House Passes Aid Bill, 260 to 165, With Congress Curb on President; Senate Hearings to End Tuesday

No Limit Put on Total Cost; Many Amendments Fail
$\left|\begin{array}{c}\text { Aid Bill Roll Call } \\ \text { 25 House Democrats } \\ \text { Join Opposition }\end{array}\right|$

## Willkie Is Flying

 Last Lap Homeward; Due in U. S. Today $\qquad$


Van Devanter, Retired Justice Britain Threatens Of U. S. Supreme Court, Dies To Bomb Bulgaria

| Resignation in 1937 Helped Beat Bill to Enlarge Tribunal |  | If Germans Cross |
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| hat been ⿲unk givel |  |  |
|  | JUSTICE VAN DEVANTER |  |
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| \$200,000 in Gems | Urged to Combat |  |
| In Miami Holdup | Nazi-Made 'Brute' |  |




Laval Reported To Have Refused Post at Vichy

Offer of Cabinet Place Disclosed On Darlan Return

Returning From Hialeah

## Greeks Take Initiative On North Albanian Front



Uruguayan Em



False Report That Petain Fled Vichy Creates European Furor

$\$ 10.00$ Reward
ing newspaper thieves
should notify the police
immediately.
©he Eurning sar

Boy Kills Best Pal With Gun He Thought Was Unloaded

Company Union Ban Spurs Move to End Harvester Strike

Dr. Cabot Faces New
Quiz in Anti-Trust
Medical Case

$\qquad$



Lloyd Spencer, Bank Head, To Get Miller's Senate Post


PHOTOGRAPHY EXHIBIT WINNERS-First prize in the photographic division of the 4th annual
art and photography exhibit of employes of the Civil Service Commission was awarded yesterday to John P. Harris (extreme left), who is standing beside his entry. Robert T. Frank, jr. (cen-
ter), recetved second ppize and Miss Lucy Hohenschutz, who took third place, , , holding The
Evening Star Cup awarded to her.


| Housing Shorlage for Defense Workers | Opposed to 'Fence-Sitting, Father Sheehy Joins Navy |
| :---: | :---: |

Roosevelt Planning To Attend Ceremony Af Lincoln Memorial Order of Loyal Legion
Is SSonsor of Birthay
Progom Wednestdy
 Shown in Survey




Rails Loosened in Attempt To Wreck Pacific Limited

Weather Report


| ÇLERK.CARRIER |
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Povitic H. J. Brown pontiac

U. S. Soon to Get First Planes Of Types Tested in War

Defense Research
Office Is Planned
At 16th and I
 Col. Valliant Heads Unit As Trouble-Shooter for
Purchasing Departments Purchosing Departments

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## French Ambassadior Hopes

 For Early Decision on Food
## Amastssa White $H$

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tpies by March
The enver sat
Tgeneral condi

MAKE YDUR WINDDWS
Money Savers


Storm Windows


## AIR COMIPRT

Don't Stop Dancing


ARTHUR MURRAY STUDIO DI. 2460


No Money Down!
Easy Payments on Your
Electric Bill, \$1 Weekly!
 노눌


400 Veierans Join In Fun at 'Wallow' Of Carabao Order Knox and Patterson
Speak; Songs and Speak; Songs and
Skits on Program





Foreign Agents' Aim Is to Slow Down U. S.
Output, Jackson Says
$\qquad$
$\qquad$


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$\qquad$


Mickey Rooney Work Symphony Gifts To Be Played Today on Of U. S. Workers Symphony Program Held Disappointing

| Two of Three Movements Of His 'Melodante' Will Be Broadcast | A. E. Giegengack Urges Them to Contribute In Radio Appeal |
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| Dollar Club | New Catholic Library |
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PIANOS for RENT


If you are one of the many parents who have olwoys
intended to give your boy or girl lessons on some instrument but have hesitoted to starts becouse you do not
like to go to the expense of buying an instrument until you are sure he or she will progress, here's an opportunity you are sure he or she wility pogress, heres san opporrunity
to test your child's ability and wilingnes to learn ot a
very nominal lost and with no obligation st buy anything. very nominal cost and with no obligation to buy anything.
We loan you the instrument of your choice without charge-accordion, soxophone, trumpet, xylophone,
drums, guitor, etc., and give, the child a course of
PRIVATE LESSONS ond all you pay is a nominal fee for the instructions which is oll youren byy competent graduote
teachers ot hours convenient to you for reachers ot hours con


Mission Leader Says New Type Christian Is Need in Crisis

London Lecturer
Stirring Plea ot
Crusade Session
Stirring Plea of
Crusade Session comind forn nix pese




Blum Is Reported Facing Fate of Dreyfus With Conviction at Rion Ordered by Nazis



$\frac{\mathrm{A}-6}{}$ House Passes Bill To Aid Britain, Vote 260 to 165

Text of Aid Bill as Amended by House
Measure Puts $51,300,000,000$ Limit on Tronster of
War Moteriol ond Requies Reports From President


Roll Call on Lease-Lend Bill
Administration Wins by Margin
Of 260 to 165 in House
Of 260 to 165 in House

Lithuanian Celebration
 will be commenemoncence of Lebrituranita,
Povilas Zadeikis. Lithuanian Min-


THE INCOMPARABLE RICCHESS OF TONE -RESPONSIVENES AND DURABBIITYhave made th
STEIN WAY
$\qquad$
no other plano



DROOP'S • 1300 G
MAGNAVOX

"BELVEDERE"


What a relief to have all of our bills paid in full! Let's listen in on this typical American family and see why they are so happy: Tom, iris certainly a relief to have all of our bills paid in full, and now have only one remittance
each month to the Morris Plan Bank, instead of "You're right, my dear, and don't forge getting the money to pay those bills, we not only
protected our credit at the stores, but we actually cut down our monthly payments, too, because the monthly remittance to the Bank is so much less
than the amount we were having to pay out each than the amount we were having to pay out each
month to the different stores."

MORRIS PLAN BANK



Forum on Recreation Problems Tuesday Problems Tuesday



| ANNOUNCEMENT |
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The Bank for the People... Now Serving Over 48,000 Accounts


${ }^{5} 198.50$
OTHER BEAUTIFUL MODELS WHICH MUST BE SEEN AND HEARD TO BE APPRECIATED "CHIPPENDALE"
Commode $1499^{50} \quad$ "CHAIRSIDE" $-\quad \$ 165$
Droop's • 1300 G

## "English Regency"

an exquisite new creation by gulbransen


Full Scale-Fine Tone quality. Availabie in Mahogany and Wainut,
GULBRANSEN "SPINETS" PRICED FROM $\$ 225$ to $\$ 395$
 GULBRANSEN GRAND PIANOS

${ }^{\text {Rammachastranos } 9} 375$
DROOP'S • 1300 G


A 8
THE SUNDAY STAR, WASHINGTON, D. C., FEBRUARY 9, 1941-PART ONE.





 have been no one injured. Instead.


 The inenitived dead, in addition

 Bell, A. P. Bureau Chief, Elected to Gridiron Club




## Jewel Robbery

## in washington people say "Let's buy it at Ceger2s " MONEY SAVER VALUES! FAMOUS RADO-PHONOGRAPH COMBINATIONS



## NO MONEY DOWN




# SLOIIES FBBRIL IRI SILIE 

New Bedroom Groups


Genuine borrows nobly" and our designers bave drawn inspiration from a distinguished origGenuine borrows nobly and our designers have drawn inspiration ferpentine front on bureau, with handsome pediment mirror. High chest.
inal. Grefor
Time-tested beds, copied from Southern Colonial orisinal. All 8 pieces in inenuine Honduras mahogany with swirl figure-finished in the deep red-brown color and skillfully $\mathbf{\$ 8 7 5}$
hand waxed; trimmed with brass hardware. Re\&ularly $\$ 475$

Drapery for the canopy not included in the quoted
price: which however, does include the frame.
Early Colonial Group
A production of our Company of Mastercraftsmen.
in the deep rich red color, with each piece of practical size. A three-piece \&roup
full size bed, bureau with hanging mirror and chest. Vanity may be substituted $\mathbf{S D B}$
for the bureau or chest. Resularly 1135
Rhode Island Group
Block Front design as created by John Goddard in 1760 . Sollid Honduras mahog. S865
Louis XV Provincial Group
Provincial motif in its more sophisticated expression. Construction is American $\mathbf{S 4} 85$
cherry, hand-decorated in oil. 8 pieces, including twin beds. Regularly $\$ 565$.
Modern 18th Century English Group
Done in genuine Honduras mahogany, toned in the modern-natural mahogany of $\mathbf{S 2 5}$
fering an effective combination. 8 pieces, including twin beds. Regularly s285.American Hepplewhite Group

Modern Streamlined Suite
Genuine mahogany, finished in the new cordovan color; with gold-finished hard- $\mathbf{\$ 2 5 5}$
ware. 8 pieces, including twin beds. Regularly $\$ 325$.........................
Early American Group
Done in solid rock maple, with simulated pegged tops, and worn edges; low poster
Done in solid rock maple, with she oil and wax finish on the natural tone will mellow richly with age. $\mathbf{S} \mathbf{1 9 8}$
beds. The
7 pieces include twin beds. Regularly $\$ 270$
Smart, decorative and richly beautiful Regency Group
Smart, decorative and richly beautiful in Honduras mahogany, with black and
gold trimmed beds; beautiful mirrors and consistent hardware. 8 pieces, includ. $\mathbf{8 8 6 5}$
ing twin beds. Regularly $\$ 470$.
Louis XVI Group
Louis XVI Group in the old soft French S820


New Dining Room Groups


18th Century - Styled From an English Original (Illustrated Above)

[^0]


#   

 We began planning this sale months ago, when designers and manufacturers first began developing the new Springand Summer fabrics. We made special purchases in large quantities of the most beautiful materials we could find
-so that you might have the choice of the season's best-now, while you are planning your Spring and Summer wardrobe.

Regular $\$ 1$ 'Toot Sweet'
by Duplan..An Alpaca
Type Mossy Crepe
$\int_{0}^{0} \mathrm{c}$
Stoplight Red Oceon Green, Auvo, Potu, Hot Pink, Seactioud Groy,
Symphony Biue, Freench Cocoo, Forest Symmhony bile, french cocoor, Forest Brown, Sweerneart Bue,
Spring Nouy ond Novigator Blick.

Regular 54" Acetate Rayon Jersey
Ploin colors in Palm Tree Green, Scone Gold Exxte Oberor Roin colors in pamm Tree Green, Scone Gold, Exotic Blue, Frost,
Rose, Dixie Cliy, Cleor Sky Blue, Almond Beige, White ond Block.

## Gay Cottons

Printed Seersuckers, yard 35c
Printed Cotton Dimity, yard 25c
Printed Cotton Percale, yard 19c
The ime is coting Mhen voill "give onytion" for some coot, cotton frocks. Why not buy severol dress lengths
now-from these first fresh prints and make them up be-now- from these first fresh prints and moke them up be-
fore the heot waves strike eou! These preshrunk pretties
make adorable school frocks for your daughter . . and
 housecoots, too! Every yord preshrunk.
\$1.49 Screen Printed Celanese Rayon Jersey
ineen printing is a special process which achieves the richness of eolor-
ing usually found in hond-printed designs. The combinations of colors
ore daring and exciting-an exhilarating new creation!
Regular 69c Triple Sheer Rayon Spring Prints
There's a wonderful variety in these fresh new prints-twenty different
designs! And all your fovorite colors!
Regular 59c Rayon Shantung, Many Colors
For your wardrobe of toilored frocks. Pearl Shell, Couture Pink, Cali-
fornia Sun, Love Bird, Kansas Wheat, Aquatone, Glory Blue, Creme-de-
Cocoo, Blue Bird, Regiment White and Black.



Lincoln to Be Theme Of Religious Life Radio Program Speakers From Three Faiths Will Figure In Broadeast The implration of Araram Lun coin as. applided ton solution sot

 he Committere on R
he Nation's Capital.
 Hives today over, station WRC at
12:45, for hor half an hour.
They include: The Rev. Dr Charles A. Hart, associate professor
of philosophy at Catholic Univer of philosophy at Catholic Univer
sity Dr Hugo
greation Hehtif rabbo of Con-
Beth
 no Dr. Mordecai W. Johnson, presi-
Dr. Of Howard University has announced that his
den dent of howard University.
Dr. Schif has announced that his
topic wall be Lincoln. the Man of
Tragedy and Faith." but the spe-
. Copic will be. "Lincoln, the Man of
Tragedy and Faithe. but the spe.
cific subiects of the ther

 cast be devereloped during the broad
duced. The "Snuthis" male chorus of the
Twelfth Street Branch, Young Men
 he beginning and end of the pro
gram.
Dr. Hart is Dr. Hart is national secretary of
the American Catholic Philosophical
ociety ociety and founder anno dintrical
of the Washington Catholic Evidence Guild.
The committe makes a policy of
ponsoring broadcasts on days of national and religisius signiaficance air lach pregrams were put on the
The next one this
lear is scheduled tor some ing the sheduled for seasome time dur Formed six years ago. the com-
mittee is now composed of 50 clergy-
man and represents the Catholic,


DR. MORDECAI W. JOHNSON.
-Bachrach Photo.
Protestant and Jewish faiths and


Tax Exemption


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particularly the committee has been persons or orgnizations are con-






 Tost broadcast sponsored by
fofts from the extraction

dr. charles a. hart.
$\left\lvert\, \begin{aligned} & \text { corporation } \\ & \text { March 2. 1935, that thel had organiza }\end{aligned}\right.$

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whing ocupes some 95 per cent
the land area

TRADE THIS WEEK! Washington FORD Dealers will give you

## TRIBBY'S

THE CASH JEWELER
DIAMONDS-WATCHES-JEWELRY
Compare Our Prices With Others, You Will Be Surprised at the Savings to You by Paying Cash.

## 77 YEARS IN WASHINGTON

\author{
HEADRUARTERS

RELIGR ARICLES | WATCHES AND JEWELRY |
| :--- |
| ALL WORKARED GUARANTEED | <br> 615 15th St. N.W. TWO STORES 617 7th N.W.

}

GARRISON'S
1215 E St. N.W.
Open Evenings

$\qquad$

FOR YOUR PRESENT CAR IN TRADE ON A BIG...

HERE'S OUR SENSATIONAL OFFER: What car have you now? We'll give you $\$ 100$ over book value for it, if it's a popular make, 1935-1936 or 1937 model, in saleable condition. We mean exactly what we say! We'll match this deal with any of the socalled "wild traders" as long as our used car stocks permit.

THIS IS NOT ONLY THE GREATEST OFFER in our history, but we also believe there's not another low-price car to match the 1941 Ford itself for sheer big-car money's worth! And we are prepared to show you that we mean business . . . that Ford leads the field in better basic features! . . . that Ford gives more and finer equipment!

WHEN YOU CONSIDER the steady depreciation and mounting repairs on your present car-when you consider all the big-car roominess and ride and style offered by Ford alone at low priceyou'll decide on Ford!

TOP ALL THAT with this unprecedented offer and you'll get the big 1.941 Ford V-8 for your money! . . . Trade now while we're trading high . . . better drive over . . . TODAY.

FORD DEALERS OF METROPOLITAN WASHINGTON


Congress Members to Press For Inquiry on Straw Votes

$$
\begin{aligned}
& \text { Investigation of Gallup and Fortune Polls } \\
& \text { On enseond Bill Particularly Souaht }
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On Lease-Lend Bill Particularly Sought





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THREE-PIECE BED OUTFIT, Coloniol poster bed of
mahogany, maple or wolinut finished gumwood,


$\$ 39.95$ SIMMONS STUDIO DIVANS IN A CHOICE OF 4 STYLES. Pillow-arms ond metal back; metal
arms and back, maple arms and metol


SIOSS SIMMONS EMEREENCY FOLDNG COT



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Defense Work Cuis Into Development Of Capital Parks

Seven C. C. C. Camps May Be Diverted to Other Projects











## National defense efforts are cut- tors drastically int one program fieveloping parks and play.














THE HECHT CO.
TWIN INSURANCE

## BABY SALE!

| SI COUTON CORDUROY OVERALL |
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THE SUNDAY STAR, WASHINGTON, D. C., FEBRUARY 9, 1941-PART ONE.
U. S. Tungsten Stock Is Ordered Released For Defense Uses

7Ebnuary Sale oftive PiTins


Take odvantage of this
February Clearance February Clearance -
buy now and save!
Included in this sale
ore the famous-
LESTER GRAND PIAN $\&$
A BETSY ROSS SPINETS
AND MANY
${ }^{5} 2$ DOWN

26 piprivate

look at these values Used Spinet Pianos $\$ 135$ up Used Grand Pianos $\$ 210$ up AND MANY OTHERS


LESTER PIAMOS, Inc.
1231 G Street N.W
DISTRICT 1324 OPEN EVENINGS
Please send me list of Pianos with prices and terms

## Fortiac and Fisher Body present

 General Motors' Newest 8-Cylinder Sedan at the lowest price of all!

# The Metropolitian"Torpedo" Sedan 

Eight-Cylinder Model, \$946 ${ }^{\star}$ (white sidewall tires extra)

Available as a Six
at an Even Lower Price

 ments and d highyly sophisticated type of beauty. The new Merropolitan rounds out the most complete and ARCADE PONTIAC CO. inviting line of low.priced cars in Pontiac's history-six
arresting models, each one
a standout $i$ in syyle, comotrte

 $\underset{\text { PEGIN AT }}{\text { PRICE }}$ D Delivered at Pontiac, Michigan, State tax, optional equip-
ment, cacessisiec-extre.

COAST.IN, INC.
FLOOD MOTOR CO




## Cansburgh's

American Craftsmanship at its
best in this featured selling
AMERICAN DINNERWARE

 53.Pc. Set for Eight_-_-_ 12.98
 20.Pc. Set for Four_-_-_ 2.98 Four eoch: Lunch or breaktost plates, fruit
soucers, bread-butter plotes, teo cups ond soucers.
Pottern No. 1484. 32.Pc. Set for Six_--_--- 4.98
 94-Pc. Set for Twelve.__ 19.88





New Color Interest for Your Table!
Hand-Printed Cloths





Your Initials Withoutt Charge!
Special Offer for a Limited Time! MONOGRAMMED SHEETS SLa99 or 12 ITOS. 1 N .
UTICA SHEETS. 1.45
 $45 \times 36$-Inch Coses, 35e






9x12-Ft. BROADLOOM and SEAMLESS aXMinster
39.95 and 44.95 RUGS

 $24^{.95}$

### 54.95 SEAMLESS JACQUARID WILTONS





B-2.
Officials Will Atend Rites for Col. George Williams
Rites Tomorrow for
R. Walton Moore
To Be at Fort. Myer Chapel

## Commerce Building Guards Wary of Stray Alligator



Capital Stenographer Wins Typing Contest

## 

## Judget Io Discuss <br> budge mcreases For Montgomery Extension of Liawor Monopoly Also Will Be Considered


Maryland Officials
cose

Columbia U. Alumni Hear Chilean Envoy Ask Stand for Ideals Senor Micheis Calls For 'Spiritual and Material Arsenal'
The building up and maintenance


Difificulty Predicted In Administering Excess Profits Tax
Bar Association Clinic
Told Treasury Must Told Treasury Must Maintain Standards Fear that administration of
new excess profts tax
twill p p










Ambassador Michels spoke before
the anual reception and dinner of
the Cof
columbia University
Club sador from Chile, who spoke at a dinner given last night by the the newly appointed Ambas-
of Washington at the Press Clubersity Club
chat shown (left to right) with Senator O'Mahoney of Wyoming, of Washington at the Press Club, is shown (left to right, with Senator OMahoney of Wyoming,
president of the club, and Senora de Michels and Senator Langer, Republican, of North Da-
kota.
Star Staff Photo.

Electrotypers' Union


 ncouraging feanest at Ssuming full responsibility. Wadider Winchester to Have



## All Cars Seek Buyer Preference--Put

 "TIIE LSAPICKSS CHEVROLET"\author{

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Give LOWHP PRILG
CARS

New Company Formed To Make Autogiros
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uusines ot the Pitcaim Autostro $C O$ ras announcee todays . Among the eantracts, the the







President, in Address To Scouts, Says U. S. Adopis Their Motto

Must 'Be Prepared' to Meet Challenge Meet Challenge 

 radio bradacast commemorating the
3 3ist anniversary of the Boy scout $312 t$
movement.
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 The Boy Scouts have made and
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the service of their communities
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thational welfare in these crit It forlows. therefore, that I I am
proud of what ou have done and
are doing-and proud of what
 Employment in tin mines of Ma-
laya $\begin{aligned} & \text { is } 50 \text { per cent greater than a } \\ & \text { year ago. }\end{aligned}$ ADVERTISEMT

Lemon Juice Recipe Checks Rheumati Pain Quickly




## Chickering

hickering's skilled acousticians have hickering tone into so small a case. Come and see for yourself its lovely antique English design
$\qquad$ nd monel the ion win $\$ 435$

## ARTHUR JORDAN

Corner 13th \& G Sts. NAtional 3223
 Green Says A. F. L.
Lacks Jurisdiction Over Union Fees




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## GET IN.... STRETCH OUT.

New comport, both in roominess and ride, was the keynote as we made plans for this year's Ford. Get in . . . and notice how easy it is to enter through the new wide doors! Look around...through windows that give you nearly 4 square feet of added vision-area in each 1941 sedan!
Stretch out . . . in room to spare! Seating width has been increased as much as seven inches. You enjoy the greatest knee-room and inside length in the low-price field.

Then take the road and test the ride that has been one of the motor-year's most talked-about surprises! A soft, steady, gliding ride that takes good roads or bad in an easy and a satisfying new kind of stride. And notice the new quietness of this big Ford!
You'll find news at your Ford dealer's that is really worth your while! News in comfort. News in value and smooth performance. And in a "deal" on your present car that you'll find easy to take!

## and enjoy <br> a great new ride!

## The Sunday Stax Spaxts

| Win, Lose or Draw |
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$\qquad$ Well, We'd Say It Wasn't Laundry


Forfeit Boosts Fistic Margin Of Cardinals
Double Defeat First
For Terps in Winter For Terps in Wint
Sports History









Little Beats Par By 9 , Gets Lead In Texas Open

His 62 in Snow, Slush For 136 Total Net 3-Stroke Edge



Goal in Last Second Wolcott Cracks Third World By 0'Grady Scores G. U. Win at Yale Mark in Week; Pole Vault Record Set by Meadows

Seats for Opener Ready Tomorrow


Elis Hold 19-18 Edge At Half in Torrid Tilt
Hoyas Grab, 41-39

Kovacs' Streak Ends
As Surface Scores In Florida Tennis


Columbus U. Boxers Handily Overcome Arkansas Tech

## In Hurry; Won't Tak

 175-Pound Forfeit
and


Soose, Vigh Matched For Return Fight On March 7


Averill, 37 Is Let Go to Make Way for Tiger Rookie Evers

## Only Soccer and Racing Retain Any Semblance of Pre-War Glory in England

Grand National Steeplechase
Called Off for First Time in
Its 104 Years of History

With Hot Round




Fred Davis, Former
'Bama Star, Signs With Redskins

| Bay Fishing Fair | Rover Hockey Tussle |
| :---: | :---: |
| Honors Sho Girl | Opens Eagles' Drive |
|  | For Walker Cup |

Scores 30 Points, But Is One Shy


| Tennis Body Tightens |
| :--- |
| Rules on Expenses |
| Gifts to Players |

## House Guest Privileges Must Be Listed; Ward Again Is President


 $\pm=5$ $=\mathrm{m}=\mathrm{z}$ Nuctan Kitts Seen New Coach At Virginia Tew Coach At Virginia Tech

Minors Would End Major Broadcasts

 In Boxing Deadlock

Quality Pitching Staff Seen As Taking Burden Off Reds

| Bs the Asocolated Press.CINCINNATI, Feb. 8.-Gabriel | back this year-Gabe proved his frst point: |
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| Paul, suave head of press relations for the Cincinnati Reds, wasn't kid- |  |
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## Georgetown-Temple and G.W.-West Virginia Promise Bang-Up Basket Struggles

OwlsDue Wednesday Mountaineers Here Following Night
 In 32-17 Clash



 Shick's Free Shot Tells
As $Y^{\prime}$ ' Flashes Win



St. Stephen's Viciory
Marks Junior S. S. League Battling
Navy Conauers Duke
Ouinet, 2R.-32, by
Closima Prive


Ceniral Branch Tops Boys' Club Basket Meet Battling


'Old Men' With Tribe Burns Loses Scoring
Seen as Insurance Lead as Sea Gulls Agains Draft Lace Eagles, 9-4

| Return of Vet Pitchers | Fasano Goes to Front; <br> Gives Club Nine Over <br> 30 Years of Age |
| :--- | :--- |
| Police Protect D. C. |  |
| Team From Fans |  |

## 

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Maryland Hunt Event s Sloted April 26


Basket Ball Games


Harry Pitt, Once Its Ace Player, Now Washington's Most Occupied Golf Officer

Manor Club's 'Moose' Vice President of Three Bodies

 Boltimoreans Invading Leading Scorers

Bowl for Children's Hospital Fund<br>Ace Fraternal Teams Great Del Rio Bowlers Shoot<br>For Eastern Prizes After Bid for Baltimore Coin

$\qquad$
Ernie Dusek to Be Foe Of Green Hornet in Mat Headliner

Elks Will Defend Title In Big Benefit Matc
At Convention Hall



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# NOW! FIRST SHOWING! BRAND NEW MODEL! 



## Low. OLDSMOBILE

Top Allowances: Immediate Delivery of All Models?
1941 OLDSMOBILES KEARNEY OLDHOBIL

OLDS BRIVGS CUSTOM CRUISER STYLIVG TO THE LOW PPRICE FIELD!


SEE YOUR NEAREST OLDSMOBILE DEALER

## Whirlaway Serves Notice on Derby Candidates With Victory in Coconut Grove



Ice-Capades Signs Young D. C. Check by Boxing Body Rossvan's Comment

Pair Whose Romance Began At Chery Chase Rink

> Mioland Runs Fourth As Gen'I Manager Bags San Carlos


A. A. U. Junior Title Swim Tops Eastern Branch Program

Defense in Basket Ball."
Will Stage Swim Meet


29 Pick $\$ 1,054.10$ Hialeah Double
 Willow Springs, winner of the
frrt race. paying s32.20 to win,
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 odds of 5526.10 to 1.
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out of the sadralte, mos out of the sadrlit most of
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[^1] 15 -round title match with Joey Archibald, from whom he won

On Archibald, Jeffra Wanted This Week

Racing Selections For Tomorrow

After A. A. U. Titles In D. C. Tourney




Exploded First Home At Golden Gate

## 3

FRED'S SPECIAL
OIL CHANGE LUBRICAOTION

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. Oil up to 5 quar
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2. Complete ch
3. Check and inflate tires to proper pres
4. Check battery and clean termi- $\$ \mathbf{n o l s .}$
5. Air filter thoroughly cleoned

FRED'S SERVICE CENTER
22 G ST. N.W. RE. 975

McNutt Will Address Meeting Launching Boys' Club Drive Compaign for $\$ 100,000$, Largest Goal Ever S To Start Saturday
 (6)

 200 Years of Furniture Experience Behind Our Greatest 炰
 Our soles personnel ogree that the volues offered in
this Februory Sole ore the greatest in their 200 yeors of


Open a J. L. Budget Account

## Your Choice

Reg. $\$ 139$ 18th Century Living Room Suite



PIANOS
FOR RENT


2-Pc. Tuxedo Style Living Room Suite
A sensational value in a beautiful new Tuxedo style living room
suite. Carefully constructed with sagless spring foundation and
reversible spring-filled cushions. Solid mahogany leg. . omprises
luxurious sofa and matching chair. Choice of striped or figured
lrocatelles, damasks or tapestries. Variety of colors. No Down Payment on Approved Credit

ing mistakes in your work $\ldots$ becouse it is so eosy
to overcome, by proper core of your eyes. Hove to overcome, by proper care of your eyes. Hove
your eyesight checked periodically by CASTELBERG optometrists.
will fit the proper corrective glasses.
CONVENIENT TERMS

TAKE THAT TO THE SPORTS
EDITOR - THAT SIGN SAYS
MANAGING EDITOR-



2-Pc. Grip Arm Living Room Suite E = = s 89

TWELVE PAGES.

Lease-Lend Bill Declared Sure To Pass, Likely With Changes
Concessions Expected to Reduce Size of Opposition Concessions Expected to Reduce Size of Opposition
Vote and to Avoid Evidence of Lack
of American Unity.


Germany 'Invades' U. S. Business
Cartel Used to Limit American Production, Ban Exports

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Friends Label John G. Winant
An 'Advocate of Social Justice'

## New Ambassador Does Not Fit Pattern of Recent

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| The Sinday star THEODORE W. NOYES, Editor. |  |  | Britain Given Even <br> Chance <br> By owen L. scott. | AN AWAKENED CHURCH By the Rt. Rev. James E. Freeman, D. D., LL. D., D. C. L.,Bishop of Washington. |  | he Stone Age Indian Passes <br> By Frederic J. Haskin |
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| Star Newspaper <br> 11 th $8 t$ and Pennsy! Omce 110 East | rious Government departments best equipped for this purpose, a study |  | The chance that Britain can stand successfully against the coming assault |  |  | Most people think of the Stone Age as man's first known period of existence, |
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Army of the Nile Completes Conquest of Eastern Libya, Climaxing Great Push

| Review of Seventy-Fifth Week of War By Blair Bolles. |  |  |  |  |  |  |
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| effect on the fortunes of England in her contest with the axis. It was a political battle out of which the Germans hoped would come an increasedmeasure of German authority over the conduct of the government of unoc- |  |  |  |  |  |  |
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| measure of German authority over the conduct of the government of unocthe picture of events in the Mediterranean Sea and in Africa, where GreatBritain records each day a new victory, and perhaps in England itself. |  |  |  |  |  |  |
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AFRICAN CRISIS SPURS ACTIVITY AT VICHY Hore-Belisha Sees Three Possible Axis Moves South




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Catholic Welfare Building to Rise in One of Capital's Oldest Sections


Land Is Part of Area Once Known as Port Royal Its Name Goes Back to 1685 When 500 Acres in Charles County Were Patented

$\qquad$

Spring in Park Furnished Water for White House Thomas Circle Was Center of Residential District Where Leading Citizens Lived









Australian Envoy, Admirer of United States, Known as 'Flying Diplomat' Appointment to Washington Climaxes Rapid Rise in Island's Public Life Describes This Country as Model for Development Of His Native Land

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 At ind wouand arre

 It was cold and there was a slight drizzle, but every one noticed the
tall, spare man at one of Washintons reat public functions not olong ago.
The rich gold braid of his immaculate black uniform and the cocked








## 0



Dramatic Tale Reveals Almost Forgotten Smuggling of Lincoln Into Washington
$4=2=$


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So Lincoln's raising of a flag at ciscus was waiting with a closed

##  <br> 

Almas Temple to Hold
Open House Today Open House To

## Fellowcraft Club of Harmony Lodge Harmony Lodge Elects Officers

Order of the Eastern Star


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| derson |  |  |
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| his. Katherrine $E$ | WS | St. Matthew's |
| will assist as hostess.The Past Matrons and Past Patrons Association elected the following officers: President, Mrs.Edna Harris; advisor, Mr. G. Edward Anderson; vice president, Mrs.Pauline Loveless; secretary, Mrs. Harriett Pollard, and treasurer, Mrs. Daisy Thour. $\qquad$ |  | Meetings of Councils |
|  |  | And Other Activities |
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| Grand Patron Ira Y. Bain, Grand Conductress Irma |  |  |
| Grand Matrons Milans, Kimmel and Kreiglow; Past Grand Patrons Mi- |  |  |
|  |  | Keane Council will meet Thurs- |
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|  |  |  |
| Friendship Chapter will celebrateits 28 th anniversary Tuesday. The grand matron and grand patron will be special guests. On February 18 a luncheon will N.W. from 12 to $1: 30$ p.m. |  |  |
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| Mrs. Margaret Jones, matron ofTreaty Oak Chapter. announces a meeting tomorrow evening at 1210 celebration of the 12 th anniversary |  |  |
|  | ${ }_{\text {Gf }}^{\text {wer }}$ |  |
|  | of Covenant Lodze. Following the |  |
| celebration of the 12 th anniversary of the chapter. Entertainment and refreshments. |  |  |
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| the home of the associate matron Mebruary 14, assisted by Mrs. Dor- |  |  |
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| Chapter will have members' |  | Hibernians Aux |
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| Florence Lewis. Past Matron Grace Dodise invited members of the |  |  |
| Temple Committee to her home on ebruar 15 at 8 p.m. dinner will The annual 8 pmer will |  |  |
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| be held at the Continental Hotel, February 17 at 6.30 . |  |  |
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Ernest L. Loving Elected Grand Master Of Odd Fellows

| Members of K. of C. |  |
| :--- | :--- |
| Asked to Communion |  | At St. Matthew's

Obligation to Foreign-Born
Cited by P.-T. A. President


Elks Will Celebrate 59th Anniversary



THOSE WERE THE HAPPY DAYS -By Dick Mansfield


$\qquad$


Naval Reserve Staris Preparing For Annual Tests Two Local Divisions
Inaugurate Training Inaugurate Training
For Visit of Board


|  | Reserve Officers' | Navy to Continue |
| :---: | :---: | :---: |
|  | School to Sta | Training Cadets for |
| which involves high skill neuvering and in other exerc volving the efficient use of t | February 19 | Merchant Marine |
|  | Senator Lodge and Col Mason to Speak at First Monthly Session | Also Extends Courses <br> To Officers Who Are <br> In Naval Reserve |




Two Units of D. C. Guard Remain to Be Mobilized

372d Infantry Command
And Air Force Are Still He


The following promotions were
dered on the Headquarters Com-
104th

Kassan-Stein

## WILNER'S



Legion's Auxiliary Units Will Mark Patriotic Days
Americanism Choirman
Urges All Members to Urese All Members
Study Constitution
$\qquad$


Civic Problems，CivicBodies Civic Liquor Probe Suggested；
Ballot Still D．C．No． 1 Proble







 this innovation．They say the idea is a good one．They have often
wanted to make a speaker eat his own words and now there is a way The traffic inquiry has arawn attention to the leniency and de－ reckless driving and driving while drunk．Corporation Counsel
Keech took immediate action to correct the condition so for as his Keech took immediate action to correct the condition so for as his
offce may be responsible．His transfer of his assitant．Mr．Thomas．
to the Police Court in a supervisory capacity and other changes are
． tegarded as excellent moves for the solution of a portion of this
problem．Those who have been studying the situation are trying to
find a way to speed up pending cases in which jury trials have As this is written it is not known what progress the Federation A．B．C．regulations．At the session on February 1 considerable con－
fsion and misunderstanding existed by reason of a lack of data
which some delegates thought he Committee on Law and Legislation of the Federation had one
copy of the existing regulations，a borrowed copy or the proposed mittee was ort was item by item，but after the meeting recessed for a weel
some delegates confessed that the were not sure of the effect of
some of the erecommendations which had been approved
$\qquad$
$\qquad$ sate of alcoholic beverages after midnight on Saturday．In
dditition this some ot he delegates favor prohibiting the sale or
consumption of alcoholic beverages atter 10 p．m．in licensed places any right when the sale of iliquor is permitted and also favor
oosing on all holidays．The Interfederation Conference wants to sesion was to to make upon which theot restriction ination acteded at the firist
estabs．pactished since the passage of the A．B．C．Act．This require－
est ment．it is claimed，would eliminate aill ilicensed places within 600
feet of schois，etc．which have been authorized by the $A$ ．B．
Board contrary to that suggested in the Federation＇s proposed re of booths，but would apply only to new places．Repre－ Among some of th all places alike． essed in private conversation，that the Ferederation of cititizens．
cite
sociations would render a great public service if it would create a stuation and formulate a plan for improvement．Such a job，it is It has also been suggested，in this connection，that any study Leaching the effects of alcohol on the human system in the schools．
$\qquad$ prevent disruption of the District water supply in event of emer－
gency are items for consideration by the Appropriations Committee
$\qquad$ The school tems are included in the approved budget now in
he hands of the House Appropriations District 4 ubcommittee．The eed is so urgent that the Board of Education desires to get an eariy
art．It will require approval by the Bureau of the Budget before
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 mong the electors of President and vice President no greater than any local government such of ths powers as is also provided in
o the Federal courts for Distric citizens in
same manner as now possessed by the citizens of a state． mendment may be amended or erepacted．under authority of orny timitation o
he repeal or amending power of Congress under the amendment sentative or Senator during the time for which he was elected．
In presenting this to the Senate Senator Capper made a conci statement of his reasons for sponsoring the Sumners resolution in－
ttead of the one he has introduced in each successive Congress for
number of years．He regards the sumners form much simpler han his own．It is stript of all controversial details．It is just a
nabling provision of the Constitution to give Congress power
$\qquad$
$\qquad$ Under existing conditions Congress cannot legally divest itself
numerous legislative details which could be more efficiently andied by the locelion unload some of such duties on the Districe failed to satisfy congress or the people．such powers if their exercise Se raised apainst admittting these isolated Americans to the coun

THE SUNDAY STAR，WASHINGTON，D．C．，FEBRUARY 9，1941－PART TWO．


| BusinessGroups <br> Nine Associtions <br> Nee This Wek |
| :---: | :---: |

Civic Veteran Works Hard For D．C．Health Measures

## School Needs

 Radio Topic Over WINX

Over WINX Has Mrs．Doyle
As Guest


Integrated Recreation Plan In Hands of School Board

Bill Providing Nine－Man Commission
To Co－ordinate Activities Will Be
Acted on Within a Month



Civic Groups
To Testify On Bus Line

Hearing Is Tuesday Twenty Bodies

Meet This Week





| $\begin{aligned} & \text { the } \\ & \text { day } \end{aligned}$ | the Commissioners．Board of Educa－ tion．Office of National Capital |
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Newly Elected Member：${ }_{2}$ Board of Trade Announced

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Dude Ranch Life Is Both Realisicic and Fun in Tucson Area




The Traveler's Notebook
Charleston's Early Spring to Dramatize
Gardens That Man Engineered Through
Gardens That Man Engineered
Years of Love and Herculean Labor





## 

## THE MIAMIAN

Delightful All-Pullman Train to AlL East Coast Resorts
With many, The Miamian is first choice because it gives them
an extra full afternoon (or more, depending upon destination) an extra full a fternoon (or more, depending upon destination)
in Florida. But there are other reasons, too!
The Miamian is the only all-Pullman train with morning arrivals at all East Coast resorss (Miami 12:40 P.M.). Thor-
oughly modenn this air conditioned train gives you a wide
selection of sections, bedrooms, selection of sections, bedrooms, compartments, drawing rooms.
Complete wwith loung-obseration car and diner, this exclusive train is doubly appreciated for its fine unobtrusive service.
Delightful because of its appointments, service and fast
schedule, The Miamian has created an exclusive mode of travel. scheale, The Miamian has created an exclusive moce of travel.
That's why so many consider it "smart to ride The Miamian:"
 ATHOMASVILIF. GA. THROUGH.PULIMAN, via
provided in The Miamian each Tuesday and Friday.


 MAKE YOUR RESERVATIONS NOW!


## COAST IINE

Children Treated to Picnic Taxco Presents Famed On Floor of Ocean

## GREYHOUND

## DRIVING TO SUNSHINE?

CHEQUE YOUR MONEY..



## YewtFLITRIIA

GREAT INCREASE IN RESERVED RECCLINING-SEAT COACH SERVICE




Daughters
Of America Plan Novelty Valentine Par
To Be Given By Council







 | Councier Mrs. Mazvo has granted |
| :---: |
| the request of Mrs. Clara |
| Burgess |

 dinn anniversary, the ceieberation of of










 Schwank, Mrs. Agnes Bars. Februay Wekly Meetings. Pebruary 10 -Old Glory Council
titation at Northeast Masonic
ample. Virginia Dare Council
 Nitation. Inders and actend the
8 I street Council will meet at Northeast Maridge
onic Temple. 8 Mat Concil wile ${ }^{\circ}$ peet. at $\begin{aligned} & \text { Kenilworth } \\ & \text { fial. } \\ & \text { Unity } \\ & \text { Council will meet }\end{aligned}$

 or the membership drive discussed
Cuther
Cunncil wil meet at Wisconsin ave Council will meet at Masonic Testia-
 Icet at Primend Mizphah Councill will Thentieth February 14 -All State and na-
fonal loficers are to attend Friend-
hin Council ar at
$\qquad$




Grand Duchess Charlotte To Be Feted Elaborately As White House Guest Many Large Affairs Scheduled This Week Will Keep Capital Social Circles Busy
by margaret hart,
The President and Mrs. Roosevelt have completed plans for entertainIng the Grand Duchess Charlotte of Luxembourg, who will be their guest
at the White House for three days. Atthough the State Department has
announced that the visit of the Grand Duchess will be informal, an


MRS. FRANKLIN DELANO ROOSEVELT, Jr.
Ilthoug the attractive daughte--in-lave of the President
ros. Roosevelt and her husband mae their home in New
Social Pace Is Faster
In Capital as Lent's
Start Approaches
Larger and Livelier Parties Keep Washington Leaders Bus
Many Week-End Affairs





Sman I Group Is Entertain
At Norreemian Lezation





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 Shormer resident of the Exastern Assisting Mrs. Davenport at the




 Committee of the senate and of The Pelenyis rrep





 Department activtities in the state in Washington whiere they have




Daughter of Senator and Mrs. Morrinis sheppard of Teras.


Betrothal Announcements Indicate Full Calendar Of Spring Weddings

Misses Gaston, Nelson, Preston And Grigsby Are Among The Brides-to-Be
the "In the spring" and "in April" seem to be the theme songs of each of



Mist Gatien . was graduated from Vasar Coliege and has done.
graduate work in public administration at the Universty of Minne. suat. Kramer was graduated from Harvard colese and from Har-.
vard Law school He is a reserve ieutenant in the United States Army,

To Mr. ard Mrs. C. Paul Neison of Huntington. W. Va. and Manazasas
V. Mave announced the engagement of their dausher, Miss Marr
and
 Many to Join In Lincoln Celebration G. O. P. Notables To Attend Dinner Wednesday
$\qquad$ The instrict are mank Repubicicans of
to attenvetions
the Lincoln's Britthday banauet at 7 o'clock Wednesday
the Mayfower. Thmas E. Dewey of
New York will be be the principil New York will be the principal
speaker
The dinner is being sponsored by Republican members of Congress
and loal Republican or
The Leanizations. The League of Republican W.men.
1301 Sevententh street N.W., is
handing the ticket sale. tiso Seventeenth stree
handing the ticket sale.
Representative Representative U. S. Guyer is
chariman of the Committee on Ar- Miss Julia Preston to Marry
rangements.
 thur H. Vandenberg, Senator and Washington announce the engage
Mrs. H. H. Burton, Senator and Mrs. ment of their dautghter, Miss Julis
Mres.

 Mrs. Daniel B. Devore. Col. and MM
William O. Giliert. Mrs. Pal Fitz
Simons. national committeewomaz
.
 Councilor, Mrs. James G. Wentiz
Miss Temple Bailey and Miss Marion
E. Martin. Many Others Have Sent
In Their Reservations.
Others who have made reserva-
tions include Mrse minchelas reserva
(See CEEEBRATION, Page D-4)
 Lamma Fraternity.
L.t. McAfee was gratuated last


About Well-Known Folk In Books, Art, Politics
$\$ 4,000$ Set of Twenty V
Of Friends at Inaugural
Of President Roosevelt


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February Clearance

ENTIRE STOCK OF

FINE FURS AT

FINAL REDUCTIONS
Joseph Sterling


Tin
I. Miller

The Stacks Entertain
The Chief of Naval I operations and
Mrs. Harold R Stark
 MRS. SMITH HEMPSTONE.
With her family. Mrs. Hempstone moved last week to
Annapolis where Capt. Hempstone has been assigned to duty
at the Naval Academy. Mrs. Hempstone hoverer will spend
 of Mercy, of which she is president of the Board of Lad
Managers.
-Harris-Ewing Phot Social Activities
At Gaithershurs
 home in Hagerstown after spending
several weeks with her daughter.
Mrs. J. J. Even. Mrs. Aten ac-
companied her home to stay several
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 Attemper moot shop 1300 F SiRE I


OFF OUR PRICES<br>AND LESS

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Buy for Now . . . Buy for Next Winter! Extended Payments or Layaway Plan!

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soles final. Every Zlotnick Fashion Fur guaranteed!

## Zlotinick

D-4
SOCIETY. the sunday star, washing tòn, d. c., february 9, 1941-part three.
Bridge Parties Prominent In Chevy Chase Activities Mr. and Mrs. Dwight R. Cooke,
Lew S. Mohlers and
Mrs. H. E. Doyle Hosts Mr. and Mrs. Dxight Russell Cooke were hosts at a dinner party fol-
fowed bridge last evening at he Columbia Country Club.
 eight guests Tuesday.
Mrs. Albert. E. Lessler of Annapolis. Md. is the house guest of Mr. and
Mrs. Charles A. Jones. Mrs. Lesslier was the honor guest at a auncheon
and brige Wednesday given by Mrs. Harold E. Doyle in her home, in
Che Chevy Chase.
Mrs. Thorton W. Owen entertained at luncheon and bridge Wednesday
at the Toll House Tavern in compliment to her sister, Miss Rosalyn




























Baldwin-Rhett Wedding March

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FEVAL HEDCETIONS FURS

 Let-Out Dyed China Mink Coats | Regraty |
| :---: | Hudson Seal Dyed Muskrat

Coats \begin{tabular}{l|l|l}
\hline Dyed Skunk Greatcoats \& $\$ 298$ \& $\$ 149.00$ <br>
\hline \& $\$ 198$ \& $\$ 12900$ <br>
\hline

 Cross Dyed Persian Lamb Coats $\$ 249$ \$129.00 

\hline Dyed Persian Paw Coats \& $\$ 198$ \& $\$ 98.50$ <br>
\cline { 1 - 3 } \& Mink Dyed Muskrat Coats \& S189 \& $\$ 94.00$

 Black Dyed Russian Pony Coats $\$ 129-\$ 62.50$ Black Caracul Dyed Kid Coats $\$ 129 \quad \$ 62.50$ 

\hline Northern Seal Dyed Coney Coats \& $\$ 129$ \& $\$ 62.50$ <br>
\hline Dyed Red Fox Jacket \& $\$ 139$ \& $\$ 79.00$ <br>
\hline \& $\$ 1929$ \& <br>
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\end{tabular} Dyed Cross Fox Jacke

|  | $\$ 98$ | $\$ 59.00$ |
| :--- | ---: | ---: |
| Dyed Monkey Jacket | $\mathbf{\$ 9 8}$ | $\$ 75.00$ |

Fur Jackets Priced as Low as $\$ 29$
MILLER'5 Furs
1235 G STREET


William Justice Lees Hosts
At Montgomery Hunt Tea Cocktail Parties Scheduled In Various Homes Before Bethesda Club Event





















Bashore
cocktans
will take
tine dan
Mrs.
tertain


 Mrs. Borden Heads Mrs. Daniel L. Borden is chairm of the ushers for the lecture to be
given by Ruth and William Abee
tomorrow evening at $8: 15$ o clock at the Shoreham Hotel for the benevo
lence fund of the society of the
Covenant. She has assisting he





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Final Days!
Our exeiting, dramatic Close-Out Clearance is ending! Invest Now: At amazing savings!

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| Jant Arrived! For Spring |
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| TWIN SILVER FOXES, PER PAIR |
| 7.50 up |

WM. ROSENDORF

society.
Annapolis Concludes
Graduation Festivities
Second Class and Officers Hops Follow Farewell Ball At U.S. Naval Academy

THE SUNDAY STAR, WASHINGTON, D. C


Lt. Collins


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Collier 3 Inn

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SEE KATHARINE HEPBURN with CARY GRANT, JAMES STEWART and RUTH HUSSEY in "THE PHILADELPHIA STORY" at LOEW'S PALACE
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Women's
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Bill Leother
5.95 to 22.50
Women's Riding
JOHPUR RREECHES
2.95
Women's R Riding
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2.95 to 12.50
Women's DERBBES, BOWLERS
ond PORK PIE 'HATS


Men's Riding
BREECHES

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In keeping with a fifty-year tradition for quality and
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stigns of the great masters of furniture art. We in.
vite you to see the many interesting pieces on dis. vite you to see the many interesting pieces on dis-
play in our showroom during this Mid-Winter Sale. TERMS IF DESIRED

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SPECIAL PURCPIRSE FUR SALE

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- MINK \& SABLE BLENDED MLSKRAT

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- persian lamb
usually $\$ 650$ (save \$285)
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610 TWELFTH HOME
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GYMODE HOSE FOR WOMEN

79 c and 98 c


Costume Hop Is Held By West Point Cadets

Mrs. William R. Smith, Jr. Returns From Louisiana; Supper Dance Given by Post Officers







Quantico Social Items Of Interest
Capt. Plain and Wife Hosts at Cocktail
Party Before Dance QUANTICO, Va., Feb. 8.-Capt.
and Mrs. . C. Plain entertained at
cockails for 45 guests this evening
before the Saturday night dance.
Maj. and Mrs. E. E. Linsert also



|  | GYMODE HOSE |
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| Charles Z. Dorn |  |
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|  | RENNEYS |
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Weddings Of Interest Miss Jane Vrooman
Is Married to



Hunt Club's
Meeting Set
Wednesday
To Give Luncheon At Manassas

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Rector's Aid Society
Plans Benefit Party Thio Rectors ind sodecer of


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Constant, Douguereau, Diaz, Schreyer, Cord Constant, Daubigny and Other Celebrated Artists, Sem
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Lecture Series on Far East Will Be Sponsored by Prominent D. C. Women Dr. Hu Shih and Paul V. McNutt Among Speakers; First of Addresses Set for March 5


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 Six Weekly Lectures
To Constitute Series.

| Ellswerth Huntington, professor of geography at Yale Universit who is a specialist in Far Eastern affairs and author of books an magazine articles, also will speak, as will Owen Lattimore, director the Walter Hines Pase School of |  |
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| Shoreham, are in the series. |  |
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| Miss Minnie Mae return to Washington |  |
| from her home in Daluas, Tex.Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt iea |  |
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| ives of Supreme Court justices and |  |
| cabinet officers. In this group are |  |
| Mrs. Cordell Hull, Mrs. Robert |  |
|  |  |
| Jackson, Mrs. Frank Knox, Mrs. Clande. Wickard, Mrs. Jese H. Jones. Mrs. Harlan Fiske stone. |  |
| Mrs. Hugo Black and Mrs williamO. Douglas. |  |
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| Representatives Rogers |  |
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| Rogers and Frances P. Bolton also are sponsors, while the group of |  |
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| of the House Foreign Affairs Committee chairman |  |
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| Among others are Mrs. William E. |  |
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| District League of Women Voters. Among other sponsors are Mrs |  |
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| 'A. A. U. W. Plans |  |
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Future Meetings of Women's Clubs Announced



Excavation in Inca Ruins Hobby of Mrs. Paul Ledig
Woman Now Living at Bethesda With Daughter, 17, to Retur To Home in Peru in June
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'Phantom Dinner' at Hand
Annual 'Event' Raises Funds
For House of Mercy Work
For House of Mercy Work


THE SUNDAY STAR; TASHINGTON;

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## Burns-Moth Holes



Fabrics Rewoven Invisibly
French $\begin{aligned} & \text { Bewear } \\ & \text { ourng Process }\end{aligned}$

Two Youthful Designs Princess and Shirtwaist Models
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 Political Study Club













## Gay Gadgets

Spring
 Suits! Fashion's "big th
Suit trends!
striped 'casuals' Striped 'Casua)
town minded:

 Covert "Joins up!" Complete with Sand


Black Heels

## Gift Unusal! by GOLD SIRIPE



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SPECIAL! "BRUSH CURL" $\$ 10$ permanent wave prepara$\$ 1$ Brush Curl Cut Ample Test Curls
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and bride porties Mrs. Stephanson's own delightuul dessert

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Social Security Pays $\$ ? 6,000$ Insurance in This Area Monthly


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Margaret Sullavan Places Children Before Career A Home Without Them, She Says
In One of Her Rare Interviews, Is Justa Waste of Walls


Photoplays in Washington Theaters This Week


And Now He'll Find Out
Ray Bolger. Who Has Wondered If He Can Act, Gets His Chance

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Army Returns to Normal Things Were Hot for Awhile When The Movie Soldiers Invaded

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Real－Life Trend Ages the Screen＇s Young Beauties


It＇s Not All Make－Believe

## ${ }^{\text {But Leslie Howard Is Too Busy }}$ To Worry Over Air Raids



A Waste of Greer GarsonThat＇s What Black and White Film Is， So She＇ll Be Seen in Color
Br Robhim Coins：

Even Have Parallel Woes

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Peeler Par ExcellenceThat＇s What Priscilla Has Become，Preparing for Film Role



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News and Views of Interest to Pet Owners-Practical Advice on Training and Care-Answers to Queries


In Local Bridge Circles
Hobbies and Hobbyists


The Art World—Reviews of Current Exhibitions and News of Artists


Miniatures at Corcoran Possess Charm
Organization Has Surpassed Itself in Works
By Members and Other Skillful Artists



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London Beautifully Portrayed in Etchings Works of Famous Australian, Now on Exhibition To Be Sold for Benefit of British Aid Group
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The Literary World—Reviews of Current Publications in Various Fields

Three New Books Reveal
War Still Has Its Human Side, Despite Machines One Describes Russian Attack On Finland; Others Pertain To British Fight for Life

Invasion in the Snow
By John Lanadon-D
Retreat from Dunkirk
War Letters From Britain
Edited by Diana Forbes-Robertson and Roger W. Straus,
with a toreword by Vincent Shean. New York: G. P. P
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New Poetry Books Sought By Library Readers
$\qquad$ Delilah

Attorney General Jackson Tells of New Deal Effort At Court Reorganization

High Tribunal Had Assumed Role of 'Supreme Censor' Of Legislation, He Says
The Struggle for Judicial Supremacy
In dealing here with the dramatic battle of 1937 , when the Roose-
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Surpeme Court by the "ntusion of new blood, as the President put
it, Attorney General Jackson speaks from the standpoint of an active
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MPEROR BRITS. By Herbert
Ravenel Sass. New York: Doul $\qquad$

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## D. C. Orchestra Succeeds

 In Carnegie Hall Debut Music Becomes Source of Inspiration in Midst of Great World Disturbance

## In Local Music Circles


the sunday star, washington,


Review of Recordings

## Girl's German Shepherd Wins Two Kennel Club Degrees for Obedience

Scotch Youth Owner Recalls Damage Fled Heavily Bombed Area Billy Wilson Lived Billy Wilson Lived
Near Naval Base At Scapa Flow


## Just Between Ourselves



Black and White Cat Is Proud of Catching Mice


Island Holds Annual Pony Roundup

Interesting Event
Is Described by Anacostia Student


Valentine's Day Is Ideal Occasion for a Party


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## This Week <br> Magazine

## (The sunday \% \%ax

WASHINGTON, D. C.


THREE STIRRING SHORT STORIES

'H $\mathbf{H o r}_{\text {and cold running water! Elec- }}$ tric lights! Steam heat! And now it's dogs! What is this army coming to?"
This was the explosion I had to face one day at Fort McClellan, in Ala bama, where the 27th Division of the New York National Guard is in training. I had innocently told a friend about the eleven Irish-setter puppies that the commanding general, Major General William N. Haskell, had bought for distribution to the various regiments as mascots.
It set me to thinking, this caustic comment
I walked past the long rows of khaki tents, and up a little hill to the tiny house that had been built for the eleven puppies. All around the pen were men in khaki uniforms. I came closer, and I found that the men weren't just lookI found that the men werent just looking: they were fascinated, and they
were happy. They laughed whenever were happy. They laughed whenever
two of the little brown balls of fur two of the little brown balls of fur
would have a rough-and-tumble; their faces became grave when another would bump its head into a side of the house and whimper in a moment of anguish.

What is this army coming to?" I thought again. Then I looked at the faces of these soldiers, and I hit upon the answer to the question
"This army is coming to happiness."
A commanding general hears that eleven puppies are available in one litter and he thinks of the eleven regiments in his division of 12,000 men. He reaches for a telephone and asks for the wholesale price on the lot. Incredible! Yet that is just what happened. And what was his purpose?
Happiness! That is the key to the whole story. Commanding generals whole story. Commanding generals
and puppies never will stop all the grumbling in the Army, of course. That is traditional. But commanding generals who think of the little things that will make their men happy find that the course is a whole lot easier later on, in terms of improved mental outlook and morale. And if, as Americans everywhere hope, the men can return to their homes in a year without turn to their homes in a year without
going to war, such little things will have proved to thousands of young Ameriproved to thousands of young Ameri-
cans that American commanding generals have not forgotten those essentials of a democratic way of life laughter, good fellowship, good will. - Lewis B. Sebring, Jr.

## FATH IS AN ARMOR

by Albert Carr

Author of "Jogeermout: The Path of Dictatorostip" and "America's Last Chonce"

He came to see me, this young Frenchman, directly from the boat. A few years ago I had met him in Paris, where he had surprised me by his cynical contempt for the republic. Now, a haggard, disillusioned man, he told me with deep bitterness of the changes his beloved France was suffering. "Ah, what we had! What we had! And I never realized
As he spoke, it struck me that what had defeated France was not the German army alone. It was something more dangerous, more destructive - a breakdown in essentia faith. You cannot put your heart into a fight without faith in your cause. France before the war was full of shoulder-shrugging men and women to whom it seemed not worth while to work and fight for democracy. Then all at once it was too late. And, like my friend, all at once it was too late. And, like my friend,
they groaned, "What we had! And I never realized!"
Do we of America sufficiently realize what we have? Sometimes I wonder.
Mac is an acquaintance of mine who was born in a humble home "on the wrong side of the tracks." Today, still young, he is a successful businessman, with a charming wife and home. His career typifies the marvel that is America. No rigid system of caste kept him is America. No rigid system of caste kept him
down. Through democratic education, society brought out his vast abilities. But he is contemptuous of the very way of life that has been so generous to him. He admires "the way they do things in Germany." Why? "Well, democracy isn't efficient," says Mac.
Probably everyone knows men and women who talk like Mac. Most of them are wellintended people. They would not like to live in a country where men could speak only in fearful whispers of what was in their hearts where one had to be careful to avoid words like freedom, or liberty - where every stranger was a possible spy and betrayer, and even old friends were eyed with suspicion. No, these Americans who shrug at democracy would not want that. My French friend did not want it, either. Yet that is the France of today; and unless we take heed, it may be of today; and unless we take heed, it may be
the America of tomorrow. In these perilous the America of tomorrow. In these perilous
times it is not enough for the citizens of a democracy to have good intentions. Lack of faith in democratic ideals can be as disas trous to America as conscious treason.
"But how," the question is often asked, "can I feel faith in democracy when I see the way things are going . . . unemployment high taxes ... political graft . . . crime ?" Certainly, democracy as we practice it is far from being perfect government. A famous English philosopher once wrote down a list of "what is wrong with democracy." It took up four closely-printed pages. But at the end, from the depths of his wisdom and knowledge of history, he said, "With all this, democracy remains the most satisfactory form of government yet devised by man.

Americans who are willing to throw democ racy overboard because they are disgusted with graft, or because they "don't like the way things are going," or because "dictator-
ship is so efficient," are a good deal like the man who burned down his house to get rid of rats. The rats should be killed, of course, but irritation over this law or that condition should not blind us to the basic virtues of our country. Otherwise, it is easy for us to become dupes for power-hungry demagogues come dupes for power-hungry demagogues
and slick propagandists trying to sell alien forms of government.
Today our minds are on a political battlefield where poisoned ideas fly at us from all directions. Our only real armor is faith faith in the democratic way of life. Who of us has time enough to figure out a rational answer to every attack on our minds? The enemies of democracy, both at home and abroad, confuse us with half-truths, far abroad, confuse us with hair-
"Equality!" sneers the propagandist. "Anybody can see that some men are superior to others." I remember as a boy being deeply troubled by that sly dig at democracy. I did not realize then that our treasured motto, "All men are created equal," refers not to equality of ability, but to every man's right to equality of opportunity.
"Popular elections are a farce!" I heard a foreign speaker say. "Why should the stupid majority be allowed to rule?" In the audience were Americans who looked disturbed, or even nodded assent. Lacking the armor of faith, their gullible minds were pierced by the first arrow of propaganda. They forgot that under 150 years of unbroken rule by "the stupid majority," America has become a nation envied by all the world.
The poet Wordsworth once called faith "a passionate intuition." It is when heart and mind agree that we have real faith, the winged faith that gives courage and endurance, that makes giants of men.
Such faith is not "blind." As the wise sailor sets his course by the stars, while keeping a shrewd eye on wind and sea, so the strongest faith is supported by common sense and keen observation. None have more faith in democracy, none are more willing to work and sacrifice and die, if need be, for freedom than those who have seen life under dictatorship. An who have seen life under dictatorship. An
American foreign correspondent wrote a letter American foreign correspondent wrote a letter
from Europe that I shall never forget. "I went away," he said, "thinking that democracy was a series of political privileges. It was universal suffrage, and secret ballots, and free courts, and freedom of speech, and freedom of worship. Well, that was good, and I was for it. But now I realize that democracy, with its belief in fair play, goes far beyond all that. It is a way of living. It is a way of feeling." A way of feeling. Abraham Lincoln caught the feeling of America in clarion words: "Our reliance is in the love of liberty which God has planted in us. Our defense is in the spirit which prizes liberty as the heritage of all men, in all lands, everywhere." While we hold to Lincoln's mighty faith, the democracy he loved will always be ours; no tyrant or army or party will ever be able to snatch it from us; we will never have to whisper, like the French, "What we had!"

## Sidelines

ALBERT CARR, author of This Week's editorial, is a rising young American author. He has given special study to the lives of the great despots and dictators of history from Alexander and Caesar down to our present time. The more he has studied dictatorship, the more he has come to believe in democracy as a way of world life. That belief is eloquently expressed in the article on this page.

HANDYMAN. Don't fail to read "Just Another Dame," in this issue. No matter what your age or sex, you'll like it.
The author, Robert Hyde, is a twofisted home man - in a literal sense, He writes stories, very successfully, for a living, but for real fun he builds houses. Says he thinks wielding a hatchet and saw much easier than writing. He built his first house fifteen years ago, with hand-hewn rafters and floor boards cut from his own trees. Since then he's built a dozen or so others for family and friends. Just at the moment he's grubbing for water in a fifty-acre tract of mountainside, overlooking Santa Barbara, California. We suspect this love of home building has helped to give Robert Hyde the understanding of all kinds of little human problems which makes his fiction so popular.
$\star \quad \star$
GOOD SAMARITAN. We have just heard about a reasonably prosperous young lady who recently was awakened at an unreasonably early hour. A longlost friend was phoning to say that she was passing through town and had a half-hour or so between trains. Could the young lady meet her at the station?


She would: jumping into the first dress she could find, she didn't even stop to do her face.
At the subway entrance she found she had only a ten-dollar bill, which the agent refused to change for her. Rummaging in her purse, she found four pennies and a well-worn stamp and while a line formed behind her, she plaintively argued the agent into passing her through. She was in a semi doze on the train when she felt a gentle nudge in the ribs. A large, kind-eyed Italian woman was gazing at her. "Look, miss, I heard it -about the pennies," she whispered. "Here, you need it more than me." And the woman pressed two quarters into hes hand. Before the girl could protest, the woman had scurried off the train.

The young lady still has the two quarters - wouldn't part with them for anything!
M.

# Wally's Wagon........................................by Wally Boren Page 14 <br> Rhymes About Town............................by Margaret Fishback 1 <br> Look Well - With a Cold..........................by Sylvia Blythe 20 <br> Vegetables Need Sauces too.........................by Grace Turner 29 

Cover by Wichura
The names and descriptions of all characters that appear in short stories, serials and semifiction articles in THIS WEEK MAGAZINE are wholly fictitious. Any use of a name which
happens to be the some as that of any person, living or dead, is entirely caincidental.

## 


F She elating s
OAlontive


The place fo look for him is in a crowd - among the millions we call The People

## THE COMMONEST MAN IN THE WORLD

This is one of the most unusual articles we have ever printed. It breaks many of the conventional editorial rules. But we believe it will stir and thrill you ... and keep you guessing to the end

by Milton S. Mayer

H's the commonest man I know. He's o common he never talks about "the common man." He talks about "bozos" nd "geezers" and "eggs" and "galoots." Let me tell you about this galoot.
He's a Swede, the way most of the people who made this country, in case you've forgotten it, are Swedes or Poles or Irish or Italians. He was born in a prairie town in Illinois sixty-three years ago. His father came ver in the steerage and worked on the rail. roads and couldn't write his name
So, you see, he came from the people who made this country and who, to look at the front page or the society column, aren't there at all and never have anything happen to them. There are millions of them, and they're called The People.
His father's name was August Johnson, but there were so many Swedes named Johnson working in the railroad shop that one day the paymaster said to August Johnson, "There are too many Johnsons to keep track of." So August Johnson changed his name and
his children's name. Let's call the son John son, anyway.
When he was thirteen young Johnson was working on a milk wagon, dipping out a pint of milk for a pink ticket and a quart for green one. Then he got a job as a porter in a barbershop, and once he shined the shoes of three Congressmen who came to town for another Congressman's funeral.
Then he hit the road. He got a job as a scene shifter in one town and a truckman in another, as an apprentice to a potter some where, as a helper to a house painter some where else. He washed dishes in Omaha and Denver. He harvested wheat in the fields of Kansas.
Everywhere he went he found common men and lived with them. But though he called potatoes "spuds" and coffee "java" and money "mazuma," there was something uncommonly common about him. He wanted to find out something. He wanted to find out why he was here and where he was going, and what was worth living for and why. Com-
mon men all want to find this out, but Johnson made it his business.
He arrived in Denver in a boxcar and almost got nabbed in the yards. He rode the "blind baggage" over Hagerman Pass and almost got choked by the smoke in the tunnel. He slept anywhere and everywhere. Once he slept in a new house that didn't have the roof on yet. He thinks that that was the funniest place he ever slept.
Working everywhere at everything he grew strong. (His father had been a blacksmith in the old country.) His hands grew brown and knobby, and his shoulders big and mobile. Time and trouble, wind and weather, blind baggage and boxcar drew long lines down his Swede face. To a soft and civilized world he came to look like something out of rock, or maybe a relief map. Hardly anybody remembers him when his hair wasn't white
It wasn't his own troubles that lined his face and turned his hair. It was all the troubles of all the other people in the world. Johnson ate regularly, laughed regularly, sang regu-
larly, but there were millions of people who didn't. He didn't know whose fault it was, or if it was anyone's fault.
It was 1898, and Johnson joined the Sixth Illinois Volunteers and went to Puerto Rico to save the little brown brothers. He saw more bozos, heard more stories, sang more songs. He didn't get killed or kill anybody He didn't even get poisoned by the bully beef. And he didn't find out what he went to war to find out. "Wars," he says, "big wars as well as little wars, are still a mystery to me." He wanted to find things out, and he went to college. He worked as the college janitor for a while. He read some books and raised some hell. But he didn't find out what he went to college to find out, so he quit.
Johnson struck people, somehow. They listened to him. A lot of them thought he made sense, and maybe he did. But what they were listening to was the melody of his voice, low, rich and lonely. It seemed as if he could $n^{\prime} t$ say anything common and ordinary with out its sounding like a song. You're a poet, they told him, and Johnson answered, "Maybe I'm a poet, and maybe I'm a bum

## Fine Stove-Polisher

$\mathbf{P}_{\text {eople in Missouri and lowa listened to his }}$ voice and bought stereopticon views from him. People in Kansas and Nebraska listened to his voice and hired him to polish their stoves. One stove for a meal, two stoves for quarter. He polished a mean stove, and if he liked his customers as well as they liked him he told them so and asked them if they had a guitar in the house. He'd sit and plunk at it a while, and then he'd sing the songs the galoots sing in Kentucky, in Texas, in Minne sota, in Maine. He liked the songs the black men sang, songs like "Mary, Don't You Mourn" and "Let My People Go." Johnson could sing those songs the way no white man eyer sang them, the way all black men sang them.
The troubles of black men and white men troubled him so that he thought maybe he was a socialist, and he landed in Milwaukee. In the daytime he worked for the socialists, and at night he sat at Pabst's and drank bee and listened to the free concerts. But he didn't find out what he went to Milwaukee to find out.
So he went to Chicago and got a job on a newspaper. Reporters found out things. But Johnson wasn't a good reporter: he saw things his own way. So he didn't find out what he went to Chicago to find out. And there he was, getting on, and he had no profession, no business, no "racket." There was only one thing he knew about: the common people, and their songs and stories and the myths they lived by, their dreams, their troubles, and the hopes they fed on. There was only one thing he could do: he could tell their tall tales and legends and sing their ballads and their dit ties.
He carried a notebook around with him and his pockets were stuffed full of papers, notes of old songs and old stories, and this and that and anything and everything that belonged to the people. It all belonged to Johnson. His pockets were the people's songbag, and his noodle was their question box.

## Another Common Bozo

$\mathbf{A}_{\text {ND }}$ then he heard about a bozo that was supposed to be the commonest man that had ever lived in this country. This bozo was dead but people were still talking about him, sing ing about him, lying about him. He had become a kind of saint to a lot of common peo ple. Johnson thought he'd look him up and see what he had to say
This bozo was a lot like Johnson. They both came out of prairie poverty. The father of one of them couldn't write his name, the mother of the other couldn't write hers. They both had to quit school to work with their hands, and they both read books, good books, when they could. They both told jokes and stories, and laughed and shocked respectable people. They both had a rhythm to their words that made people listen. They both had knobby hands and faces lined like fissured rock, and they both loved what was common for no better reason than that it was common. They both volunteered in wars, and both of them wondered, before and after, what war was about. Neither of them was sure he knew anything for sure, and both of them had a fanatic faith that the people were worth the trouble God took to make them.
The more Johnson found out about this bozo, the more he wanted to find out. "The (Continued on page 9)

## JUST ANOTHER DAME

Pickles was bad. His one loyalty was to his woman-hating father.


Miss Hunter read the letter and started to cry. Pickles couldn't read all of it over her shoulder, but he saw enough to know that it meant trouble

A Short Story Complete in This Issue

Ir was a heck of a day for Pickles. First that chauffeur of his mother's coming right into class asking for him. Then he had to go out and kiss her and call her "Mama," just once.
Some Mama! With long red fingernails and her hair all frizzed in little bright yellow curls as if she thought she was pretty hotsy stuff.
Then having the chauffeur lift that streamlined bike down off the trunk rack of the limousine and hand it to him! He looked at the balloon tires and speedometer and siren and headlight and taillight and felt sick, and headlight and tail
he wanted it so much.
But what could he do? He couldn't ride home to his Pop on a bike bought with the polluted money that big shot donated to his old lady. So he just said, "No, thanks," and started to walk off.
She said if he didn't want it now he'd want it later and she'd have Wiggins deliver it to the house. Pickles said, "It's no use, I won't ride it."
He went back in class, and when Shorty made some crack about his chauffeur the whole class snickered. On the way to his seat Pickles caught Shorty's arm and gave it a twist. Then Shorty let out a howl you could have heard at Beacon City, and Pickles had to stand up in front of Miss Hunter's desk and listen to a long spiel about being a good citizen.
He was fed up already. He told Miss Hunter where she could go and she said, "Why Bobby Bruce! How dare you talk to me like Bobby Bruce! How dare you tak to me "ike
that?" And Pickles told her she was "just that?" And Pickles told her she was "just
another dame" and he wasn't afraid of anything any dame.could do to him.
Besides, he happened to know the schools didn't believe in whippings any more. They wouldn't come right out and say so, but he doubted if a guy'd had a licking in that school in the memory of any of the guys there.

So Miss Hunter told him he must be tired
and overwrought, and would he like to take an extra rest period. So he said, "It's okay with me," and went in the coatroom and drew men on the plaster with a piece of yellow chalk.
After a while Miss Hunter came in. She looked at the drawings on the wall and didn't seem to like them too much. Then she appealed to his chivalry.
"What the heck's that?" he asked her.
She told him how men are stronger than women and are supposed to protect them on that account. And he said, "We are not only stronger but our brains are one-third bigger than theirs too."
So she said he was rude and insubordinate and would have to stay after school, which was about the worst thing they ever did to a guy and they hated to do that because then they had to stay also, and they wanted to get out of school just as much as the kids did. After about ten minutes they generally said a kid could go.
But this afternoon was different. Miss Hunter really had her dander up, as Pop would say. The other kids had no sooner gone than she made Pickles come up by the desk and pull the visitor's chair over by her desk and pull the
and sit down in it.
$\mathbf{T}_{\text {HEN she began. Why did he seem so bent }}$ on being a problem to her? What did he have against her? He disrupted the whole class, etc., etc. Pickles felt kind of ashamed, because she put it to him straight enough.
So he said he didn't have anything special against her. Only against all dames.
So she said where did he get that idea, and he told her he and Pop both had that idea, and Pop had had experience and wasn't likely to be mistaken.
Miss Hunter looked kind of grim then and said she was going to have a talk with his father. Pickles thought she meant someday, but not Miss Hunter. She pulled her little blue hat down over her ears and said to come right along.

He felt pretty funny walking home with Miss Hunter. A teacher isn't like a human being. He tried walking fast, thinking she'd fall behind and kids wouldn't know she was going home with him, but she could walk just as fast as he could, and the kids whose houses they passed all turned and stared.
When they got near Shorty's house it came over Pickles that Pop wouldn't be home from work yet, and he told her, hoping she'd give up the whole idea. But she said she could wait, and she kept coming. Then he slowed down, hoping she'd keep ahead while they passed Shorty's house, but she said, "Oh, am I walking too fast for you, Robert? I'm so sorry." And she slowed right down.
Shorty Kruger was on the porch, and out of the corner of his eye Pickles could just see Shorty thinking up wisecracks to heckle him with next day at recess.
Pickles said, "Hi, Shorty," as if Miss Hunter walked home with him every day, but he was afraid his face got red, because he felt as if it was doing it, and generally the more he felt as if, the more it did it.
When they got in front of his own house Pickles said, "This is it," and walked up the front walk, and Mrs. Burbridge who lived across the street, said, "Good afternoon, Miss Hunter.'
Mrs. Burbridge was on the school board and thought she was the cat's meow. She never talked to Pickles because after his old woman left home his Pop used to go pretty heavy on the liquor and one night when he was stinko he tried to get in Mrs. Burbridge's house by mistake. He was just twisted. It was a natural mistake. Right across the street and all. But she never forgot. And once Pickles shied a snowball into her solarium. That didn't help. She never spoke to them.
"How do you do, Mrs. Burbridge," Miss Hunter answered back. "Lovely afternoon." "You can wait for my Pop on the porch," Pickles said to Miss Hunter. But she whispered, "Oh, can't we go in? I would have to make conversation with Mrs. Burbridge,"
which was the most human thing he had ever heard a teacher say, up to that point. "Okay," he said. "I'll let you in the front door." They had to keep the house locked all day on account of batching it, so they kept the key to the kitchen door in the railing of the back stoop in a hole where dry rot had set in. Pickles had the kitchen door open before he saw Miss Hunter was right behind him. So he let her in the kitchen, but he felt pretty funny letting a teacher in the kitchen of the house that was his and Pop's. All paid up, too.
$\mathbf{T}_{\text {He bank nearly got it once. That was }}$ after his old lady scrammed. Pop went pretty heavy on the liquor at that time. Pop was all through with women, but he had plenty of heart. If that slicker Mom went off with hadn't had a yacht it wouldn't have been so bad. But that's what burnt up Pop. To think the mother of his son would go off with a guy just because he had a yacht!
There was a small stack of dishes in the sink, but Miss Hunter was a good egg about it.
"Let's get the dishes out of the way while we're waiting," she said. So she washed and he wiped and it was quite surprising how much of a help she was: He couldn't remember much about when his old woman was living with them, but he could remember she used to complain about having it all to do over again every day. He remembered that because she used to repeat it so often.
But Miss Hunter made the dishes really shine. Pickles was just starting to like her for being so useful, when he happened to think that she was not only a teacher but also just another dame. So then he knew she was trying to get in with him so he wouldn't raise so much heck in class, and that put him on his guard.
Pop came home from work a little later and Pickles warned him at the front walk about what he was in for.
"Leave her to me, buddy," Pop said. He (Continued on page 10)

## MRS. CAN AND MRS. CAN'T

Here is why some women win praise and others censure, though they do exactly the same thing

AMONG the hardest but most inleresting questions sent me are
those which ask why one young woman can seemingly break every rule of convention and, in the while another can not put the edges of her toes beyond the chalked line of precept without penalty - light or heavy as the case may be.
In this particular question, of why one can and the other can't, we are with it" by not being found out! On the contrary, the question 1 am asked to answer is why Mary A. is given complete approval for what is condemned in Lizzie X . Why is it, for example, that Mary in clothes of fantastic extreme, is called ravishing. divine, and "too smart for words," whereas Lizzie in identical clothes is ooked upon as a figure of fun or vulgarity? Why is it that Mary can flaunt her indifference to conventionality to the degree of pulling the tail feathers of Mrs. Grundy's own jackdaw, and not so much as a "caw!"' is as well as all the other Mary's in the alphabet, would be screeched out of own?
Before considering the "proprieties," I'd like to say a few things I in mind about the "can" and
by Émily PPost
Author of "Etiquefte: The Blue Book of Social Usage," "The Personolity of a House," Etc.

act, it seems that I have stirred up quite an argument over a published ability of otherwise well-dressed girls and women who go walking in city street s , in the daytime, without hats.

A younger member of my own family said to me: "Don't you know that nearly all the girls do it?" To which I answered: "Of course I know they
instead of taking back what I said d like to say more
From my own point of view, a lady's clothes are those which express beanty. And the first law of beauty is suitaCould anything be more unsuitable, n all three counts, and, therefore ess pleasing, than a young woman walking on the city street in the martest of town clothes, although she seems obviously to have lost her

## A Case of "I Will"

As a matter of fact, there is really no question about the rule where gois concerned. There is no "can" about t. It is a case of "I will" and not of I can." It does not make a bit of difference who does it, it is bad form - exactly as it is bad form for a man o sit at table in his undershirt! Even f our gilded youths should start this tomorrow it would remain a "can't" - no matter who or how many might very real "can't" that is a "will" on the part of an insensitive few is the walking about in the streets of summer or winter resorts in bathing suits - particularly those of the one piece cling-tight or midriff-gap vari-

The secret of a really well-dressed

## HI! NEW SOAP IS SAFER FOR WOOLS! TRY COOL-WATER IVORY SNOW!!

## Suds, Suds, SUDS in 3 seconds-in cool water! Safe, Safe, SAFE for bright woolens!

WHO'S AFRAID OF WINTER-with nice cozy woolens to keep you warm! And who's afraid to wash those woolens-now that coolwater Ivory Snow's come to town! Ivory Snow's a right-hand man for every woman who loves bright wool washables! It's a brand new soap that's safe for the soft feel of a sweater-safe for the bright colors of the youngsters' winter woolens.
SUDS IN 3 SECONDS in cool water-that's the magic of new Ivory Snow. Cool suds pile up thick and fast! So why risk using old-
fashioned soaps that tempt you to use water that's too hot? You know, as well as you know your name, that hot water and rubshrink and lose its warm softness. But what a different story with cool water and Ivory Snow! Just squeeze your sweater gently through those cool pure suds and see how soft and trim and snug-fitting it comes out! You'll depend more and more on this new cool-water form of pure Ivory Soap! Yesyou've got Ivory's true-blue purity working for you! So try Ivory Snow today!

COOL SUDS ARE TOPS FOR SWEATERS yes, cool suds of Ivory Snow/There's no hot water $\ldots$ no rubbing to shrink woolens. No wonder sweaters


STOCKINGS TO BE WASHED? Who cares! Use speedy Ivory Snow and tumble into bed two minutes later!
Suds pop up in 3 seconds-in cool water! These nightly sudsings help tockings wear and wear

## BOLLING POINT

# Barbara couldn't help being pretty. She was glad <br> -for a pretty nurse is sunshine in any hospital. But that was before she met young Dr. Spalding 

# by <br> Katherine Greer 

A Short Story Complete in This Issue

Barbara walked slowly down the corridor from G 24 toward the main desk. Dr Spalding should be on duty on the floor today; at any moment he might step out of one of half a dozen doorways.

Not that she cared whether or not she ever saw him again, after the things he had said the last time. Calling her the prettiest nurse at St. Stephen's and making it sound as though she had gone around snatching every good feature she possessed from some other girl on private duty!
She couldn't help it if she was pretty; she could only be thankful - She had been until Phil Spalding had begun his absurd accusations. She had regarded her naturally curly blond hair, her violet-blue eyes, her pink and white complexion as simply an extra collec tion of assets in her profession, like her extra certificate in industrial nursing. She would have been stupid not to have realized that the swish of her freshly starched white uniform through the doorway of a room sometimes had as exhilarating an effect on the patient as the prescribed stimulant for the heart.
Everyone liked her looks - except Phil Spalding. He'd liked them too - or so she had thought - until recently. They had had a lot of fun when their hours off duty happened to fit; playing tennis on the hospital courts, hiking through autumn woods, wandering through free art galleries. Phil Spalding, like most interns, wouldn't have much to spend for a long time, but Barbara hadn't cared about that. She would rather listen to him talk about his ambitions and his theories than see Tyrone Power in his best extrapriced feature. She would rather watch the way Phil's high forehead wrinkled when he was worried about a patient, the way his dark eyes became almost golden, the way he had of hunching his broad shouiders - oh, so many things about him
"Good morning, Miss Brandon! How about stepping across the street to Tony's for a snack of breakfast with me before you go home? You're going off duty now, aren't
"Why - yes, I am." She couldn't for the life of her have told which door he had come out of, he had slipped up on her so quietly. "But

## B

y you're in too much of a hurry to get your beauty sleep to stop for breakfast?" he suggested, chuckling, when she hesitated. "No, I'm starving." She gave in. What was the use - hadn't she been praying she'd meet him? Now that she had, she'd go with him, of course. If he didn't like her - a little anyway - he wouldn't have asked her. When he had made those cracks the other day he might have been tired and on edge from working too hard, from too many nights of interrupted sleep. He might even apologize today.

He didn't. But she didn't care about that She liked hearing him tell about the little Amish boy with the ruptured appendix, down in the ward, the questions he asked. She liked the way his eyes glowed when he boasted about the accident case they had given up as hopeless last week, the way the old codger was asking for steaks smothered in onions every night now-getting them too.

She thought, while they lingered over second cups of coffee, that Phil was going to ask her for a date. Her heartbeat quickened hopefully when he began: "You go on duty again tonight at eleven? Let's see, you're on the Bennett case?
"No - Page in 24. Mrs. Anthony Page, Jr., you know.

Oh, sure, I know - I should have known. anyway!" His voice suddenly turned mocking, took on that quality it had had the last time, when he had blamed her for being pretty. "She's been in a week - with a tonsillectomy. I suppose she'II take you home with her. Keep you there a month or so to ride horseback and drink tea with her, as her sister-in-law did!"
"She did ask me," Barbara flung back. "But I'm not going. I'd already promised Mrs. Gaylord
"Another one! You aren't a nurse, you're a social secretary! You're more in demand on the hospital register than Glamor Girl Number One at her own debut party! And you don't have two patients a year who really need you!" He was scornful. "You're the pret-
tiest nurse at St. Stephen's and the -" witheringly - or so she intended.
"The prettiest and the smartest - and the most spoiled! Oh, I'll have to hand it to you for your success in building up a legend! You could go on forever with repeat cases and their relatives - smart society matrons who have had you with Sara Jean, simply have to have you with Suzy and Sammy. And in between times they take you home with tonsils and ptomaine and cinders in their eyes."
"I suppose you're implying that I should get a sworn statement from the physician on the case that his patient is at death's door before I take it?" she demanded. "I suppose you think it would be good discipline for me if they'd all die!'
"I didn't say that; but it might be. Oh, I don't mean that you've done it deliberately," he went on. "Or that you've been able to help it - up to this time, anyway. I'm only telling you what it's doing to you. You can't go on having every rich hypochondriac in town clamoring for your services every time she gets a crick in her neck without believing that you're practically indispensable to them. You can't go on having your name scratched from the register before the ink is dry and not get the habit of believing that you must be something super-special. Oh, I've seen it happen before. Over where I took my training there was an old gal, a faded beauty -
"I'm not interested in anything about
where you took your taining! I'm going home and get some sleep - yes, my beauty sleep, as you so charmingly expressed it!"
She marched across the room to the door with the exaggerated training-school bounce she loathed in others and avoided like the itch. Each step beat out a tapping rhythm for her very righteous indignation. Of all the insufferable .
The factory whistles were blowing noon and she hadn't slept a wink, when it suddenly occurred to her that there might have been something more than a tendency to malign behind the things Phil Spalding had said. She kept conjuring up a picture of the "old gal," the "faded beauty" he had mentioned. She even went over the list of nurses at St. Stephen's to see if there was one closer at hand whom Phil might have used as a horrible example for her.
"Old Milnar might," she mused aloud. She's always telling about how she never had an idle day in twelve years. How she had to give up private duty, to take charge of surgery, to get a rest; she had such a waiting list of private patients it was giving her a nervous breakdown choosing between them! I've always thought it was just talk, but perhaps - "Barbara's physical fatigue got the better of her mental turmoil then.
She might have dismissed the subject altogether, if she hadn't had a phone call from Mrs. Gaylord just before she went on duty that night. She said she had decided to put (Continued on page 14)

NOBODY in the world should ever be discouraged after knowing the story of lona Massey
On the screen Miss Massey is exotic Ernst Lubitsch calls her "the only great soprano I ever saw with sex appeal." Off the screen she is sincere, idealistic - and grateful. "You see," she says, "I shall never get used to warmth, good food and clothes." During two and a half years of grinding apprenticeship in Hollywood, when it seemed as though she would never get her chance many people thought her a "politician" or crazy. She had a strange habit - she thanked crazy. She
When Ilona's chance came it was big costarring with Nelson Eddy in Balalaika. Now, after much preparation, she stars again as the singing sweetheart of Franz Schubert in New Wine
She looks very gay, this slim new star with bright blue eyes. Her hair is one shade on the golden side of taffy. People crowd around her ; she enjoys laughing. It is impossible to believe that this girl thought success was "being not hungry" - until she tells why
Ilona's childhood was unbelievably grim Her father, Frank Hajmassy, was one of a large farming family - too large for the farm. He walked eighty miles to Budapest and learned linotyping. Many Hungarians too many - flocked from farms to the city around 1910.

Ilona was born in a tenement. Her early memories are: "Hunger and cold. Just cold. Just hungry." The war came. Her father marched away to three years of service. Finally, crippled by a wound, he suffered through a year and a half in Siberia. He returned broken; Ilona didn't know him.

## One Lone Comfort

"D URing the war we received rations for one person. Four lived on them. Then we had communism. You know - no food at all."

Into the damp tenement yard - more like well - floated the one influence that brought any happiness to the half-starved child; it marked her life and gave her one of the only two friends she had
Arpad Arbogel's father, a composer, had been killed in the war. He left his son two things: a love of music and a phonograph with many fine records. The boy - "he was all white face and large eyes" - lived with his mother on the tenement's top floor. What floated down to comfort the shivering little Ilona, was music.
'I stopped Arpad in the hall and asked him about the music. He said, 'We have no heat; but you can come and listen.
The other close friend was Maria Kompka
Here she is in Balalaika.
Next she'll be in New Wine

## HUNGRY AND COLD

The amazing story of Ilona Massey, born in a freezing Hungarian tenement, who fought her way from utter poverty to Hollywood stardom

by Lupton A. Wilkinson

Nature had fashioned Maria with perfection - except for her nose. Where the bridge should have been faulty cartilage growth had left a depression. This shocking disfigurement left a depression. This shocking disfigurement made her the butt of cruel jol.
fought for her like a wildcat.
Ilona herself, weazened, with high cheek bones and staring, hungry eyes, was known as
"Ugly llus." She was also adjudged stupid I never got my homework done. I would go from school to an absolutely empty two-room flat. My mother and my older sister would be out hunting work, or standing in line for food rationsthat didn't come. Father, too. I couldri't study in that cold and loneliness. I would go up to listen to the phonograph."


Three forlorn smail musketeers - Ilona, Arpad and Maria - would huddle by that phonograph. Two lent sympathetic ear while Ilona memorized, in unfamiliar German syllables, the Prayer from La Tosca. It took weeks Conditions in Budapest grew worse, not better, and the kindly Dutch, more than halfway across Europe, sent word that Dutch farmers would take into their home a number of postwar waifs. Mr. and Mrs. Hajmassy and Dodo, Ilona's sister, wept, but they did not hesitate to send the child away.
Ilona left home in a paper coat. She says, "The officials gave all us children a bath at the railroad station."
The meal on the train was the first full one she had ever had; she ate herself ill. In Holland, at the dairy-farm home of Jacob Boss, she nearly died because they told her to help herself to cheese, any time. "The village was a little cluster of dairy farms with a church, fields under a wide sky. There were kindly, cheerful faces. And there was plenty to eat."
Ilona met cleanliness. "The barn was so clean that no one ever thought of going into it without taking off his wooden shoes 'kloompas' they called them. Part of my work was to knit heavy wool socks, with soles an inch thick, to serve through the winter. My. they were warm!'

## Back to Holland

$\mathbf{M}_{\text {R. and }}$ Mrs. Boss wanted to adopt their refugee but neither Ilona nor her parents could bear final separation. She returned to Budapest after a while, but found starvation even more rife. "Come to us again," the Bosses wrote, and she spent another strengthening year in Holland. From there comes her idealism. "Those villagers not only did no evil, they spoke none
Return to Budapest she did, at thirteen, to face life in the capital of a country wrecked by war, communism and a punitive treaty. Maria Kompka was there, and Arpad - and the phonograph.
Ilona had learned enough in Holland to know she was not stupid, but school did not appeal to her. To sing, to sing - toward that she must work.
She got a job in a dressmaking establishment: hours, seven to six, then sweep up (she picked pins from the floor with a magnet); then she must deliver packages. She was given carfare for the deliveries, but invariably walked, long miles, reaching home after midnight. "I was going to save to study music."
Ilona heard that girls who could sing were hired for chorus work. "I went to a theater. I almost forced my way in. The manager said, What do you want, child?' I burst into tears and told him everything - hunger, cold, dreams: 'I must, must sing! I must sing!' ' She had become less the Ugly Ilus, after those Dutch cheeses, but no beauty. "Luckily he had a large chorus - three rows. He gave me a job, in the third row,'
Chorus girl! Mrs. Hajmassy was shocked. But the salary was eighteen dollars a month, as against dressmaking's twelve. Mother accompanied daughter to the theater each day; waited at the stage door
Ilona stayed three years in that third row. Things grew a little better with the family. "Mother worked, Father when his injury let him. And Dodo." Ilona took singing lessons, the cheapest. Dodo found backing for a hairdressing shop; Ilona served as cashier - more time for music. Mrs. Hajmassy took an old professor into her home, and he galloped the "stupid" child through her flunked or missed schoolwork. He taught her to form correctly the German words in the Tosca Prayer.
"The moment I had saved enough for a month in Vienna" - it took a year and a half of penny-pinching - "I went there. I knew that at the State Opera they wouldn't even speak to me. So I tried to see the director of the People's Opera. For five weeks, every day, I tried. Finally he agreed to hear me.'
What could she sing? The Prayer from La Tosca. "As I sang I thought of Arpad and the phonograph, and Maria - and I hadn't eaten in two days. The tears streamed down my in two."
Conductor and director were impressed. "Can you sing the whole of Tosca in German?" Ilona's heart turned cold, but she lied, "Yes." The director shrugged. "We are in a bad fix. We are scheduled to give La Tosca in eight days, and no prima donna. Be ready.'
Ilona knew the music, at least; her teacher had let her sing the opera in Hungarian. Returning now to her furnished room, she found (Continued on page 18)
son-of-a-gun kind of grows on you, said Johnson. And he made notes on the backs of old envelopes and unpaid bills and unanswered letters and
stuffed them in his pocket. Then he got a couple of orange crates, one, lying down, to sit on, and one, standing up, to write on. He began writing, and when he finished, ten years later he had written more words than any man had ever written about any other man before.
By the time he got through he'd found out a few things. He'd found out that this country, with its institutions, belongs to the people who inhabit it. He'd found out that the people were right and the people were wrong, but they were righter more often than anybody else. And he'd found out that democracy was right and democracy was wrong, but it was righter than anything else. And it wasn't a question of maybe, or if, or someday. It was now, any old time, the sooner the better, let's go.
Occasionally Johnson sang a spiritual that ended, "I ain't got long to stay here. But he hasn't found out what he came to find out.
He's sixty-three now. He married a good wonan, whom he calls "the missus, and they live on a farm with their three daughters. Johnson knows how to mik a cow and how to midwife a goat, he knows whether it's going to rain and what the corn looks like it's going to do. He likes a bowl of common wild flowers on the table. He eats in his shirt sleeves, and takes off his shoes and listens to Charke McCarthy. His health could be better, and his health could be worse
You've seen him, 1 think. You've never noticed him, but I'll lay you a He goes around with
He goes around with his hat pulled down and his collar turned up, and he doesn't look like he d come up to you and ask you for a dime, but he doesh't ook ret a good prospect ap ask fordime elher, He climbs up on a stool "Scup scoffee" He walks down the scup scon He walk down seeing how far he can spit the stores. seeing how
You've s

## Saves His Butts

$\mathrm{H}_{\mathrm{E}}$ won't wear a full-dress suit for anybody, and he wears long woolen anybody, and he wears ling woolen ter. He smokes nickel stogies and puts the butt in a case for next time He watches steam shovels and forgets he has an appointment. He's always wapping stuff he doesn't want for other stuff he doesn't want. The other day he saw a sign saying Papaya Juice, and be bought a bottle of papaya and he bought a botlle of papaya uice.
He gets on a train with a bag of peanuts and a brown-paper bundle. Inside the bundle are a couple of homemade sandwiches and a seventyWhen the passen bottle full of coffee. conductor about the peanuts, and the conductor complains to Johnson, Johnson says this is a free country Then he and the conductor get to chinning about conditions.
He used to worry about not having a profession, a business, a racket. Every time he sat next to a fellow in a Puliman smoker, the fellow asked him, "What's your line?" Johnson had no line, and he didn't know what

'You know the $\$ 10$ raise you promised me when I became a father? Well, it's triplets'

## THE COMMONEST MAN IN THE WORLD

## Continued from page four

to say. He thought of saying "poet, and he thought of saying "bum," but he figured the fellow would think he was crazy. So finally he had some cards printed that said he was Presi dent of the National Pawpaw Growers Association. Now he gives it to the fellows in the smoker. There is no National Pawpaw Growers Association.
Every common man would like to invent a National Pawpaw Growers Association and hand out his card to the fellows in the smoker. Johnson just goes ahead and does it. He sticks his head inside a pie wagon because he wants to know what the inside of a pie wagon looks like. He goes around the country, up and down the country, asking everybody, "Where do you come from?" "Where are you going?" "Do you think you'll be here forever?' Where do you go when you go back where you came from?" "What's
there in it for you?" "Snow again 1 didn't get your drift."

You're an Irishman and I'm a Swede," he says, "and we ought to get along all right; the Swedes and the Irish always get along all right." And the common people take a squint at him and decide he's okay, he's the McCoy; he isn't going around trying to do them good, he's just going around.

## Stands Up and Hollers

$\mathbf{H}_{\mathrm{E}}$ sees in the people what he saw in the bozo he wrote about, what he sees in himself; good and bad, light and shadow, error and shame, but most of all a richness of human fabric, a generosity that grinding hardship tries to destroy and fails. And he gets good and sore when anybody does anything to the people, in Spain, or in the steel mills, or in the lettuce fields or in Germany. He stands up and hol-
lers. He says what he means, and he doesn't care who it is who's against him. Johnson is indignant, his hands are knobby and his shoulders big. And he doesn't take anything from anybody. But he hasn't found out what he came to find out.
More and more he talks to little children. He tells them stories about Potato Face, and Johnny the Wham Who Sleeps in Money All the Time; and Joe the Wimp Who Shines and Sees Things, and the Village of Creampuffs, where there's a big roundhouse in the middle of the square and the roundhouse has a big spool with a long string winding around it and when the wind comes and picks up the village and blows it away the people of the village wind up the spool and bring the village back again. The mothers and fathers of the children don't know what Johnson is talking about, but the children do.

More and more he has a hard time talking to people who aren't common. They say that one day last winter
some rich men came to see Johnson. His shoes were off and his undershirt was on. "Mr. Johnson," undershirt "we need Mr. Johnson," they said, of the United States. We need a man of the people. You're the man."
Johnson darned near laughed his white-haired head off. "Gentlemen," said Johnson, "I'm common, all right And if you knew what I think and knew what I want, and knew and I'm trying to find out, you'd not only defeat me - you'd deport me. And I'm common."
And he laughed them out the door. Still he hasn't found out what he came to find out. Maybe it's because common men like Johnson can't ever ind out what they came to find out. They can only go on looking for it like Johnson.
His name, by the way, isn't Johnson at all.

You'll find the answer on page 23)


What better time to trot out a urayful of zesty Del Monte Pineapple Juice? Give the gals this lively refreshment-
and confide, if you like, it's a sasty to drink vitamins.

## Gee winter's fun-

But it's heaps more fun when you start with a sunny glass of this tropic sunshine.

You said it! Del Monte Pineapple Juice certainly hits the spot
It gives a fellow and his sister energy to start on, and it's surely refreshing after a speedy afternoon. No wonder. You ought to see those plump luscious pineapples that Del Monte picks. Picks for just the right balance of tartness and sweetness; the naturally developed fruit energy, minerals and vitamins. And you ought to see how quickly that fragrant juice is ex tracted and sealed - ready for you to drink anytime anywhere.
You'll thank your mother for always having pine apple juice handy. And thank her extra for insisting
on Del Monte.

Del Thonte
PINEAPPLE JUICE

## Be sensible about HEADACHES!

Read what these 3 generations say


For 50 years, millions have taken Bromo-Seltzer with confidence


## JUST ANOTHER DAME

winked, and boy, Pickles was almost sorry for that dame! Because if there was any man that saw through women was his Pop.
Pickles climbed up the back stoop to the roof, which was shaky on account of the dry rot. There was a window where you could get in the attic and he crawled in and walked on the studding because there was nothing but laths and plaster between.
Over the front room he happened to know there was a place where the plaster had dropped off by being hit with a football when his Pop was teaching him to be an ace fullback when the snow was too deep outside. Pickles got a good glimpse of his Dad and Miss Hunter through that hole between the laths. "Mr. Bruce, you ought to be ashamed to bring up a boy to be a woman-hater," Miss Hunter was saying. "You have impressed your own warped point of view on that child till he's the most unmanageable pupil I have. Even if you have no respect for me you ought to have some for his future wife."
"Why?" said Pop. Just one word. "Because the child deserves a normal start in life," Miss Hunter shot back at him. "He's smart and impressionable and he looks up to you. You're taking advantage of that to show him a picture of life which isn't
true. You're giving your son a raw true. You're giv
deal, Mr. Bruce.
deal, Mr. Bruce.
Pickies was ashamed to see Pop
look sort of undecided. But he said,

## Continued from page five

Well, if I have a bum slant on women it's one I've earned by bitter experience. It isn't just a pretty theory. She said, "I don't hope to alter your ideas about women, Mr. Bruce. Mrs. Bruce may have been everything you suggest, or she may have found you very difficult to live with. I don't know, I'm sure. I merely ask you to soften your attitude in front of the boy. That's all. More for his sake than for mine. He makes my work more difficult than it needs to be, but that isn't what I'm protesting about.
The child isn't getting a square deal." The child isn't getting a square deal."
You wouldn't believe it, but Pop was falling for that stuff. Why, Pickles could see through that woman better than Pop could, and he knew it. She was making a play for his old man. Trying to get on the right side by pretending she was only interested in the good of the child. Pickles was onto her. But he couldn't blame her. You ought to see Pop. Even in his work clothes. Handsome as anything. And Miss Hunter was only human, probably, in spite of being a teacher. For instance, she was young-looking. "It said, "What do you suggest?" Bobby to see you treating me with Bobby to see you treating me with consideration and respect. I realize but perhaps in the boy's interest you but perhaps in the boy's
might make that sacríc
Pop as funny He chuckled. "Okay," he said. "It'
a deal, Miss Hunter. Perhaps you could stay to supper?
She love to, said Miss Hunter. She seemed as relieved as if Shorty had answered with the right date. "Bob and I have a few dishes to attend to," said Pop. Pickles saw him heading for the kitchen, so he beat it out of the attic and just shinnied down the porch post in the nick of time when his Dad stuck his head out the screen door. "Roll up your sleeves, Pal," he said. "Comp'ny. We've got dinner to get. Dishes to do.
"I did the dishes," Pickles said. He didn't let on about her helping him, because he could see through that dame, even if his Pop couldn't.
They started getting supper and Miss Hunter insisted on being out in the kitchen, though Pop kept repeating very politely that it wasn't necessary for her to help. It was sure a laugh watching them play like they enjoyed each other, all for his benefit and him in on the facts
During supper they made conversation about everything they could friends. Pickles had whard such good friends. Pickies had a hard time keeping a straight face, but he never let on and kept his mod beans. After supper things didert go so good. Miss the place by then at she was humming and putting the she was hur and Pop forgot to carry on the act She had on an apron, and on the act. She hair flfy and brown, and she her hair was fid lond brown, and she a hawk She was just another dame, Pop was wishing she'd clear out.

## $\mathbf{W}_{\text {He }}$

When there wasn't any excuse for her to stay any longer she finally went. Pop offered to drive her home but she said no. "And I did have a good time," she said. "Really
The next day the chauffeur delivered the streamlined bike to the house Pickles told him he wasn't going to ride on it, but the chauffeur left it anyway. He just said that was his orders. He leaned it up in the garag and drove off. It was sure a swell bike Pickles couldn't even look at it.
Next week when he took a note from Pop to Miss Hunter, asking he to come home and have dinner with them, he realized that Pop was being nice to her some more on account
giving him respect for women.
It got to be quite a habit, Mis Hunter coming to the house. They must think he needed respect an awfu lot, Pickles guessed. Miss Hunter showed up almost once a week.
But one night Pop went out to the street with her when she was going and it looked as if he kissed her good night. It was dark, and Pickles could n't be sure, but it wasn't anything to take a chance on.
"Look here, Pop," he told him when Pop came back in the house "Are you falling for that stuff again? Haven't you learned your lesson? Pop didn't answer, but he seemed to be listening. Pickles felt relieved, and went to bed.
About three A.m., he woke up. He felt it in his bones that Pop wasn' in bed yet, so he got, up and looked Pop wasn't in the house even. But en the table was an empty
(Continued on page 17)



The blood drained out of Willie's brain and pounded to his fingertips

A Short Story Complete on This Page

$\stackrel{T}{\mathrm{~F}}$It hadn't been for the bomb, Willie Fischer wouldn't have minded crossing the border. If they picked him up, his quick wits and glib tongue would have helped him lie out of it.
But the bomb made his heart beat. He lay in the brush on the Canadian side of the line while a patrol went past, and knew that if they çaught him he was a gone Heinie. It wouldn't take much checking up to revea that he was the bird who had dug out of Ontario Prison Camp four days earlier. They would take matters further, and probably discover who had handed him the bomb - P-27 in Ottawa. That would open up the whole ring.
When the patrol was out of hearing, Willie stood up and went forward cautiously. It was a good thing he knew this country so well. Very useful to have spent your childhood in the United States.
A twig cracked and he waited in an anguish of suspense. He really expected the whine of a bullet, like the bullet which had knocked off his helmet that night in front of the English lines - the night he had been taken prisoner. But presently he gained confidence.
It really was ridiculously easy. The border was as good as unguarded.
Over on the American side he took a chance and stepped out onto the road, an unpaved back road that led to the nearest town. He could make better time that way. With seven hours of darkness in front of him, he could hike close to thirty miles before daylight if he was still the good German infantryman of a few weeks back
It wasn't till broad daylight, far on the other side of town, that he began to hitchhike. Later he took a bus, and by evening he and the bomb were two hundred and fifty miles southeast.
It was funny to be back in the United States after such a long time - it did something queer inside him to hear people talk about Democrats and single-wing-back for-
mations and ring jobs to stop oil-pumping When he looked through the window of the bus and saw billboards and hot-dog stands and service stations, he felt a curious timejolt as if all this were happening years before - before he had been taken home to Germany, before he had ever heard of Hitler and become intoxicated with the vision of a new world ruled by Germans in which he would be a conquering hero, master over others -
He even remembered the house he had lived in on Grant Avenue in Bridgeham, and the little squirt next door - what a joke it had been that time when he shot a hole in the kid's football with his twenty-two, and the kid bawled!
"How 'bout it?" said the fellow in the bus seat next to him. "You in for the draft?" "Not yet," Willie answered, feeling uncomfortable.
"Dawgone it," the other one said. "They wouldn't take me. Something wrong with my feet. I wanted to go, too.'
Willie nodded and looked away. These Americans and their draft . . . the bomb would show 'em how a real army worked.

In Bridgeham he took a room at the Central Grand Hotel, the way he had been told to. The man behind the desk didn't show a flicker of recognition. Willie went up to his room and lay down. He was tired - the excitement which had sustained him all day was ebbing.
But when the phone rang at midnight he woke ready for the job. The whole plan was clicking with efficiency. He wasn't supposed to answer the phone. He just pulled on his pants and his heavy mackinaw shirt, his rub-ber-soled shoes and his dark cap. He took the bomb, strapped it in place, and went down the stairs noiselessly. There was no one at the desk in the lobby. No one saw him go out into the street.
He knew every alley in this town shucks, had a paper route here in Bridgeham, once, and he had often pushed his bike over
concrete and cobbles by daylight and dark. Paralleling Grant Avenue, he headed toward the Bridgeham Chemical and Metal Works, Inc., where he had had his first job. The plan was simple. A string of freight cars - empties - always stood on the spur back of the factory. According to P-27's instructions, Willie was to creep in among the cars, fasten the bomb under any one of them set to go off around four A.M., then make his way back to his hotel room.
$\mathbf{T}_{\text {HE cars would be shoved into the factory }}$ grounds at 2.45 A.M., by a switch engine which came along every night at that time to push them to the loading shed. The loading shed was next to Block A, where the chernical section was working on a war order. When the explosion took place, Willie would be safe in bed miles away - in fact, there would be nothing to indicate that he had ever left his bed.
Down behind the factory at the place where the spur branched off from the main line, Willie slid down the embankment. A doubleheader freight was rumbling past on the main line, one of those long double-headers that he remembered so well - its roar was like an echo of the roaring inside his brain, now that the moment was so close.
He went along in black shadow toward the string of empties. The third car, he decided I'll put the bomb under the third car. The freight muttered into the distance and everything was very still. A dog barked. Somewhere another dog answered.
"Hi, buddy!" said an interested voice behind Willie. "Wha'cha think you're doin' down there?"
Willie straightened up, heart standing still in a paralysis of shock and fear. "Nothin'," he mumbled. "Ain't doin' nothin'."
It was a sentry in a new khaki Army uniform, holding a rifle. "Jeez, buddy," said the sentry, "don't be a dope. You ain't the first guy that has tried to hop the rods."
"That's it," said Willie, eagerly picking up the idea. "I'm hopping the rods, that's all.

Got to get out - got a job promised on a farm."
"Well, you're out'a luck. These here cars is empties. Stead'a bein' hitched onto a freight, they'll take you on a long trip inside the factory! Boy-oh-boy, you'll catch hell if they pick you up in there!" The sentry laughed. "You come from around here?"
Wilhelm Fischer, German infantryman, looked at the kid. The bomb was a hard, oblong object against his stomach behind his belt. Only Americans would put an ignorant, good-natured boy on duty at an important post like this. It was really a shame to deceive him.
"Grant Avenue near Washington Street that's where I come from," said Willie easily, rolling the address from his lips with glib familiarity. "Well, so long - I'll just pick up my bundle where I left it under a car, an' then scram along the tracks. I got work promised out West, on the Coast."
He chuckled, fastening the bomb in place as he squatted in the shadow under the car he had chosen. Only a Hitler man would do this sort of thing right under a sentry's nose. He could imagine the kid in front of a courtmartial tomorrow, being "broken" for his stupid incompetence, while Willie was five hundred miles away.
Then the blood drained out of his brain and pounded to his fingertips. A flashlight beam was penciling in under the car, reaching hungrily for the bomb, and he heard the metallic click of a rifle-bolt being drawn back. Willie Fischer might have started running, but he remembered the gun in the American's hand.

Why in hell," remarked the sentry, "did you pick this line for your trip to the coast?" Gott! These were the O \& Q tracks - how could he have forgotten that they ran due north and south? A man heading for the coast would have hopped the transcontinental on the other side of town. Willie, lifting his hands above his head, wondered dully how many years the mistake would cost him.


## A Short Story Complete in This Issue

Ir was Joan Dawson who brought together the three pieces of parchment which led to the treasure buried on bleak Bootjack Island.
A cunning mind had devised those instructions so that no two of them would serve the purpose; three sons there had been, and three bits of parchment there were to be put together before any man could have found the three thousand bright doubloons " . . fresh minted," according to Joan's fragment, "and a worthy heritage for my three sons or their heirs whoso they may be."
It had not been an easy task. At first it had been only a romantic adventure, without hope of success. Hester Blair, a cousin and a professional genealogist, had made a hobby of it, and after a time had picked up a few of the threads which connected. Joan Dawson with one of old Dionisio Colmeiro's sons.
Queer, scarlet threads they were, five or six generations back. The descendants of Carlos Colmeiro, oldest of the three sons, were legion. Twenty-seven Joan wrote to or called upon; twenty-seven who had never heard of old Dionisio Colmeiro or the treasure. The twenty-eighth on the list was a research the treasure. The twenty-eighth on the list was a research
"Why, of course!" he said. "I had it framed and it's hanging "Why, of course!" he said. "I had it framed and it's hanging
in my room. I'm afraid I have a romantic streak in me." Brent was young and blond and blue-eyed - as far a cry from the black-visaged old corsair who had been his forebear as one could imagine.
Joan thought he was wonderful, and wonderful is a pretty weak word for what Brent thought about Joan.
"I've had daydreams about that scrap of parchment ever since my Treasure Island days," Brent told her. "Will I help find the third piece? Well, just give me the chance!"'

It took almost a year to run down the third section of the map. They found it in the possession of Emil Trotter, an importer, a substantial, matter-of-fact individual with jowls and hard, impatient eyes.
"Sure, sure; I know all about it," he told them. "It's done up with a lot of my father's old papers. He believed in it. I don't."
"Oh, I'm sure it's authentic," Joan said breathlessly. "I've looked up the records. There really was a Dionisio Colmeiro. He was a great rogue, a reformed buccaneer, I gather. And he did have three sons, Carlos, Juan, and Philip. Everything checks perfectly.'
"There' was such a man as Captain Kidd, too, but who's found the treasure he's supposed to have buried?" asked Trotter. "I think you two are just wasting a lot of time."
"If that's your opinion, then perhaps you'll let us see your part of the map, and accept a share of whatever we find," proposed Brent.
"A third?"
Well, that would hardly be quite fair to Miss Dawson and me, would it? We'd have to take care of all the expenses, make the trip to wherever the treasure is buried -
"And I wouldn't know how much you found, either, if I wasn't with you, would I?" interrupted Trotter with a sly smile. "You got something there, Manners."
$\mathbf{B}_{\text {Rent fushed angrily, and for an instant Joan was afraid }}$ he was going to spoil everything. But Brent managed to restrain himself.
We asked you to come along," he said softly. "Share alike in the expenses and in whatever we find."
Trotter reflected. "Tell you what I'll do," he said finally. "I'll string along with you on one condition: if at any time I want to call it quits, you pay me one thousand dollars for my time, whatever money I may put up, and the use of my map. I'm not taking any chances on throwing away good money on a wild-goose chase. It's your idea, and that's the only way I'll play. Take it or leave it."
"We'll take it," Brent said promptly.
"Smart," grunted Trotter when at last the three maps were together, for the first time, probably, in nearly two centuries. "He knew a trick or two, didn't he? Full degrees of latitude and
longitude on one, the minutes on another, the seconds on the third. And part of the island shown on each map, with one of the three bearings on each. Wonder why he went to so much trouble?"
"According to the story," Joan explained, "old Dionisio Colmeiro heartily detested all three of his sons. They were wild ones, those three, and Dionisio became very sanctimonious after he had had his fling. Also, they had always sided with their mother, who was a lovely, well-bred Castilian lady.
"By giving each of them a map, as their inheritance, he felt sure he could cause trouble, and events proved he knew his sons all too well. Juan was hanged for the murder of his brother Philip. Carlos spent his life looking for the maps which Juan and Philip apparently had hidden very carefully, and died from wounds received in a drunken brawl. A pretty set of remote ancestors we have!
"They knew what they wanted, and went after it," chuckled Trotter.
Bootjack Island, Dionisio Colmeiro had named it, but Dave Carter, the slouching, lantern-jawed Georgia native from whom they rented a boat, called it "Clo'sepin Island."

## "S

SHE's shaped like a clo'sepin," he explained. "Two spits come off the no then end, with a deep bay in between. Shucks, though, if you-uns is lookin' for a place to camp out, they's plenty o' better spots."
They told him they were more interested in the fishing than in the terrain of the island.
They found the island to be just what Dave Carter had said it was - low and windswept, with inhospitable shores. The only beach was at the end of the bay, where there was a brief stretch of sand. As far as they could see from a hasty survey, stretch of sand. As far as they could see from a hasty survey,
there was absolutely no evidence of any human habitation upon there was absolutely no evid
the island, past or present.
It was shortly before noon when they landed, but even Emil Trotter had the fever now. As for Joan, she was so excited that her hands were shaking as she made sandwiches. As they ate, the food tasteless in their mouths. Trotter went over the directions again.
The ancient brown writing was in Spanish, of course. Joan could stumble through it after a fashion, for she had studied the language in college, but Trotter, importing largely from South American countries, was much more conversant with it.
"Putting the instructions all together, it goes like this. 'From the foot of a cross formed by a break in the rocks, a line to a great stone - ' $h m-m-m!$ '" He paused, frowning over a difficult phrase. " 'A great stone thrust up like the bow of a ship sinking stern first. From a triangle cut into the highest point of Bootjack Island, a line from the sharpest point South by East to a white streak upon a ledge, easily visible. Go to where the lines cross: pace thirty paces due north by the compass needle. Dig there: the chest of three thousand fresh-minted doubloons is one fathom down.'
They spread out to look for the crevice shaped like a cross, It was Joan who found it, after an hour's excited scrambling over the lichen-covered ledges. There was no mistaking it: it was a nearly perfect conventional cross formed by cleavages in the living rock.
Her cry brought the men running. Trotter was wiping the sweat from his forehead, and Brent was laughing like a schoolboy.
They could not at first find the stone which was like the bow of a sinking ship, for some scrub had sprung up to hide it, but Brent located it at last, and hatcheted his way through, so that they could stretch a white cord between the two points indicated.
"I've already located the triangle cut into the highest point," Brent said. "The oid boy must have hammered out that mark himself; the marks of the chisel are still visible.
They raced to the spot. As Brent had said, the tool-marks were plain in the deeply incised arrowhead, and sighting along it revealed the white streak the maps had mentioned.
"You two go for the picks and shovels," suggested Joan "I'll run the line. Oh, hurry! Hurry!" There was no need to urge haste. The men were back with the tools by the time Joan had completed her task, and Emil Trotter, compass in hand paced off the distance. His face was streaming, his hands clenched and unclenched with nervousness.

## Cautiously, he unrolled the brittle parchment.

"Here!" he said, pounding in a heel to mark the place, in the midst of one of the few earth-covered spots on the island. "Give me a pick. Manners! Just think - three thousand gold doubloons!"
A fathom is six feet. It takes a long time to dig a hole large enough for a man to work in, six feet deep in heavy gravel. But the two men worked hard and fast in alternate shifts, and the shaft went down. Three feet, four feet, five feet
Trotter was digging. He was puffing, and his face was dangerously red, but he would not let Brent relieve him. "Close he grunted. "Any minute now - gold!"
His spade struck something hard. He bent over and dug furiously with his bare hands. Then his head jerked up. "Here it is," he whispered. "Corner of it - the chest -
It seemed to Joan that she couldn't wait. She wanted to leap down into the hole and help. At first, they talked and laughed incessantly; then, as the chest was gradually revealed, a queer, tense silence fell.
Brent sent the point of his pick into the great musty lock, and the metal shattered into red, flaky shreds. He and Trotter both strained to lift the high-arched lid, and at last it gave way, suddenly and completely.
"Look!" screeched Trotter. "Look! It's there! It's there! Gold!"


Almost at once Joan knew something was wrong. His eyes narrowed angrily, his face twisted into a snarl

Joan, for a time, forgot to breathe. She just stood there shaking, staring down at the mass of shining, golden coins. Brent picked up one of the coins and leaped out of the exca vation. "The first of the treasure!" he cried gaily. "For you, dear!"
The bit of metal was cool and hard in her hand. It was real. And still it was diffiçult to believe they actually had found a buried treasure. "It. - it's like a dream, isn't it?" she whispered.

Call it a dream if you want to," Trotter said briskly. "It looks like a young fortune to me. Let's move the camp things up here and get the money out, so we can count it. There should be three thousand doubloons - counting the one you've got Miss Dawson.'
$\mathbf{T}_{\text {HEy finished the task of moving the treasure by the light }}$ of a crackling fire - the wind off the Atlantic was chilly, and the heat was as welcome as the light.
At the very bottom of the chest they found a box of some heavy black wood, bound with ornate silver bands and locked with a silver hasp.
"Look here!" Trotter cried excitedly. "A jewel case, I'll bet. Kind of an extra dividend, eh?" He shook it, and something moved inside.
Hastily he pried the lid off with the edge of a hatchet, while

Joan and Brent watched. But there were no jewels inside; just a roll of yellowed parchment. "Maybe it tells where there's some more gold hidden," Trotter mumbled. "Here - let me read it.'
Cautiously, he unrolled the brittle stuff, holding it so that the firelight fell on the close-written lines.
Almost at once Joan knew something was wrong. Trotter's eyes narrowed angrily, his face twisted in a snarl of rage and disappointment.
"What is it?" Joan asked. "What's the matter, Mr. Trotter?"
He dropped the parchment and snatched up the hatchet. 'Matter? I'll show you what's the matter!' He laid one of the coins upon a rock, and cut it fairly in two with a single savage blow. One glance at the freshly-cut edge, and he started cursing.
"There! Look!" He held out the bit of metal, and Joan could see that it was not solid gold, but merely thinly plated. "Counterfeit, that's what it is; a rotten, damnable joke! Listen!" He picked up the parchment and read to them, his voice grating with anger:
'To my sons Carlos, Juan, and ${ }^{\text {PPhilip, or whoso of their }}$ spawn may find what I have buried here, greetings!
'Knowing the temper of these my sons, I know the cost in blood and fury of the moment when this chest stands revealed. Each of you will wish to have it all, and not share
and from that selfishness I think I shall have a full revenge upon my unnatural children.
'But should it be otherwise, then still the last laugh is mine, for know now that these fresh-minted doubloons are counterfeit and without value; worthless base metal, thinly washed with gold . . . although good enough for a time to make fools of thick-headed Dutch traders withal. If you do not believe, then cleave a goodly number of these bright coins and see for yourself that I do verily laugh at you from my grave!

- Dionisio Colmeiro' "

Trotter flung the fragment into the fire. "There's your crazy treasure!" he stormed. "I knew all along there'd be something screwy about a wild-goose chase like this. I want that thousand dollars, Manners; at least I'll get paid for my wasted time."
Brent nodded slowly. Joan wished there was something she could do, or say, to banish the sudden misery in his eyes.
"It's yours, Trotter. The money's in escrow at your bank. You're safe,"
"I want it now!" growled Trotter. "Sign it over to me now. I don't want you trying to welch out of it, later on."
"Very well. The agreement is there in my pack. All it needs is our signatures."
"While you're attending to that, I'll get supper," suggested Joan, trying to act unconcerned. "What would you like?"
"It doesn't matter to me," snapped Trotter. "I want that thousand bucks!"
Brent considered for a moment, as though his diet were an important matter.
"I'll take a couple of eggs, if you don't mind," he said. 'Sunny side up.'
$T_{\text {HEY were up at daylight the next morning. Trotter was im- }}$ patient and grumpy. Joan wanted to cry, despite the fact that she had cried most of the night. Brent seemed the most alert and cheerful of the lot, although he had remained awake and kept the fire going until long after midnight.
"Well, let's shove off," Trotter growled. "No use hanging around here. I got a business to run, after all."
"That suits me," Brent said. "We'll leave just as soon as Joan and I get our treasure on board."
"You are going to take that junk with you?" Trotter sneered. "What for? Think you can sell them as souvenirs or curiosities?" "You can't blame us for trying, can you?" Brent countered cheerily. "We've paid you a thousand dollars for your interest in our little enterprise, haven't we?"
"I'll say you have!" Trotter grinned. "All signed, sealed, and delivered. I just outsmarted you, that's all!"
Trotter sat on a rock and watched them while Joan and Brent made trip after trip, carrying the counterfeit coins to the boat at the beach.
"Do you really think we can get something for them, Brent?" Joan asked. "Oh, I'm so sorry I dragged you into this!"
"You needn't be," Brent chuckled. "If it hadn't been for old Dionisio I wouldn't have met you. And I've never had so much fun in my life." He dropped a bag of the spurious doubloons into the boat, and glanced thoughtfully at the watching Trotter. "We're going to have even more fun, a little later," he added almost grimly.

The trip back to the mainland was not a pleasant one for


It was Joan who found the crevice shaped like a cross

## BOILING POINT

## Continued from page seven

off her little trip to St. Stephen's a month or two longer; that Mr. Gaylord had to fly to California, that she'd persuaded him to take her with him. "Of course if it puts you out, Barbara, my dear, I'll pay you anyway. I might even be able to persuade Jim take you along.
"Oh, thanks just the same, but really I couldn't," Barbara said quickly. "It doesn't put me out at all, be
cause I have several others waiting." That was true enough; but, as she Mid it, she was reminded of Miss decided ' "I won't put my name on the decided. I won't put my name on the III lay, off for a few who are waiting. 11 lay off for a few days, just to se

D .
. geons, stopped her in the corridor on her way to her patient. "I suppose it's too much to hope that you're going don?"' he asked. "I've got a man who's in pretty bad shape. He needs not only expert nursing but someone like you who'd do him good mentally." "I'll be free after tonight." Barbara mateè a quick decision. Dr. Loring's patients were rarely from the top strata socially. Even if she couldn't prove not being spoiled, at least she could show Phil that she wasn't always a social secretary!
"Good! The name is Rudd, E 72." She was still taking satisfaction in her decision, along toward dawn, when she received a message that she wouldn't be needed on Dr. Loring's case after all - the patient had died "Well, I tried anyway," she thought. She wished there was some way Phil
could know that, but there wasn't. Before she left the hospital that morning she had another idea. Beryl Mason gave it to her as they slipped out of their uniforms and into street clothes in the nurses' rest room. "I wish I'd taken that course in industrial nursing when you did," Beryl said. 'I know where I could get a perfectly swell job tomorrow, if I had."

Where?'' Barbara asked.
"At the Hadley Company. Peggy Kriger is getting married today. And she didn't let them know until two days ago. Miss Briggs, their head nurse, is tearing her hair. Of course you wouldn't want it - you can make every day the way youty, working every day the way you do, having so many grand easy cases, being paid to take vacations with them. But I don't have such luck. I've been out six days this month and not paid for send someone to talk to Mise Brige send someone to taik to Miss Briggs - she wa
science."
"If I hear of anyone," Barbara said absently. She was wondering if she stopped at Tony's for breakfast if she'd see Phil - if he'd even look at her after the way she marched out on him yesterday - if she'd want him to look at her.
She didn't go to Tony's. She didn't even bother with breakfast. Halfway across the yard from the hospital to the street, the thought of Phil connected abruptly with Miss Briggs and the job at the Hadley Company.
Why, it was practically an answer to prayer - the best possible way to prove to Dr. Philip Spalding - to herself, too - that she wasn't being


Then someone did tell her and Mary's slender now

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Ry-Krisp is a famous Swedish-type crisp rye bread baked a new American way to bring out the full rich flavor of pure whole rye. More tempting, more delicious today than ever before Each crisp wafer now scored so it breaks easily into two cracker-like squares. An ideal bread to enjoy with soups, salads, cheese, spreads . . . any food or drink.


Mary followed the plan in the Ry-Kris booklet: ate sensibly, took walks, en
ioyed 2 or 3 Ry.Krisp wafers as bread
 joyed 2 or 3 Ry-Krisp wafers as bread

Now Mary is slim, sparkling, sought
after. Ry-Krisp helped has only 20 calories, provides bulk to aid natural elimination.

IT SEEms to me I've heard somewhere that love is wonderful. $\mathrm{An}^{\prime}$ it's catchin', too. Take last week when that each other down at the end $o^{\prime}$ the counter an' set there lettin' their coffee get cold. I don't think they said a word to each other for half an hour. Just kinda touched shoulders. But it wasn't long before that silent romance was pervadin' this old beanery like a June breeze.
Bushy Barnes was readin' the personal notices up at the other end of the counter. But I could see he wasn't concentratin'. He had a ten-mile look in his eye. Gilly Baze, the milkman, chewed a sinker longer'n he usually spends on a hamburger steak. $\mathrm{An}^{-}$in place o retailin us stories about what one of his six kids had been up to - he didn't say nothin', only sugared his coffee some more.
I'm polishin' glasses better'n my usual custom, an' when a hurried-lookin little guy bustled in, there musta been somethin
in the atmosphere because he

## WALLYS WAGON

## It's Catching

steps to the counte
"Black coffee," he says to me $\mathrm{An}^{\prime}$ then sensin' what was happenin', he says, with a little grin, "No, I think I'll have a cup o' tea, instead.'
There was a marine band playin' on the radio, so 1 fished around until I got Bing Crosby singin' a moon song, which seemed more appropriate-like.
the young couple had went away before anybody spoke a word Then Gilly Baze broke the spell. You know what I'm gonna do, Wally? I'm goin' out tomorrow an' buy my old lady a new washin' machine - with one o them automatic wringers." Yes, sir, love is catchin Wally

spoiled by popularity; that she didn't care that about being the prettiest nurse on special duty at St. Stephen's; that she didn't care about having a waiting list of wealthy patients, about
eek ends at country estates and winer trips to Florida. A nurse at the Hadley Company wouldn't have a She to be popular with her patients.
She had the interview that after noon. Miss Briggs said: " 1 've had sev-
eral applicants. Some of them have had more practical experience in this
ort of work than you have; but I be lieve, on the whole, personality counts for more. The workmen listen more to he instructions of a pretty nurse. She stopped at St. Stephen's to tell the supervisor that there d be no need
(Continued on page 16)


HAIR RADIATES NEW COLOR

## after one thrilling Halo Shampoo

$\mathrm{W}_{\text {with yoir is radiant, dancing }}^{\text {HEN }}$ color, it reflects new overtones of beauty in your eyes, your complexion, your whole appearance. That's why your shampoo is vita So millions of women are turning to Halo Shampoo. Because Halo contains no soap, it therefore leaves no dulling film to hide the natural luster and color of your hair.



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See how Halo leaves your hair radiant, soft and easy to curl. How it gives eye-appeal to "mousey" hair. How it gently cleanses your scalp, and leaves it fragrantly clean And Halo, because of its new type sudsing ingredient, makes Buy Halo Shampoo in generous 10 c or larger sizes. Tested and ap proved
Bureau.


She's infatuated with life and infinitely lovely-this Jadcap California heiress, Geraldine Spreckels. Redgold hair and gold-flecked eyes are precious accents to her soft, luminous, exquisite skin. In its care she follows the 3 steps of the Pond's beauty ritual every day:-
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NEXT WEEK
JOSEPH
HARRINGTON
returns with a new story
Ten Minutes a Week featuring the goings-on at his ever popular
HARDEN HOUSE
bumped into Phil coming out of the elevator.
She said: "You'll have to find someone else to fight with from now on I won't be around any more. I'll be working at the Hadley Company.' He stared at her, his dark brows
making a thick straight line, the way making a thick straight line, the way
they did when he was puzzled. "You they did when he was puzzled. You - the Hadley Company! Why "Oh, they said they needed a pretty nurse - with personality'? she quoted flippantly. If he was too blind, too stubborn, to see why she was taking that sort of job, then le him think anything he chose
lecting the pers later, intent on collecting the personal belongings in her locker in the nurses rest room, she heard a sound, unmistakably a sob, the far corner. She the far corner. She had thought she was alone in the room, but she turned then to discover a crumpled ball of white uniform. "Why, what in the worl is hell Eyes, red and iwn head jerked up Eyes, red and swollen, glared at her. small voice wrilled accusingly "You small voice shrilled accusingly. You get everything you was! You never have disappointments that break your
heart!" "Oh, don't I!" Barbara said fiercely to have a heartbreak?
"Nor like this," the other girl insisted. Barbara recognized her then. Her name was Mary Lake. She had come from out of town, hadn't been connected with St. Stephen's very wanted more than anything else almost in my grasp, then suddenly unfairly - snatched away from me!"

## "What do you mean?"

"Industrial nursing - that's what I did before I came here - what I love. I've been trying for two years to get back into it. And yesterday I thought I had a place at the Hadley Company; then just now I had word they'd given it to someone else. Oh, it isn't fair - I, know I've had as much experience as anyone else in town; and I love that sort of work.

## BOIEING POINT

## $m$ page fourteen

"Do you really?" Barbara asked quietly, her annoyance vanishing. Im 'Oh, yes! It's the thing for which I'm best fitted too. Routine examina tions. And accidents. I never get ex cited over them, no matter how seri ous they are. Id like to make it my life work."
bara gave her a are good at it." Bar

"I'm going to a bridge party this afternoon, so you needn't give me a chin massage today"
sudden resolve. "And you should do it too - anyone who wants to make it a life work! I have a hunch you'll get the job, after all -
"No. It's all settled. Miss Briggs phoned me. There was another applicant, more 'qualified', she said. Someone like you, I'll bet, who could have all the patients she could take care of in private duty. Someone with more looks, more pull -
'I still have a hunch you'll get it,'
Barbara repeated firmly. "This other
girl may break a leg - or change her mind. So please cheer up. Wash your face and fix your hair and we'll go "You're awfully nice - some tea. You're awfully nice - nicer than I thought you'd be. I'm sorry for what you're so popular. But I begin to se you're so popular. But I begin to see now why you are - it's because you're sweet and kind and

Tramboth
"Don't! Wait till you know me bet ter - you'll find out then that I'm a louse! In the meantime, get fixed up, while I make a phone call. I'll be back in ten minutes."
Toward the end of the fourth interminable day of idleness, the feeling of seeing-her-duty-and-doing-it lost its power of buoying Barbara up. She bogged down like a set of tread-worn tires driven off the pavement into a swamp. She had sat through every
double feature in town; she had washed and mended all her clothes; she had read until gether on the page. She knew now how a criminal in hiding feels, why some of them have been known to give themselves up through sheer lone
someness and boredom.
may as well go back to St. Ste phen's, put my name on the register go on exactly the way I've been go thing I've tried to rofully. Every that I didn't really care about the attention and flattery I've been get ting has failed. Staying at home until ting has fanled. Staying at home until hears I haven't gone to the Hadley Company he'll probably say: 'I told you so - she couldn't take it.'
$\boldsymbol{A}$ group of specials surrounded the register. "Now, here's the girl who Mason giggled, as Barbara joined them. "Our favorite patient is back! And his wife was around here tearing her hair, saying it was 'very strange' that every time her husband got sick there was a shortage of specials!"
"If you mean Mr. Carbaugh - I'll take him," Barbara said.
"You! Why, you wouldn't even take old man Haines, and he's a regular baugh! Besides, your sweet Mrs. Ainslee wants you back and
"I tell you I'm going on the Carbaugh case tonight. All the rest of you girls have taken your turn at getting fired, I'm entitled to mine
'You'll get it all right! If he doesn't throw you out, Mrs. Carbaugh will. nurse under fifty - as though anyone would look at that husband of hers, after she'd heard him roar"',
"I'm in the mood for punishment, Barbara insisted. "What's his room?
'And he doesn't like it!"' someone else said scornfully. "He doesn't like the tint of the walls or the way the windows are stuck in them. And his wife, as usual, is sending down pink linen sheets, so -
(Continued on page 21)


## When your Stomach

 NTake Pepte-Bismol when your stomach is sour, sickish or upset by improper combinations of food or dirink ... when relief is desired from the distress of gas pains, nervous in digestion and simple diarrhea. Pepto-Bismol is not an antacid and has no laxative action. It helps soothe the stomach, and is decidedly pleasan to the taste.

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## Pepto- <br> Bismol

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FALSE TEETH
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QLKALINE DENTAL PLATE POWDE

PATTERSON DIAL
brings back the vivacious ISABELLE
story of adolescent love NEXT WEEK


JUST ANOTHER DAME

Scotch bottle. Pickles remembered that quart of Scotch. It had stood in the pantry ever since he was in the third grade. Now Pop had killed it. Pickles figured he must have done too good a job of reminding. He got dressed, and it was just like old times.
He made the rounds of all the hot He made the rounds of all the hot
spots the way he used to when Pop spots the way he used to when Pop was hitting it steady. But the bars were all closed. Pop wasn't anywhere to be found. Pickles was stumped. He had to find him. It must be pretty near daylight. Po
in that condition.
All of a sudden he did find him. Not half a block from the boss's house half a block from the boss' 8 house.
Pickles was scared. Gee. Suppose he Pickles was scared. Gee. Suppose he
just hadn't looked there and the boss had come out to get the morning paper and found Pop curled up in the paper an
parking!
Next thing was to get him home, He was really out. Pickles couldn't move him alone. Then who could he
get that wouldn't blab about it? Right get that wouldn't blab about it? Right
away Miss Hunter popped into his away Miss Hunter popped into his
head. He knew where she lived They'd been there once. A little duplex apartment three blocks away.
$\mathbf{H e ~ r a n g ~ h e r ~ d o o r b e l l ~ a n d ~ s h e ~ c a m e ~}$ to the window in a pink kimono and with her hair around her shoulders. "Listen," he said. "My Pop needs lots of help to get home. It doesn' matter so much if you know about it but I don't want anybody else to. "Oh," she said. "I'll get dressed right away.'
She took it swell. And she was dressed right away, too. They went down the street to where Pop was, and between them they got him on his feet and kept him there somehow It was getting light but they didn' meet anybody, luckily. It would hav been terrible if anybody had see them. Pop hadn't hit the liquor for long time. Not till tonight. They had Pop home before Pickles linked up Miss Hunter with his getting drunk "Okay," he said. "You've done about enough, I guess. It was big of you to help me bring him home." She looked hurt, and that made him feel mean. But she was just another dame, so he showed her to the door It was daylight by this time. Mrs. Burbridge was putting out her milk tickets.
"You'd
"You'd better leave Pop alone, Miss Hunter," Pickles said. "We were doing fine before you came along. She looked more hurt and scared, and just went away. He felt sort of sick. He didn't know why
He stood on the stoop and watched Miss Hunter go down the street. Mrs Burbridge was watching too. He was sure glad she didn't see Pop in the condition he was in.
Pickles held ice on Pop's head, fed him canned tomatoes and took a note around to the boss that Pop had a bad cold and couldn't wor
Then he went to school.
Miss Hunter seed
Miss Hunter seemed sort of absent minded. Two or three times he knew she was looking at him, but he kept his face in the History of American Civilization. About the first-time he At eleven Mr At eleven Mr. Corkly, the Prin

Miss Hunter said, "Susan, will you take charge of class till my return? Hear the reports one the Japanese pros pet and wore glasses was teach in everything. They made her life in everything. They made her life Then Miss Hunter came back. She saw chalk lying all over the floor and saw chaik lying all over the foor and knew told him to stay after school usual She seemed discouraged. Pickles usual. Shed she was pretty fed up with him by then. He felt ashamed for him by then. He felt ashamed for minus just another dame, and he didn't was just another dame, and he didn't
let it worry him.
But that afternoon when the other kids had brought in a letter to Miss Hunter Miss Hunter opened the letter and read it and started to cry She put read face down on her arms and her shoulders kind of shivered, and heck she felt mean for throwing that chalk He went up by her desk and patted He went up by her desk and patted
patting a teacher on the shoulder but Miss Hunter had got to be sort of a friend to him and his Pop. He felt as if she was really too much like anybody else to be a teacher.
That letter was lying on the desk with her arm over it. He couldn't read all it said. But he read some.
pected of moral turpitude . . . ha
our children under her tutelage." our children under her tutelage." And another hot one, ". . . contributing to the delinquency of minors.
He guessed Miss Hunter felt him patting her back but she didn't look up at all. She said, "You can go now
Bobby. And he went.
Dad was feeling punk enough alwith the Miss Hunter trouble. he him with the Miss Hunter trouble. He fed him some more tomatoes and got him in good shape to go to work next day pretty, teacher wasn't young and pretty, and Pickles missed Miss Hunter more than he expected. He didn't tell Pop. A couple of week went by. He thought Pop had seen given up the whole idea of and had given up the whole idea of
him have respect for women.

Then one day when he was starting to school Pop called after him to as
Miss Hunter home for supper tonight Pickles just kept going. He pretended he hadn't heard, because he didn't know what to say till he'd had' chance to think about it.
When he got home that afternoon Pop said, "Where's Miss Hunter?" Pickles said, "We don't have that teacher any more
"What? Has Miss Hunter left school?"

Pop sounded so upset Pickles thought he'd better tell. "Yes, she went a couple of weeks ago. They fired her, I guess."
"That can't be!" said Pop. "They can't fire Miss Hunter!
"They did, though," Pickles said "Anyway, Pop, what do you care? She was just another dame!"
Pop grabbed him by the shoulders then and shook him till he swallowed his bubble gum.
"Tell me about this!" Pop said. "When did she get fired?"
"That day you missed work," said Pickles. "The afternoon after the night you killed that quart of Scotch."

Why did they fire her?
Because of moral turpitude and contributing to the delinquency of minors," said Pickles. "What is that?" Pop looked wild-eyed. "Listen," he said, "do you know anything about this?"'

No," said Pickles, "but maybe Mrs. Burbridge thought it was funny Miss Hunter going home at six A.m that morning

Home from where?" said Pop
"From here," said Pickles.
She was never in this house at six A.M.,"' said Pop, looking queer. "Oh, yes she was," Pickles told him. "I and Miss Hunter carried you home early that morning when you
didn't feel so good." didn't feel so good.
They piled in the coupe and went around to Miss Hunter's house. It City, which was only fifteen minutes at sixty per. Pop knocked on minutes at sixty per. Pop knocked on the do of this address in Beacon City. Miss Hunter came to the door and
was she surprised to see them! was she surprised to see them! rible. I only found Pop, "this is ter rible. I only found out today -"
Imagine his Pop calling Miss Hun Imagine his Pop calling Miss Hun-
ter, Elsie! ter, Elsie!
"It's all right," she said. "It couldn't be helped. It was just one of those
things." things.
"No, but look," said Pop, "it's all
my fault. I feel terrible about it." "It's quite all right.'
They seemed to be embarrassed Pickles thought they were glad he was there to kind of break the ice. "The realized at last what an okay teacher you must of been all along."
"I - I want to make it up to you, Elsie," said Pop.
Miss Hut came then was sure a surprise Miss Hunter said, "No obligation I
assure you, Mr. Bruce," and gave a queer laugh and practically slammed the door in their face
Pickles was insulted. He turned around and went back to the car and Pop followed, walking slow. Pop was
that jalopy home certainly shook Pickles's confidence. It wasn't as if he went too fast, but he just didn't seem to know he was at the wheel of anything. "Naturally," he kept say ing, under his breath.
That didn't give Pickles any clue at the time. But he racked his brain and he was sure the reason his Pop Hunter. And at be on account of Miss Hunter. And at last, he decided they nust be in love. Then he realized he must have known it quite a while
Pas ashamed to admit the fact.
Pickles got to thinking about Miss Hunter and how she was really okay, and he thought it was funny she slammed the door in his and Pop's face like that. Didn't seem a bit like her. It was dark when they put the car
in the garage, but not too dark to in the garage, but not too dark to see that streamlined bike. Pickles turned his face away. It made him sick. Everything made him sick. He got himself a bowl of cereal for supper nd went straight to bed.
hear him tossing the covers could hear him tossing the covers around side, then on the other. Then back
sill (Continued on page 19)

## Native american tribes

THE HOTTENTOT. Doesn't know that soaking his hair to comb it is taboo. Water dries out natural oilsmakes hair wild, woolly Kreml civilizes Hottentot hair and helps correct dryness.
the bedouin shelk. but that sticky mat of plastered hair gets no place with girls. Non-greasy Fireml not only brings out the natural good looks of hair - it also removes ugly dandruff scales.

THE TIBETAN. Hides his hairlessness in a lamaserai. But even prayer can't bring hair back, once it's
gone. Kreml and proper gone. Kreml and proper him keep his hair. Too misinispomet
"Maturalized" citizen. His hair looks naturally well-groomed and lustrous with Kreml-the trusted tonic-dressing. Beneficial oils in Kreml keep your hair "just right'"in softness, appearance, and feel.


WSE Kreml every day as so be greaselessly well hair will be greaselessly well-groomed.
You'll be helping your hair with Kreml, too. For Kreml actually checks excessive falling hair. It also removes dandruff scales, relieves itching scalp.
Women say Kreml works won ders for coiffures. It conditions
hair before a permanent-keeps it lovely and lustrous after a permanent. Ask for Kreml at your drugstore and barber shop. And Kreml Hair Tonic has a co-worker to keep your hai handsome. Try Kreml Shampoo. Its $80 \%$ olive oil base leaves your hair more thoroughly cleansed, more easily manageable.

## KREML

removes dandruff scales - checks excessive fauling hair

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EYES OVERWORKEDP Do they smart and burn Just put two drops of Murine in each eye Right away its six extra
ingredients start to cleanse and ingredients start

## wheratching

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athlete's foot, scabies, rashes and other externally caused skin troubles. use worldi-farmous.
cooling, antiseptic, liquid D. D. Prescription Greaseless, stainless. Soothes irritation and
quickly stops intense itching. 35c trial bottle proves it. or your money back. Ask your
druggist today for D. D. D. PRESCRIPTION.

INDIGESTION



HUNGRY AND

## COLD

Continued from page eight
three dollars, sent by Mrs. Hajmassy. In six days she memorized waited man words of La Tosca. The seventh day she reported for rehearsal.
Director and conductor tore their hair when they heard her German. Ilona had to tell them the truth. begged. 'Postpone the performance. Work with me. I can learn.'
Having little choice, they for German teacher - and fed Ilona for German tee
Setting an unequaled, unapproached record in operatic history, Ugly Illus not so ugly now), singing for the first the leading role in La Tosca
Vienna critics wrote: "The most horrible German ever sung! She was foolish, and the People's Opera mad, to start with La Tosca. Only veterans can sing that. But she has promise." Ilona approached the State Opera. "Any roles - so I can learn." She settled into an apprenticeship there, where every artist dreamed of Amerca. "I went to see Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy every afternoon that Naughty Marietta showed in Vienna. I was making sixty dollars a month now, and was sending money home, helping the family save to buy a cow. A cow is riches in Hungary." She began to haunt the Vienna office of an American motion-picture company. The representative heard her sing and received authorization from New York to offer her a minimum "try-out" contract. "That was the most terrible moment of my life. I knew I shouldn't go to Hollywood that way. I declined, then for days I felt like suicide.
Vienna sent photographs and some recorded songs to London. Louis B. Mayer, on a trip abroad, saw the piccures and heard the records. Iona "My fairy. Come here for a test."


## MY SALAD DAYS

Camellias as a valentine
Would touch this doting heart of mine Nor would my fascinated nose
Reject a solitary rose
But yet Id thank my faithful sweet
For vegetation we could eat.
Thus marriage breeds respect for greens.
And orchids yield to lima beans.

## - Margaret Fishback

gave me the cow money. I bought clothes and went to London.
The London test won her the cowted Hollywood contract. When she arrived there, she knew so little Engfish that she reversed the use of hello and good-by. The studio put her into a small part in Rosalie. Iona once more was singing words of which she didn't now theaning
matic coaching, music, English, how to walk, to talk, to smile, to dance. Occasional screen tests. Then more study. "Always ten hours a day." the end of each six months she thought surely her contract would be dropped.
During that long grind, Ilona became known as the "Thank-you her, she regarded it as a favor. (She
says, "Just being there, eating, having a little money, was a miracle. Why shouldn't I thank them?") came: "Mr. Mayer will see you Wednesday." When shearrived at his office, half-sick with the fear that this might mean the end for her, Mayer merely grinned at her and said: "It's nothing very important I want to talk to you have reports about you. You're ready now. How would you like to costar with Nelson Eddy in Balalaika?"

## Iona wept.

Arpad Arbogel, the little boy of the phonograph, chose medicine instead of music for a profession. "But, you wasted. The music his father left, and all the hopes - I have used them. They have nourished me.
Iona has put Maria Kompka in busies - a small tobacconist's shop. She has bought Mr. and Mrs. Haj"I have been on a small salary all this time," she explains. "And a pictyre or two will not change that much. Always, though, 1 am seeking the surgeon who can assure me to make Maria's face as beautiful as her body and her spirit. And some day, if I have good fortune, I hope to help to do something - permanent - for unAmerica, but I should like to do something in Holland, too.
Living quietly with her Aunt Thenesa, who cooks her an "extra special" Hungarian meal if she gets homesick, Iona seems never struck by the thought that her own courage and determination have brought her to success. As grateful now as she was when she first came to Hollywood, she gives is so kind to to others. "Everyone Go me. Everyone helps," Gratitude is as rare, and as wellin. New Wine, ha in Kokomo. Allan Cart is he, handsome young Alan Curtis plays Franz Schubert est, ether found in hew interest, ether than work. They plan to be married next month.
*


## directions for

REACHING A MAN'S HEART

1ST AEMEMAER: THE WAY to a man's heart is through his ap petite See that he gets some Canada Dry. No. Why? Because, meals, as a delicious pick-up, but at meals, too. Why aids digestion. besides making


2ND, FLATTER HIM. Make 3RD, SMILE. You will-drink2No, feel like an important ing Canada Dry...yourself guest. When he comes home If ever there was a great fam guest. Champagne of Ginger Ales. drink who wholesome doctors It's not expensive... in fact, drink so whmend it to their its "pin-point carbonation" often recommend often. There's saves you money. It lasts patients. Server or finer. longer. There's less waste. $\qquad$



## JUST ANOTHER DAME

## Continued trom page seventeen

again. He knew what that meant By midnight Pop was going to hit the liquor. He'd have to
Pickles couldn't sleep. He lay there thinking about Pop and women. And what he couldn't figure was, if his Pop the hitch? Any woman would sure jump at the chance of having Pop they could get him. So he racked his brain, and all of a sudden he thought he began to catch the "Ne thought tion," and the "naturally" and every thing.
He had to get to Beacon City. It was a worthy cause, or he wouldn't ever have weakened. What lined bike! He grabbed his clothes together in the dark and got outside without Pop's hearing, and dressed outside. Then he opened the garage door. It didn't squeak very much Boy, what a bike! It was like flyin When he got a block from the house he switched on the headlight. You could see everything. Trees, parked cars, pedestrians. He let loose on the siren, and it sure sounded swell.
It wasn't very late. Ten P.M. mayb A lot of people up and around still. But he had to get to Beacon City and talk Miss Hunter into the right frame of mind and get her back here again pretty quick or Pop was going to start drinking, sure as blazes. And if he shop their job was a goner

Well, Pop could pick up a dame any day, but a good job was hard to find. Even Miss Hunter ought to see the sense of that.
How was he going to get Miss Hunter back, he wondered? She way from Beacon City. Fifteen miles. Then he realized she could probably take the bus. He'd have thought it was pretty funny if he hadn't been so worried. Him, on the streamlined bike bought with the yacht guy's money, going to get Pop a new wife. That idea practically defeated him!
Fifteen miles on a bike, at night. Well, it wasn't so much. But he made pretty good time. He figured he made ound the house all right and got Miss Hunter out of bed.
't's me again, he said.
She said, "Why, Bobby, what is
"Same old trouble," he told her. "Oh, dear," she said. "But there hasn't been time to - be very - ?' "Drunk?" he helped her. She couldn't say the word. "He hasn't started, yet. But he's sure headed
"Oh, dear! Why does he do it!" "Do you really want to know?" Pickles said. Then he happened to look at Miss Hunter's toes sticking out hinking how cute they were, like a little girl's toes.
She reminded him. "Why, Bobby? Why does he do it?
He saw he had her attention. In fact he was holding onto both his shoulders and looking as if she was going to get that why out of him if she had to squeeze it out.
My Pop would never touch a drop
"He's made up his mind he wants to marry this certain dame he knows and marry this certain
yet he can't do it."
"Isn't this person willing?" said Miss Hunter. She looked really upset "She doesn't know he's so nuts to marry her."
"Then why doesn't he tell her? Well," Pickles said, "Pop used to
get in pretty bad shape. But he hasn't, for a long time, until a couple of weeks hiso, when you saw him. But now it's his idea that this woman the's just an ordinary drunk."
"Oh," said Miss

Oh, said Miss Hunter, very quietly. "I see,"

Naturally," said Pickles
You don't think - he might just feel sorry for this person - for any reason?"
"Heck, no, Miss Hunter," Pickles said. "He's sorry for himself."
She sort of turned away from him and didn't answer.
"That person is you," Pickles said, just in case she didn't catch on. (Their brains were one-third smaller.) "You'd better hurry up and get dressed, Miss Hunter. We need you."
"Oh, but I can't!" she said. He found out she was crying. He wasn't surprised at that. Girls cried all the time. But he was sort of crying too, and that was unusual.
"You got to," he told her.
So then she cried some more and then she wiped her eyes and looked straight at him. She said, "You're sure you're right about this? It's a pretty serious thing.'

It's pretty serious for us too.
So then she gave in. She said, "All right, Bobby. I'll come." She kissed him. Then she went and got dressed. That was all. It wasn't especially Pop's fault, Pickles realized. But it was dumb of both of them to ever think Miss Hunter was just another dame. She was going to be their new old lady, now. She was swell!

The End

"Pulling a little snatch yourself, Judgie?"
Was his face red! Caught bulb-snatching by a pair of public enemies . . . charged with being Family Enemy No. 1 in his own home! Too many people fail to realize that taking a lamp bulb from one socket to fill another may mean eyestrain all around. Take this easy step to protect your eyes: Get a supply of spare G-E MAzDA lamps for your cupboard shelf. Don't risk eyestrain and inconvenience when brighter G-E MAZDA lamps cost as little as


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[^3]W
4 ant anead cold - unpleas-er-moves in on you, the job of masking its ravages must sometimes be added to your regular beauty tasks.
Doctors, of course, counsel frank acceptance of a cold and a speedier recovery by remaining in bed. But if you are tied down by routine duties and must be up and about, here are some suggestions from both medical and beauty specialists which will help you to carry your cold more gracefully. They tell you first that extra egre in turning yourself out glosses over the severest beauty handicaps of a head cold and gives a helping hand to your morale.
If your skin is inclined to be dry, feed it with lubricants, applied after your bath. Since doctors advise you to remain indoors for two hours after you take a warm bath, you have time to cream your skin and leave it on to seep in while your body temperature skin dryness, and makes aggravate smooth complexion, hands normally seem rough to the sight and nails The faithful use of right and touch. however, helps to give all emree out, however, helps to give all three outMoreover, your lubricant will hook. Moreover, your lubricant will help to prevent the flaking or breaking of lip and the fraying of skin around the and the fraying of skin around the
nose, where frequent use of tissue or nose, where frequent use of tissue or
handkerchiefs usually causes friction handkerchiefs usually causes friction. If you can't stand a greasy film on
your face, there are lotions that seem to sink right into the skin and lubricate it with no trace of stickiness.

## Foiling Damages

$W_{\text {Hile }}$ you are foiling a cold's damages to your skin, use inside of your nostrils ofts that your doble medicated lubricants that your doctor or druggist prescribes. This soothes sensitive down horrid cold blisters.
If you have to cope with a cold sore on your lips, you can speed its departure if you will use one of the numerous healing unguents, prescribed by your doctor or druggist. Or you might

## LOOK WELL - WITH A COLD

Here's how to mask the ravages it makes
by Syleia $B^{3}$ lythe

try the simple home remedy of rub bing granulated sugar on the blister This helps to allay itching and burning, and hastens the drying process. When the blister forms a scab, apply a lubricating salve.
If there is a broken cold sore, use a good colorless pomade as a base for your lipstick and be careful of th quality of the lipstick you use
A leaky nose, accompanied usually by an unwanted rosiness, is why speYour best hope for concealing redness Your best hope for concealing redness of matching shade This a powder pull together to mask the foing are
and to make your face look more uniformly fresh and pink-skinned. Moreover, when powder rubs off your nose - as it does every time you attend to it - the foundation stays pat and keeps your secret without too frequent dabs of a powder puff.
Some noses, when infected with a cold, gleam, no matter how well or
how often they are coated with founhow often they are coated with foundation and powder. To arrest a glaze is the sole purpose of the new "no
shine" liquids - clear, colorless stuff shine" liquids - clear, colorless stuff put out by reliable houses to be used
on your skin before you make it on your skin before you make it up. Good for any nose that misbehaves,
tormented by many unsightly sniffles. Wear a brilliant red lipstick and use more cheek rouge than you ordinarily do. Both cosmetic aids are enlivening to a pale, cold-ridden face and help to flag glances away from your nose and eyes.
If your eyes are teary or red, give them a bath with your usual solution before you make them up, and carry your cup-stoppered bottle of eye wash along with you for frequent freshening. Cotton compresses, dipped in your ye-wash and applied to your eyes at rest intervals during the day, will also help to keep you more bright-eyed. If you are accustomed to using mas-
cara, you can continue to dress up your lashes to make your eyes look as pretty as possible. But keep mas cara off the lower lashes. Tear gland are apt to act up when you have cold, and deposit sooty smudges beneath the lower lids.

Change your make-up oftener when you have y cold than you normally do This creates a fresher-looking fice This creates a fresher-looking face and makes freer, cleaner pores. And when you have a cold, your body
needs all the help your skin can give it in throwing off toxins through the pores.

## Hair Freshener

$\mathbf{K}_{\text {EEP }}$ your curls more patiently brushed and more fastidiously dressed than usual, since a head cold has a wilting effect on hair and induces lack luster and droopiness. Since regular shampoos are ili-advised at this moment, substitute dry-cleansing meth ods of stripping hair of oil or dirt Packing your brush with cotton wool, or spiking it with layers of gauze is a helpful expedient. So are fast-drying dry-cleansing fluids, which can be used to free your hair of weighty oil and grime with fewer wet-hair hazards than with the usual ducking in a basin. But these dry-cleansing fluids, which are inflammable, should be used with extreme precautions, and for emergen cies only, since they have a drying effect on the scalp.
If your handkerchiefs are reduced to a damp lump after one or two applications, it is better to use tissues that can be discarded. Since separate tissues come out of your bag crum pled or frayed, it is a mark of fastidiousness to use a purse pouch to carry your day's supply. One woman know, finicky about such matters, has simple, slim-folding cases, personal ized with a gay monogram, into which she folds her tissues. When she takes out a tissue, her gesture is as fastidious as if she were taking out an ele gant handkerchief. She also carries her medically-prescribed tablets in soda mint box of antique gold. Fresh puffs for your compact can also be carried in your purse pouch and are a helpful trick of good grooming.



As we grow older, our intes tinal muscles may become under-exercised and sluggish -often because of years of insufficient "bulk" in the daily meals.

- saríka was created to sup. ply needed extra bulk in an intelligent, modern way-for saraka is conveniently compact and easy to take.
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SARAKA works the intestinal muscles.
And then the intestinal mus cles do the work!
Let this intelligent modern method help you to more healthful regularity. Ask your druggist for Saráka today.


## BOILING POINT

## Continued from page sixteen

"'So I'm still taking my turn at be ing kicked out," Barbara said. As she walked into room 51, saw the sallow little man propped up in bed, shé almost wished she hadn't come. He looked more like a dried-up piece of leather than a human being. "For pity's sake, come here and do something with these confounded pillows - you!"' he began, the instant he " her. Whoever you are special. And I've come to make every thing just a hundred per cent for you." "So you're another one of those so-and-so sweetness-and-light girls," he neered. "With absolutely everything wrong with this hospital, you have the nerve to babble about 'hundred -. "That's just what I meant you'd let me finish - a hundred per cent wrong! Your wife won't like me because she'll think I'm too pretty. And you won't like me because I'm horribly conceited and spoiled - I have a reputation for never taking patients who don't shower me with presents and invite me on cruises, hever taking ones who don't go around telling that I've saved their lives every time I bring them through common cold - and I know you won't do anything like that.
"Why, you - you impudent little hussy - get out of here!" It seemed like a freak of nature that such a mighty roar could emerge from such a small weak body. "No - wait a minute! Come here! If you came here as a stunt to get kicked out, I'll fool you You've heard about me, I suppose?" Who hasn't? You're famous."

You've heard I can't get anything - anybody - to satisfy me? That I make a terrible row every time I have to come to this blankety-blank hospital - huh? That I think everything here is a hundred per cent wrong, in cluding the nurses? Well, III fool em this time - I believe I'm going that's what I need. I need something drastic anyway. I feel like blazes!'' Barbara opened her mouth to utter an amazed gasp; then closed it. It was like being worked up to a dive off the highest springboard, holding your breath and all, and then having someone suddenly slip up behind you and
then carry you back down the ladder "What you need is a good night's sleep, she managed after an instan None of this hot-mik treatment or your insipid hospical cocoa!' he I'll throw it out and you of F'll throw it out and you too
I was about to suggest a cup of strong coffee and some cigarettes. To bad you didn't bring your pipe -" It was a stab in one for you. worked. He came in the dark, but it chuckle "Good girl! That might make me feel better. If I can't blow me reel I ban't blow
t. 1 can blow smoke
$\mathbf{H e ~ h a d ~ a ~ f a i r l y ~ c o m f o r t a b l e ~ n i g h t . ~}^{\text {a }}$ He was as near good spirits as a man before time for Barbara to And he was coming closer and closer to chuckling at his own complaining cracks as Dr. Phil Spalding came into the room shortly before seven the room shortly before seven. you feeling?" Phil began in the suave you feeling?" Phil began in the suave for fractious patients.

> for fractious patients. 'Say, I feel darne

Best night's sleep I've near perfect Best night's sleep I've had in weeks.
You'd never guess what did it! Three cups of black coffee and the hair-rais ing stories this girl told me while the room got blue with pipe smoke Damned best nurse you've got around here, doc. If I was twenty years younger and had a new liver -
"Glad you're feeling so much ter," Phil replied in the same madden ing manner. "We'll look in on you again. May I speak to you a moment Miss Brandon?
Miss Brandon?
If it hadn't
If it hadn't been for the explanations she would have had to make said a plain, blunt "No"' She didn' say anything at all, she merely went. The corridor was deserted and very quiet; the dim night lights were still on. "Go ahead - say it."
"Say what?" He seemed in no hurry to say anything. He merely turned her around, his hands on her shoulders, looked down into her eyes.
"Say that you know why I took Mr. Carbaugh's case. So that I could win him over with my much discussed looks and superior brand of charm so that I could have just one mor

## Amazing New Way to Relieve DISTRES AFTER DRINKING


you feel pretty miserable. Often it set. up a temporary excess acid condition in the stomach, and you suffer with gas," belching, hearthurn and similar in one word it's a "HANGOvER!" Next time you get that "hango feeling, do as thousands are doing today. At the first sign of discomfor

Jests" "hew a "Jest" or two. ew antacid tablets that bring such fast and effectite relief from distres due to temporary stomach hyperacid

## LAUGH IT OFF wint JEST

## Want a Morning Glory complexion?

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Before I retire," Paulette Goddard recently confided to Louella Parsons, the famous Movieland Commentator, "I use Woodbury Cold Cream to remove every tiny trace of make-up. It's a wonderful cleanser-not too liquid, not too heavy. A wonderful softener, too. And my dermatologist says it's wonderful in another way-this amazing cream actually purifies itself
"After removing Woodbury Cold Cream with tissues, I apply a fresh, light film of it to leave on all night long. It softens and

lubricates my skin while I sleep. I've been having this Woodbury Beauty Nightcap now for months, and my mirror and the camera men tell me my skin is nicer!
"Another beauty tip-don't put new make-up over old-take time out for Woodbury Cold Cream-and see the difference!'

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If your skin is normal, Woodbury Cold Cream is all you need for beauty care. But if your skin is oily, cleanse with Woodbury Cleansing Cream. If dry, use Woodbury Dry Skin Cream at night. And for any skin, use flesh-tinted Woodbury Foundation Cream for powder base.

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WOODBURY COLD CREAM
THE 3-WAY BEAUTY CREAM

Sreet
adoring and very grateful patient! I do believe I know why - but hat wasnt the reason! You expected o get kicked out, the way all the res thing. The same thing you were try. hing. The same thing you were trying o prove when you gave up Mrs. Gay lord, to go on Dr. Loring's case. The same thing you were trying to prove when you accepted the job at the Hadley Company.
But I didn't go on Dr. Loring's case - I didn't go to the Hadley "Tany - I didn't prove anything!' mo ornly, his voice deepeningly strangely. Two things. One - that no mount of attention and flattery can

know why you changed your mind about taking the Hadley job. Two for a for a man and what he thought of you to go to so much trouble to prove anything to him?
"W $W_{H Y}$, you don't think - " She faltered helplessly. She got hold of herself then, turned upon him: "Why, of all the smug, conceited, egotis to me for - say it! I've got it coming to me for daring to criticize you for anything. I don't really-I never have. I suppose it was because I think I didn't have in every way, because ever make you chose that I could others who want to give you so
more, that I tried to shift the blame on them - on you. Oh, darling, go head - say anything you like! How could she, though, when he had said it all himself? When he was holding her so close she could hardly find her breath, much less her voice? When Mr. Carbaugh's raucous shouts for machine coming through the door like machine-gun fire?
Let the old crab wait," said Phil. He and all the others may as well learn right now that they'll have to get along without you. You're going to be something super special in the way of wife - do you hear me?"'
She found her voice then, murmured sweetly, docilely: "Yes, doctor !"

The End


The exiled Countess Sforza suggests some appetizing recipes

## by Crace Tuiner

Belgian Countess Sforza is keeping house in the United States ipled, ex-diplomat, exiled Italian principled, ex-diplomat, exiled Italian two children. This family, with its background of courts and embassies, palaces and servants, lives very simply in an apartment in New York's upper East Side. We ring the bell, and the door is opened by Count Sforza himself - a tall, handsome, virile man in his late sixties, speaking very beautiful, if slightly foreign, English, and making us easily welcome.
It is the Countess, however, whom we have come to see. She is expecting us and, even before her husband can another door. Gray-haired, unassuming, quietly spoken, she smiles a little uncertainly.
"I am not really accustomed to being interviewed, but if you ask questions, I can answer them," she says. Once started, the Countess talks easily. All her life, until the last few years, she has spent in the diplomatic circles of Europe and Asia. "My family are Belgians, but being diplomats,

## Vegetables Need Sauces Too



This risotto makes a delicious one-dish meal
we have been born in various parts of Europe," she says. "My father, the Count de Dudzeele, was born in Vienna, my grandmother was also born in Austria, I myself was born in Switzerland. My husband, of course was a diplomat, too. I met him in Constantinople, we were married in Peking, my daughter was born in during the first World War."
We ask the Countess what living conditions are like in a life of diplomatic wanderings, and how and when she learned to keep house.
"But I have always kept house," she answers. "We lost our mother when I was a young girl and after that I was responsible for my father's household. One learns a lot, and learns quickly, when one goes to a strange place. And of course, we mingled at once with other diplomats and got advice from them. Sometimes, it is true, the customs of a country cause minor troubles. For instance, I was a
small girl when we arrived in England but I remember that we did not under stand the English servants very eas ily on account of the sharp division in their work
In Serbia, it was something else again, 1 remember," the Countess to cook. My father was minister to Serbia - it was his first post as minister and we were especially anxious to do everything right. One of the things we had to do was to entertain all the visiting Belgians. Sometime just at the critical moment, the cook would leave; but we had to have the guests just the same. So we girls had to manage then to cook the meals."
"My daughter does almost all the cooking for us now," the Countess tells us, and she is getting more France she all the time. At home in cook and used often to watch the many littl, apparently, she learned We have a great many French and

Italian dishes - the French for my Italian dishes - the French for my
taste, perhaps, and the Italian for my husband's. American food is good very good, but there seems to me little monotony in the way you pre pare vegetables over here. "But we like American food," the Countess adds, tempering her criticism with courtesy. "We know it from before, you see. I have been here twice before, when my husband was teaching at Wesleyan Universit and we lived right there in Middletown, in a lovely house that had been decorated by an Italian. There were frescoes on the walls and ceilings and I loved it. We made good friends there, too, and so did the children.' The dishes which the Countess names for us as special favorites in clude a risotto with a flavorful meat sauce; spaghetti prepared with a delicious eggplant sauce; and that famous dish of Italy - minestrone We are glad to give the recipes.

Minestrone
Italian Bean Soup
1 cup dried beans
6 cups water
1 tablespoon minced onion
$1 / 2$ garlic clove, peeled and minced 1 teaspoon minced parsley
1 stalk celery, minced
$1 / 4$ cup olive oil
$1 / 2$ teaspoon salt
$1 / 4$ teaspoon pepper
1 cup canned tomatoes
1 cup chopped raw spinach 1 cup diced raw vegetable (one or two)
y cup cooked elbow macaroni $1 / 2 \mathrm{lb}$. bacon, cooked and diced Grated Parmesan-style cheese Soak beans overnight; drain. Add 6 cups water and simmer until tender, adding water to replace that which cooks away. Sauté onion, garlic, parsley and celery in olive oil until lightly browned. Add salt, pepper, tomatoes and spinach. Bring to a boil and add to beans with vege-
tables and macaroni. Simmer 30 min utes longer. Add crisp diced bacon. Serve with grated Parmesan-style cheese. Approximate yield: 6 portions.

## Eggplant Sauce

spaghetti or macaront) 1 No. 2 can ( $21 / 2$ cups) tomatoes 1 can tomato paste cups peeled, diced eggplant 1 small onion, minced green pepper, diced garlic cloves, peeled and halved tablespoon olive oil 1/2 teaspoon sugar
Salt and pepper
Combine all ingredients and mix well. Simmer $2-3$ hours or until sauce is thick, stirring occasionally. Remove garlic. Serve on spaghetti or macaroni with grated Parmesan-style cheese. Approximate yield: 6 portions.

## Risotto

Cook rice as usual in boiling water or meat broth and serve with the ollowing sauce and grated Parmesanstyle cheese.
Sauce:
1 garlic clove

## No. 2 can

teaspoons celery salt
1 teaspoon sugar
1 teaspoon cinnamon
4 teaspoon cloves
1 teaspoon ginger
large onion, chopped
Dash cayenne
cup beef stock or canned bouillon 1 tablespoon butter
$11 / 2$ tablespoons flour
1 cup chopped chicken livers (cooked or canned) 1 cup canned button mushrooms Peel garlic clove and mash in arge saucepan. Add tomatoes, celery alt, sugar, spices, onion and cayenne. Simmer 30 minutes. Add beef stock or bouillon. In another saucepan melt he butter and blend in the flour Add chicken livers and mushrooms. Add to tomato mixture and simmer 15 minutes. Serve with cooked rice or spaghetti and pienty of grated Parme-san-style cheese. Approximate yield 6 portions.



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NCE you see how fast and easy it makes
washday - you'll join the millions who pre fer new High-Test OXYDOL to all less modern soaps! For it actually soaks out dirt in 10 minutes!
No scrubbing, no boiling-a good douse, rinse and you're through. Even "extra-dirty" spots come clean with a few quick rubs-you needn't even touch a washboard!
Fortified by a new, "miracle" soap ingredient,
High-Test Oxydol and High-Test Oxy dol also has bell pre (1) Gets white clo
(1) Gets white clothes as much as 9 to 1 , soaps. (2) Cup for cup, gives up to 3 times the suds of these other soaps. (3) Yet it so SAFE
that washable colors and fabrics stay sparkling
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the washer runs, give speedy double-action wash. High-Test Oxydol can save money, too-goes so much farther than less economical soaps, is can cut laundry soap bills as much as $1 / 4$ !
$\qquad$ ry new High-Test OXY', thrilled by its fast
washing! See if you aren't ubite, SAFE wa
ter $\&$ Gamble.



The Commonest Man in the Worid (From page nine)

Here he is. His name is not Johnson. It is Carl Sandburg. He has written a million words about Abraham Lincoln. He is the author of Abraham Lincoln: The Prairie Years, of Abraham Lincoln: The War Years, of Good Morning, America, of The People, Yes, of Rootabaga Stories.
Carl Sandburg won the Pulitzer Prize for his recently published Abraham Lincoln: The War Years," of which Robert E. Sher tion and this human race may well
salute and thank Carl Sandburg for the magnitude of his contribution to our common heritage." Mentioned more and more frequently as the next winner of the Nobel Prize for Literature, Sandburg was last spring awarded the honorary degree of Doctor of Letters by both Harvard and Yale, one of the few men in history so only only member of either academic procession who did not wear a cap and gerg suit, baggy at the knees.

## THE LAST LAUGFI

## Continued from page thirteen

Joan. Trotter's jibes were hard to
take, and Brent was now strangely take,
silent.

Just before they landed Brent spoke "You've had your fun, Trotter I'm asking you to keep quiet when we land. I want to get this stuff packed and shipped without a lot of curious natives bothering me. Understand? Right?
"Sure! I won't rub it in.
Dave Carter, who owned the boat, secured a number of small, wooden boxes for them, and Brent satisfied the man's curiosity by telling him they had found some pretty rocks on the island.
"No need o' goin' out on ol' Clo'se pin for them. I kin show you "Can you show me about a hundred feet of strong rope and a truck?" interrupted Brent genially
'Sho' can. I got me a boat trailer and a flivver, if that'll do. She's old but she still pulls like musta'd plastah!" "Fi
"Fine!" said Brent. "Give you five dollars to haul this stuff to the sta tion."
Joan and Brent hastily filled the boxes while Carter went after the rope and the trailer. Brent had just finished
nailing down the last of the lids when nailing down the last of the lids when the native returned. The two men roped the boxes carefully, and half an hour later they were in the express office.
he thought you were crazy". he thought you were crazy," com-
mented Trotter as they walked back to the boat for their luggage "Did you tell him you were paying express on a lot of rocks?"
" $\mathrm{H}_{\mathrm{E}}$ was rather surprised, I think," Brent said slowly. "You see, it was the handled, Trotter
"Valuable?" said Trotter. He tried to laugh, but the sound was forced and harshly unnatural. "That's that's - a joke!'
"It's a joke, all right," nodded Brent. "But you don't get the point. Not yet.
chemist by profession. We pick all sorts of odd information in our business.
"Well-back in the middle of the eighteenth century, I remember reading, some enterprising Spaniards made
quite a good thing of counterfeiting doubloons and passing them on the Dutch traders. I believe several of these Spaniards were caught and hanged for their crime. It's rather an interesting story; look it up sometime when you are in the mood, won't you?
"So last night I tried a smear of egg yolk on the base metal. It did not turn black in the presence of sulphur, as silver would have done. It seemed like a fairly hard metal, and the piece you tossed into the fire did not discolor in the slightest degree, nor show any sign of melting, despite tremendous heat.
"The evidence is pretty clear, Mr. Trotter: those coins are some of those counterfeits I had read about. That's why I was so very anxious to bring
them along." them along."
"I don't get it," Trotter said uneasily. "They're still counterfeit, aren't they? And they're certainly not gold?
"Correct on both counts, Mr. Trotter. They are counterfeit, and they aren't gold. And - $"$ he slipped an arm around Joan, and held her very was nearly valueless in the middle of the eighteenth century, mider which eighteenth century, but about which for Mr Trotter, the a great which was almost worthless then is the 'little silver' of the old Spaniards: the 'little silver' of the old Spaniards
platinum!"' platinum!"
Joan thought for an instant she was going to faint.
Trotter staggered back, leaning his bulk against a convenient tree. "You-
're lying! You're just bluffing - trying to get back that thousand dollar - you - you -" "Think so? Wait and see!" Brent put both arms around Joan. "It's true, honey, every word of it!" he rich. How does it feel?"
Joan glanced at Mr. Trotter. He was staring out to sea, toward the barely-visible speck which was Boot jack Island. He was paying no atten tion to Joan and Brent.
" 'How does it feel?' "' she repeated, Strangely enough she was thinking more how it felt to be there in Brent's arms than of the fortune they had found together. "Oh, grand, Brent Grand!"


Tender, better-tasting pie crust so easy now with New Criscoit's different

What stacks up with the family like cherry pie - when the under crust's tender and the top crust's flaky-and everybody beams and crust tastes!"
Feel this rosy glow of success Sure-Mix your very next pie with
Crisco. It's different rom other shortenings as hundreds of women from Coast to Coast

Crisco pies win by 4 to 1
These wormen were using other shortenings (every type vou can
think of) when independent investiators called and asked them to try New Crisco and compare. Here's how the test came out ... when

## CRISCO CAKES

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$15 \%$ higher and lighter (depending on ty pe of cake) than cakes made of any
liked best, the vote was 4 to 1 for Crisco over all other shortenings combined! In describing the difference in their pies, they said: "Crisco "They were tasted better!" And just as enthusiastically women chose Crisco for cakes and
frying, too ... said they got lighter smoother-textured. more delicious cakes and crisp, better-
tasting fried foods. tasting fried foods. ery makes New Crisco act differently from any home shortening Crisnow of. Try what a difference see can make in all your cooking.

TRY CRISCO-FRIED FOODS. THEY'RE DIGEST/BLE!


Doctors Say: In answer to a ques Doctors say. doctors by a leadink
tion sent to dion, 2 out of 3 doc medical publication, 2 our of dific at
tors who replied called spection
to

## STAR AND STRIPES

 CHERRY PIE
## 3 cups pitted canned re $2 /$ cup red cherry juice

 12 cup sugar2 tablespoons
easpoon lequick-cooking tapioca teaspoon almond extract
Put cherries, juice, sugar, and tapi-
oca together in a saucepan. Bring oca together in a saucepan. Bring
slowly to a boil Remove from stover Add lemon juice or almond extract. Let cool while preparing-
PASTRY: 2 cups flour $3 / \mathrm{cup}$ Crisco salt spoons water Nift flour and salt together. Cut in
Crisco. When texture looks mealy stir in water. using as little as possi-
ble. Roll out lower crust and line ble. Roll out lower crust and line
pie plate: let hang over edge about pie plate: let hang over edge about
i, inch. Fill with cherry mixture. Use remaining pastry for top crust,
either plain or in flag design. For either plain or in flag desikn. For
tlag design: Cut star out of rectangie
of pastry: place pastry in center of of pastry; place pastry in center of
pie. Arrange narrow parallel strips of pastry across ple: moisten under-
side of rectangle where it overlaps side of rectangle where it overlaps
strips. Fold lower crust pastry over
ends of strips and flute edge. Bake in ends of strips and fute edge. Bake in
a quick oven (425

NEW "SURE-MIX" CRISCO all-begetable smorteming





This picture, considered the best study ever made of Edison, graphically Mortroyys his intense pewer of concentrotion,
Park lobocotory, Greentied $V$ Villoge, in 1929.


In 1929, in a downpour of rain, public and official leaders turned out
masse to pay homage to Edison at Dearborn, Mich. Left to right: Ford en masse to pay homage to Edison ot Dearborn, Mich. Left to right: Ford,
ex-President Hoover, Edison, with Mrs. Hoover sheltering him from the
Hes. (2) Shosardioon

Tom Edison of 14, when a news butcher on Detroit-Port Huron train. In the baggage car he edited, published and sold the Herald, his own newspaper. His elders called Furat Moving Pictione Studio.e.



"Torch from Rio." In the Spanish manner of song and dance Carmen Miranda attains a tempo that leaves little to be desired. As
she appears here in a film soon issuing from Hollywood, the Portugalshe appears here in a film soon issuing from Heilywood, the Portugal
born miss from Rio de Janeiro promises some interesting numbers.

OODDOCTOR OPTOMETRIST Formerly with Chas. Schwartz ANNOUNCES
the opening of his office
816 15th St.
$\underset{\substack{816 \\ \text { National } \\ \text { 15th } \\ \text { St. } \\ \text { N.W }}}{ }$

WASHINGTON OF THE FUTURE. In this diorama of the central area of the National Capital is depicted not only the present city, but the proposed extension into several sections
of further Government developments. At the extreme left are the proposed outlines of the new Navy Department as it will appear some day overlookina the Potomac River. Between the building and the river bank is seen the basin for exhibition of historic fighting ships of the past. To the right of the Navy Department rise the proposed outlines of the new War Deparrment, first unit of which is under construction. In the center ore seen the olready erected Federal Triangle between Pennsylvania and Constitution avenues N..; South of the Mall are seen not only the huae Department of Agriculture, Bureau of Engraving and Printing, Central Heating Plant, Census Bureau and new defense agency buildings, but also other proposed structures for future expansion. At the extreme right, or the end of East Capitol Street, are the curved roof of the National Guar Armor, how under construction, theater seats for 40,000 . New public and semi-public buildings of the future line East Capitol street westward to the Capitol, with office buildings restricted to Lincoln Square and Stonton Square cross axes. The diorama was prepared by the office of exhibits of the Interior Department

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fresh new arrival that bids fair to being 1 1 the best seller on our floors. It is, invalues we have ever offered. Graceful 18th Century Styling-beautifully proportioned pieces in rich mahogany. The curved front with striking reeding effect Exceptionally well made by one of America's foremost furniture Additional matching pieces ar similar savings.

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finer drug or department store. Or at Yardley, 620 Fifth Avenue. New York. Yardley English Lavender is priced from $\mathbf{\$ 1}$ to $\mathbf{\$ 8 . 2 5}$. Yew York. Yardley Eng
Yardley English Lavender Soap, 35c the tablet. Box of three, \$1.
We continue to receive our shipments from England despite We continue to receive our shipments from England despite
uar-time conditions.

## Yadlly wam...........



CHARGE
ACCOUNTS AVAILABLE
the sunday star, wasilington,. D. C.-gralure section-febriary 9, 1941



Looking backward on high school days now are these February graduates of George Washington High School, Alexandria, Va.



## DO THIS

TO SPEED RELIEF FROM PAINS OF

 Chose Your own
Lorgest sover frection of Wor
LOth (10)
ereerless 819 7th St. N.W. 4 (1)
He (s) $\left\|\|_{1}\right.$

The bridegroom's face is fomilior! On second glonce
it's Leon Goosel Goslin, basking under the Miomi' Beach
polms with his bride on his polms with his bride on his
honeymoon. No Woshington baseball fon has forgotten "The Goose" 0 os one of the
gome's specialists in hits when they meant money. A. p. Photo.

| SHAH \& SHAH IIITIL <br> SIID <br> - Tore 'Going on!' |
| :---: |
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Thousands find directions pictured above relieve both pains and sore throat accompanying colds.

## COLDS <br> FOLLOW THREE STEPS BELOW USING FAST-ACTING BAYER ASPIRIN




#  

 WASIIINGTON, D. C., SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 9.19 .11 EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS'] CO TMG JIGT BLOCKED




BURDENED AS HE WAS, TARZAN'S WAS A LOSING RACE AGAINST THE TIDE OF HAVOC


THESE GREDY PEOPLE WERE LADEN WITH POSSESSIONS THE WOULD NOT ABANDONEVEN IN THIS CRITICAL HOUR.


PRESENTY THE FARTH SHOOK AGAIN. A MAMMOTH CHASM OPENED LP, ALMOSTAT TARZAN'S FEET.


HOGARTH-
THE TREE QUIVERED GROANED---AND BEGAN TO FALL'

'LQOKS LIKE MISS PEABODY SENT herself another valentine."



## TO MY

-alentine

"HERE'S A CUTE VALENTINE : PLEASE REMIT 22.50 WITHIN 5. DAYS OR ELSE!"


"HOW LOVELY, DEAR - AFTER I'VE EATEN THE ĆANDIES IT'LL MAKE
A DIVINE HAT."

"DID YOU HAVE TO SAY: THANK YOU FOR THE VALENTINE - RIGHT IN FRONT OF THE FELLERS, YOU DOPE d


I ADVISE A SIRLOIN STEAK, I'LL SPONGE HIM
FRIED POTATOES, GRAVY, SALAD OFF WITH SPONGฺE FRIED POTATOES, GRAVY, SALAD OFF WITH SPONGE


## THE NEBBS

## Tough Sledding

By SOL HESS



* BUD FISHER



Maw Green



$\triangle$ YEAR PASSED HAPPILY FOR THE DARNAYS. CHARLES OPENED A SMALL PRIVATE SCHOOL FOR BOYS, WHICH PROVED A SUCCESS........ THEN CAME A DAY WHEN LUCE HELD $\triangle$ GOLDEN-HAIRED LITTLE LUCIE TO HER BREAST.


## 

## OU BELIEV



## GENERAL U.S.GRINT <br> WAS ONCE DEFEATED <br> BY $A$ BISHOP



On NOVEMBER 7,1861, $\triangle$ FEDERAL FORCE LED BY GENERAL GRANT WAS REPULSED IN $\triangle N$ ATTACK ON BEL MONT, MISSOURI, BY A BODY OF CONFEDERATES COMMANDED BY GENERAL LEONIDAS POLK, BISHOP OF LOUISIANA. ... THE FIGHTING BISHOP" WAS KILLED AT THE BATTLE OF KENESAW MOUNTAIN IN 1864 .........

TOONERVILLE FOLKS


## mas Mile SMOKES me rumet





Creamy Hot Nestles mone 110 stams



Follow "BO" Every Week Day In The Evening Star


The Spirit
PAGE 2


CT ROMKY MEAOMMATERS...
THIS YOGI AHKAN HAS TOLD MY WIFE THAT SHE HAS DISPLEASED THE GOD SARDU AND HIS DHONEY RELISION...SO, IN ORDER TO APPEASE HIM, SHE MUST PAY TRIBUTE.... 1000 GOLD DOLLARS A MONTH...


.UNLESS MRS GILOTREE PAY
TRIRUTE... BARDU SAV SHE MUST DIE !.


PAGE 3
The $S_{\text {Ririt }}$


I'M TIED HAND AND



PAGE 5


NO. NO...NOW NY!. HOW
LISSEN, PAL...
DON'T..I GOT
YOUR YOCE
CHANGED. $\%$ GOOD EVENING... AM YOGI
WHO ARE ANDA...I HAVE you? HEARD MMCH OF YOUR
 HERE...AND I'LL THE OCCIDENT. CUT'CHA IN TRULY YOU ARE
ON IT! AN EVILDOER IN ON IT: AN EVILDOER IN
THESIGHTOF BARDU.
AND FOR THATT YOU


The Spirit


45 THEY LEAVE, 4 KNIFE
GLEAMS WICKERLY IN AHKANS EIST.



PAGE 6
 ERISHTENED SOIDTEE ENOOUNTER EACH OTHER IN THE GLOOM.

OOF !! HEY II


PAGE 7
The Spirit


The Spirit


PAGE 8



THEL LURE OF POSSIBLE ADVENTLIRE SENDS THE INDOMITABLE LADY LUCN WINGING ACROSS
THE PACIFIC TO MANILA.


PAGE 10




PAGE II


| ANO FROM HER CLOAK BRINGS |
| :--- |
| A SIGNAL PISTOL INTO PLAY.. |



Lady Luck
PAGE 12


## BACK AT THE BARRACKS ...

POOR 2 HA! HA! HA! YOU MR.PAYNE! SEE, IF HE REHELOOKED FUSEDHER SO MISERABLE! THE CHIEF



DOWN ON EARTH THE POWER-MAD CHIUS WAITS AMTINTLYFOR THEROCKETS RTURN.THO HOLRS LITTERA SOLDERYELSOUT.



Mr. Mystic


PAGE 14


## LOCKEO

 INA COMPLETELY EQUIPPED WORKROOM. THE TWO MENPOOL MENPOOLTHEIR BRILLIANT MINDS IN THE PLANNING OF $A$ SUPER SUPER
ROCKET SHIP...

> HOUR UPON HOUR THEY LABOR STOPPING ONLYY FORFOOXANO SLEEP. GRADUALLY THE SHIP TAKES SHAPE...


PAGE 15
SUODENLY THE PICTURES COLORS MELT ANO RUN INTO EACH OTHER.



CALML ITFLOATS
ETAM ONA CHAR...


Mr. Mystic
PAGE 16


RUSHING TO IT MR. MYSTIC AND THE BOY PULL OPEN THE HATCH...



[^0]:    The construction is all Honduras mahogany with natural swirl figure on the fronts. Table tops and sideboard have banded edges, giving smoth tailored effect as.
    sociated only with the finer cabinet work. The finish is hand padded, hand rubed sociated only with the finer cabinet work. The finish is hand padded, hand rubbed
    and hand waxed. Drawer pulls are custom made, duplicating fine old English $\mathbf{8 8 7 5}$
    brasses. 10 pieces. Regularly $\$ 475$
    American Hepplewhite with graceful serpentine front sideboard; double pedestal dining table; china cabinet with plenty of storage space; practical server and
    typical Hepplewhte shield back chairs. 10 pieces. Regularly $\$ 365$. Regency Group of deep, rich red Amazon mahogany construction. Black decoRegency Group of deep, rich red Amazon mahogany construction. Black deco-
    rations with gold-finished hardware. 10 pieces include two master armchairs and
    four side chairs. Regularly $\$ 895$ Sheraton Group-select Honduras mahogany, inlaid with satinwood-all given the Old World finish, which has the lovely patina of the antique. 10 pieces. \$821
    Regularly 8815 Colonial Hepplewhite Group; \&enuine Honduras mahogany construction; dou-
    ble pedestal dining table, china cabinet, server and sideboard, with gracefully curved fronts. 10 pieces. Regularly \$385 ...........................................
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    ished in the modern-natural color. 7 pieces. Regularly $\$ 225$.-----------

[^1]:    THESE METHODS SUIT HIM-Harry Jeffra, recognized as wor
    featherweight champion by the New York and Maryland Ath

[^2]:    

[^3]:    (This offer void in any state or subdivision thereof if taxed, restricted or prohibited by tuw.)

