to be anything at all." He frowned miserably and made a worried, unhappy gesture. Suddenly Linda felt very sorry for him. He was torturing himself, over her and her problems. And torturing himself needlessly, because although he was so acute in some ways, he was quite blind in others. As blind, she realized, as she herself.

"Practically everything you've said is true, Dad," she told him. "But there's a great deal more that you haven't said, and it's true too. I've just begun to realize that myself, sitting here and listening to you talk. I haven't been happy—Steve and I haven't been happy—recently."

"Well, then?" he interrupted, but she hurried on.

WE'VE been perfectly miserable, a good deal of the time. But, other times, we've had more than just happiness. Our life together is—it's exciting, Dad. We have so many plans and dreams, and these plans and dreams belong to both of us. Some of them are bound to come true."

There was rising excitement in Linda's voice, but her father only stared uncomprehendingly.

"That's very pretty, and very inspiring," he said. "But I'm not entirely foolish, even if I am your old father. I can see you're on the defensive. You made a mistake when you married Harper, and now you're too proud to admit it. All you can do is hide behind fancy speeches."

Linda could smile. "I don't mean them to be fancy. All I'm trying to do is tell you that I love Steve, and he loves me. And in spite of that, I know perfectly well that as the years go by he'll do things that will make me want to cry and I'll do things that will make him want to beat me. But it won't make the least bit of difference, ever, to the main

fact that we love each other. Not if we keep remembering that we do love each other."

"You're not being honest, Linda!"
 "I don't see how I can be more honest. I don't think you've any right to speak to me as though Steve was some kind of a mistake I made—a mistake that you'll help me correct. Because there wasn't any mistake. I'm in love with Steve and always will be. If there's going to be any pain in it for us, at least it'll be our pain. And we'll find a way to get over it."

"That's just pride," her father said helplessly. "You got that from me."
 "Then I thank you for it, Dad," Linda smiled.

She had won, and she knew it—but still, when she left the hotel, there was pain in her heart because Steve had not heard her say all the things she had said to her father. He needed to hear them—but how could he, when up until the time she found herself speaking them, from her soul, she had not realized their profound truth.

SHE was breathless when she climbed the stairs to their apartment. Suppose Steve were out?—she felt as if she must talk to him now, at once, without waiting another minute. But she heard the sound of music—Steve's own music—and knew he was home. It was the first time he had played since he took his score back from Jacoby. Softly, she opened the door. Steve stopped playing and turned.

"Oh, Steve!" she cried, rushing to him. "I was so afraid you wouldn't be home!"

"What's the matter darling?" he asked. "You act as if somebody's been chasing you."

"Somebody has. Hold me, Steve. Hold me tight!"

"Forever and ever and ever," he murmured.

"I love you."
 "You haven't said that in a long time that way." Steve held her closer. "Ever since your father's come to town—it's paralyzed me. I know why he's here—not that you've said anything—but I've been waiting for the phone to ring all day—waiting to hear that you were down at the station with your father—going to Axminster."

"How could you think that, darling?" Linda ran her hand through his hair.

"I don't know—I just did," he said. "It kept beating in my brain and my heart. I wanted to run after you and get you, but I just sat at the piano. Oh, Linda, we've been so far away from each other."

"My Steve . . ."
 They sat embraced, not talking, looking at each other. Linda leaned over to kiss him.

"We've been fools, Steve," she said at last, "We've taken something that'll never be given us again and handled it so badly. We've treated our love without love. I don't want to talk any more. Words can get you into so much trouble. These past few weeks never really happened, Steve. Let's promise that we'll never speak or think of them again."

"I love you darling. So much."
 "Promise?"
 "I promise—forever and ever."
 This time Linda knew he was telling the truth.

THE END



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We Love and Learn

Continued from page 26

of the excitement was because he was sitting in the seat in front of her. She studied, with bewildered eyes, the irregular and endearing line that his hair made on the nape of his neck—it was too long, he should visit a barber, she told herself, and wanted to run her finger against the grain of it to see if it were as soft as it looked. When the plane took off smoothly—no bumping over the ground when Kit Collins was at the controls!—she was scarcely conscious that she was leaving the earth. Perhaps it was an anti-climax for she had left the earth, already, in one sense!

With average people there must be a constant flow of conversation before the bars are down and there's a firm basis of friendship, but the conversation between Kit Collins and Andrea was mostly a matter of jerky phrases. Kit threw back across his shoulder, "Comfy?" and then, "You're a teacher? Don't look like any teachers I used to have when I went to school. . . . Boss said I was to take good care of you but he could've saved his steam. Fat chance me not takin' good care of you! . . . What's your first name, anyway? Andrea? Too long. Guess I'll call you Teach." And he smiled. There was something boyish, almost shy, about that smile. It was oddly at variance with his self-assured words.

FLYING—with clouds above them and before long with clouds below them. Flying at a speed that Andrea couldn't measure and didn't try to guess. She asked wistfully, "How long will it take us to reach New York?" but her wistfulness was because she wanted the flight to go on interminably, not because she wanted to reach Frank Harrison. A sapphire ring and a mink coat?—they were only a sapphire ring and a mink coat but this was reality dressed in the garments of unreality.

An hour—in the spacelessness of space—with a man who held the key to everything worth while in his strong sunburned hands. Andrea felt that she had known Kit Collins for her whole life and for a dozen lives before this one. A line from a forgotten poem came to her—"When you were a tadpole and I was a fish—" it started. "In the paleolithic age—" yes, if there were anything in reincarnation, she'd known him that long! She said, "I wish I could pilot a plane—" because she had to say something or she'd burst, and Kit warned her, "Keep out of the racket. It's a risky business." And then, with a swift change of tempo, "Hold everything, Teach, we've got to climb. There's weather ahead."

Weather ahead. Andrea had been too absorbed to realize that the brightness of the air had taken on a sultry gray tint. She felt the plane quiver, her head was snapped back as the propeller nosed upward, and she heard Kit growl, "Damn it, anyway! Something's gone screwy with the feed-line."

They weren't rising—everything was reversed in a split second. They were going down fast, slanting through clouds and driving rain below the clouds, gliding above a toy town and a river like a ribbon and another town with houses that looked like boxes

and people that looked like ants. They were moving with a breathtaking speed while Kit worked frantically at the instrument board, muttering invectives, throwing back brief messages of reassurance. They were sliding across a grove of trees, the tree-tops were brushing the underside of the plane—a leaf from heaven knows where fluttered into Andrea's lap. And then great branches were breaking with sharp cracks like explosions and Kit was shouting, "Bend your knees, Teach. Brace yourself!" And then there was the crash and Andrea felt the world go black and thought, almost contentedly, "Dying—with Kit Collins so close—isn't exactly dying. . . ."

SHE was waking in a white room that smelled of disinfectants and starch. She was saying aloud, "Love at first sight—it's silly. I've read about it in books but it's silly. It doesn't happen to real people." She was saying, "Frank's kind and good but I don't love him. I'm engaged to him because he's nice—because I'm sorry for him and Junior, but if I'd met Kit first—" was she laughing or was it the echo of someone else's mirth?—"I'd never have accepted Frank. I—" her eyes were searching for something familiar in the expanse of whiteness. "Where am I?"

A woman's voice answered, "You're in a hospital, my dear—I'm the nurse in charge. No, you're not hurt badly—just shaken up. And—" a touch of coyness—"here's somebody who's been sitting by your bed for the last two hours, waiting for you to wake up."

Andrea asked, "Kit? Is it Kit Collins?" and Frank Harrison's voice, charged with worry, answered—"No, darling. It's me . . . Andrea, when I heard that your plane was lost I thought that the world had come to an end. And when they told me that you were found—Oh, my darling!"

Andrea asked, "Is it Saturday?" and Frank told her, still in that worried tone—"No, it's Monday," and Andrea, trying to sit up against her pillow, gasped—"But school! I should be in school!"

It was another voice now—a voice that heretofore had spoken only in jerky phrases, and yet a voice infinitely dear. "Skip the school, Teach," said the voice, "somebody's taking over your desk for a while. . . . Look, you and I were under the wing of the plane all night while they sent out searching parties—remember? And I—"

Frank was speaking again, interrupting harshly, "Forget it, Collins! Let that part of it be a blank to Miss Reynolds!" but Andrea, with a dim dream released and made radiant, was hearing the drive of rain, was seeing a plane wing, like a silver shadow over her head, was feeling an arm, as strong as a steel band, supporting her and holding her close. "Yes," she whispered, "we were under a wing all night. Yes, I remember. Kit, I—"

She would have gone on and on but the nurse was saying, "That's enough for now, Miss Reynolds. You two men go away. The patient needs rest."

They were leaving the room to—

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gether—Frank Harrison and Kit Collins, Frank's tread heavy, Kit's springy and undefeated. Andrea, drifting to sleep, heard a door close.

It didn't take Andrea long to get back on her feet. She was young and strong and there weren't any bones broken—only a baker's dozen of purple bruises to remind her of the crash. She stayed in the hospital for less than a week and then Frank Harrison's opulent car brought her home to the simple room behind Daddy Little's flower shop. When she entered the room she found that it was crowded with baskets of flowers and fruit; when she opened a square white box she discovered a satin negligee with matching mules. "For a precious invalid—with my love—" read the card that bore Frank's initials, and she held the negligee against her cheek, overwhelmed with gratitude and hating herself for having wavered, even subconsciously, in her determination to go through with her promise to marry Beechmont's leading citizen. Kit Collins didn't mean anything to her, she argued—he couldn't! He was only part of an adventure—only a fragment of a song that had broken, literally, in mid-air. There was no message from Kit to greet her on her return from the hospital—he hadn't sent any flowers or cards—he'd probably forgotten all about her, despite the hours under the plane's wing. "To Kit," she told herself resentfully, "I'm only one of many adventures. To a man of his sort—a daredevil who risks his life day after day—one woman is the same as another. . . . It's only—well, he had a good line and I fell for it and I'm ashamed of myself!"

Andrea wanted to go back to school immediately—the moment her brain started working she'd be able to crowd Kit Collins out of it—but Frank put his veto on work. "If you knew how white and small you look," he told her tenderly, "you wouldn't talk such nonsense. Why, you'd fall on your face if you tried to stand up in front of your class and teach the three R's." So Andrea promised to rest until she was completely sure of herself. But—the question was a torment—would she ever be completely sure of herself as long as Kit's image floated in front of her like a mirage?

ANDREA'S first day home from the hospital was spent in bed, with the satin negligee folded across the chair, beside her, so that she would be reminded every instant of Frank's goodness. Her second day she was up and around, helping Daddy Little in the shop, doing a thousand and one tasks, keeping her fingers and her mind occupied. It was toward twilight, when she was putting the choicest wares away in the tiny refrigerator, that she heard the shop door open softly and close with a decided bang. Thinking it was a late customer she whirled on her heel and saw Kit Collins. Kit—just as she had remembered him, with his tousled hair and his shirt open at the throat and his teasing smile.

"Well, Teach," he asked, "got your land legs back again?"

Andrea felt suddenly released. It was, she told herself, the way her own pupils must feel at the beginning of summer vacation. She said primly, "I'm perfectly well again, thanks—" and then, because it was

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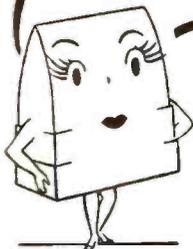
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forced out of her—"I was hoping there'd be some word from you when I got back from the hospital."

Kit didn't reply immediately. He was advancing toward her, with that lithe, perfectly controlled step. "You and I, Teach," he said finally, when he was so close that she could feel the warmth of his body, "don't need letters and phone calls and all the rest of the goin' steady rigamarole. What's between us doesn't need to be put into words—written or otherwise. I know what's what and you know and it's been that way since we first set eyes on each other."

ANDREA couldn't answer—she merely stared up at the test pilot, her lips quivering. And then all at once, without knowing how she got there, she was in his arms. "Teach, Teach," he was saying, "this is the way it was that night the plane crashed. I didn't know whether you were hurt bad or not—I only knew you belonged to me. Teach—I kissed you that night—more'n once—and . . . Oh, Teach!" He was kissing her again and Andrea's lips, ceasing to tremble, were returning the pressure of his mouth with a passion that surprised even herself. Once more she was hanging somewhere between earth and sky, in the spacelessness of space, only now she was being lifted by her emotions instead of by the silver wings of a plane. Her arms crept up until one fingertip was touching the back of Kit's neck where she had wanted to touch it from the first—yes, his hair was soft. She whispered, "What's come over us?" And then suddenly another voice was breaking the magic, as a bubble is broken. Completely—past mending.

"Andrea!" Frank Harrison was saying. "Collins! What the devil is this, anyway?"

Andrea squirmed out of Kit's arms. The test pilot turned sharply to face the man who had noiselessly entered Daddy Little's shop. "I shouldn't think you'd have to ask, Harrison," he drawled. "This is love or a mighty good imitation of it."

Andrea breathed, "Kit!" She took a step toward Frank Harrison, with her hands outstretched imploringly. "Frank," she begged, "please don't judge us too harshly. Sometimes—" she faltered; how could she explain to her fiancé why she was in another man's arms? "Sometimes—" she went on bravely, after a minute—"people are carried away—"

Frank Harrison said coldly, "Leave this shop at once, Collins."

But Kit, his tones level, spoke without moving. "I'll leave when Teach asks me to."

Frank Harrison's face was livid. He stepped forward, but Andrea—stepping between him and the man who had been kissing her—spoke swiftly. "Frank," she said, "I'll send Kit away and then you and I will talk this out. Kit—" she spoke with a note of pathetic command—"do as Frank asks. Go away—please."

Kit growled—"I'll go, but I'll be back. Don't fret about that, Teach." He was striding from the shop, as unhurried, as nonchalant as usual—alert, guarded. Andrea, clinging to Frank's arm, knew a second of intense relief when she again heard the door open softly and close with a bang. She sank into a chair and buried her face in her hands. "Frank," she moaned, "you must forgive me!"

"Forgive you for kissing that—" Frank Harrison's tone was violent and then suddenly he was kneeling beside Andrea's chair. "I'll forgive you anything in the world, Andrea," he muttered. "I love you—I love you."

Hopelessness engulfed the young teacher. Her child-on-a-holiday sensation was gone completely. She felt like a condemned prisoner in a cell. "Frank," she said, "I'm not asking your forgiveness for having kissed Kit—for letting him kiss me—that was inevitable. I'm asking your forgiveness because I made a mistake about you. I shouldn't have said that I'd marry you when I didn't love you. . . . Frank, you must release me."

There was a moment of silence and then Frank was speaking desperately. "Andrea," he said, "I can't let you go. You promised to marry me—and I'll kill myself if you break that promise! You're my whole world, dearest—my whole hope of heaven. As for Kit Collins—" he laughed harshly—"can't you see that the man isn't serious as far as you're concerned? He's an opportunist, an adventurer—the whole flying field knows about his escapades. He's only looking for a good time, Andrea. There's nothing permanent in his feelings toward you. Ask him if he wants to marry you and he'll tell you, himself, that—"

It was Andrea's protesting glance that stopped Frank's torrent of words. Her doubts were floating back—Frank was expressing the thoughts that had already haunted her. She said faintly—"Frank, don't. I—this has been too much for me. I'm at the end of my rope. You—you must go away, too, and leave me alone—I've had all I can take this evening. I—Frank, if you won't release me we'll work it out somehow. I—I never broke a promise yet. We—" her voice was just a thread of sound—"we'll work it out somehow!"

Frank said hoarsely, "Thanks, Andrea." He took the girl's hand in his strong one, turned it over, pressed his mouth in the palm of it and then, obeying her command, he, too, was out of the shop. Andrea, crumpling down in a little heap beside the chair, sat quietly with bleak eyes that stared at a hopeless future.

But she heard the door open once more behind her, and turned—to see Kit. She shrank away from him, not wanting his loved presence so near to her, destroying the resolution she was trying so hard to keep. Swiftly, he was on his knees beside her.

"Teach—I waited until he'd gone. I don't know what he said, or what you said to him, but whatever it was, it can't make any difference to us—"

"It does make a difference to us, Kit," she told him. "He's kind and good, and he needs me. I can't—"

He interrupted her roughly. "Kind and good! About as kind or good as—as a rattlesnake. If he was any sort of a man he'd let you go, knowing how you feel about him, and about me."

"Knowing how I feel about you?" Andrea asked, puzzled. "But he doesn't. I told him I was just carried away, for the moment. I couldn't tell him the truth."

"You didn't have to. He found out the truth the afternoon you woke up in the hospital. Don't you remember? You were calling for me—you wanted me!"

"I was delirious," Andrea said, her face flaming at the memory.

"All the more reason for you to be talking the truth," Kit pointed out. "Yes—I suppose—oh, I don't know what to do!" Andrea burst out, torn by conflicting emotions.

"There's only one thing you can do," Kit urged, and this time there was strength, certainty, in his voice. "We'll go up to his house—tonight—and tell him all bets are off, for a while anyway. You've got to get well, first thing. Then, after that, you can make up your mind. But you mustn't be rushed into marrying him. I won't let you be!"—and his fingers tightened on her arm.

"Yes," Andrea sighed, after a moment. "You're right." To be free of conflict, even for a little while—free to let time tell her whether this emotion she felt for Kit Collins was love or something not so lasting—that was something so much to be desired. But she shrank from the stormy scene that must be gone through with Frank Harrison.

"Yes," she said again. "You're right. We'll go to see Frank tonight—together."

IT was after twilight when they walked up the long, curving path to Frank Harrison's big house—they had chosen to walk, perhaps to prolong the time until they must see the man who wanted Andrea with such a stormy intensity. The house was almost entirely in darkness; the only light was a dim one in the window of a room Andrea knew was the study.

Andrea put her finger on the bell, and at the sound of its peal, echoing through the house, her heart contracted in apprehension. For the first time, she fully realized what it would be to live in that house as its mistress. Like living in—a tomb, a tomb of dead happiness.

The door was flung back. Frank Harrison faced them. "Who is—" he began brusquely, before he had recognized them, and then, in a changed tone: "Good Lord—Andrea!"

"I'm here, too," Kit said mildly, and stepped forward into the light. "Harrison," he said without preamble, "I came back to the flower shop after you'd left. Teach and I talked things over and we reached the conclusion that it was—well, best to lay all the cards on the table. You can't hold her to that engagement, Harrison. It's not human or—"

But Frank Harrison was backing away desperately, his arms outstretched as if to make a barrier. "You can't come in," he said, his tortured gaze on the girl. "Not tonight, Andrea. I'll see you in the morning—we'll talk things out then—but you can't come in tonight. Take her

away, Collins."

His words tripped over one another. His white face stared at them, and they saw that his hand, where it still held the doorknob, was shaking. "Frank," Andrea cried, "what's the matter?"

"Nothing!" He almost shouted the word. "It's nothing, I tell you! I'll talk to you in the morning!"

Someone was hurrying down the hall in back of Harrison. Andrea recognized Curtis, the butler, and a glance at his face told her he was as frightened as his employer. "Mr. Harrison!" he called, paying no attention to Andrea and Kit. "You'll have to get a doctor, sir!"

Andrea, hesitating on the threshold, spoke one word: "Junior!" Then, as neither Harrison nor his butler answered, she said, "Junior's ill! Is that the trouble?" and was pushing past Frank, past Curtis, racing toward the study where she had seen the light from outside. Behind her she heard Frank call out in agony, "Keep out of there, Andrea!"

And then the three of them were standing in the center of the room with its massive masculine furniture—staring down at the figure of a woman on the sofa.

"She—she fainted again," the butler whispered, and Andrea, readjusting the scene she had conjured up—a scene which had held Junior as its leading player—crossed the room rapidly and knelt at the sofa's head. She did not know who this woman was—although even then it crossed her mind that there was something faintly familiar about the delicate, small features. She knew only that she was white, and frail, and sunk deep in unconsciousness.

Her own spiritual problem, her own physical weakness, were forgotten in another woman's need as she gave brisk orders. "Raise her feet, Curtis," she directed, "so the blood will go to her head. . . . Bring an ice bag and some clean towels and—"

Curtis hurried from the room. Andrea, her hand on the woman's forehead, looked up and asked, "Who is she, Frank?"

Harrison, his pretenses crumbling, said simply, "Elizabeth, my former wife. She came back tonight—I found her here when I got home."

There was no time for recriminations—no time for halting explanations or more halting justifications. A doctor, hastily summoned, fought for Elizabeth Harrison's life while Frank Harrison stood by, gnawing his underlip. At that moment, Andrea seemed to see him in a new light—not as Beechmont's first citizen, not as the man who had promised her a

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sanctuary in his love—but simply as a man who was terribly frightened.

A nurse came with a rustle of linen and efficiency and Elizabeth was carried upstairs to the largest, most luxurious guest room, and Andrea and Kit and Frank were left by themselves to review the situation. But it wasn't a triangle—it was a quartette. Elizabeth's unseen presence was still in the room. It was what made Andrea ask softly:

"Why did she come back, Frank?"

His eyes, deep-sunk, met hers, then looked quickly away. "Because she was ill. She wanted to see Junior. And—she claims our divorce wasn't legal."

MERCIFULLY, Kit did not speak, although in that moment he must have felt a kind of triumph. Frank went on, "I thought I divorced her long ago—but it seems the papers were never served on her. She used to write, begging me to take her back. I threw the letters away." He unclasped his hands, separated them in a curious, empty little gesture, then brought them together again. "You're lucky, Andrea. We might have been married—and you'd have been in the middle of the scandal."

"She'd never have married you," Kit put in soberly. "That's what we came here to tell you. If you remember, that's what I did tell you, out at the door."

"I'm sorry, Frank," Andrea said. "But it wouldn't have worked—even if Elizabeth had never come back to you. Frank—" her tone was appealing—"why don't you try to make a go of it with Elizabeth? Junior—it would be good for Junior to have his mother here, his real mother. And you cared for Elizabeth once."

"I care for you," Frank sighed. "I'll always love you, Andrea—" and then, with a last flareup of resentment, "I suppose you think you'll marry Collins now that you're rid of me, but as I said before, he isn't the marrying type."

Andrea said wearily, "Kit and I haven't—discussed the matter." She rose and realized, as she staggered slightly, that she was still in the convalescent stage. "Take me home, Kit," she begged. "Take me home."

They were driving away from Frank Harrison's huge house, leaving a woman who still walked through the valley of the shadow, a child who did not know, as he slept, that his mother had returned, and a broken man. They drove away, Andrea huddled in one corner of the taxicab, Kit tense in the other corner. They were halfway to Daddy Little's before a word was spoken and then Andrea said, "It was pretty dreadful while it lasted. But, Kit—" her tone was wistful—"we've accomplished a great deal—"

Kit said, "Yeah," somberly, his face averted; and then there was silence again, Kit obviously unwilling to follow the avenue of thought she had tentatively opened. Andrea felt chilled, at a loss. Earlier in the evening when Kit had returned to the flower shop, he had been ardent. His words had flown straight into her heart, telling her that she owed Frank Harrison no loyalty, since he had been present at her bedside when, in delirium, she had revealed how little she loved him.

And, buoyed up by Kit's sure, eager words, she had gone with him to see

Frank. But now—now that everything was over and she was utterly free—the man beside her was silent, abstracted.

"He isn't the marrying type." That was Frank Harrison's opinion of Kit Collins—and Andrea felt a cold apprehension that he was right.

When the cab stopped in front of the flower shop, Kit helped her out. "I'll—see you tomorrow," he said awkwardly, and she rallied her weary brain enough to reply in cool tones, "All right. If you're not busy."

Perhaps he was too busy, she thought bitterly the next afternoon, when most of the day had passed and he had not opened the door of the flower shop. Perhaps she had vanished from his thoughts as completely as she had vanished from his sight, the moment he left her. An adventurer . . . who had told her again and again that he loved her, but had not spoken once of marriage. . . .

Listlessly, when she knew classes would be over for the day, she dressed in prim navy blue with a white pique collar, and went to see Mr. Saunders, the principal of the school. She wanted to tell him that she would return to work the next Monday.

He received her in his office, waving her toward a chair placed beside the desk where the harsh light fell full on any visitor's face. She thought irrelevantly, as he waited for her to speak—"He's a judge and I'm a prisoner at the bar." She said aloud, "I'm sorry that I had to take a leave of absence but you know about my accident."

Mr. Saunders told her smoothly, "The whole town knows about it, Miss Reynolds. It seems that you were—ah—traveling with a notoriously wild aviator, to meet Mr. Frank Harrison in New York. The whole thing sounds like a page out of fiction, Miss Reynolds—rather lurid fiction. The town's wondering—" He broke off. "Is it true that you spent a night with Kit Collins before you were—found?"

Andrea explained swiftly, "The plane was wrecked and I was hurt. Yes, it was a whole night before the searchers found us."

AND then, too," Mr. Saunders said, "New York's quite a distance from Beechmont, and Mr. Harrison—as I understand it, Miss Reynolds, Mrs. Harrison has returned to him after many years?"

"Why—yes, that's true," Andrea said.

The principal leaned back in his chair and spoke pontifically. "A teacher, Miss Reynolds," he said, "should be like Caesar's wife, beyond reproach. Oh, I am quite aware—" he raised a heavy white hand to quell the protest he saw rising to her lips, "that you were probably quite innocent in—in all that happened. But you must realize my position. The parents of the children you teach pay your salary and mine. They see a young and pretty girl—a girl who becomes involved with an older, married man—who, rather melodramatically, crashes in an airplane piloted by a young daredevil and is alone with him all night before she is found. It leaves a bad taste in their mouths, Miss Reynolds."

Andrea, her throat dry, asked, "Does this mean that I'm—" she paused and the principal went on remorselessly.

"It means," he told her, "that while

you were ill the school board held a meeting and it was suggested that you be asked to resign."

"Resign? But, Mr. Saunders," Andrea burst out, "that's not fair—I should be given a chance to explain."

"Pre-cisely." The man nodded his gray head. "That's precisely what I told the board—with the result, Miss Reynolds, that the suggestion was put to a vote and defeated. Your position is still—yours. But it shouldn't be necessary for me to insist that you must be very, very careful in the future. That you avoid even—shall we say the appearance—of evil."

"But—I don't understand."

IF you force me to be specific—"

Mr. Saunder's jaw hardened and Andrea realized suddenly that the antagonism she had always sensed in him was like a beast crouching, ready to attack. He had, she divined, come to her support in the board meeting simply because it would embarrass him personally if one of his teachers were asked to resign. "It would be better if you saw nothing of Mr. Harrison, and very little of Kit Collins. His reputation is—not good."

As Andrea walked away from the school she passed two women, mothers of her pupils, and their cool stares shocked her into realizing how well founded the principal's warning had been.

It was horrible to feel that you were under surveillance—that your private life was the subject of debate in the prim houses you passed. But, Andrea reminded herself, this was the penalty of trying to be a woman and a teacher at one and the same time.

Monday—and Andrea was back again at her desk, with her pupils watching her owl-eyed. They were old enough to have taken in fragments of adult conversation, and Andrea—aware of their too vivid interest—worried through the morning, giving them higher marks than they deserved, being too lenient with their lapses. When noon came and they hurried to their assorted homes, for lunch, she lowered her head on the desk and sat so for nearly an hour, not bothering to eat the sandwiches she had brought with her. It was only because she needed a breath of fresh air that she finally went out into the schoolyard, and she was no sooner there than she was sorry. If she'd stayed in the classroom she'd have avoided seeing Kit Collins—Kit, who had stayed away from her for nearly a week—Kit, who—despite the fact that he was partly responsible for her injured reputation—had wounded and ignored her. If she'd stayed in the classroom—but how could she have known that Kit would come striding toward her as he had come striding toward her once before on the morning they first met?

"Teach," he exclaimed, "I've been fighting with myself for days, but this morning I lost out. . . . I—" his tone was abashed—"I've been hanging around ever since the first kid left the yard and—and—look, can't we have dinner tonight at some quiet place where we can talk and—"

The many slights that she'd received, not only from Kit but from Mr. Saunders and the townspeople, crystallized in Andrea's soul. "You would want to take me to a quiet place," she said. "No, Kit—I can't have dinner with you tonight or any night. Somebody might see us eating

together, in that quiet place of yours, and—well, it would be different if we were engaged or married or something, but—"

Kit told her evenly, "That's why I want to talk to you, Teach. I'm in a bum spot—I can't marry anybody. But there's no reason why we shouldn't—"

Andrea was flaring up—she was a torch of a girl, at that instant, her very words were incendiary. "I'm not asking you to marry me," she said sharply, "I wouldn't marry you if you were the last man on earth, Kit Collins! Perhaps—" the flame died out of her voice leaving it as dry as ashes—"Perhaps it would interest you to know that I've been warned against you, and your last remark—well, it proves that the warning had a real foundation."

Kit, now, was the one who flamed. Ignoring the final part of Andrea's speech, he was yelling, "Wait a minute! Wait a minute! Who had the nerve to warn you against me?"

Andrea told him, "Only the principal of the school—and he was speaking for the entire school board. If I associated with you, Kit, I'd lose my job and—"

But Kit was turning from her, was striding away as if the fiends were after him. "If your job means more than I do," he flung across his shoulder, "I'm through—and I mean through!" And then he was tearing off down the street and Andrea—slowly, miserably—was going back to the schoolroom.

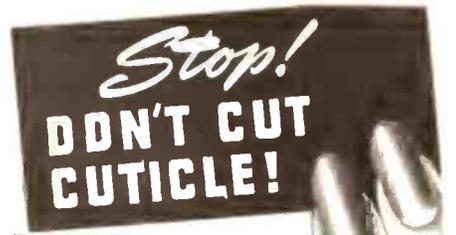
The afternoon session dragged. The pupils, sensing a letdown in "teacher," were unruly—only Junior Harrison was wrapped in a mood that matched her own. When at last the bell sounded and Andrea dismissed her charges, she knew a dull sense of gratitude and found herself wishing that she'd never see another child as long as she lived. Junior, lingering behind the others, annoyed her, but she forced herself to say, "How are things at your house, dear—is your mother better?" She was unprepared for the tears that rolled down the lad's face as he muttered—"Mother's getting along swell, but Dad's—oh, Miss Reynolds, can't you do something about Dad?"

Can't you do something about Dad! Frank Harrison was the other thorn in Andrea's flesh—he had caused her plenty of trouble, she owed him nothing.

WHAT'S wrong with your father?" she asked, and Junior told her, "He's at the hotel bar, morning, noon and night. He's d-drinking his head off."

Andrea asked, trying to be cool, "But, Junior, certainly you don't expect me to go to a bar and drag your father out of it?" and the youngster was answering, "No, ma'am, not that. But—but I thought if you spoke to him—I mean, if you should happen to meet him—" the tears were becoming a torrent—"C-Curtis says you can twist Dad around your little finger!"

"I'm not particularly interested in what your butler thinks of my influence over your father," said Andrea, her temper rising again. "And I'm quite sure, Junior, that I won't happen to meet him." She watched, with level eyes, as the boy went hurriedly out of the classroom—but as she gathered together her papers



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and left the school, and made her way toward Daddy Little's flower shop, Andrea's senses were in a complete whirl. "It will be the end of me," she told herself, "if I meddle in the Harrison's affairs!" But willy-nilly, her steps led her past Beechmont's largest hotel. She wasn't surprised when she saw Frank Harrison, flushed, unsteady, emerging from the door—she knew how fate was dealing the cards these days, and she'd expected to run into Frank. When he glimpsed her, when he exclaimed thickly, "Andrea!" she said, "You should be ashamed of yourself, Frank Harrison. Come back into the hotel with me—no, not to the bar. We'll go to the coffee shop and you'll drink black coffee until you're sober enough to hear a few facts!"

It seemed as if everybody was in the hotel coffee shop. Andrea saw not only one, but three, of the school board and knew that the principal's telephone wire would be buzzing within the half hour. She had to grit her teeth to carry out her self-imposed program—to squelch Frank's clumsy advances with common sense—to give him argument for argument. When at last, and with a growing audience, he had reached the tearful stage, she hurried him from the hotel and into a cab. It was in the cab, on the way to his home, that she extracted a pledge from him. "For Junior's sake," she told him, "you must give Elizabeth another chance—and yourself another chance. You loved her once and, if you try hard enough, you can love her again. Frank, I'm not asking you to recreate the past, I'm asking you to face the future like a man. Take Elizabeth in your arms and kiss her and—oh, of course it will work! It will *have* to work. You have strength, you have imagination, you have money—and you have a marvelous child. What more do you want?"

When she dropped Frank at his door she felt that she had given him a creed and a pattern and she was reasonably sure that he would try to follow through. She told the cab driver to take her on to her original destination, Daddy Little's flower

shop. And then she was back in the room in the rear of the shop, lying across her bed—not crying, because she was too tired to cry. Daddy Little knocked on the door and asked if she'd like some supper, but Andrea said no—despite a lunchless day she wasn't hungry—so he went away. It might have been an hour—or four or five hours—later that she again heard his anxious old voice at her door.

"Andy-girl," he said, calling her the name her father had called her, "you've got to come out while I tell you something. It's awful important."

Andrea struggled to her feet. What could be important now, she wondered. She came draggingly across the floor of her room, opened the door and felt Daddy Little's hand on hers. "Don't cave in," he said, "you've got to be a soldier, honey. They phoned from the hospital—it's Kit Collins."

A waiting room with people milling around—scores of people, it seemed to Andrea. She had come to the hospital alone, refusing Daddy Little's company—needing solitude, but here was no solitude. A young man whose wife was having a baby, an old woman whose husband was having an operation, a mother whose little girl was under an oxygen tent, and many more were sharing her vigil. Andrea—asking muted questions—had heard the story from a sympathetic young interne. Kit, foolishly reckless, had done some stunt flying without either rhyme or reason, using a plane that hadn't even been tested—it was as if he'd been trying to throw his life away—these aviators were an insane lot! His injuries—the interne, to Andrea's astonishment, chuckled. "The Lord must have been watching out for pilots today—only a fractured leg and a broken collar bone. Collins will probably be flying again in a couple of months. . . ." Yes, she could see him as soon as he came down from the surgery.

The waiting room—people coming and going, some with tears, some with smiles. A woman stuffing her handkerchief into her mouth so that she wouldn't scream, a man swearing softly under his breath. Andrea's nails bit into the palms of her clenched hands as her problem turned over and

over in her mind, like a falling plane. And then her name was being called and she was being taken to the cell where Kit lay, bandage-swathed, in a narrow white bed. He peered up at her from his pillow, but his eyes were no longer teasing.

"Now you see why I haven't the right to marry you, Teach," he said abruptly. "No guy who does my work should team up with the woman he loves—not if he loves her enough to want to spare her. . . . It's lucky you've got your job, Teach—and I'm the last one to stand between you and it. I was a dumb ox this morning, and I was worse than dumb this afternoon and—Teach, for gosh sake!"

For Andrea, all her questions answered and all her answers ready, was on her knees beside the hospital bed. "If you ever mention my job again," she told Kit between spasms of tears mixed with hysterical laughter and relief, "I'll—I'll—I don't know what I'll do! You must marry me, Kit, or I'll—I'll sue you for breach of promise! The right to marry me? You haven't the right *not* to marry me, Kit—not when I love you so much!"

Kit warned, even as he groped for her hand, "Don't think you're going to talk me out of flying, Teach, once you get me in your power. Flying's in my blood stream—just like you are. Don't think, once we're married, that I'll give up my trade—because I won't! Teach—" his teasing was blotted out by the honesty of his emotion—"when that plane was going down this afternoon, and you weren't beside me and I thought I'd be traveling on alone and never seeing you again—girl, I love you!"

Andrea, leaning over, kissed the lips of Kit Collins—gently because he was weak, firmly because she was strong. As she kissed him she knew that she was forfeiting her chance of a sane, sensible future—that perhaps she was forfeiting her work as well—but at the moment she didn't care. Even though she realized that this dare-devil would always be a dare-devil—that she'd always be searching the sky anxiously for the silver of his plane against the sun—she was curiously content and at peace.

Frills for an Old Friend

Continued from page 44

ing to be sure they do not lose their flavor and their nutritive elements through overcooking.

7. Use less boiling water and make up the difference with canned tomatoes or liquid from cooked vegetables.

8. For a piquante stew, add 1 to 2 tbs. Worcestershire sauce, lemon juice or vinegar just before serving.

For any meat that has bones, excess fat or gristle, I find it a good plan to divide the cooking operation into two parts. Simmer the meat with the basic seasonings in the morning and when it is done lift out the meat, remove as much of the bone, fat and gristle as you can, and strain the broth to remove the remainder (the seasoning ingredients will be strained out, too, but they have already done their work). Allow the broth to cool and remove the excess fat that forms on the top. When you are ready to serve, combine meat, vegetables and the strained broth, and the meat will be heated by the time the vegetables are done.

Savory chicken stew is an excellent

choice when stewing chickens are plentiful in the market.

Savory Chicken Stew

1 stewing chicken, disjointed
1 cup minced ham
1 clove garlic, minced
2 small onions, minced
1 green pepper, minced
1 medium can tomatoes
½ tsp. freshly ground pepper
Salt to taste

Sautee garlic, onion and green pepper lightly, using ham or chicken fat, place in cooking pot with the chicken, ham, pepper and tomatoes and add water to barely cover the chicken. Cover and simmer very slowly until chicken is almost tender enough to fall off the bones (about 1½ to 2 hours) turning frequently to be sure it is cooked evenly throughout. Add salt when stew is about half finished, being careful not to put in too much for the ham will be salty, too. Serve with brown rice and tossed green salad.

Leftover stew can be reheated and served again, but for variation here are

a number of other suggestions. Put the meat and vegetables into a buttered casserole, with enough of the broth (thickened) to make a good rich gravy, top with small biscuits or a layer of biscuit dough and bake until biscuits are brown and stew is piping hot. Or top your casserole with mushrooms in place of biscuit dough, brushing the mushrooms generously with melted butter and baking until they are nicely browned. Leftover mashed or sweet potatoes, bread or cracker crumbs or uncooked cereals also make excellent toppers for casseroles.

Muffins with leftover stew filling and served with gravy made of the liquid from the stew provide another answer to the leftover problem. For these, make the same pastry that you make for your favorite pie, and roll it thin. Line muffin tins with rounds of the pastry, fill each one with leftover stew which has been drained, cover each one with pastry and bake in a 450 degree oven until done (15 to 20 minutes).

"To My Wife"

Continued from page 16

ment of bleak regret and despair, sitting and staring at the blank wall behind the telephone. Then I shrugged my shoulders. There'd be another chance. Meanwhile, I was in love, and happy with the man I loved. That was the really important thing.

THE next three years weren't easy. Not that we expected them to be. But every young couple has a right to take some things for granted—things like three meals a day, a movie once in a while, a party on occasional Saturday nights, a pleasant "good morning" from the landlord—things like that. We had precious few of those things. We never seemed to be able to get our noses above the weekly bills. We owed everybody for something. And yet we worked hard. Paul was forever pecking at his typewriter, and while I didn't always approve of the things he wrote, at least he wrote instead of going to ball games or sleeping in the afternoons or shooting dice with the boys. And Joe Blaney dug up small parts for me here and there—mostly in plays which opened and closed practically at the same time, but at least they were jobs and they helped pay the grocery bill.

I wouldn't have minded so much, I guess, if I hadn't been worried about what was happening to Paul. Lately, he had been very morose and inclined to get into political arguments. He'd say things like, "What's so hot about Democracy, anyway? What good has it done us?"

And I'd say, "Well, it's better to be

free than to live under some of those European systems."

Then he'd say, "Free, huh? Yeah, free to starve."

I'd usually change the subject then, and talk about the Dodgers or what Dick Tracy was doing or what we were going to have for supper. I didn't understand about politics, and I never have very much, but I did have some solid beliefs about this country, and nothing could shake them.

I knew that "of the people, by the people, and for the people" was the most beautiful phrase ever written. I knew that our forefathers had fashioned this country out of hard work and prayer and selflessness. I knew that America was the only country left in the world where people could hope to fashion their lives in a free, reasonable, self-respecting way.

I KNEW all these things and yet I couldn't combat Paul's growing feeling of resentment against a world that kept him poor and subservient. I didn't have the words. I felt that if we could just wait and last things out, everything would be all right. But he had picked up phrases somewhere that I didn't have answers for. Things like "machine age," "dominant races," "economic pressure," "world balance of power," "survival of the fittest." Things I had only seen in newspaper print—nothing that I had experienced or could have an honest opinion about.

He began writing long letters to the editors of various papers in New York.

I think it was mostly because there, at least, he could have that supreme writers' pleasure of seeing his words in print. But then it frightened me, because more and more his opinions seemed to be colored by all the crackpot organizations that were springing up then—America First, The Silver Shirts, various Isolationist movements of one kind or another. I know he didn't mean all the things he wrote. It was just that he was striking out blindly at anything that seemed to stand in his way, and these organizations and catchwords were handy weapons.

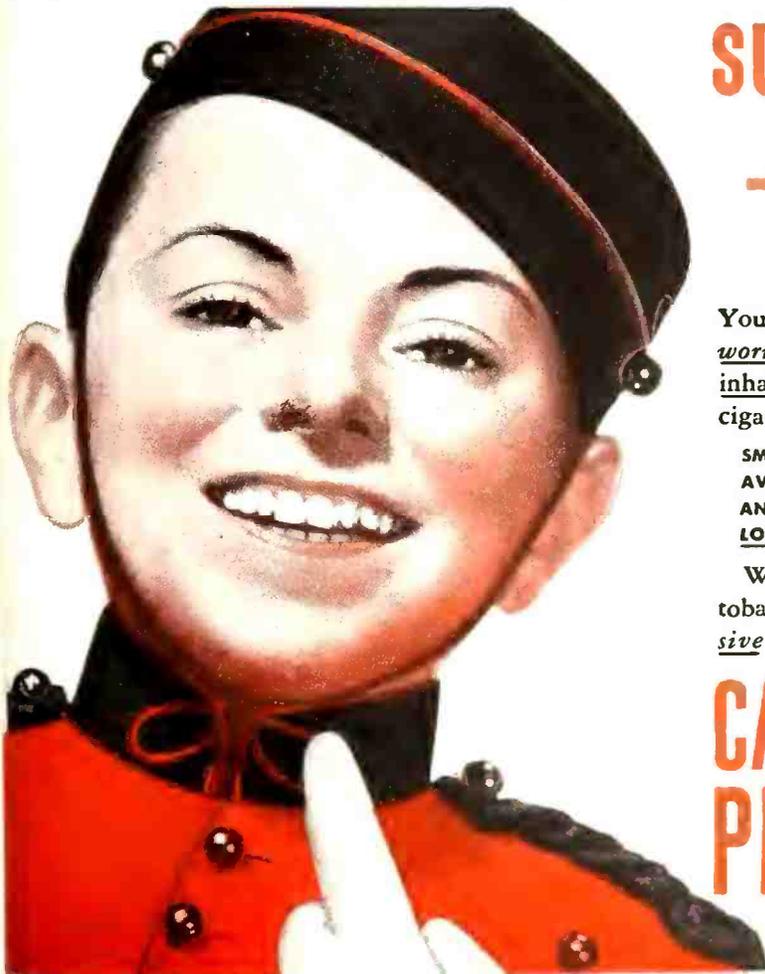
I tried to talk to him about it once. "Paul," I asked, "why do you bother with all this hating? Why don't you write about nice things?"

"Moonlight and roses? Cinderella and fairy godmothers? Grow up, Olivia. That's stuff for little children and weak-minded escapists. We have to get rid of the weaklings. This is an age for the strong."

"But, Paul," I argued, "there still are nice things in the world. There's beauty and love and kindness. Surely you can't ignore them."

He kissed the tip of my nose and pinched my cheek. "You are beauty and love and kindness, but there isn't anybody else like you in the world. Now run along like a good girl, and let me finish this article."

I ran along, like a good girl, but that night as we sat over our tasteless supper of warmed-over hamburgers and weak coffee with canned milk—it had been a long time since we could



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afford the luxury of cream—I found I couldn't eat a single mouthful, and left the table in tears.

Paul followed me into the other room and put his arms around me. "Now, Honey," he said placatingly, "don't cry. Just keep that chin up a little longer and something will happen. I'll write a story for Dan Bailey—he said he'd buy a Western adventure yarn if I'd write it. Come on, now, wipe those tears away and finish your supper. I'll get at that darn story first thing in the morning."

He didn't write the story, though. The next morning he saw something in the paper about neutrality agreements that made him furious and he sat down and wrote a long bitter letter to the editor.

THINGS went on like that for some time. Then one day when I came home from the weary routine of tramping from one agent's office to another in the eternal hunt for a job, I found Paul sitting on the curb in front of our apartment—with our bags and personal belongings piled haphazardly around him.

"Paul," I cried, "what's happened? What are you doing out here? What are all these things here for?"

He grinned up at me wryly and pushed his hat to the back of his head. "Sit down, Olivia," he said, motioning to the curb, "public property—nobody can stop you from sitting here."

"But I don't understand," I faltered, on the verge of tears, "What—" And then suddenly I knew. The rent money! "Paul—what happened to the rent money?"

Paul shrugged his shoulders in an attempt to maintain his air of bravado, and said, "Darling, somehow or other the rent money got mixed up in the food money. After all, we had to eat, you know."

I wavered between despair and anger. "And so we've been evicted?"

"Absolutely correct, professor." "Paul!" I stamped my foot. "Don't talk like a— a clown! What are we going to do now?"

Paul's shoulders drooped, then. His whole body seemed to slump and he buried his face in his hands. "I don't know, Olivia, I honestly don't know," he said thickly.

I stood there for a minute, wildly racking my brain for an idea. Finally I told Paul I'd be right back and went over to the corner drugstore and telephoned Joe Blaney. Good old Joe! He'd been my guardian angel for a long time, and once more he proved his loyalty.

"Come on up to my place," his big voice boomed over the phone. "You can stay here for a few days until things get straightened out. I'll bunk in with my kid brother uptown."

"You're an angel, Joe," I told him, with a catch in my voice.

"Forget it, sugar. I expect to be repaid with dividends when you hit Broadway."

"I hope so, Joe, I hope so," I said, and hung up the receiver.

Paul got to his feet as I came up the street toward him. "Any luck?"

"Joe Blaney says we can stay at his place for a while," I said, and picked up one of the suitcases and a pile of books.

Paul gathered up the rest of our things and we walked to the subway. "Olivia," he said quietly, "it sounds like a gag, but I don't know what I'd do without you. I'd be absolutely lost. Don't ever leave me, darling—

don't ever, ever leave me."

That was one of the moments when I knew why I couldn't stop loving him. No matter what scrapes his improvisation landed us in, he was mine, as much a part of me as my heart.

Joe was gone by the time we got to his place, and had left his key for us with the superintendent, sparing us the humiliation of explaining our predicament to him face to face. Sometimes the nicest things people do are the things they don't do, although I'll admit that sounds mixed-up. We unpacked some of our things and right then and there Paul started writing a Western story for Dan Bailey. He wrote three stories during the week we stayed at Joe's, and Dan bought all of them. With the checks from the stories, we found a new apartment and moved in.

Paul seemed to have turned over a new leaf, and worked steadily on his Westerners for a while. We had enough money to live decently and I was beginning to get a few radio jobs. Things looked really bright for us for the first time since we'd been married.

And then it all began to happen again. I came home one afternoon to find Paul tapping away vigorously at his typewriter.

"New story?" I asked brightly.

"Not exactly," he said vaguely. "No—not a story. I'm writing a letter to *World Magazine*. Did you see that terrible article they had in this issue about the dignity of labor? Who do they think they're fooling, anyway?"

SO the checks from Dan Bailey got fewer and fewer, and pretty soon we were back to canned milk in our coffee again.

It was about this time that I met John Wade at a cocktail party given by an actress friend of mine. John Wade was one of the most successful publishers in New York, and when I told Paul about it later, he threw up his hands in mock despair.

"I've been trying to meet that guy for months, and you just casually run into him at a party!"

"But, Paul," I told him, "he wants to meet you. He wants you to call him up and make an appointment and bring some of your manuscripts over."

"He wants to meet me? How does he know about me?"

"I told him about you, silly. He wants to meet you."

"Olivia!" Paul was shocked. "You can't do that—cornering a man at a social party and pinning him down for a business appointment."

"But I did," I said serenely, "and he didn't seem to mind either. Of course I gave you a tremendous build-up!"

"You're the limit," he said affectionately, shaking his head.

But the next day he called Mr. Wade's office and made an appointment. We had quite an argument about what manuscripts he was to take over. I wanted him to take a variety of the different types of things he had written, but he felt that his recent "letters to the editor" kind of thing would be better.

"They're more virile," he told me. "They show that I'm aware of what's going on in the world."

So he took his manuscripts over to Mr. Wade's office, talked to Mr. Wade and left the manuscripts there. It was almost no surprise to me when his material came back a week later with a polite note saying that it wasn't quite the type of thing the Wade Pub-

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"I might have known," said Paul sourly. "Nobody wants a really serious writer these days—all they're interested in is tripe."

I didn't say that maybe he'd have had better luck if he'd sent over some of his other things. I just went out quietly that afternoon and called up John Wade and asked if I could talk to him. He was most cordial.

"Of course, my dear," he told me on the phone. "Come over any time this afternoon. As a matter of fact, I'd like to talk to you about that young husband of yours."

The first thing I asked Mr. Wade when I was ushered into his beautifully furnished office was, "What I really want to know, Mr. Wade, is—can he write?"

"He can write very well," said Mr. Wade as he seated me in a deep leather chair opposite his desk. "His trouble is that he's immature. He's never grown up. You have quite a problem on your hands, Mrs. Lansing."

"I suppose so," I said nervously, "but what's the answer?"

He looked at me for a long moment. "Can you take it, young lady?"

"I think so," I told him.

"You're an actress, are you not?" he asked me.

"Yes, sir," I said.

"Successful?" he asked me bluntly.

"No," I answered just as bluntly.

"Could that by any chance have anything to do with your loyalty to your husband?"

I HESITATED a moment. I didn't want to betray Paul, yet there was something about this old man that commanded complete honesty. Finally I said, "I've had chances to go into plays on the road, but I've never felt I should leave my husband."

"That's the trouble," he said immediately. "You've been protecting him from the world. A sheltered plant never grows strong and free. Mrs. Lansing, you're going to have to stop protecting him."

"Stop protecting him?" I asked.

"But how?"

"The best way—maybe the only way—is to leave him," he said gravely. "Only for a while, of course. But he'll never grow up and learn to handle life's problems by himself until you stop sheltering him. And as far as I can see, you're going to have to leave him for a while to accomplish it."

"But—I—what. . ." I began.

He interrupted me. "Mrs. Lansing, I'm interested in this husband of yours. He has good material in him and I hate to see it go to waste. And I like you, too—you're straightforward and honest. I'd like to help you straighten out this situation. Now, tell me—do you think you could find a dramatic part that would take you out of the city for a few weeks?"

"I think so," I said.

"If you will take a part in a play out of town somewhere, I will offer Mr. Lansing a position in my office—reading and helping to edit some of the manuscripts that come in."

I started to object but he held up his hand peremptorily. "I know what you're going to say. You're wondering why I'm making this offer. Well, young lady, it's selfishness on my part. We need talented new writers in my business. There is a crying need for them. And if your husband can be developed into the kind of writer I am looking for, my

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I bit my lip and a hundred frightened thoughts raced through my mind. Paul wouldn't like it—like it!—he'd be furious and hurt and resentful. Just a short time ago I had promised never to leave him. But then I clenched my fists as I remembered the kind of life we'd been leading. That couldn't go on. It would ruin both of us. It would ruin the love we had for each other. Taking a deep breath, I looked up at Mr. Wade with a wan smile.

"Yes, sir," I said.

THAT night Paul and I had the worst battle of our lives, and of course the one thing I couldn't explain to him was my talk with Mr. Wade. He mustn't know that he was being "managed" like a problem child. He refused to believe at first that I was serious about taking a road job, and when he finally realized that I meant what I said, he was furious.

"So you've decided to run out on me!" he raged.

"No, I'm not, Paul," I tried to placate him. "It won't be for long. Just a few weeks on the road and then I'll be back in New York. It's the only way to get started in the theater. I should have done it long ago."

"You're just rationalizing," he said. "You're tired of me. You can't take it any more. I couldn't buy you fur coats and diamond rings, so now you want to leave me."

"Paul," I pleaded, "that's not true at all."

"Yes it is. I'm not good enough for you. You think I'm a failure. You aren't willing to stick it out with me until I get my break. The first chance you get to leave me, you take it without a second thought."

I wanted desperately to tell him the truth. But that would have shattered him completely, would have destroyed in advance all the strength I was trying to give him.

"Some day you'll understand, Paul. But now, all I can say is that I'm going to take this job, and you just have to accept that fact."

His face was very pale. "Olivia, if you take that job, our marriage is over. I'm not so stupid that I can't see a simple fact when it's shoved right under my nose."

My heart turned over at his words, but I held my ground. "I'm sorry you feel that way, Paul, and I'm sure you'll change your mind about it after you've thought it over a while."

"That's what you think," he said and, jamming his hat on his head, slammed out of the apartment.

I called Joe, then, belatedly, and told him I was in the market for a road job.

"Gee, sugar," he told me, "there's not much stirring right now—unless you want to go along with a little second-rate Shakespearean revival that's leaving next week for a bunch of one-night stands. They're having some trouble getting girls for walk-ons and understudies."

"Anything, Joe, just anything."
"Something the matter, Olivia?" he asked anxiously.

"No... yes, there is, Joe, but I can't tell you about it now."

"Just as you say," Joe was understanding as usual. "Think you want to take that job?"

"Yes, I'd like to. When can I

leave?"

"They go next Wednesday, and it's by bus—not by train. Think you can stand that?"

"I can stand anything at this point, Joe," I said, trying to keep the tears out of my voice, and hurriedly put up the receiver.

Paul and I lived through a frightful week of monosyllabic conversations and elaborate politeness. I couldn't pierce his armor, try as I might. The day before I was to leave, Mr. Wade called him about an editing job in the Wade offices. Paul pretended an overpowering lack of interest, but I knew the minute I left he would be over there with his face shining and his hair neatly combed.

I STOPPED being glad in the weeks that followed as, tramping wearily from small town to small town I waited in vain to hear from Paul. Our first stop was Scranton, Pennsylvania, and, filled with the good feeling of actually doing the work I liked best, I scribbled him a happy note giving him our itinerary for the next three weeks.

But when we got to Lewiston, Pennsylvania, and there was no letter from Paul, and when we got to Zanesville, Ohio, and there was no letter, and when we got to Dayton and there was still no letter, I began to be frightened. I had written to him from every town we played, and surely I should be hearing from him by now.

It was in Muncie that one of my letters to Paul was returned to me marked, "Not found at this address." Other letters were similarly returned in the next few towns we hit. I had tried writing him at the Wade office but that letter, too, was returned with an office-boy's scribbled notation, "No longer here."

There was nothing for me to do then but wait and carry on with the show until the tour was over. We were on the road for five months—five months without hearing from my husband—five months without knowing where or how he was. It was endless. But I was determined to stick it out. This, I knew, was a case of kill or cure and if, during the process, my heart had to be amputated—well, that was the chance I had to take in the very beginning.

We got back to New York in November and I hurried to the old apartment house. The landlady told me Paul had moved out four months ago, leaving no forwarding address. Then, my whole body getting numb with dread, I went to John Wade. I knew Paul wasn't there any longer, either, but perhaps if Mr. Wade told me exactly what had happened there would be some clue in the story—something that I could follow up and discover Paul's whereabouts.

But there was nothing. Mr. Wade was apologetic, feeling that somehow all that had happened had been his fault for advising me in the first place to leave Paul. I reassured him that I still thought it had been a good idea. "But what I really wanted to know," I added, "was why Paul left here?"

"I really don't know," he said. "He was doing very well—I was pleased with the way he handled his job. And then, after he'd been here about two weeks, he told me he'd been offered another job somewhere and he thought he ought to take it. He left the next day."

I can't remember thanking him,



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can't remember leaving the office or going down in the elevator. I stood in the street and looked at the jostling, hurrying crowds. Millions and millions of people. Among them, somewhere, the person I loved.

He'd been deadly serious, then, the night he said if I left to go on the road, our marriage was finished. It was finished, and I was just about finished too.

But, even when you've died inside, you go through the motions of living—just as I did in the months that followed. It seemed that my five months on the road had done me good professionally. Joe had no trouble finding small parts for me in fairly good Broadway plays. And as time went on, the parts got bigger and better.

I'd read stories about actresses who had given up love for a career, and now I laughed, ironically, because I was one of them without meaning to be. At any rate, I didn't have the love and I did have the career. I saw my name on the playbills, and sometimes my picture in the papers, and I heard people clapping at curtain-call time; but when I went home at night to my lonely room, I knew that I wanted Paul more than any of these things.

It was just two years after the time I had left Paul that I read the reports of his first book in the newspapers. The reviewers weren't able to agree on the book, but they all seemed to have been impressed by it, one way or another. "Immature but brilliant," was the way one paper put it. Another one said, "Paul Lansing's first novel, 'The Withered Heart,' heralds the advent of a bright new talent in the novelists' field." And a third thought it was "in execrable taste."

I knew now how to find Paul—a letter sent to his publishers would reach him eventually. Instead of writing it, I bought a copy of his book and sat up all night reading it. There was a taste as of bitter almonds in my mouth when I finished the book.

How he hated me! For this book was about me. Paul's woman—you couldn't call her his heroine—was I, as I appeared to Paul. A ruthless, demanding creature, she cared for nothing but herself. She married for excitement, and when the excitement wore off she left her husband in order to follow her own career. Ruthlessly, she trampled upon anyone who opposed her. And Paul's description of her, physically, was like a full-length mirror reflecting me. He had even caught the way I talked and reproduced it in the book's dialogue.

But almost the worst of all, the touch of bitter sarcasm that made me feel all shriveled inside, was the book's dedication. It read, simply, "To my wife."

The weeks dragged on, even filled with activity as they were. The war had made life in the theater busier than usual. There were USO shows to play, benefit performances every week; and I went down to the Stage Door Canteen at least one night a week to do my share in that fine enterprise—to talk to the boys in uniform, dance with them, and see that for a little time at least they forgot the sordid business of war.

You were supposed to be casual at the Canteen, so when I saw a soldier sitting alone at a table one evening, I went over to him and asked, "May I join you?"

At the sound of my voice he turned

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around, and I saw his face. "Paul!" I breathed, and clutched the back of the chair. He grinned, as if it was no surprise at all to see me. Irrelevantly, I noticed that his left eyebrow was raised quizzically in the old well-remembered way. "Won't you sit down?" he asked.

Wordlessly, I sank into the chair beside him, and he went on calmly, as though we'd parted only the day before. "I was talking to a friend of yours only this morning. He certainly thinks a lot of you!"

I heard the words, but they didn't convey any meaning. "Paul—what happened?" I asked. "I read your book. I thought you hated me."

He'd been smiling all the time, in that old impish way, but now the smile faded, and I saw wonderingly that there were new hard character lines in his face.

"I did," he said. "When I wrote it I came here tonight to tell you something, but it won't be easy."

Then he was silent, and we looked at each other for what seemed an eternity. His eyes were older, I thought, they seemed steadier. His whole face seemed harder and more determined—more masculine. If there was any of the little boy left in Paul, it wasn't apparent. For a fleeting moment I wondered what had changed him, but then at last he began to talk.

"Olivia," he said, and one of his hands reached over to cover mine, "that friend of yours I talked to this morning was John Wade."

I drew a rapid breath. "Yes?" "Yes. When I got back from field maneuvers yesterday, I found a letter from him asking me to come in.

"He told me a lot of things, Olivia. A lot of things I might have figured out for myself if I hadn't been such a bad-tempered, self-centered young egotist. He'd read my book and thought there were some things I ought to know. He told me those things in plain English, and didn't spare the adjectives. I've been all kinds of a fool, Olivia, but I didn't know quite how bad I'd been until I talked to John Wade this morning."

HE stopped talking then and looked dumbly at me. And suddenly in his eyes I saw a trace of the small boy for an instant—a small boy who had done a bad thing and was grievously sorry and ashamed.

I patted his hand gently, and said, "What have you been doing these past two years, Paul?"

He looked startled at the sudden change of subject, but took it in his stride and said, "Well, I worked at the Wade office for about two weeks and then decided I had to quit writing. I wanted to do some real work—work with my hands for a while. I had a lot of stuff bottled up inside me that needed to be thrashed out. So I took a job in an airplane factory."

"A factory?" "Yep. Started at the bottom, too. I stayed there for a year, and I learned a lot about people and life and things. Solid things. Decent American things."

"And then what did you do?" "I'd had enough by that time and anyway my fingers were itching for a typewriter. I had lots of things to say—things to make up for the things I'd said before. I wrote articles for some of the more serious magazines and then I started on the book."

HE smiled wryly. "I still thought you'd treated me badly, Olivia, and I had to get the bitterness out of my system. Well, the book came out and two weeks later I enlisted." He spread out his hands. "And that's about it."

"I think it's wonderful, Paul," I told him gravely. "How did you happen to come over here tonight?"

"That's easy. I called the theater and they told me you'd probably be here. So I thought I'd amble over."

"Just like that?" "Just like that," he grinned. We laughed together. Then Paul stopped laughing and said, "Olivia, let's get married."

I looked at him in surprise. "But we are married."

"Yes, I know, but let's pretend we're not. Let's pretend for a minute that we've just decided we're in love. Will you marry me?"

"Well," I said, playing my part, "it's pretty sudden. A girl just can't decide those things in two minutes."

"I know," he said, as though struck by a sudden inspiration. "I haven't proposed right," and before I knew what insane thought he had in mind, he was on one knee before me, holding my hand and saying loudly and earnestly, "Olivia, I love you very much. Will you marry me and live happily ever after?"

The boys in khaki and the boys in blue and the pretty girls in their red, white and blue hostess aprons turned around to look at us.

With flaming cheeks, I whispered at Paul, "All right, idiot—I'll marry you. And now get back in your chair and behave yourself."

The Moment They Met

Continued from page 37

cardboard cells. Several weeks later they had a rendezvous beneath a huge plaster of Paris statue and lay in each other's arms until dawn when he had to go back to war. They loved dramatically and romantically in the best manner of the best playwrights. . .

Offstage life was exciting too. After the show they went to supper at her hotel; and danced. Town people began going there to watch them. The stock company's press-agent conspired with the hotel orchestra to play "I Love You Truly" whenever they stepped on the dance floor.

It's common practice for press-agents to involve their stars in romances. Often they dream up love-affairs between stars who actually

dislike each other. This press-agent had no such problem. Everyone in the company knew Ruth and Jay were important to each other. When they were together they looked like a pair of Neon lights.

But when they were together there was something else, too—something that only Jay sensed. It was a restraint, a sort of mysterious holding-back on Ruth's part, for which he could find no explanation. It kept him, very effectually, from speaking the words that were in his heart. He could not doubt that she loved him as much as he loved her. So many times her eyes had told him so. But then, just as he was about to answer that unspoken message, he would see

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a veil drop, a barrier arise. The message was gone, hidden, and he was left puzzled and unhappy.

At last he could endure the mystery no longer. They were dancing. He drew Ruth to him. "Tomorrow," he said, "we're driving out of town after the show. We're going some place where we won't be known."

She felt the possessiveness in his voice, and although she did not speak he knew that once again she was tense with that—that—He could not put a name to it, but it was very like fear.

"I'm fed up with this eternal play-acting—in the theater and out of it," he protested. "I have things to tell you that aren't in any play; things I want to say without a musical score arranged by a press-agent and the whole town staring!"

"Oh, Jay!" She did not look up; would not meet his eyes. "Let's leave well enough alone. Let's be grateful for what we have!"

"It isn't well enough!" he insisted, "And we could have so much more."

He planned how they would drive out into the country where the air would be spicy from the fir trees and there would be only the lights of their car and the stars and moon to guide them. He planned supper at a cabin where fish caught in a nearby stream were cooked over an open fire and where the coffee made at your table was always ready at the very instant you couldn't resist its rich aroma any longer. He didn't plan the things he would say, however. He left them to his heart.

THE next night he hurried to get out of make-up. Fifteen minutes after the final curtain had rung down he was knocking, loud and eagerly, on Ruth's dressing-room door.

A man he never had seen before opened the door for him. Behind that man stood Ruth. Her eyes were beseeching. "Jay," she said, "I want you to meet Mark Ralston."

She pushed her hair back nervously and he saw the diamond, full of fire, on her finger. Saw it—and knew, at last, why there had been that barrier between them.

Mark Ralston grabbed his hand. "I enjoyed your performance a lot," he said. "Fact is, I've just been telling Ruth you were a little too convincing at times!"

All night Jay lay awake pushing time before him. And in the morning he knew Ruth had lain awake and impatient for the morning too.

"I didn't know Mark was coming last night," she said quickly. "He drove up—and surprised me!"

"Pleasantly?" His voice was cold. His face was dark.

She ignored the thrust. "Jay," she said, "listen. . . . I want you to know the last two months have been the best months of my life, because I've worked with you and had you for my friend. . . ."

"Wait a minute," he interrupted. "I wasn't your friend—never, not from the very first. There's nothing remotely platonic about my feeling for you! I'm in love with you. Always will be!"

"You don't make it any easier for me to tell you I'm engaged to Mark Ralston," she said.

"This feeling we have for each other counts for nothing then?" he demanded.

She shook her head. "It counts tremendously, Jay," she said. "If I had known anything could be so warm

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and beautiful and exciting and peaceful—all at once—I'd never have given Mark my word.

"But I didn't know. And I did give Mark my word."

Her eyes were so heartbroken they hurt him. But something male and predatory and demanding drove him on. "I have ideas about marriage too," he said. "I figure it's pretty hellish unless lots of love goes with it. When you find out you might let me know. . . ."

ONLY a man who loved a woman inordinately could be so cruel.

He didn't care who knew he loved Ruth. Which was just as well. A blind man would have known from his voice when he spoke to her or of her. A deaf man would have known from his eyes when he looked at her or spoke her name.

It was different with Ruth. She frequently spoke of her engagement to the other members of the company. She displayed her ring—which she wore on the wrong hand at the management's request—as if she hoped it would, in time, bind her to Mark and quiet her heart.

Christmas came. With it were parties at which Ruth and Jay were guests of honor. They sat together on the dais at a public dinner. She was never lovelier in his eyes than that night when he pinned holly in her hair. And she never felt closer to him or more responsible for him than when he made a speech about Christmas and children and every word he uttered was poignant with his personal loneliness and longing. When they opened a charity ball she wore a white net gown with red roses nestling in its bosom and the orchestra played "I Love You Truly" and everyone stopped dancing, leaving them alone on the dance floor.

"I feel a cheat," she whispered to Jay.

"You are a cheat," he agreed, possessed once more by some demanding masculine instinct. "You're cheating yourself of a lifetime of such devotion and love as most women never know. That's what I would give you! You're cheating me of the only woman I ever wanted for my wife. And you're cheating Mark Ralston—who probably deserves better although I don't like him—of the love a man expects and needs from his wife. You can't give him that love and you know it! In spite of yourself you've given it to me!"

"I wish," she said, her eyes blazing, "I never had met you!"

For weeks after that they saw each other only at the theater. They didn't lunch together in the heart of town. They didn't go dancing. Fortunately—for they were insupportably lonely out of each other's sight—the management finally protested about their separate ways.

"The public likes to see you together," they were told. "The rumor that you're in love has helped box-office receipts tremendously. The season is almost over. It won't kill you

to play out the schedule."

Sometimes they knew only that the music was sweet and they were close. At other times Mark Ralston stood between them and, nerves frazzled, they quarrelled. Their quarrels were violent. It was not possible for anything to be temperate between them.

Spring came. The company, about to close for the summer, planned a party to celebrate their successful season. And the town flocked to celebrate with them. Weeks beforehand every table in the grill room at the hotel was reserved.

"I love you truly, truly dear. . . ." The violins and cellos hummed it, the horns and trombones blared it, the piano carolled it, the drums beat it, the crooner crooned it. . . . Jay, in his dinner clothes, was a strong foil for Ruth in her fragile lilac gown. Other dancers moved aside, applauding, and again they were left alone on the dance floor.

"It's not going to be easy to tell you good-bye," he said.

"Don't! Don't—ever!" she implored him.

He tried to touch her ring, significantly. But it was gone.

"I sent it back to Mark," she told him. Against his heart her face was shining.



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The music stopped and they ran through a French window to the terrace. The moon poured its gold light upon them and they were as rash as lovers were meant to be.

"A ring on your finger can't bind you to a man," she told him. "Only one thing in the world can do that—love in your heart!"

"My darling. . ." He said it over and over, as if he would forever lay claim to her and the love she bore him.

RUTH'S father in Los Angeles was horrified to hear she had broken her engagement to dependable, solid, prosperous Mark Ralston. And still more horrified, if possible, to learn she was in love with Jay Jostyn, an actor.

"Marriage, as I've tried to tell Ruth before, is a business," he admonished Jay and Ruth, standing like children before him. "A family and security in your old age are its assets. This—this wild thing you know now can't be trusted as a basis for anything as practical as marriage. Believe me!"

At last they compromised. At last they agreed to separate for six months. Jay went back to Seattle. Ruth remained in Los Angeles. From April to October somehow, somehow they lived on letters and telephone calls and dreams.

It was late autumn when the organ

in a Pasadena church pealed their wedding march. Ruth in her white gown and veil looked like an angel by Hattie Carnegie. And Jay, in turn, was a young god handsomely turned out in morning coat and striped trousers.

At the reception at the Elks Club no one beamed upon the bridal couple more warmly than Ruth's father. "I was against it at first," he told their friends, "proving there's no fool like an old fool. Look at them! Imagine anyone not knowing they belong together!"

Their first son, John George, was born within a year. Their second son, Jean Charles, followed a year later, arriving on one of the blackest days of the depression.

Ruth convalesced from Jean Charles' birth in the garden of a little bungalow in San Bernardino. Close by was the co-operative stock company in which both she and Jay worked endlessly without ever earning quite enough to pay the modest rent and the household bills which, now, would be larger than ever.

One afternoon Jay came home from the theater to find Ruth resting, Jean Charles asleep in a basket beside her, John George circling the lawn in uncertain but happy pursuit of a large butterfly.

"Darling," she said the moment she saw his face, "what's the matter?"

"The company's closing!" Ever since he had heard the news he had rehearsed phrases with which to break it to her. But perhaps it was better to blurt it out, and have it over with after all.

"I begin to know what your father meant about you marrying an actor," he said, bending to kiss her hair, bright in the sunshine. "Right now you shouldn't have to worry about anything. You should be able to lie peacefully in the sun and grow strong. If I were a substantial business man you could do that—we could have kept the nurse a little longer—and I would be planning, as a father should, for you and the children. . . ."

"It's funny you should say that," she said, smiling at him. "Lying here in the sun this afternoon I've been giving thanks for—for everything! I've been thinking the most horrible thing in all the world must be to come upon hard times with someone you don't love—enough!"

"Tomorrow. . ." His voice was neither very clear nor very sure. "Tomorrow I'm going to call on a guy I know in the advertising business; see if I can't get a job on the radio!"

He got a job on the radio. And he made good. Soon he and Ruth and the boys moved East—because he was signed to broadcast from New York—and settled in a big house surrounded by old trees and overlooking blue water. In the winter there's ice-skating and bowling. In the summer there's golf and badminton and swimming and horseback riding. The boys are older now, eleven and twelve years, so whatever they do and wherever they go they're a foursome.

THE CASE OF THE MISSING BEAUTY

Jane was a smart stenographer.
 One day the boss said, "We need a girl
 For the outer office—one with real
 CHARM and PERSONALITY—to greet clients."
 Jane sighed. She knew she was NEAT.
 Her nose was always CAREFULLY powdered,
 And she used the right shade of lipstick,
 But her EYES were, well—just a BLANK!
 That very day she learned about MAYBELLINE
 Just as YOU are doing—

P. S. Jane is now a well-paid RECEPTIONIST
 But she won't be LONG—
 (She is to be MARRIED SOON!)

MORAL: *It's a WISE stenographer
 who knows how to make the
 MOST of her own TYPE!*

ne's lashes now appear
 g, dark, and lovely—with
 w simple brush-strokes of
 rmless MAYBELLINE
 ASCARA (solid or cream
 m—both are water-
 istant and non-smarting).

ne's eyebrows now have
 pression and character,
 nks to the smooth-mark-
 MAYBELLINE EYE-
 ROW PENCIL.

or a subtle touch of added
 arm, Jane blends a bit of
 eamy MAYBELLINE
 YE SHADOW on her lids
 her eyes appear more
 arking and colorful!

ive your eyes thrilling beauty . . . be
 re you get genuine MAYBELLINE,
 he Eye Make-up in Good Taste.



Maybelline



WORLD'S LARGEST-SELLING EYE BEAUTY AIDS

Open His Eyes with New Beauty! go on the CAMAY MILD-SOAP DIET!

This thrilling beauty care, based on skin specialists' advice, is praised by lovely brides!

A MOONLIT night... sweet music... you two dancing! Does he have eyes for you alone? Do you hear him whisper, "You're so lovely"?

If romantic words like that don't come your way, perhaps your skin care is to blame. Without realizing it, you may be letting improper cleansing dull your complexion—or you may be using a soap that's not mild enough for skin as delicate as yours. But here's a promise. Change to Camay and the Mild-Soap Diet. Thrilling compliments—new complexion beauty—may soon be yours!

Proved Milder by Actual Tests

You know, skin specialists themselves advise a regular cleansing routine—with a fine mild soap. And Camay is not just *mild*—it's actually *milder* than the dozens of other popular beauty soaps we tested. No wonder the Camay Mild-Soap Diet has helped lovely Mrs. Aldridge—and thousands of other happy, enchanting Camay brides.

Follow the Camay Mild-Soap Diet faithfully night and morning for 30 days. The *first time*, your skin will feel fresher! But continue—your dreams of new beauty may soon come true!



GO ON THE MILD-SOAP DIET TONIGHT!



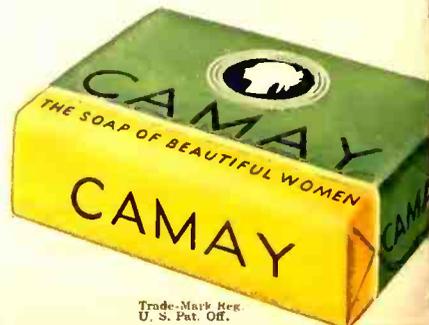
Every night, work Camay's lather over your skin, paying special attention to nose, base of nostrils, chin. Rinse with warm water and follow with 30 seconds of cold splashing.

FOR 30 DAYS...LET NO OTHER SOAP TOUCH YOUR SKIN!



While you sleep, the tiny pore openings can function for natural beauty. In the morning—one more quick session with milder Camay and your skin is ready for make-up.

This lovely bride, Mrs. John F. Aldridge, Jr., of Arlington, Va., says: "Soon after started the Camay Mild-Soap Diet, I began to get compliments about my complexion. I wouldn't use any soap but Camay now."



Trade-Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.