

THE LARGEST CIRCULATION OF ANY RADIO MAGAZINE

Radio Stars

APRIL
10
CENTS



*Earl
1937*

Countess
Olga Albani

Why
Paul Whiteman's
Fourth **MARRIAGE**
is a success

www.americanradiohistory.com

WHO'D EVER THINK YOU COULD USE THESE LOVELY DISHES IN THE OVEN

... but you can!

YES, you can actually bake in the oven with these pretty buttercup yellow table dishes. Bowls, platters, serving dishes . . . every single piece of OvenServe, even to the cups, saucers and plates, is built to stand full oven heat. That's something new in table dishes. There's never been anything like them before.

You can, for instance, bake a meat loaf on its serving platter, delight the family with a juicy fruit pie baked in the pie plate, or individual custards made in the custard cups, or any one of a hundred other things. And all of them come direct to the table from the oven. Think of the fussing around that saves in serving . . . and how it cuts down on the dishwashing!

You'll notice, too, the clever design and sizes of the various pieces . . . handy for parking left-overs in the refrigerator.

Expensive? Not a bit of it! A fraction of the cost of the kitchen ovenwares you know about. And Oven-Serve dishes are not kitchen ware, but table dishes! Buy them by the piece. And fill in as you wish.

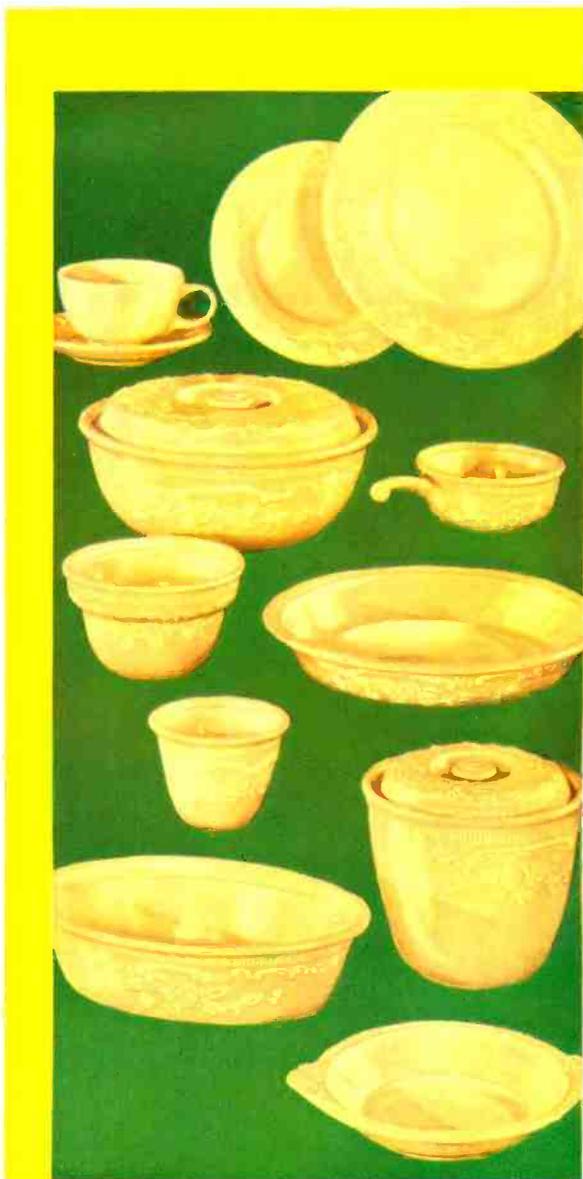
FISH FILLETS BAKED ON OVENSERVE FISH PLATTER

- 1 pound fish fillets (any kind)
- 2 tbsps. flour
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1/8 tsp. pepper
- 1/4 cup water
- 1/2 cup evaporated milk

Wash and dry fillets. Place fillets on well-greased OvenServe Fish Platter and dust with flour, salt and pepper. Combine water with milk and pour over fillets. Bake in hot oven (400° F.) 20-25 minutes, or until fish is tender. Then lift dish from oven to table.

OVENSERVE

Sold at Kresge
5 and 10c Stores
and other
5c-10c and \$1
Stores



"TERRIBLE!" —SAY THE BOOKS OF ETIQUETTE
"EXCELLENT!" —SAYS DENTAL AUTHORITY



IT ISN'T BEING DONE, BUT IT'S *One Way* TO PREVENT "PINK TOOTH BRUSH"

OF course it's terrible to the dictators of etiquette and the arbiters of polite society. "Why," you can hear them chorus, "such a performance would make any girl a social outlaw."

But it certainly isn't terrible to

the modern dentist — *to your own dentist.*

"Excellent," would be his emphatic retort. "If you and every one of my patients chewed as vigorously, I'd hear a lot less about 'pink tooth brush.' And if we moderns all ate more coarse, hard foods, a big group of modern dental ills would practically disappear."

Dental testimony is unanimous! Modern gums need more work for health — vigorous workouts with coarse, raw foods. Our modern soft and well-cooked foods are to blame for the wide spread of that tell-tale dental warning, "pink tooth brush."

**DON'T IGNORE
 "PINK TOOTH BRUSH"**

"Pink tooth brush" is a first warning. But neglected — it often proves to be the first downward step towards such serious gum disorders as gingivitis, Vincent's disease and pyorrhea.

Play safe — rouse your gums to health with Ipana and massage. Clean your teeth

regularly with Ipana — and each time rub a little extra Ipana into your gums. Ipana with the massage speeds circulation through the gum tissues — and helps them back to healthy firmness. And healthy gums mean whiter teeth and a brighter smile.

WHY WAIT FOR THE TRIAL TUBE?

Send the coupon below, if you like, to bring you a trial tube of Ipana. But a trial tube can be, at best, only an introduction. Why not buy the full-size tube today and begin to get Ipana's definite advantages *now* — a month of scientific dental care . . . 100 brushings . . . brighter teeth and healthier gums.



**IPANA
 TOOTH PASTE**

BRISTOL-MYERS CO. (Dept. 6-41)
 73 West Street, New York, N. Y.

Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a 5¢ stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.

Name _____
 Street _____
 City _____ State _____

I was half sick all the time



• I am a practical nurse and for the benefit of others I am writing this. It's no fun taking care of others when you're half sick all the time from constipation. Everything I took for it either griped or left me completely tired out. One of my doctors suggested I try FEEN-A-MINT. I consider it the ideal laxative—I don't have to worry about upset stomach and distress any more. FEEN-A-MINT certainly gives the system a marvelous and comfortable clearing out. It's so easy and pleasant to take that it's wonderful for children and saves struggling with them when they need a laxative.

Chewing gives greater relief

We have hundreds of letters telling of the relief FEEN-A-MINT has given people. It works more thoroughly and more comfortably because you chew it and that spreads the laxative more evenly through the system, giving a more complete cleansing. People who object to violent laxatives that cause cramps and binding find FEEN-A-MINT an ideal solution of their problem. Over 15,000,000 men and women can testify to the satisfaction FEEN-A-MINT gives. And it's so easy to take, with its refreshing mint flavor. Try it next time, 15 and 25¢ at all drug stores.

**CHEW YOUR LAXATIVE...
BY CHEWING, THE
LAXATIVE IS SPREAD MORE
EVENLY THROUGH THE
SYSTEM SO THAT IT
WORKS MORE COMPLETE-
LY. THAT IS WHY FEEN-
A-MINT GIVES MORE
COMPLETE AND
PLEASANT RELIEF.**



**CHEW YOUR
LAXATIVE
FOR EASIER RELIEF**

Feen-a-mint
The Chewing-Gum LAXATIVE

RADIO STARS

CURTIS MITCHELL, EDITOR

ABRIE LAMARQUE, ART EDITOR

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HEADS UP, FILM FANS!

... for M-G-M's greatest film festival o'er land and sea!

Now all the heaven's a stage for Uncle Sam's fighting, flying men. You'll thrill as never before when you see the famed "Hi-Hats" wing into action! You'll grin as you watch the West Pointers getting a P G course in courage and daring! And you'll weep with the girls they leave behind as they soar into the skies to keep a date with the angels!

It took six months, thousands of men, \$50,000,000 worth of equipment to make this exciting saga of the sky devils. You'll never forget it!

Wallace Beery

in

WEST POINT of the AIR

with

ROBERT YOUNG
LEWIS STONE
MAUREEN O'SULLIVAN
JAMES GLEASON

A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture



The two old-timers who sat around...and wore out their brains!



The three mosquitoes of Randolph Field
... whose cradle was a cockpit!



The girl who loved as they lived...dangerously!





...thanks to
BROMO-SELTZER
 and its FIVE
 medicinal ingredients

No reason for headaches ever to interfere—not with Bromo-Seltzer at hand. You drink it—either fizzing or after the fizz stops. Headache goes before you know it. You're steadied; relaxed. If your alkaline reserve is low, Bromo-Seltzer quickly builds it up. You feel fresher and more alert. Contains no narcotics, Eucalypt Drug Co., Baltimore, Md., and Bromo-Seltzer, Ltd., Toronto, Canada.

Time in WJZ Blue Network every Friday night. 8:30 P. M.—10:00 P. M.—9:30 A. M.—10:30 P. M.

"A few minutes ago, I could have screamed... My nerves always seem to go to pieces when my head aches. Give me Bromo-Seltzer every time for a headache like that."



Freddy Martin relies on his pianist, Terry Shand, to tell him the truth.



Lawrence Tibbett's wife sits in the control room and acts as his critic.

YOU GOTTA TRUST SOMEBODY

BY CECIL STURGES

THE streets of broadcast town are covered with apple sauce! Applesauce, soup, the old oil—take your choice! They all mean the same thing—praise passed out by people who don't mean a word they say.

"Stick your head in any door—and you'll hear it being served. "I heard your broadcast Mr. Allen and you were *well-and-good!*"

Wherever they go, there it bubbles. The same old song everywhere. Some of it is honest but which part and how much? You can't tell. The stars, all of them, have learned to smile and pay no attention.

But these air performers are human—they must trust someone. They have to have at least one person of whom to ask: "How did I do? Tell me the truth."

Phil Baker was so disturbed by the absence of sincerity, that he came home one night and said to his wife: "From now on—no soap. Don't spare my feelings. I can take it. If I can't, it's about time I learned to'll take anything but 'Evy. I want the truth. Tell me how I did and tell it to me as if I were a stranger."

Ever since, Phil has been getting what he asked for. It's been painful at times, but it's helped him and his program.

It was Mrs. Baker who told him to

play up Beetle more because it was apparent to her that Beetle was a great favorite with the youngsters.

It was her own idea, supported by conversations she had with the grocer, the butcher, and other radio listeners. She told him to lay low on Beetle, because people get tired of character comedy. As proof there was the rise and fall of Jack Pearl.

During the broadcast Mrs. Phil who by the way is an English lass with stage experience, sits in the control room. In that room you hear the broadcast about four times as loudly as in your radio receiver—and a slip sounds four times as bad.

Phil Baker's revolt against hooey, his demand for honest criticism, has its counterpart in the story of almost every important radio performer. Lawrence Tibbett will listen to only one critic—his wife. She, too, sits in the control room. Before her a scratchpad on which she scribbles comments. She sends them to her husband by a page boy.

Between the control room and the studio the partition is glass. She sees him receive the note. If he approves, he carries out the suggestion. If not, he looks at her and strikes his head. But, he her criticism harsh or friendly, he rushes out when the broadcast is over and embraces the critic.

Another (Continued on page 105)

Sh-h! BILL HAD A RIGHT TO BE CROSS!



(After the party)

MABEL: I think you're awfully mean to be so critical! I feel just as badly about it as you do!

BILL: You haven't any business being so careless—do you think I can afford to buy you a new dress every day?



(Next day)

MABEL: Isn't it a shame! My new dress is all stained under the arm and Bill is furious.

BETTY: I don't blame him, Sis! You certainly ought to know by now that *whatever else you use*, you still need Kleinert's Dress Shields to feel absolutely safe!



(In the store)

CLERK: Like all Kleinert's Dress Shields—these are guaranteed to protect your dress not only from perspiration but from friction and chemical cosmetics, too.



(That evening)

MABEL: Bill, I'm really sorry I was so careless last night. I bought some Kleinert's Dress Shields today so I can promise you it'll never happen again.

BILL: That's the girl! Maybe I can dig up enough for a new dress now that I'm sure you'll get your money's worth out of it!



Whatever else you may do about the perspiration problem, you still need Kleinert's Dress Shields. They have no "in-between" days—they are *always* on the job protecting your dresses from friction and perspiration chemicals as well as from the moisture itself. You can buy genuine Kleinert's protection for as little as 25c a pair, or indulge yourself a bit more for Kleinert's Blue Label Shields which are specially treated to make them BOILABLE.



● When perfect comfort is essential—Kleinert's NUVO Sanitary Belts. Can't curl... Washable... Some are pinless... From 25c to \$1.00 each... All Nation Counters.

Kleinert's

T.M. REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

DRESS SHIELDS



*"Better than sticky
Hand Lotions"*

SAY THESE FAMOUS WOMEN



MRS. ELY CULBERTSON says: "Sticky hand lotions are impossible for bridge players. I use Pacquin's all the time because I don't have to wait for it to dry."



MRS. FRANK BUCK says: "Tropical countries are dreadfully hard on the hands. Mine would be leathery if I didn't use Pacquin's. It's so quick and sure."



MRS. JOHN HELD, JR., says: "Naturally, I want my hands attractive. It's wonderful how white and smooth Pacquin's keeps busy hands."

WOMEN with lots to do find that Pacquin's saves them time and keeps their hands lovelier. There's no more waiting for a sticky hand lotion to dry—Pacquin's Hand Cream goes right into your skin, without leaving any greasy or sticky film—you can put your gloves on the next minute if you want. And Pacquin's gives you such smooth and soft hands—*younger looking, more appealing.*

Pacquin's
Hand Cream



"All I want is life!"
says Frank Luther.

TO HELL WITH HAPPINESS

BY OGDEN
MAYER

WHAT do you want out of life? What do you want five years, ten years from now? Travel? Romance? Independence? A rest egg? Sum it up in one word: happiness.

Almost all of us are searching for happiness. In moments of bitterness, in hours of deep privation and loss, when it seems as if life has hit us below the belt, the one thing that sustains us is the hope that some day we may find happiness again.

I know of only one man on Radio Row who isn't looking for happiness. Who wouldn't know what to do with it if you gave it to him on a silver platter. Frank Luther. You've heard him singing with the Men About Town, you've heard him on the Hillbilly Heart-throbs program, and you've heard him on the air in the unique program called Your Lover.

He's been called the busiest tenor in radio, and I daresay he is, for the day isn't long enough to consume all his energy, just as life isn't long enough for all the things he wants to do.

Never have I met anyone with such a superabundance of energy and vitality. He crowds about twenty hours of living into a day, and bitterly grudges the fact that he must

waste a few hours each night in sleep.

He said to me: "I'm not contented."

I'm not happy. I'm not searching for happiness. All I want is life. I want to live as mindfully as possible.

Any other man, if he had faced what Frank Luther once faced, would probably have put a knife to his throat and ended his misery. Frank Luther rose to a place on the ladder of success, saw his happiest dreams fulfilled, and then, when a golden future loomed before him, was dashed into a black, bottomless pit of despair.

This is how it happened: In 1927, after years of hardship and painful struggle, Frank had got a job singing with the Revelers. It was the climax of all his dreams, of his years of poverty and struggle, trying to support his mother and three sisters. Now at last, success! Hundreds and hundreds of dollars a week.

Then the Revelers went to Europe, and took London by storm. Frank, proud, cocky, happy, a simple boy from a cattle ranch in Kansas was singing before the Prince of Wales, Dukes and duchesses and noblemen vied with each other to entertain the Revelers. Europe went mad about them.

Still (Continued on page 106)

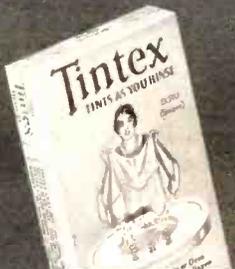


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The World's Largest Selling
TINTS and DYES



If you would be blooming when the Easter lilies bud, take your beauty inventory now!

BY MARY BIDDLE

The Lane sisters, Rosemary (left) and Priscilla (right) whose beauty is the talk of Radio Row.

KEEP YOUNG AND Beautiful

HEY! "NATURALS!" Rosemary and Priscilla Lane! And that strikes a pretty high note in the beauty scale as a compliment. You've heard them sing with Fred Waring and his Pennsylvanians, so although you may not have been eye-conscious of them except now and then through a photograph in *RADIO STARS*, you certainly have been ear-conscious of them.

It is always fun to meet the people behind the voices behind the mike, and naturally I am always eager to meet feminine voice-charmers to see if their beauty is skin-deep as well as micro-phone-deep. I had a chat with Rosemary and Priscilla at the Fred Waring studios in the Music Hall Building in New York. Rosemary is the dark-haired sister, and Priscilla the blonde, but both have eyes as deep blue as larkspur. Rosemary is the older, but even she isn't old enough to vote. However, they're both old enough to know their own minds about life in general and common-sense beauty in particular. And their ideas seem to be as much in harmony as their voices.

Sometimes I think the youngsters who manage to crash Hollywood in their teens are unfortunate in one way; they get self-conscious about their faces. Radio stars have greater opportunity for being natural. The microphone is always there to make them voice-conscious, but there are no camera and glaring lights to make them conscious of every bit of make-up, every lock of hair, and every facial expression.

Both Rosemary and Priscilla are wearing teeth straightening braces. It takes a lot of courage and grit to have

one's teeth straightened after the growing-up stage has passed, and I think the Lane sisters are tremendously plucky. They are having it done because teeth are so important photographically; under ordinary circumstances it wouldn't have been necessary, as their teeth were in need of such very slight correction. I suspect them of having designs on Hollywood, as their big sister, Lola Lane, is a screen star.

If you don't intend to crash the Hollywood gates, or be a television star, remember it is more important that your teeth be clean and white and healthy than that they be photographically straight. Teeth are not supposed to be perfectly matched pearls, so if yours are not unpleasantly crooked, don't worry about them, for braces take a long time. If they are so crooked as to distort the shape of your mouth, and you're still young enough—the younger the better—then I should spare neither pain nor expense to have them straightened by a reliable dentist. And choose and use a toothpaste that is cleansing and yet free from grit, all you who would have white and sparkling teeth.

Rosemary and Priscilla both said, when we began talking about make-up, that they cordially detest eyebrows plucked to a scanty line or an unnatural shape. They think that fairly heavy decisive brows are beauty assets. Train your eyebrows with a brush rather than with tweezers, except for those few untidy hairs that have to be taken out by the roots. Neat but natural, that sums up the eyebrow situation for the Lane. (Continued on page 80)

Kilocycle Quiz

WHO'S Who and What's What in the RADIO field? Test your I.Q. on the following. To be good you should answer them all in about five minutes.

1. Who directs the orchestra on the program, The Pause That Refreshes, each Friday evening?
2. What two stars have their own orchestras and are also favorite pianists on commercial programs?
3. Who is radio's newest singing comedienne?
4. Is Jessica Dragonette married?
5. Who is the orchestra leader on the program featuring Ruth Etting?
6. Otto Harbach is the author of what program?
7. What musical instrument is missing in Hal Kemp's band?
8. Who is the star on the National Amateur broadcast each Sunday evening?
9. What other talent has 12-year-old Mary Small besides singing?
10. Who is the only woman announcer on the air?
11. In what state was Conrad Theban's born?
12. Who is the oldest woman Radio Star on the air?
13. What is Follie Cantor's real name?
14. What orchestra leader composes one new musical number for his show each Saturday evening?
15. Who are The Honeycombers broadcasting each Tuesday morning?
16. How many children does Morton Downey have?
17. What colored quartet has been added recently to the program featuring Bing Crosby on Tuesday evenings?
18. How many studios at Radio City?
19. What program was awarded Radio Stars' Award for Distinguished Service to Radio last month?
20. Who is the star known as a "little bit of old-fashioned sweetness" on the Carefree Carnival broadcast on Monday afternoons?

(Answers on page 75)

"Careless little bride!"

SAID TATTLE-TALE GRAY

It had been the first big party in her own new home—she had been so thrilled—but suddenly she saw a guest evening her reflection—and that critical glance ruined her evening.

Why did her elixirs have that *tattle-tale gray*? She always worked hard over her washes—but why must she seem so careless?

Then next day she found the answer.



The thing that robs your clothes of their nice fresh whiteness, a friend told the bride, is left-over dirt—and there's one sure way to get out ALL the dirt.



That way is to use Fels-Naptha—for it's made of *golden soap* that's richer—and there's *lots of dirt-loosening napha* right in it. You can smell the naphtha.



Another nice thing this bride learned about Fels-Naptha—it's *perfectly safe* for daintiest things. And kind to hands—there's soothing glycerine in every bar.



Now Alice is married a year—her lines still look as fresh and snowy as **ALL THE DIRT**—even the grimmest, ground-in kind. Fels-Naptha now sells at the lowest price in almost twenty years. Get a few bars at your grocer's today.

Just try it! Give Fels-Naptha Soap a chance at your own wash. You'll get the sweetest, sunniest clothes that ever bobbed on a line.

Water, too—because they're clean clear through! "Trick" soaps and cheap

soaps skim over dirt—they leave specks behind. But Fels-Naptha gets **ALL THE DIRT**—even the grimmest, ground-in kind.

Fels-Naptha now sells at the lowest price in almost twenty years. Get a few bars at your grocer's today.



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**BANISH "TATTLE-TALE GRAY"
WITH FELS-NAPHTHA SOAP!**



Orchestra leader
Victor Kolar.



B. A. Rolfe,
another director.



Bill Bacher and
Nat Shilkret.



Freddy Martin
shuns the baton.

BOARD OF REVIEW

- "TOWN HALL TONIGHT" WITH FRED ALLEN AND LENNIE HAYTON'S ORCHESTRA (NBC)
- FORD SUNDAY EVENING HOUR—DETROIT SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA (CBS)
- PALMOLIVE BEAUTY BOX THEATRE WITH GLADYS SWARTHOUT, JOHN BARCLAY AND NAT SHILKRET'S ORCHESTRA (NBC)
- METROPOLITAN OPERA (NBC)
- GENERAL MOTORS SYMPHONY CONCERT (NBC)
- THE JELLO PROGRAM WITH JACK BENNY (NBC)
- FLEISCHMANN VARIETY HOUR WITH RUDY VALLEE AND GUESTS (NBC)
- PAUL WHITEMAN'S MUSIC HALL (NBC)
- THE MARCH OF TIME (CBS)
- FORD PROGRAM WITH FRED WARING AND HIS PENNSYLVANIANS (CBS)
- CHASE AND SANBORN OPERA (LULU) (NBC)
- AMERICAN ALBUM OF FAMILIAR MUSIC WITH FRANK MUNS, VIRGINIA BIA AND GUS HAENSCHEN'S ORCHESTRA (NBC)
- MILENY STINGS WITH COUNTLESS ALBANI AND CHARLES PREVIN'S ORCHESTRA (NBC)
- CLE HEADLINERS WITH WILL ROGERS (CBS)
- STUDDEAKER CHAMPIONS WITH RICHARD HIMMEL'S ORCHESTRA (NBC)
- A. & P. CYRILS WITH HARRY HORLICK'S ORCHESTRA (NBC)
- THE ARMOUR PROGRAM WITH PHIL BAKER (NBC)
- ONE MAN'S FAMILY DRAMATIC PROGRAM (NBC)
- CITIES SERVICE WITH JESSICA DRAGONETTE (NBC)
- LAWRENCE TIBBETT WITH WILFRED HELLIER'S ORCHESTRA AND JOHN B. KENNEDY (NBC)
- SWIFT PROGRAM WITH SIGMUND HINDERS and WILLIAM LYON PHELPS (NBC)
- ALEXANDER WOOLLCOTT, THE TOWN Crier, ROBERT ARMSTRUTER'S ORCHESTRA (CBS)
- LUX RADIO THEATRE WITH GUEST ARTISTS (NBC)
- THE CAMEL CAMEVAN WITH WALTER O'NEEL, ANNETTE HAN-

THE LEADERS

Here are the hit shows of the month as voted upon by our Board of Review. The programs in the box are listed in the order of their rank; the others are grouped in four, three and two stars' rank.

1. ••••• Town Hall Tonight (NBC)
 2. ••••• Ford Sunday Evening Hour (CBS)
 3. ••••• The Palmolive Beauty Box Theatre (NBC)
 - Metropolitan Opera (NBC)
 4. ••••• General Motors Concert (NBC)
 5. ••••• The Jello Program (NBC)
- Excellent
•••• Good
•••• Fair
•••• Poor
* Not Recommended

- HEATRICE WELLS, COMEDienne WITH FEE LORAIN'S ORCHESTRA (NBC)
- MAXWELL HOUSE SHOW BOAT (NBC)
- "LAVENDER AND OLD LACE" WITH FRANK MUNS, HAZEL GLENN AND HAENSCHEN'S ORCHESTRA (CBS)
- RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL CONCERT WITH ERNO RAPEE (NBC)
- KING CROSBY WITH THE MILLS BROTHERS (CBS)
- CHESTERFIELD PRESENTS ANDRE KOSTELANET (CBS)
- CAPEFEE CARNIVAL (NBC)
- KATE SMITH'S NEW HUDSON SERIES (CBS)
- MELODIA WITH ABE LYMAN'S ORCHESTRA, VIVIANE SEGAL AND OLIVER SMITH (CBS)
- LADY ESTHER PROGRAM WITH WAYNE KING AND ORCHESTRA (CBS)
- CALIFORNIA MELODIES WITH RAYMOND PATIG'S ORCHESTRA, GUEST STARS (CBS)
- SENTINEL'S SIRENAD WITH JOSEF KOSTELNER'S ORCHESTRA AND ANITA (NBC)
- THE BREAKFAST CLUB, DANCE ORCHESTRA AND "THE MERRY WACS" (NBC)
- MANHATTAN MERRY GO ROUND WITH RACHEL DE CARLAY AND SANDY AND ABE LYMAN'S ORCHESTRA (NBC)
- CONTENTED PROGRAM WITH GENE ANGLU, THE LULLABY LADY, MORGAN EASMAN'S ORCHESTRA (NBC)
- PHILIP MORRIS PROGRAM WITH ELO REISMAN'S ORCHESTRA AND PHIL DUEY (NBC)
- JACKIE HELLER, TENOR (NBC)
- LOMBARDO LAND WITH GUY LOMBARDO'S ORCHESTRA (NBC)
- RINGS AND DRUMS, DRAMATIC SKETCH (NBC)
- THE SINGING LADY (NBC)
- EDWIN C. HILL (CBS)
- EXLAX PROGRAM WITH LUD GLUSKIN AND HLOCK AND SULLY (CBS)
- THE ROXY REVUE WITH "ROXY AND HIS GANG" (CBS)
- END CRIME CLUES (NBC)

- SHOW: GLEN GRAY'S EASA LODA ORCHESTRA AND IED HUSING (CBS)
 - GRACE MOORE WITH HARRY JACKSON'S ORCHESTRA (NBC)
 - COCA COLA PRESENTS FRANK BLACK WITH ORCHESTRA AND VOCAL ENSEMBLE (NBC)
- | | | | |
|---|---|--|---|
| <p>Curly Mitchell
RADIO STARS Magazine, Chairman
Alton Cook
New York World Telegram & Sun, N. Y. C.
S. A. Coleman
Waltham Record, Waltham, Mass.
Norman Siegel
Cleveland Press, Cleveland, O.
Andrew W. Smith
News & Art-Ristic Organization, Chicago</p> <p>Leta Rider
Houston Chronicle, Houston, Texas</p> | <p>Si Steinhilber
Pittsburgh Press, Pittsburgh, Pa.
Leo Miller
Birmingham Herald, Birmingham, Ala.
Charlotte Geer
Newark Evening News, Newark, N. J.
Richard G. Maffeo
Florida Times-Opinion, Jacksonville, Fla.
Don Thompson
Louisville Times, Louisville, Ky.</p> | <p>R. B. Westergaard
Register & Tribune, Des Moines, Ia.
C. L. Kern
Indianapolis Star, Indianapolis, Ind.
Larry Walters
Chicago Tribune, Chicago, Ill.
James E. Chian
Evening and Sunday Star, Wash- ington, D. C.
M. Dean Fitzer
Kansas City Star, Kansas City, Mo.</p> | <p>Vivian M. Gardner
Waxman News, Milwaukee, Wis.
Joe Hoefner
Buffalo Evening News, Buffalo, N. Y.
John G. Yeager
Cincinnati Enquirer, Cincinnati, O.
Oscar M. Fernbach
San Francisco Examiner and San Francisco, Cal.
Jack Barnes
Union-Tribune, San Diego, Cal.</p> |
|---|---|--|---|



Two of the 46,000,000

- CLIMALENE CARNIVAL (NBC)
- RCA RADIOTRON COMPANY'S "RADIO CITY PARTY" (NBC)
- THE POSTAL PROGRAM (NBC)
- KANSAS CITY RHYTHM SYMPHONY (NBC)
- PEGGY'S DOCTOR (NBC)
- BEN BERNIE AND HIS ORCHESTRA (NBC)
- LANNY ROSS AND HIS LOG CABIN ORCHESTRA (NBC)
- WARDEN LEWIS F. LAWE'S 20,000 YEARS IN SING SING (NBC)
- PLANTATION ECHOES WITH MILDRED BAILEY AND WILLARD ROBISON'S ORCHESTRA (NBC)
- THE GIBSON FAMILY (NBC)
- SONS YOU LOVE WITH ROSE BAMP-TON AND SAI SHILNRET AND HIS ORCHESTRA (NBC)
- ISHAM JONES AND HIS ORCHESTRA WITH GUEST STARS AND MIXED CHIEFS (CBS)
- MAJOR BOWEN'S CAPITOL FAMILY (NBC)
- HARRY RESER AND HIS SPEARMINT CREW WITH RAY HEATHERTON AND PEG LAFFTRA (NBC)
- THE ARMCO IRON MASTER—FRANK SIMON'S BAND (NBC)
- THE WOOLY STAMP CLUB WITH TIM HEALY (NBC)
- RED DAVIS WITH BURGESS MERIDITH (NBC)
- CAMPANA'S FIRST NIGHTER WITH JANE MEREDITH AND DON AMICHE (NBC)
- INTIMATE REVUE WITH JANE FRO-MAN, JAMES MELTON, AL GOODMAN (NBC)
- COLUMBIA DRAMATIC GUILD (CBS)
- LAUGH CLINIC WITH DOCTORS PRATT AND SHERMAN (CBS)
- THE ADVENTURES OF GRACIE WITH BURNS AND ALLEN (CBS)
- HAMMERSTEIN'S MUSIC HALL OF THE AIR (CBS)
- NATIONAL AMATEUR NIGHT WITH RAY PERKINS (CBS)
- CLUB ROMANCE WITH CONRAD THIL-BAULT, LOIS BENNETT AND DON VOORHEE'S BAND (CBS)
- ROADWAYS OF ROMANCE WITH JERRY COGGER, ROGART KINNA AND FRED-DIE RICH'S ORCHESTRA (CBS)
- MORTON DOWNEY (NBC)
- DREAMS COME TRUE WITH BARRY MCKINLEY AND RAY SINATRA'S BAND (NBC)
- DOND BREAD SHOW WITH FRANK CRUMIT AND JULIA SANDERSON (CBS)
- TITO GUIZARD'S SERENADE (CBS)
- EVERETT MARSHALL'S BROADWAY VARIETIES WITH ELIZABETH LEN-NOS AND VICTOR ARDEN'S ORCHE-S-TRA (CBS)
- VISITING WITH IDA BAILEY ALLEN (CBS)
- LITTLE MISS BAR-O'S SURPRISE PARTY WITH MARY SMALL AND GUESTS (NBC)
- THE FITCH PROGRAM WITH WENDELL HALL (NBC)
- CHARLEY'S CHILDREN, DRAMATIC SKETCH (NBC)
- LOWELL THOMAS, COMMENTATOR (NBC)
- YEAST POEMERS WITH JAN GARBER'S SUPPER CLUB AND DOROTHY PAGE (NBC)
- SINCLAIR GREATER MINSTRELS (NBC)
- PRINCESS PAT PLAYERS, DRAMA WITH HELEN HARRIS, ALICE HILL, PEGGY, DAVIS AND ARTHUR JACOB-SON (NBC)
- HOUT-HOLD MUSICAL MEMORIES WITH HUGAR A. CLIST, JACK MOCK, CHARLES SEARS AND JOSEF KOST-NER'S BAND (NBC)
- VIC AND SADD COMEDY SKETCH (NBC)
- DREAM HIGH FOR WELCH DRAMAT-IC SKETCH (NBC)
- FRANCES LEE BARTON, COOKING (NBC)
- DEATH VALLEY DAYS, DRAMATIC PROGRAM (NBC)
- "HOUSE BY THE SIDE OF THE ROAD" WITH TONY WONG (NBC)
- THE JERGENS PROGRAM WITH WAL-TR WINHELL (NBC)
- LITTLE KNOWN ABOUT WELL KNOWN PEOPLE WITH DALE CAR-NIGH (NBC)
- CLARA LU'N'EM (NBC)
- SMILING ED McCONNELL (CBS)
- DOAKIE CARER (NBC)
- BILLY BATCHELOR (NBC)
- ONE NIGHT STAND WITH PICK AND PAT (NBC)
- GRAND HOTEL WITH ANNE SEYMOUR AND DON AMICHE (NBC)
- ED WYNN, THE FIRE CHIEF (NBC)
- MADAME SYLVIA HOLLYWOOD (NBC)
- NATIONAL BURN DANCE (NBC)
- PAT KENNEDY WITH ARI KASSEL AND HIS KASSELS IN THE AIR OR-CH-ESTRA (NBC)
- LAZY DAN, THE MINSTREL MAN (CBS)
- OPEN HOUSE WITH VERA VAK, DON-ALD NOVIS AND FREDDY MARTIN'S ORCHESTRA (CBS)
- DOCTORS DOLLARS AND DISEASE—EDWARD A. FILENE (CBS)
- "MYRT AND MARGIE" DRAMATIC SKETCH (CBS)
- FREDERIC WILLIAM WILE—THE PO-LITICAL SITUATION IN WASHINGTON TONIGHT (CBS)
- THE MAYBELLINE MUSICAL REVUE WITH DON MARIO (NBC)
- DANGEROUS PARADISE WITH FLISIE HITZ AND NICK DAWSON (NBC)
- DICK LEIBERT'S MUSICAL REVUE WITH ROBERT ARMSTRONG AND MARY COURTLAND (NBC)
- LET'S DANCE, THREE HOUR DANCE PROGRAM WITH KEL MURRAY, XAVIER CUGAT AND BENNY GOOD-MAN (NBC)



WHEN we tell you that 46 million people bought Ex-Lax last year we aren't just bragging. And we aren't talking about ourselves...but about you and a problem of yours!

Here's why it is important to you. Occasion-ally you need a laxative to relieve con-stitution. You want the best relief you can get...through, pleasant, painless.

And when 46 million people find that Ex-Lax is the best laxative they've ever used...well that's a pretty good sign. When 46 million people agree on a thing, there must be something about it that is different...and better.

Why America buys more Ex-Lax than any other laxative

Here are the reasons: People realize more and more how bad it is to bludge the system with harsh laxatives. Ex-Lax is as thorough as any laxative you can take, yet it is gentle. Unlike harsh laxatives, it won't cause stomach pains, it won't upset you, it won't leave you feeling weak afterwards. People realize that habit-forming laxatives are bad. And they have found that Ex-Lax doesn't form a habit—you don't have to keep on increasing the dose to get results. People hate nasty-tasting medicines. Ex-Lax is a pleasure to

take...for everybody likes the taste of delicious chocolate.

"That 'Certain Something'"

There's something else these millions of Ex-Lax users find in Ex-Lax. A 'certain something' beyond the facts just listed. It can't be described in words, or pictures. But it's there. It is the ideal combination of all these Ex-Lax qualities, combined in the excellent Ex-Lax way. Once you try Ex-Lax you'll understand. And nothing else will ever do.

Ex-Lax comes in 10¢ and 25¢ boxes—at any drug store. If you would like a free sample, mail the coupon.

COLD WAVE HERE...and we take on colds. Sneezing, sniffing, coughing, mucus-creating colds. To help keep your resistance up—KIEP RIGULAR...with Ex-Lax.

MAIL THIS COUPON—TODAY!

EX-LAX, INC., P.O. BOX 4
Times Plaza Station, Brooklyn, N.Y.

Please send free sample of Ex-Lax

Name _____

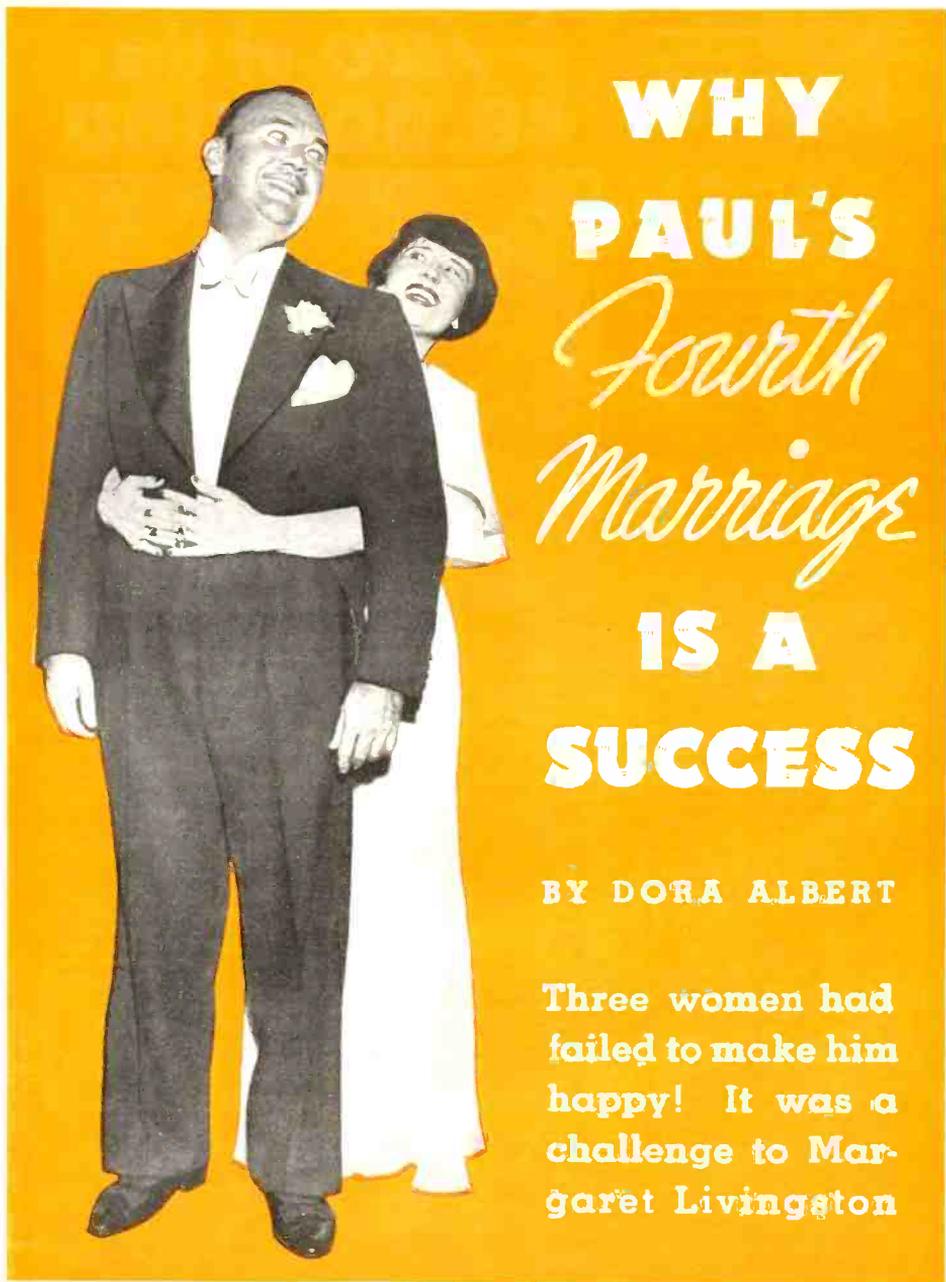
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When Nature forgets - remember

EX-LAX

THE CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

(Continued on page 65)



WHY
PAUL'S
Fourth
Marriage
IS A
SUCCESS

BY DORA ALBERT

Three women had failed to make him happy! It was a challenge to Margaret Livingston

OW would you feel if you fell in love with a man who had been married three times before he ever met you? Would you dare undertake the job of making that man happy—and in which three women had he failed?

That was the challenge that life handed Margaret Livingston when she fell in love with Paul Whiteman, Paul Whiteman, who had said when his third marriage collapsed: "I'm married to 'Luce' but I'll never marry again. I've got a tip on my private life."

And Margaret Livingston, what thoughts raced through her mind as she stood in front of her mirror trying on her exquisite satin bridal gown? Did she hesitate? Did she wonder what nails in Paul had caused the failure of those other marriages?

She wouldn't have been funny if she hadn't. She wouldn't have been the fine, intelligent woman she is if she hadn't said to herself: "The thing couldn't have been entirely *their* fault. . . . One marriage might have failed because the wife was almost entirely at fault. But not three marriages! Paul must have been partly to blame."

That first marriage of Paul's—to a little chorus girl when he was a boy of eighteen—he couldn't hold that against him. She knew only too well that at that age a boy often doesn't know his own mind, that he is easily swept away by his emotions. And she knew what had happened to wreck his second marriage to "Jimmy" Smith: The War had come along, and Paul had only had to find at the end of the War that the wife he came back to was almost like a stranger to him, that they no longer spoke the same language or thought the same thoughts or shared the same dreams.

FOR his third wife, Vanda, he, it, Whiteman had nothing but praise. "She's a wonderful girl," he told Margaret Livingston. "I'm sure if you met her, you two would like each other."

No bitterness there. Then, why in heaven's name, had that marriage failed? How could Margaret save her marriage from the same pitfalls?

She thought she knew the answer. Paul was right in saying that he had been married to a jazz band. He had been on the road for five years consecutively; he had lived in one hotel after another; and he never had had a home.

There was one thing that she, Margaret Livingston, must do. Little by little she must wean him from his habit. Not outroot, of course. That would be absurd. Not a man of Paul Whiteman's tremendous vitality would have been stretched without his work. But if she wanted to keep him, if she wanted their marriage to last, she must give him a home that was a place of peace and tranquility, that would be a beacon light beckoning to him no matter where he was.

And how was she to accomplish this? Well, the first thing to do was to give Paul a stake in his home.

In their home there would be the furniture Paul cared about, the armchairs he loved to loaf in, the tables he was crazy about—yes, even the kind of candlesticks he wanted.

Most women, on marrying a man as wealthy as Paul, would have insisted on throwing out all

his old furniture and buying sets of furniture that suited them. But not Margaret. She had had an apartment in Hollywood; Paul had had one in New York. Into the home in which they were to begin their life together she brought some of her favorite furniture, but more of Paul's. If he was wild about something, into their new home it went. She asked him about the colors for each room. When she bought linens she'd have three or four samples sent home so that she could ask Paul which he liked best. The same with silverware and dishes and antiques. And she listened to his preferences and followed them.

YOU might think a man like Paul Whiteman, with all the million things he had to worry about, would be annoyed by being bothered with such petty details. But Paul was immensely flattered. He became so interested in interior decoration that he began to observe things in other people's houses. Sometimes he would embarrass Margaret by walking over to some couch and feeling the material used to cover it. Never before had he noticed such things. When he returned home from some visit he would say: "Did you see those lovely dishes and that fine silver?" And his appreciation for the beautiful things in his own home mounted.

"A mistake many women make," Margaret Livingston told me, "is in selecting all their furniture and household things themselves. In this way they shove their husbands into the background until the poor men feel that they have no place in the homes their wives have furnished."

But problems arose, of course. There was, for instance, the valet who threw ashes all over the furniture.

"Darling, don't you think he's rather careless?" Margaret asked Paul.

"He suits me," said Paul. "He's been with me for five years."

"But he burns holes in our furniture."
"He's been like a mother to me! I can't fire him. And where would I get another valet who'd suit me? You know I can't bear to have most people come near me. Either they try to do too much, or they don't do enough!"

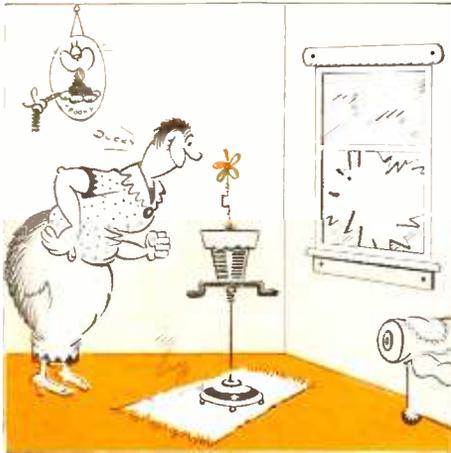
"Okay," said Margaret cheerfully. "I'll get a your valet till you get one that suits you."

So the man was fired. And Margaret promptly began to valet Paul. But, oh, what a job! She had to be up at seven o'clock every morning. There were dozens and dozens of suits to be laid out. Collar buttons to be fastened. Ties, ties, ties. And everything tossed helter-skelter about the place.

THEN one evening, when Paul Whiteman had a personal appearance to make at a theatre and had allowed himself only five minutes to dress, the catastrophe happened. Margaret laid out the wrong trousers. Dress trousers to go with his tuxedo! Paul Whiteman walked to the mirror, took one look, and started tearing the clothes off, and yelling blue murder!

At first Margaret was horrified. This was the first time she had seen Paul in a tantrum. What was she to do? How was she to stop this storm and keep their married life from becoming a succession of such scenes? Then she had an inspiration.

"Darling," she said in her most dulcet tones, "I never knew till now. (Continued on page 89)"



It fitted in perfectly with the decorations.

RADIO. IT'S T.N.T.



"I can't stand that radio any longer!"



Annie doesn't live here any more.

HAVE you a little radio in your home? I bet when you bought it you were thinking of those pictures where the family sits around holding hands, listening to the latest radio program and beaming, just beaming!

Radio's supposed to be the great peace maker. *Uh huh!* Some very great men have said that with radios in our homes we're all going to sing ring-around-the-rosy and play ducky-lucky. No more fights. No more quarrels because Mom wants to see Clark Gable make hot love and Pop wants to see Primo Carnera pound Max Baer to a pulp. Mom and Pop will both sit home. Mom will listen to Bing Crosby and Pop to the prize fights. Sweet bliss!

Radio's going to knit families closer together, making gadabout Amy stay at home every night. It's going to make the infants coo more sweetly and keep the younger generation from going on a binge. The thirsty flappers of yesterday are going to become Alice-sit-by-the-fire girls, smiling sweetly as they listen to choice symphony orchestras.

But—remember what happened the other night!

You were sitting in the parlor entertaining your very best boy friend. The lights were turned low. And you were holding hands. You'd just about got John to the point of popping the question when in Jack Brother Sammy (dear, dear Sammy!) and he turned on the lights and turned on the radio, to the hottest, jazziest band he could find,

The spell was broken! And was your face red, sister!

You didn't punch Sammy in the nose. Probably you wanted to in the worst way. But you also wanted your best bean to keep right on thinking you had the sweetest disposition in the world.

Not everyone has your restraint, sister! Radio has caused more wrecked homes, more broken hearts, more violent quarrels than you ever dreamed of.

Listen! On June 27th, 1930, Virginia Carson Floyd of Chi-

cago asked for a divorce from John Worden Edwood, then vice president of the National Broadcasting Company. Her grounds? *"I live in our household just one round of ban jokes after another!"*

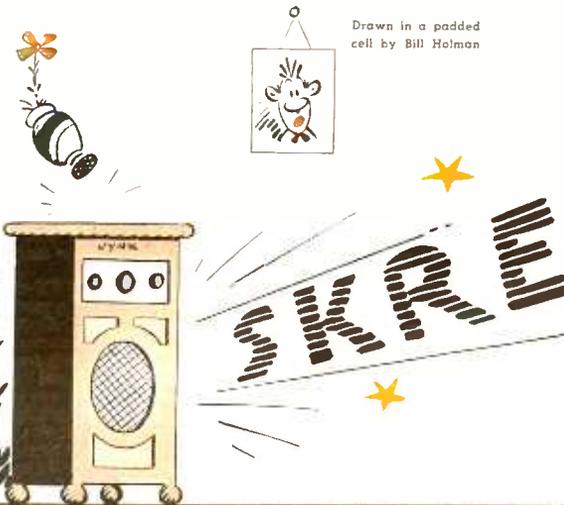
It seems her husband kept inviting to their home the comedians who performed on his broadcasting circuit, and they repeated their latest radio jokes. She found them not nearly so funny in her Park Avenue home as on the air. "Amos 'n' Andy were just plain boys to her," she said. "And my husband thought they were

funny!" she added plaintively, as if it were incredible!

Amos 'n' Andy weren't the only radio entertainers who bored her, she asserted. But they were the worst. On one occasion her English butler was so disgusted with their jokes that he threatened to leave.

She got her divorce.

Mrs. Marian Hahn, twenty-one, also of Chicago, had a sense of humor. The difficulty was that her husband had none. On March 2nd, 1934, she asked Judge Walter J. La Buy of the Circuit Court (Continued on page 87)



Drawn in a padded cell by Bill Holman

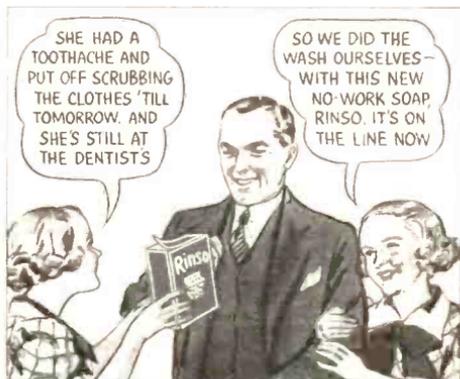
BY BLAND MULHOLLAND

If you doubt it, read these pages and ponder what may

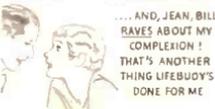
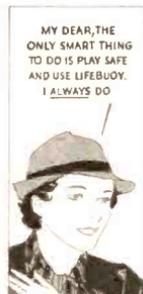
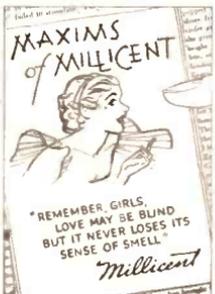


happen to innocent listener-inners and tuner-outers

THE TWINS HELP MOTHER GET WHITER WASHES



A DISCOVERY ABOUT LOVE



GENTLE purifying Lifebuoy makes complexions fairly glow with fresh, healthy beauty. Tests made on the skins of hundreds of women show Lifebuoy is more than 20% milder than many so-called "beauty soaps."

Yet it cleanses deeply, thoroughly. Deodorizes body pores, stops "B.O." (body odor). Even in the hardest water, Lifebuoy lathers freely. Its own fresh, clean scent vanishes as you rinse.

Approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau.



FOR DISTINGUISHED SERVICE TO RADIO

Surely you've heard an amateur hour! There have been a great many recently. Some have been good and some have been poor. But none has been as good as the ninety-minute stretch that Major Bows calls his amateur hour.

His station, WHN, is only a minor one in New York City, yet his amateur hour started this current coast-to-coast vogue for presenting the would-be's of the entertainment world. The story of how it came about is on page forty-three of this issue.

It takes a cool head and a generous heart to see other men borrowing your own idea and capitalizing on it. Major Bows has had that experience.

If you know the Major, who leads his famous Capital Family to the microphone each Sunday, then you already know that his head is cool and his heart generous. What you cannot know is that, although his amateur show on WHN set New York to talking as nothing else has in the

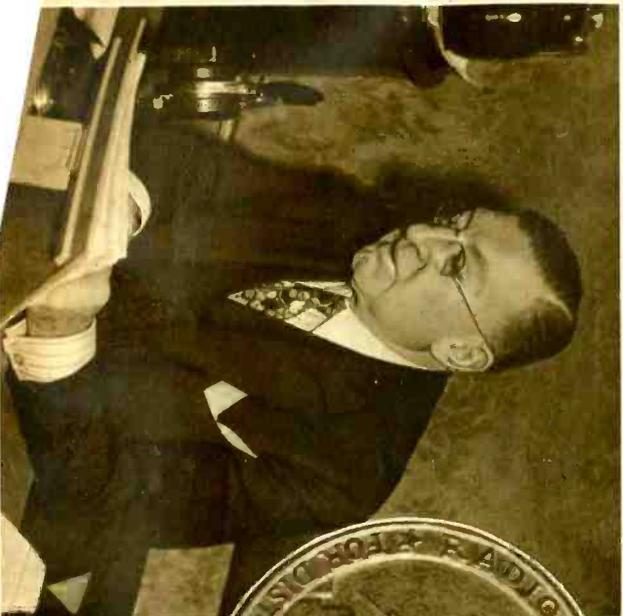
last five years, he himself will never get the credit he deserves.

We of RADIO STARS Magazine, who receive so many letters from folk who want to go on the air, and hear so many pleas for auditions, until recently have seen the hopelessness of attempting to break through the charmed inner circle of radio fame.

Today that is changed. Major Bows has changed it! It is he who has burst the seals on the doors that so long have been closed to beginners.

Because he has done that thing, and because for twelve useful years he has been an inspiring part of the broad-casts of the Capital Family, we give him this month's Award for Distinguished Service to Radio.

Earl Mitchell



Major Edward Bows, who was the first to give beginners their "big chance" in radio.



Eddie Cantor not only distinguished himself last fall as one of the favorite entertainers of the world's most outstanding dictator, but now he's written a book. It was done in collaboration with David Freedman, and it is called "Ziegfeld, the Great Glorifier."

Lawson

JESTER TO MUSSOLINI

BEWILDERED OFFSPRING



Is there anyone who doesn't know this famous twin, Claudia of "One Man's Family?" In real life she is Kathleen Wilson of the well-known theatrical family. Her stage training began when she was a mere child and portraying page-boys in Shakespearean plays.



MISSOURI GIRL

An understudy yesterday, a leading lady of Sigmund Romberg's show today! When a prominent prima donna suddenly became ill, Helen Marshall was on the spot to take her place. In this fairy fashion Lady Luck chose to make this little blue-eyed girl from Joplin a star. Previous to this Helen was a script girl.

VIVA TITO !

Out of old, romantic Mexico came Tito Guizar determined to win fame with his songs. His parents had other ideas. It took several years of sending him to medical school to convince them that it would be much wiser to give in. When they finally did, success was only a step away for this tenor, who has been serenading via the air since '29.



**BLUE BOOK
BELLE**

The lovely lady who brings the world to her feet every Monday and Tuesday evening with her thrilling soprano. Even Society's exclusive Four Hundred claim Gladys Swarthout as their very own favorite songstress of the airwaves.

Smooth Hands light the flame of LOVE!



1
Accident



2
Discovery



3
Capture



4
Rapture

Are your hands a thrill? They should be! It's not the chapped rough little hands of this world that men want to hold!

So many girls say that Hinds Honey and Almond Cream *does more* for their hands. This is why: Hinds is richer. It is a luscious cream in liquid form. Hinds is penetrating—as you smooth it in, it soaks the skin with soothing healing balms. Hinds Honey and Almond Cream works deeply—that's why dry, rough or chapped hands quickly become smooth!

Every time your hands feel dry and drawn, rub in a little Hinds. It supplies the skin with beautifying oils to replace skin-oils stolen by soap suds, March winds, housework. And always Hinds at night—to keep your hands thrillingly smooth. Economical! Big 25¢ and 50¢ sizes in drug stores, 10¢ size at dime store.

© Lehn & Fink, Inc., 1935

Hinds
Honey and
Almond Cream



4 YEARS OF Love

BY JOHN SKINNER

"That is the man I am going to marry!" Grace Moore said, the first time she saw Senor Parera

(Left) Grace Moore and husband, Valentin Parera. (Above) From her movie, "One Night of Love." (Below) The star of stage, opera and screen now odds radio to her many successes.

GRACE MOORE felt that she was falling in love! And she was annoyed at the tall, grave Latin who had stooped to pick up the deck quoit she had dropped. She knew he had been watching her ever since she had boarded the ship the day before. . . .

Opera star and actress, she knew, too, how perfect was the setting for romance. The decks of the liner *Ille de France* swayed slightly under her feet as the great ship thrust through the Atlantic toward Europe. A Spring sea wind billowed her sports dress about her, tumbled gold wisps of hair about her forehead.

At that moment, could she have looked into the future, she would have seen Grace Moore, the triumphant star of "One Night of Love" . . . Grace Moore singing love songs, with convincing fervor, on Tuesday night network broadcasts . . . Grace Moore about to embark on "Four Years of Love."

She would not have seen the Grace who had had the courage to change her mind—to say "No" to at least three wealthy lovers whom she had promised to marry! Close to thirty, close to the pinnacle of achievement and freedom for which she had fought, she was falling in love on an ocean trip like a sentimental schoolgirl!

It was May, 1931. Twenty-four hours before, ascending the gangplank at New York, she had seen, for the first time, the man who now stood before her. And with great conviction she had turned to her secretary and said: "That is the man I am going to marry!"

The secretary, knowing Grace Moore, the woman who had renounced more than one suitor on appointed wedding days, chuckled. And Grace, herself, had been surprised at her own words.

But now, as she looked deep into the eyes of the man who held out the quoit to her, she felt a tremor in her breast.

"Thank you," she said quietly.

The man flashed a smile, brilliant white against the deep tan of his skin, bowed, and swung away.

At dinner that evening, she found herself being seated at the Captain's table. Opposite her sat the charming stranger. She knew from the glance he flashed at her that he must have arranged it.

"Miss Moore," Captain Blancart said, "permit me to present Señor Valentin Parera. He has just

returned from Hollywood, where he has been making Spanish versions of American films. He is going back to his Spain, where the people acclaim him as the Ronald Colman of the country."

"When Valentino was alive," Parera replied lightly in French, "I used to be called the Valentino of Spain. When John Gilbert was a screen hero, I was the Gilbert of my country! You, Captain, should spend your time speaking of a woman with as great an individual identity as Madame Moore!"

It was a very gay meal. Grace could speak only English and French. Valentin could speak only Spanish and French. They conversed in French. They joked in French. But under her gayety Grace felt troubled. She knew that she really had meant what she had said to her secretary! She wanted this man. Nothing else mattered!

After dinner Valentin took Grace's arm and led her out on deck. For a long time they stood by the rail, silently watching the moon up the never-ending waves with white gold, watching it make silver froth of the ship's wake.

He spoke to her softly in French. His voice trembled.

"I thought my life had been deep and impassioned," Grace mused, when he fell silent. "Now it seems as light and fleeting as the foam back there."

Valentin sang his song of love. Grace listened, enraptured. At last, reluctantly, they parted, lost in a cloud of moonlight unreality.

When Grace awoke hours later, the air in her stateroom was oppressive. She slipped on a negligee and went to the port, swinging it open. The moon had sunk and the sea was dark. Only an indefinite pulsing from the ship's engines and the whispering lap of the waves told her she was really on a vessel bound for France.

The spell of the moonlight and Valentin's arms had gone. The keen sea air cut into her consciousness, made her bitterly aware of past loves. Why had she let herself indulge in those brief affairs? Valentin was a Spaniard. Latins were jealous—unreasonable often. . . . He might not understand! Why hadn't she waited for him, instead of lightly making and breaking (Continued on page 12)



(Left) Morton Downey, tamer and husband of the temperamental Barbara Bennett. (Above) The charming lady herself with their baby.

(Above) The hat is no joke for young Downey is a full fledged yachtsman. (Right) The famous singing star never yet has been caught with a frown.

THE TAMING OF

BY DORA ALBERT

BARBARA BENNETT

What amazing power did Morton Downey wield that made this stormy girl surrender?

THE WILD, WILD BENNETTS they have been called—those three glamorous daughters of Richard Bennett—Constance, Joan and Barbara.

Of them all, Barbara, the wife of Morton Downey, is quite the most domesticated. When Morton announced to the press that he wanted twelve children, including a pair of twins, Barbara beamed and said, "I guess if Morton wants them I can handle them."

Today they live the simple life of suburbanites in their home in Greenwich, Connecticut. Of nothing is Barbara prouder than of her three children, a son, a baby daughter, and an adopted son, Michael. "Don't you miss your career?" a reporter once asked Barbara. "Good heavens, no," she said shocked. "I have a much better career now. I'm a *hausfrau*."

Imagine such a statement coming from a daughter of those two exciting and temperamental people, Richard Bennett and Adrienne Morrison! No wonder that they call Barbara "the tame Bennett."

It wasn't always thus. Once when she was sixteen and the world was fair and gay and young and Barbara was slowly coming alive, she was a thing of tempest and fire and passion. No man could tame the fiery spirit that flamed in her dark eyes and expressed itself in the faun-like grace of her dancing figure. No man till Morton Downey came along.

Her own father tried and failed. Maurice, a dancer famous in two continents, tried and went down to ignominious defeat. All his life he was to hate this girl he tried to tame and rule and who in the end made a laughing stock

of him along the Riviera, in Paris and the Great White Lane of Broadway.

But before I tell you more about Barbara, let's take a look at Morton Downey, who was to tame the proud, fierce spirit of this girl, who was to woo her and win her and convince her that there was more happiness in bringing up a family than there was in dancing before the Crowned Heads of Europe.

Well fitted for the rôle of taming Barbara was young Morton, himself as gay and carefree a young Irish lad as ever drove a poor family crazy. Morton's parents didn't know what to do with the boy. Why couldn't he keep out of mischief, his father thundered at him. Wasn't it enough trouble to provide the bread for six mouths without having to worry continually about the scrapes into which Morton was constantly getting?

Right at the start of his career Morton was kicked out of school in Wallingford, Connecticut, for turning in a fake fire alarm.

As chipper as though nothing had happened, he set about looking for work. Any kind of work. And found it. He did everything from clerking in a neat market to selling insurance. But in each job that he tried he failed. Always he was in trouble; always in hot water.

All this young Morton's family forgave. But when he got a job driving a truck for a furniture store, they begged him to be careful. "Can't you for once in your life hold down a job for a few months without getting fired?" his father begged him.

"I'll try," he promised, really meaning it at the time.

But his mind was on other things. One day he had a brass bed to deliver and he carelessly neglected to tie it down firmly. When he turned the truck around, there was a sudden crash, and the brass bed tumbled down. By the time he delivered it there were more dents in it than there is rice in China, and Morton was fired.

This time his father was really furious. "Didn't I warn you to be careful?" he roared. "Here you had a really swell job—and at eighteen dollars a week. You'll probably never in your life make as much money as that again. If you don't watch out, you'll wind up selling penny whistles from door to door."

While the Downeys were prophesying that young Morton would come to no good end, Richard Bennett was going crazy trying to tame young Barbara. For when he and his wife separated, Constance went to live with her mother and Barbara with her father. After a short time Richard Bennett confessed that Barbara was too much for him, and back she landed with her mother. He had threatened to spank her when she came home late, and Barbara had appealed to a policeman for protection. Although the case was promptly dismissed, Richard had had enough.

When she was seventeen, Maurice, a world-famous dancer, discovered Barbara and promised to train her. Such beauty and grace as hers he had not seen in a long time, in fact since Leonora Hughes, whom he loved, had deserted him to marry the young Argentine millionaire, Carlos Bassauldo. Bitterly he had wept at her wedding and vowed to himself that he would show the world that

it was he who was the great dancer and not Leonora. He would take a young, untramed girl and make of her a reed that would bend to his will, a dancer whose fame would crown his fame with greater glory. Barbara was the girl he chose.

Together, carefully chaperoned, they went to Paris, where gowns were especially created for her, where she was told what to do and what not to do, what hours to save for dancing, what hours to spend at the opera, which nights to spend at the theatre.

Against these orders she strenuously rebelled. What did this man in his middle forties know of life and of youth? How dare he order her, a Bennett, around?

Paris went to her head like wine. All around her were laughter and fun, and she would have her share of it, and as her companion, whom do you suppose she chose? Louis Bassauldo, brother of that same Bassauldo who had stolen Leonora Hughes from Maurice!

THAT to Maurice was the crowning insult. "Of all the people in the world why do you have to have your name linked with his?" he stormed. In the gay capitals of the Old World people were laughing and jeering at him.

For a moment Barbara softened. She cared nothing for Bassauldo; he was simply a grand person to dance with. So she promised to give him up.

No longer were they seen together at smart cafes. Maurice was triumphant. So he thought. They opened at the Lido. They fulfilled an (Continued on page 64)

THE OBJECT OF HIS AFFECTION

"Don't Go Till I Come Back!" Frank Parker Urged. And Dorothy Waited

BY ADELE
WHITELY FLETCHER

HE BARGED into the reception room of the broadcasting studios. His hat pulled down over one eye at quite an angle. And the gay foulard tie he wore with his light flannel suit was perfect both as to design and the way in which it was tied.

In his hurry he nearly collided with a militant-looking female who seemed inclined to give him a large piece of her mind. Until he bowed and smiled, whereupon she smiled, too. The way other women have before Frank Parker's charm. And the way other women will.

"Studio C, where is it?" His fingers drummed on the polished surface of the Information Desk. "What direction?"

The receptionist behind that desk was very pretty. Small but roundly made. Light brown hair. She looked up. "Third door to your..."

She got no farther. "Dorothy!" Frank's voice was astonished, exuberant. Everyone waiting in the reception-room looked up with indulgent smiles.

For the best part of a second the girl's eyes were puzzled. Then she stood up and offered both her small, soft hands.

"Frank Parker! Of all people!" she said.

"Where have you come from? What are you doing here?"

He explained that he was working there and would continue to work there as long as Jack Benny broadcast from Chicago. He also explained that he was late for a rehearsal, which had been called for fifteen minutes before. But he showed no inclination to hurry!

"You're the radio Frank Parker?" she asked.

Frank nodded. And grinned.

"That's ridiculous," Dorothy told him.

"Here you are practically my favorite radio star and I didn't know I knew you!"

"You wouldn't fool me?" he challenged her.

But he didn't sound as free and easy as he had meant to sound. There was a little concern in his voice.

She began to laugh. And Frank began to laugh. Those who sat waiting there tried to pull their eyes away from Frank and Dorothy but they never quite succeeded in doing this. There was something so warming, so exciting about the quick emotion which had sprung up between these two, even as they had called each other's names. They were unconscious of observers.

A polo enthusiast, Frank exercises one of his favorite mounts. This Arabian pony, "Traveler," was a Christmas gift.

About ten minutes later a call boy came from Studio C.

"Know Frank Parker when you see him?" he asked Dorothy, interrupting the conversation finally, in desperation. "They're waiting for him inside for a torch number."

"He's doing his torch number right now," Dorothy told the boy. Her eyes teased Frank. Then her lids dropped as if, in pride, she would hide the extent of her happiness from him.

Frank started toward Studio C. Then he turned around and came back again. "Look," he said. "Don't go! *Huh?* Until I come back!"

He came back in no time at all, rushing out during a minute's pause in the rehearsal, to urge once again that Dorothy wait for him.

Curious, that meeting that day in Chicago those two should have felt such an immediate attraction for each other; that they should have had so much to say; that they should have shared delight in a dozen silly little jokes; that, at the mere sight of each other, excitement should have shaken in their voices and happiness have trembled. (Continued on page 99)



Frank Parker, popular and romantic tenor, enjoys a luncheon with a couple of friends.



And now he sings as he never sang before, because there is someone who is waiting for his song.



When he is serious his lips make a firm line.

SHOOTING THE WORKS WITH OUR CAMERAMAN



In case you haven't guessed it, this is Conrad Thibault. He's putting over a song in his lusty baritone, for "The Gibson Family," which is on every Saturday evening.

Boake Carter, commentator, before a broadcast.

The charming Julia Sanderson as she sings into the mike each Sunday.

Yes, you know it is Will Rogers. There's not another in the world just like him.

Jimmie Melton, not broadcasting, but singing for his teacher.

Lanny Ross turns from the mike to get those unusual vocal effects.

Screams, when needed in radio drama, are Florence Baker's specialty.

Lawrence Tibbett running over an aria at the Metropolitan Opera rehearsal.

Madge Marley sings with Martin's orchestra on "Open House."

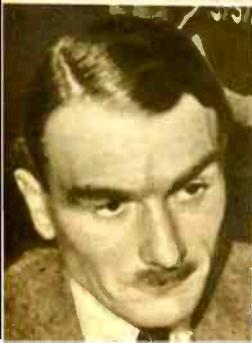
Wide World



Billy Halop (Bobby Benson) off to Bermuda with his sister, Florence (the Polly of his program).



Aimee Deloro, in the middle of a high note! She is a regular member of "Roxy's Gang."



SHOOTING THE WORKS WITH OUR CAMERAMAN



Wide World

Dave Rubinoff serenades the wild waves at the Roney Plaza Cabana Sun Club on his unique folding violin.



Wide World

Sitting in the Miami sun encourages Composer Erno Rapee to think up new warm tunes for his admiring listeners. Rapee is also at the Roney Plaza.



Little Jackie Heller, the sixty-one inch tenor, sings praises of a dog food. Entertaining visitors, like the above is also part of his job.



Wide World

When Jerry Cooper isn't baritoneing over the air you can find him at home in this corner resting and catching up on current reading.



Everyman's poet—Eddie Guest of the Household Hour of Musical Memories. By the way, he's studying music, so may do arrangements.



We never suspected that ork leader, Al Goodman, went in for fan fare. But this photo proves it, as you see. And he's enjoying it!

It's only put on, but it's why Aae McAlister of "The O'Neills" is a good actress.

Mary Danin is the peppy saucy little Miss who gives you those delightful songs with the Light orchestra.

A "Yes! Yes!" and a "Well, all right then," tells you at once that this is Mr. Thomas "Fats" Waller.

Jane Froman puts her hand to her ear to ascertain how true is the tone of her voice.

Vivienne Segal of Abe Lyman's "Melodiana," made her debut at the early age of thirteen.

He's crying and it's that good looking Jimmy Tansey who portrays Danny of "The O'Neills" skit.

7:45 A. M. and B. A. Rolfe is fresh as a daisy, and ready to begin his early "wake up" music.

Elsie Janis, famous American comedienne and the first woman announcer of radio.





Can you mix careers? Lois Bennett says, "No!" Yet her own life reveals a startling contradiction!

BY MARY JACOBS



(Top) Lois Bennett as she appeared on an evening before a broadcast. (Middle) No mother could devote more interest to her youngsters than Lois does to little Jane (left) and Joan. (Bottom) Left: Part of their daily training. Right: A story before bedtime.



SHE WANTED Babies

CHILDREN and careers don't mix. You've heard that before, haven't you? Well, you are hearing it again. From one who knows.

Write it down in your little red book—and remember it—all you starry-eyed girls who expect to get married and raise babies with one hand while you pursue fame and fortune with the other: Babies and careers don't mix.

You'll be surprised when you learn from whose lips I got that. From Lois Bennett's—you know, beautiful, slim, glamorous Lois, who is Sally, the singing star of the Gibson Family. Lois Bennett has a career, hasn't she? And though you'd never dream it from looking at her, she's got two lovely kiddies, too, a girl of eleven and one of three. Still she claims that motherhood and careers don't mix. How come?

Twelve years ago, when she was carrying her first baby, she came to that conclusion. In that harrying, distressing period, when a woman's whole being cries out for peace and tenderness and rest, Lois Bennett had to go on working, singing weepy little ballads in second-rate vaudeville houses. Cruel enough and filled with doubt and uncertainty is that period for women who have peace and security, a loved one always by their side, and enough money in the bank to assure them the best of medical care. But worse, far worse was it for Lois. Instead of the little kindnesses and courtesies women appreciate and need so much at this time, she had prying strangers, pain and loneliness.

In her moments of bitterest heartache she wondered if it had been a mistake to pray and plan for a baby, for her young actor husband, Frank, had no way of supporting it. He had been out of work for a long time. It wasn't till the baby was almost due, and she was half-crazy with pain, that she dared stop work, dared come back to New York and her husband to have her baby.

I don't think there ever was a happier, prouder young mother than Lois Bennett, as she wheeled that youngster up and down the block, up and down, wondering why more people didn't stop to admire her rosy baby.

Then she never dreamed that she would have to try to blend a career and motherhood. But Fate, who decides those things for us, wasn't concerned with her dreams.

It wasn't long before she found herself a divorcee, with little Joan to support. The child marriage, which she and Frank had hoped would be so glorious and beautiful, had ended in poverty and despair.

But though she might not know where her next meal was to come from, the baby, she had decided, would be hers.

"I've just got to have the baby, Frank," she told her husband.

"She's mine too, Lois, you know," he said.

"If you let me have the baby, I won't ask for alimony of any kind. I'll take care of her entirely," she promised.

Harsh terms? Yes, but better than to lose her child. Somehow, she'd make a go of things, manage to earn

enough to keep Joan in comfort. Come what might, she would not part from her.

Followed a period of mad scramble for existence. She and Joan lived in furnished rooms, where the only view was a series of clothes lines, of garbage cans. Pair after pair of shoes Lois wore out in a vain attempt to get a part—any part on the stage. At night she worked in a doctor's office as nurse; every Sunday morning she got up at six and took a bus, a ferry and a street car to get to the church in Tenafly, New Jersey, where she sang in the choir. No one else would take the job because it took so long to get there, but to Lois the twenty dollars a month she earned meant enough for Grade A milk for the baby, for vegetables and cod liver oil and other things growing tots need.

Many a day, penniless, she pressed her nose against a restaurant window, and watched hungrily while more fortunate people ate steaming meals. There was the time she sang in a quartet in White Plains, with grippe, and a temperature of 102, she was so ill she could hardly drag herself to the train, but the baby had to be fed, to be clothed and cared for.

Was there ever money for music lessons to improve her voice, to help her realize some of the dreams she dreamed late at night, when darkness shut out the ugliness and meanness of her drab surroundings? No, there was never enough money for that. Why, any money she managed to scrape together she needed for the baby. Between a career and Joan, Joan always came first. No, decidedly careers and babies don't mix.

There was one thing she could do, however, to earn enough money to take care of Joan, and though she hated to do it, she went back into vaudeville. She got a chance with the Orpheum Circuit, a tour of crazy, sleepy little towns in Jersey, in New York, through the East, one night stands, two-day engagements.

Leaving the baby behind was out of the question, so along she came. "Joan cut all her teeth backstage," Lois Bennett told me. "She learned to talk, to read in the dim light of a dressing-room. She lived in the atmosphere of grease-paint, cheap perfume, stage tenseness. Joanie and I were the two loneliest girls in the world then."

Early in the morning you could see the young mother, her slim body bent under the weight of a heavy grip, wearily hurrying to the railroad station, holding in her free arm a sleeping child . . . you could see them if you wanted to get out of your snug bed some wintry morning. There they were, shivering with cold, boarding a milk train at four A. M. to make their next stand. If you followed them into the cheerless freight train, you might have seen little Joan, her red curls flying, curled up in the open suitcase, the softest spot on the train, while her mother sat

(Continued on page 95)

UNHAPPY ENDING

Yearning for yesterday can never heal his loneliness

THE SADDEST thing in the world is to have love die.

That is what Robert Simmons believes. And with excellent reason.

He saw her first as he waited in the wings of the St. Louis Civic Opera Company, and knew that moment to be one of the most important in his life.

She stood out on the apron of the stage. Singing. It wasn't just that her hair was as lovely as pale brown hair can be. Or that her eyes lay in her young face quiet and brown. Or that when she laughed her gentle mouth turned almost pagan. No, it was more than that. So much more that at first Bob Simmons couldn't grasp it. Only this he knew, that suddenly, listening to that girl sing, conscious of her voice curling through him, he wasn't lonely any more, though until then he hadn't realized that he was lonely. That is the way it is sometimes.

The girl whom we'll call Alice, since Alice suits her and it would not be fair to link her name with Bob's now, finished her aria.

"All right, Mr. Simmons," called the director.

Bob stepped out on the stage. Before there was time for any proper introduction, he and the girl smiled at each other, as naturally and easily as two old friends, but with an excitement beating between them such as old friends never know.

In the broadcasting offices, one afternoon this winter, Bob told this story for the first time, after I had promised not to make him appear a Paggiacci, singing to cover his broken heart.

His speaking voice, like his singing voice, was as soft as the shadows that filled the room, yet curiously strong, too.

"She was very charming," he said. He rested his head against the back of his chair. It was difficult to see where

BY PAUL
MEYER

his hair ended against the dark leather. "And she was gay too. But not in a hey-hey sense. She had a nice dignity. It was always such fun being with her. That summer we knew together, I laughed more than I've laughed all the rest of my life."

And why not?

The magic of that first understanding Bob and Alice knew remained. He sensed those things which would hurt her and those things which would please her and saved her from one while he led her to the other.

They had little jokes together about the silliest things. On free afternoons they drove into the country. They went canoeing on the river and, lying against the cushions, she used to read aloud from a little volume of Rupert Brooke. Between rehearsals and matinee performances they lunched together in cozy tea-rooms. Evenings, of course, they were always together in the opera house. Because of the nature of their work music wove a pattern about them, giving their days a sharper beauty and a deeper poignancy. The way music will.

September seemed to come in no time. And in September Bob had to leave for Boston, where he was scheduled to study at the university.

"We're young," he told Alice, unable to endure the idea of a separation. "We'll manage somehow. If we're together we won't need much. Let's get married."

Whereupon she drew close within his arms. "Let's," she whispered. "Let's."

A dozen times they went through this. But always the next day they would see reason again.

"If I couldn't get an engagement there you'd have me on your hands," she'd tell him gently. "That would worry you. And if you're to (Continued on page 70)

Between times Robert Simmons escapes to his own fireside at Cornwall-on-the-Hudson, N. Y.

The young tenor has all his holiday dinners in his country house, which he planned himself.





Rotofax

She turned failure into dazzling success—on the stage and in the society of two continents

(Top, right) Beatrice Lillie as she appeared in one of her successful satires. (Top, left) Radio fans shall now be the judges of the art that won her international theatrical fame. (Left) Happiness plus success is a good beauty treatment—as this proves!

SHE CRASHED THE ROYAL FAMILY

BY MARTIA McCLELLAND

EVERYBODY LOVES to laugh. Everybody needs laughter. It's as necessary to health as Vitamin D. Even if you haven't lost your job . . . even if Old Man Depression hasn't whittled down your income, so that life is a bit grim and frightening these days, it does you good to turn on your radio and get a hearty laugh. Or even a few amused chuckles.

Laughter is Beatrice Lillie's bright gift. Even in her most serious aspects she inspires laughter. She is all of us in our most embarrassing moments. The awkward stumble at the moment when we would be most impressive. The dreadful *faux pas* when we would utter some

charming phrase. The bundles that maliciously shed their strings and wrappings to create for us some agonizing predicament. The voice that would be lovely, a little off pitch. Feet just out of step in the march. And for all these indignities, the ineffable gesture of pained surprise, of incredulity, of resignation.

In the not-so-long-ago years, when she was a shy, inexperienced young girl, trying to make good as a concert artist, Beatrice Lillie did not dream that she would win her place in the world by making people laugh at her. She longed anxiously for their approval. But all the applause was for the other (Continued on page 82)

BEN BERNIE



In two Court actions

SCHUMANN-HEINK



On her own program

GEORGE OLSEN



Had a kidnap scare



Beauty Queen and mother

PHIL BAKER



Father of Richard Henry

EDNA ODELL



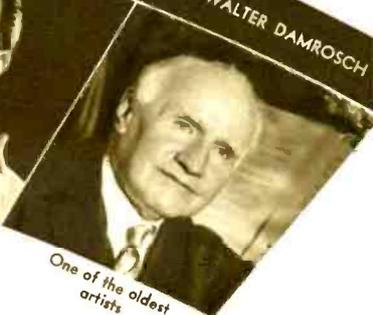
The Hoosier Song-bird

PHIL SPITALNY



Has an all-girl orchestra

DR. WALTER DAMROSCH



One of the oldest artists

Read the latest! humming with

The air is just exciting gossip

STRICTLY

CONFIDENTIAL

WELL, WELL, WELL! In this radio game you learn something new every day. Here it is March and we've just found out that Dorothy Page, recently crowned beauty queen, is the mother of two children, a boy and a girl, who are in an eastern boarding school. When she can get away from the studios, the mother flies to Northampton, Pennsylvania, to see her parents and hustles over to visit the children. Dorothy is divorced. The ex-husband is a Detroit physician.

Ben Bernie is involved in a couple of court actions. The Old Maestro has filed suit in the Federal Court at San Francisco, asking an injunction to restrain the Alpha Importing Company from using his name on a whiskey label. And a \$100,000 alienation of affections action has been brought against Bernie by Charles Mulhausen. He charges Bernie with persuading his sister, Mulhausen's wife, to leave him.

Has it occurred to you how few new names were discovered by radio during 1934? Helen Jepson is the only name really developed. She rose from a place in Paul Whiteman's chorus to the role of star and also to the Metropolitan Opera stage. Mary Pickford, Sigmund Romberg and Gladys Swarthout, already big names, came to the front in radio. One Man's Family turned out to be the outstanding development in real radio drama; The Lux Radio Theatre in legitimate drama; and Frank Black in music. 1934 was also a banner year for symphonies and foreign broadcasts.

HARRIET HILLIARD
Married or single?

The recent divorce of Edna Odell, the Hoosier Song-bird of the Galaxy of Stars program, brought out the fact that her real name is Hodell. Miss Odell has brought her young son from Fort Wayne, Indiana, to live with her in Chicago.

Phil Baker's eight-pound heir, born New Year's Eve in Miami, has been named Richard Henry Baker. And Bottle, the butler (that is to say, Harry McNaughton) is godfather. Phil reached his highest income this past winter, drawing \$5,500 a week for his *Armour* program and \$3,500 a week for his work in "Calling All Stars," Broadway musical.

Mysterious telephone calls have given George Olsen and Ethel Shutta a kidnap scare in Chicago. So they have had the telephone operating through their switchboard taken out. Unless you are a friend or business associate you will find it difficult to contact them. Incidentally, the Olsens have been signed for a new air show to start this month.

A suit filed in New Orleans by Joseph John Davila asks the Boswell Sisters to pay \$7,300 for alleged non-performance of a 1926 theatrical contract. Davila asserted that the birth of a baby to Martha forced her withdrawal from the act and that all three went to New York without fulfilling the contract.

Queenia Mario, soprano of the Metropolitan, is the wife of Wilfred Pelletier, the Met and radio maestro. And perhaps you have noted her appearing on many of her husband's programs. Queenia is not only a musician, but a journalist. Among other things, she wrote the novel, "Murder at the Opera."

You may be interested to know that Mmie. Schumann-Heink and Dr. Walter Damrosch are the oldest artists

featured regularly on their own programs. Both are seventy-three years old, grandparents, and old-timers at the business. Both are on the same network.

While Mary Pickford secured a divorce from Douglas Fairbanks, Sr., in a two-minute hearing in California, Dick Powell, the movie-radio actor-warbler, was courting Mary Brian. They may be welded by the time you read this. The Pickford-Fairbanks divorce won't be final for another nine months. Doug has returned to Europe, where his name continues to be linked with that of a titled English lady in whose divorce case Doug figured as co-respondent.

BY WILSON BROWN

Pat Kennedy and his bride, Connie Callahan, have moved into an honest-to-goodness home on Chicago's Astor Street. They tried a hotel for a while but Connie didn't like it, though to Pat a hotel was home for ten years. Pat has just finished a solid year for his present sponsor with Art Kassel's orchestra.

That radio-movie exchange is still going on. The Voice of Experience has sold the movie rights to "Stranger Than Fiction" for twenty-six shorts in which the Voice will be the narrator. Conrad Thibault has had camera offers but so far is turning them down in favor of doing more radio work. Studios in Hollywood are trying to figure out a way to use Mme. Schumann-Heink in the films. Dolores Gillen, who formerly played the part of the babies in Today's Children and Betty and Bob and other roles in Helen Trent, made her movie debut playing a bit in Bing Crosby's "Here Is My Heart." Lionel Stander, the comic with the Russian accent on Fred Allen's program, is Hollywood bound. Jane Froman has also signed the movie dotted line.

A little of this and that: Gladys Swarthout was picked by American fashion designers (Continued on page 53)

RADIO'S STEP CHILD

Rosaline Greene
does much of the
work and gets but
little of the credit

BY HELEN HOVER

Since this story was written, Miss Greene has been made mistress of ceremonies on the Hour of Charm. Is fate relenting, we wonder? Or is Rosaline demanding that which she refused for so long? Read the story and then make up your mind.



DeMirjian

IT IS the most amazing paradox in radio. It's about a girl who is an important principal on one of radio's biggest shows, who is starred on a very prominent afternoon commercial, who appears on a half-dozen other programs besides, who has been in radio for over eleven years, who has won the trophy as having the most perfect voice in radio—yet she is practically unknown!

Surprising, isn't it? But I warned you that her story would be different from any you've ever heard.

She's Rosaline Green. Recognize the name? Ever hear of Mary Lou of Show Boat? That's Rosaline. You see, there are actually two girls who play that rôle—one does the singing and the other does the talking. Well, Rosaline is the *talking* Mary Lou and she has been kept hidden behind the skirts of that famous radio character she impersonates until her own identity has been completely lost. That's not all. She's also the Peggy of Peggy's Doctor, the dramatic sketch heard afternoons, and she appears on numerous other programs, anywhere from the Palmolive operettas to stooging for Eddie Cantor.

The trick that Fate has played on Rosaline Greene seems cruel. Take Show Boat for instance. It started out with five newcomers to radio—Lanny Ross, Charley Winninger, Annette Hanshaw, Muriel Wilson and Rosaline Greene. Let us see what that program has done to those five:

Lanny Ross is on top as radio's most popular young tenor, he's starred in the movies, his salary on Show Boat has doubled and redoubled, he's the whole works on the Log Cabin half hour, he can step into any Broadway show at his own figure. Then there's Charley Winninger, the jovial Cap'n Henry. Before Show Boat, he was a



(Top) As you can see, Rosaline is a deeply sensitive and talented girl. (Above) With an actor on one of her many creditless programs.

well-known character actor on Broadway, but today—look at him! Star of "Revenge With Music" at a salary so large he could afford to leave the Show Boat cast altogether, and he is slated to act in the movie version of Show Boat at a handsome price. (Continued on page 87)

GANGWAY FOR THE AMATEURS

BY GEORGE KENT

WANT to go on the air? Want the rattle of applause in your ears, the taste of glory in your mouth, and the clink of coins in your pocket? Then step right up to the microphone, amateur, for this year of our Lord 1935 is your big opportunity.

The amateur craze is rushing across the country like the spreading of prairie fire. Coast-to-coast hook-ups are sending tenderfoot tunes and toots up and down the kilocycles. Any and everybody is welcome, and if you've got that extra *umph* you're sure to get a crack at the Great White Fathers of broadcasting.

It started in a national sense—you've probably been wondering about this—when this magazine began modestly to present a few "discoveries" on the Lanny Ross Log Cabin show. It continued because the idea was a good one and a certain slick fellow in New York City invented a gadget that turned pain into pleasure and an assortment of wire-edged voices into something about which to tell your friends.

It started . . . and now look at the durned thing. Kate Smith is doing it. So are Ray Perkins, Fred Allen, and a half dozen others. In New York City today—and the same thing will happen in your home town if you aren't careful—auditions are being held by the thousand.

What's the good of it? Just this: one of those auditions is going to reveal another Joe Penner or Gertrude Niesen. Tomorrow's stars are coming out of those wholesale auditions. And here's a gold-plated, TNT-packed thought for every lass or lad with a radio-tuned wishbone:

That star of tomorrow might be you!

So what do you do to get into these auditions? What's the technique of breaking down those pearly gates to prosperity?

Well, if you're a New Yorker or an Easterner, it's simple. The man you want to see is Major Edward Bowes. Major Bowes, god-father of the beginner, magic genii for the whole mute tribe of trembling first-timers, and the man you've heard on the air for years with his famous Capital Family.

In addition to his national broadcasting, in addition to directing the destiny of Broadway's famed Capitol Theatre, the Major has a tiny Manhattan radio station, a 1,000-watter that is exactly one-fiftieth as big as the surrounding giants. What this Broadway showman—he's sixty years old if he's a day—did with his amateurs and his WHN is the story of how you and the (Continued on page 73)



Wide World

(Above) An Amateur one-man band out to win fame and fortune.

(Above) Rivalling Sophie Tucker for her title, "red hot mama."



(Above) The little Miss that Ray Perkins is listening to makes sure that she is heard. (Below) "He who laughs last"—a group of hopefuls waiting their turn.



BACKSTAGE AT THE LUX RADIO THEATRE



FRANK THOMAS SR.
and
WALTER HUSTON

Why do the accomplished stars of the screen quake at the sight of a microphone?

Backstage at the Lux Radio Theatre you can see many odd sights. . . .

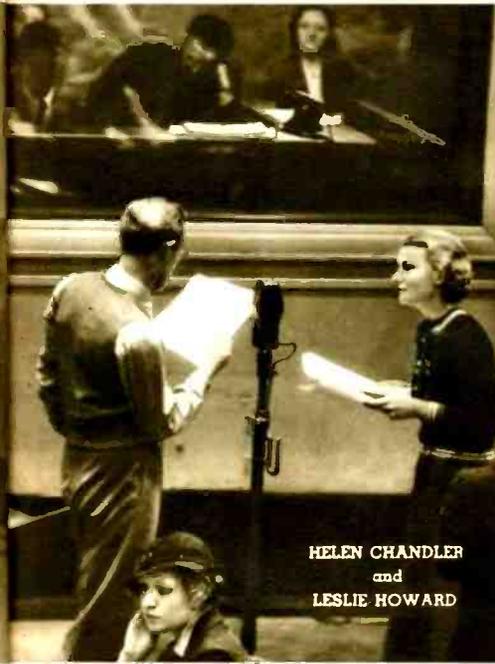
It's odd, and sort of heart-breaking, too, to see a girl, one of radio's valiant unknowns, go over to a gilded child from the cinema and show her the trick of not being afraid. That is the radio actress' tiny, her only real moment of triumph, for when the show goes on the air her name is barely mentioned. And afterward the star will make a little speech, telling how charmed she is to be there—when actually she may be shaking in her boots! There is something about that coffin-shaped microphone which drains away all the footlight and flood-light confidence of our high-power stars. When Jimmy Cagney finished his recent play, he held up the handkerchief on which he had been wiping his hands. It was dripping! And at the end of "The Barker" Walter Huston was perspiring from the strain. But these are little things. More impressive are the tautness of performance, the earnestness of purpose visible in every face about the microphone. These bespeak the knowledge of these actors that the job they are doing is reaching millions, spread in an auditorium that stretches from where the sun rises to where it sets. An audience which must not be cheated, to which they must and do give their very best.



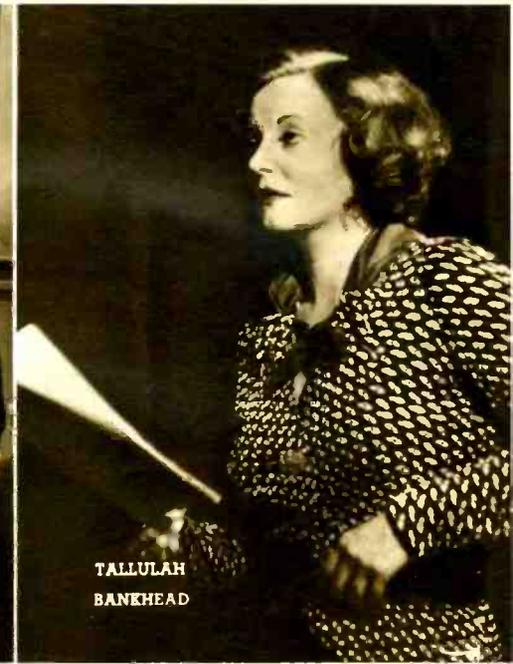
WALTER HUSTON



JAMES CAGNEY



HELEN CHANDLER
and
LESLIE HOWARD



TALLULAH BANKHEAD



KENNETH MACKENNA



PAUL MUNI
and
INNIE MOSCOWITZ



HELEN HAYES

Here they are!

The first real inside story of Amos 'n' Andy as told to Roger Cameron for RADIO STARS

DURING my recent visit to New York I dropped in to listen to Phil Baker's broadcast. You all know Phil—easy-going, roving eye. Well, he espied me, waved a greeting and said into the microphone: "And who do you think is with us tonight? Bill Hay. You know him. Everybody knows him. Hello Bill. Amos and Andy work for Bill."

That's a lie. An outrageous lie. Flattering, but a long, lean and leathery lie just the same! Excuse it please. Others get the same notion. Where they get it, I don't know. All I do is announce the boys, read a short sales talk before and after they go on, like any other announcer.

Announcers have to be a little stiff, a bit pompous. Perhaps their dignity fools the listeners—some of them. They think, I suppose, that the formal voice they hear must be superior in some way to the operators of the Fresh Air Taxicab Company Incorporated. I am here to

tell you I'm not. I wish I were. I wish I had a twentieth part of their talent.

If anybody's boss, it's A and A. Strictly speaking we are all employees of the same company. Theoretically, only the company can fire me. But just between us, I'd hate to have Amos or Andy develop a hate for me. My job wouldn't be worth a dented Canadian dime in a slot machine.

But the public doesn't know. They write me letters begging me to use my authority. One writer asked me to request Andy to be a little less overbearing. One sweet, gray-haired lady came to the studio to see me. She asked if she could meet A and A. Amos, who in street clothes is Freeman P. Gosden, was the first to come out. A Virginian, blond, and amiable, he charmed the old lady.

Then Andy, Charles J. Correll from Peoria, came out. He came out, as he invariably does,



Walt World

The record-breaking trio who have been on the air together for eight years. Left to right: Andy (Charles J. Correll), Bill Hay and Amos (Freeman F. Gosden).

chirpy, full of ginger. But his ginger fizzed as the old gal turned on him and hissed:

"You're Andy? You big bully! I could scratch your eyes out!"

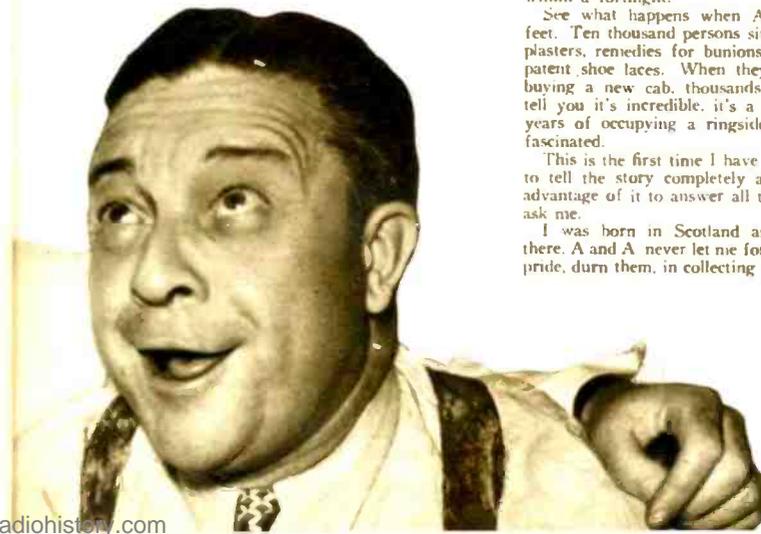
You see, to a great many people, Gosden and Correll are not a team of radio performers. They are Amos and Andy, who are sort of neighbors and kinsfolk to the world. If they were to call for recruits for an army to march on Washington, I know they would have a million men, women and children ready to go within a fortnight.

See what happens when Amos complains of sore feet. Ten thousand persons sit down and send in corn plasters, remedies for bunions, advice, new shoes and patent shoe laces. When they broach the subject of buying a new cab, thousands of cars are offered. I tell you it's incredible, it's a miracle and after eight years of occupying a ringside seat I find I am still fascinated.

This is the first time I have ever had an opportunity to tell the story completely and I am going to take advantage of it to answer all the questions that people ask me.

I was born in Scotland and raised and educated there. A and A never let me forget it. They take Satanic pride, darn them, in collecting (Continued on page 70)

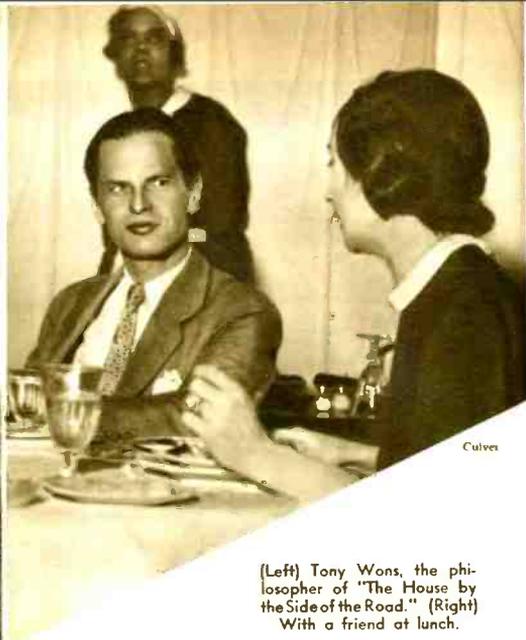
BY BILL HAY,
Their pal and announcer



Spending time before a broadcast.



Jackson



Culver

(Left) Tony Wons, the philosopher of "The House by the Side of the Road." (Right) With a friend at lunch.

FOLLOW YOUR HEART

BY LESTER GOTTLIEB

Tony Wons wasn't afraid to take his own advice

THIS IS NOT the gilded story of an ether-wave saint. Tony Wons, radio's poetic philosopher is a human being, entirely capable of making mistakes like the rest of us. He thinks he is fully aware of all his actions, for many a time Tony has taken stock of Tony Wons, Incorporated.

But never in these honest soliloquies has he dared to retrace the most important episode in his crowded life. He doesn't remember that once he broke a heart—a woman's heart!

On that occasion he did not consult any scrapbook. No man-made worlds could have told him how to act. Instinct gave the command. That he acted wisely is proved by the fact that today at forty-three, Tony is completely happy. He lives only for his wife, Ruby, and their twelve-year-old daughter.

Yet someone had to pay for his bliss. A disappointed girl paid with her love. His actions turned her from a gay girl into a cynical, empty woman. Perhaps she loved Tony too much.

When he says to his fans, "Follow your heart," they do, for they believe in him. Oh, how many people have written to Tony, asking for his advice. Two people are in love. Insurmountable barriers block their path. What

they ask Tony, shall they do? His answer is always the same—"Follow your heart!"

If you doubt whether Tony practises what he preaches, turn back the clock some fifteen years and read what he wrote in his famous scrapbook: "A fool is a girl who introduces her boy friend to her sister."

When Tony Wons was left to die in a lonely Arizona sanatorium a decade or so ago, no friends came to see him. All he had was a few old books. The literature was more potent than his medicine. They filled his idle hours. It wasn't so bad in that hospital as long as he could read and think. "Thank God," he said, "my brain isn't dormant." His eyes searched the printed pages. They gave him courage. The hot sun beat on his frail body. His legs squirmed. How they wanted to touch the earth again! If he ever got well. . . .

The years before his affliction were terrible. Born of very poor parents, he had felt poverty before he could spell it. When he was thirteen his father died. From that day, Tony never saw another classroom. Instead he worked in murky factories for a few dollars a week. He saw human nature, stark and ugly in the sweat shops and sordid tanneries in which (Continued on page 66)



STILL *Glamorous* AT 53

Geraldine Farrar is far too interested in life to sigh for any of her past.

For fourteen years Geraldine Farrar has been away, yet she is not forgotten. Why?

BY IRIS ANN CARROLL

THE other day I talked with the most glamorous woman I have ever known.

I say this advisedly, remembering many other glamorous women. Remembering for instance, Geraldine Farrar at the peak of her glory. About to leave her magnificent city house for the opera house, a priceless chinchilla wrap about her shoulders, diamonds like great drops of spring water sparkling on her white hands. Laughing. Young. Beloved. On top of the world. . . .

This other woman was not like that. She had come down from Connecticut, where she lives alone with her dogs in a house which she describes as belonging to the McKinley era of architecture. She wore very little make-up. Her heavy gray hair was pinned softly at her neck. Her black pumps had sensible heels.

She was Geraldine Farrar at fifty-three!

I found her glamorous for many reasons. . . . It would have been understandable if she had been a *passé prima donna*, clutching frantically after those things she had lost. But she was instead, a poised, happy woman, far too interested in life as she knows it today to sigh for any part of the past. Instead of speaking of the many thousands who once had comprised her worshipping public, she talked of her garden. By neither word nor sign did she pretend to a youth no longer hers. She was rich, through a life insurance which everyone can afford and which so few carry—namely, an open, interested mind! A mind which will guarantee her a happy life wherever she may be, in whatever circumstances, at any age!

A few months ago she appeared on the air as com-

mentator for a musical program. Radio audiences, fascinated with her keen, colorful viewpoint, wrote in asking when they might expect to hear her again. With the result that now she has been engaged as a *raconteuse* for this season's opera broadcasts. And that's good news!

It was over twelve years ago that Geraldine Farrar retired. Voluntarily. While she still was at the peak of her glory. And it is doubtful that the Metropolitan Opera House ever again will present as brilliant and exciting a scene as it did on that afternoon when she made her farewell appearance. As "Zaza." Wearing a scarlet gown and a darker red velvet cloak with her orange wig. Managing to be more beautiful than ever, as a result of her daring with these colors!

That afternoon the stage boxes were filled with the famous "Gerry Flappers." First from one side, then from the other, flowers were thrown to the stage. Corsages of violets and of gardenias. Sheaves of roses red as courage and white as truth. While ushers rushed up and down the aisles with more flowers. Among them a tiny nosegay from a little old lady who climbed steep stairs to the gallery to be there on that great sad day. An armful of heather from a sentimental Scotchman. And orchids from the conservatories of a famous merchant prince.

They would not let her go. Encore after encore they demanded with the hysterical beating of their hands. And while she sang, the other members of the company stood behind her unashamed of the tears sliding down their faces. When at last it was all over they carried her, still in her costume, on their (Continued on page 68)



Scott

Have some?

It looks good.

It is good!

RADIO STARS[®]

Cooking School

Pineapple Cheese Pie — Dick Powell's favorite dessert. Send in this month's Cooking School Coupon for a copy of this marvelous recipe.



Courtesy of Corning Glass Works

Dick Powell likes cheese dishes! So will you after reading this article

BY NANCY WOOD

GREETINGS friends and Radio Fans, Have you ever heard something slangily described as "the cheese?" I have, often—although I never was quite sure what it meant until I looked up the definition the other day in the Dictionary of Slang Phrases. This amusing and interesting volume says that the expression "the cheese" signifies "anything good, first rate in quality, genuine and pleasant." In short, "quite the cheese" means "quite the correct thing." That is a description with which most men would enthusiastically agree because of their great liking for cheese—and it certainly expresses Dick Powell's idea on the subject exactly.

But let's start at the very beginning of my researches and discoveries on the subject of cheese. It all started when Dick Powell (popular singing star of Radio and Screen and Master of Ceremonies of the Hollywood Hotel Broadcast) took upon himself another rôle, that of host, and asked me to have lunch with him. As a visitor in his part of the country, Dick thought that I really should see that section of Los Angeles called "The Mexican Village." So he invited me to join him at a friend's house

there. I arrived early enough to inspect the colorful interior of the house and to glance at the vivid hues of the luncheon cloth and of the pottery already on the table. Dick joined us in good time, in high spirits, and in a coat that left me speechless for the moment!

"I see you've just checked in!" I said finally as I regained my breath.

"My good woman," Dick replied with the broad beaming smile which has made him such a screen favorite. "aren't you familiar with the well known saying that a pun is the lowest form of wit?"

"Well, that may be true," I replied, "but I insist in my own defense that, whoever said that, had never seen your coat!"

"My coat of many colors," explained Dick, "was donned so that I shouldn't be completely overshadowed by our Mexican surroundings and by the marvelous Mexican food we are about to eat."

"Consisting of Hot Tamales?" I inquired, somewhat dubiously.

"No! Consisting of a Mexican Rabbit for which our hostess is famous."

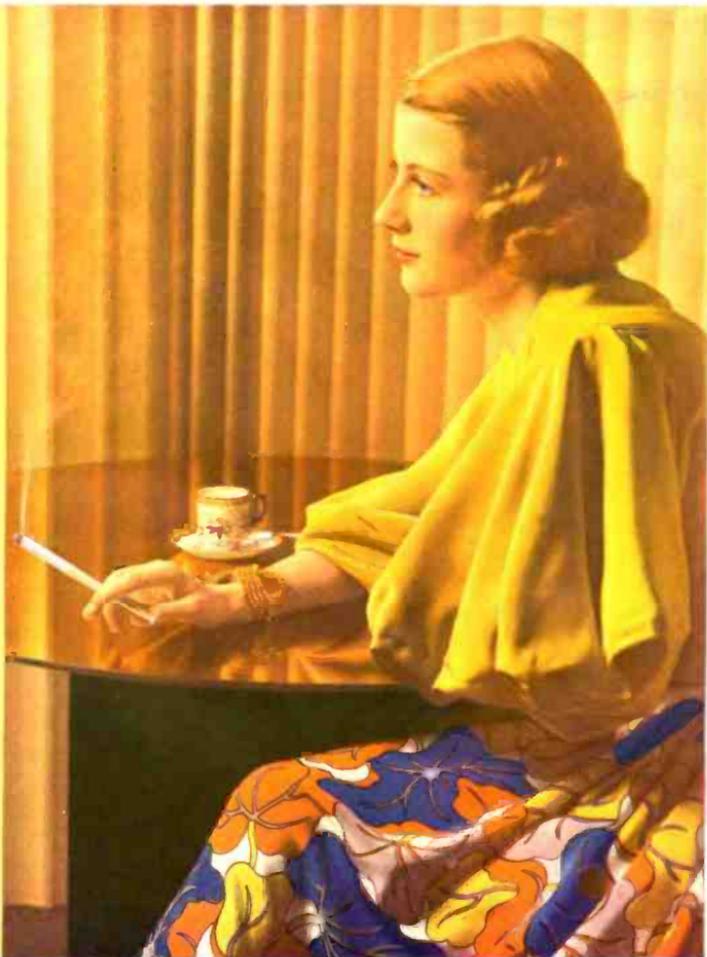
(Continued on page 79)

Among the many distinguished women who prefer Camel a excellent tobacco:

- Mrs. Nicholas Biddle, Philadelphia
- Mrs. Allison Carter, New York
- Mrs. Mary DeWitt, Richmond
- Mrs. Francis Cabot Boyden
- Mrs. Thomas M. Carnegie, Jr., New York
- Mrs. J. Gardner Carnegie, II, Boston
- Mrs. Paul Warwick, Danvers, New York
- Mrs. Helen Field, Chicago
- Mrs. James Russell Lowell, New York
- Mrs. Porter d'Orsay Villiers, Chicago
- Mrs. Langdon Post, New York
- Mrs. William T. Wetmore, New York



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R. J. Reardon, Tobacco Company
Hickory, N.C., U.S.A.



Miss Paine's Hattie Carnegie gown is typical of the new "pleasant" evening dresses.

"Of course I smoke Camels ..." MISS DOROTHY PAINE

"They're the most popular cigarettes—every one is smoking them now," continued this alert young member of New York's inner circle. "Camels have such a grand smooth flavor. I suppose that's because they have more expensive tobaccos in them. And they never

make my nerves jumpy. When I'm tired out and my nerves feel frazzled, then a Camel gives me a nice gentle 'lift' that restores my enthusiasm."

The reason you feel better after smoking a Camel is because it releases your latent energy, which

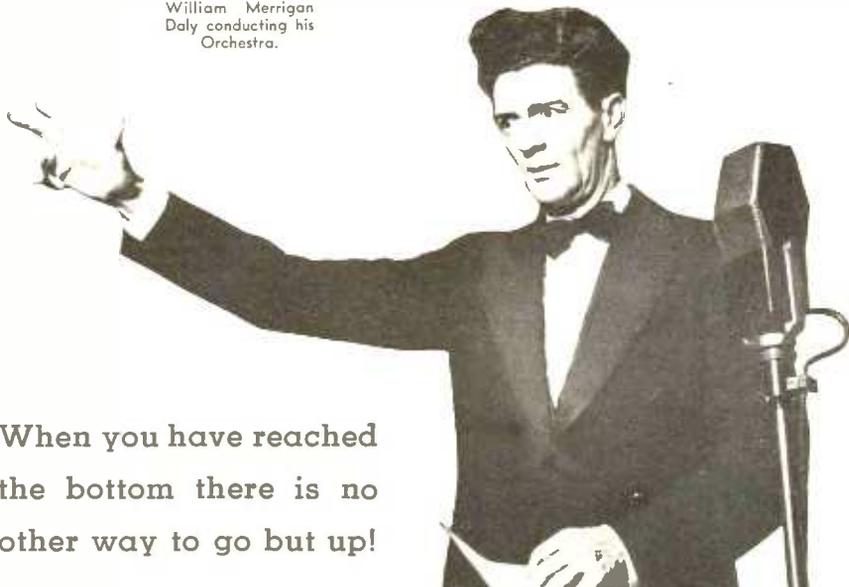
overcomes fatigue. Whether it's social activities, concentration, or exacting work that makes you feel tired, you can get a pleasant, natural "lift" by enjoying a Camel. And you can smoke as often as you wish, for Camels never upset the nerves.

Camels are Milder! MADE FROM FINER, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS...
TURKISH AND DOMESTIC... THAN ANY OTHER POPULAR BRAND

For beauty of lips
and neck-line enjoy
Double Mint gum. Every
day! Wherever and
whenever convenient! It
is a sure beauty exercise.



William Merrigan
Daly conducting his
Orchestra.



When you have reached
the bottom there is no
other way to go but up!

HE TRIED EVERYTHING

Once

IF SOMEONE says to you: "What's the use of going on with life? I've been a failure at everything I've tried!"—tell him that William Merrigan Daly, now conducting the Firestone orchestra, once could have said the same thing—but didn't!

In 1908 young Daly, child prodigy of the piano and Harvard graduate, was bossing a construction gang of negroes on the Frisco railroad in Arizona. Eighteen dollars a month. "What a sap!" he thought bitterly. Well, perhaps his uncle, who had got him that job, could get him another at which he would have a better chance of success. He'd have a go at something new, anyway!

The "something new" proved to be a job as a coffee salesman—and apparently, from his records, he was one of the world's worst. Hotels and steamship lines turned him down

with discouraging unanimity. He would be discharged soon, he thought, miserable in the realization of his incompetence. He hadn't made a single sale yet! Soon he would be broke and starving again!

Music was the only thing he had left. He accepted an invitation to play the piano at a party, trying to forget in his music the heaviness of his heart. As he finished, he was surprised at the quick wave of applause. A gray-haired man came up to him.

"My boy," he demanded, "what do you do for a living?"

"Why," Daly replied, "I—I'm a sort of coffee salesman."

"Coffee salesman, eh?" boomed the stranger. "Son, I own a fleet of Great Lakes steamers. If you'll play for my wife and daughter, as you have just played, I'll give you an order to supply coffee to every vessel I own."

Bill played—frantically, happily. He got the order. He collected his commission. Then he quit his job. He always had believed some time he'd be pretty good at journalism. Now for the first time he had enough money to go to New York and have a fling at it.

The New York streets wore the soles of his shoes paper thin as he tramped from one newspaper office to another. His courage faded. No longer was there the reassuring crinkling of paper money in his pockets. Only the jingle of a few last coins.

In the shabby furnished room which he shared with a friend of his, Daly mused bitterly. He had been an uncompromising fool. He decided, to quit selling coffee. Now he was starving! "What can I do?" he asked bitterly. (Continued on page 97)



LINES, WRINKLES, signs of wasting of the underskin—loss of tone—impaired nutrition—lack of invigorating oils.

COARSENESS is made worse by clogged pores, neglect, improper cleansing.

BLACKHEADS come from pores clogged by thick secretions from overactive skin glands.

DRYNESS is often attributable to poorly functioning underskin, inadequate oil supply.

BLEMISHES. Many factors lead to blemishes—among them loss of tone, inactive circulation, improper cleansing.

SAGGING TISSUES, due to loss of nerve tone, impaired circulation, fatty degeneration of the muscles. All occur in underskin.



Little facts about Your Skin

Your skin has two parts—the outer skin, *epidermis*; the true skin, or *corium*. It consists of blood vessels, nerves, fat, muscle, oil, sweat glands. . . . When your underskin grows sluggish, faults develop.

Miss Maribelle Rodiger, one of the most charming of last season's debutantes, says: "Pond's Cold Cream keeps my skin free from blackheads and blemishes."

If You Could look Under Your Skin!

There's where Lines Wrinkles Blemishes

first develop. *Skin Authorities say*

ONE of America's leading dermatologists says: "The beauty of the outer skin depends on the underskin. You cannot be too emphatic about that."

Yet women try one thing and another for faults they see on the *outside* of their skin—never dreaming that what their skin really needs is help *underneath*.

How skin faults develop

The underskin is the workshop where the outward beauty of the skin is constantly being created. Once the teens are past, the underskin begins to lose vigor. Oil glands decrease their supply. Fibres lose their snap. All of this slowly but surely shows up in your outer skin in the form of blackheads . . . lines . . . blemishes . . . wrinkles!

How can you ward them off? By *invigorating your underskin!*

There is one cream that goes right in, stirs your underskin to vigorous action—



H. R. H. MARGARET OF DENMARK
Princess René de Bourbon de Parme
"Skin remarkably smooth. Not a trace of lines or creases."—Dermatologist's Report. "Pond's Cold Cream keeps my contour firm." Her Royal Highness says.

Pond's Cold Cream. Its specially processed oils sink deep. As you pat it on, your circulation is quickened. The fresh blood rushes up to nourish shrinking tissue. Failing oil glands are stimulated.

Never let a night pass without cleansing your skin with this thorough germ-killing cream. Pat it in briskly—you will feel your skin roused. All the day's dust and grime will float right out of the pores.

The first thing every morning—during the day—every time you make up—cleanse with this cream first, and powder and rouge will go on like a charm.

Send right off for this cream. Use it daily, soon you will see skin faults fade. Lines soften. Blackheads, blemishes disappear. Day by day, your skin will look finer—smoother. Until it glows with that enchanting "bloom of youth."

Mail Coupon today for 9-Treatment supply—

POND'S, Dept D128, Clinton, Conn. I enclose 10¢ for cover postage and packing for special tube of Pond's Cold Cream, enough for nine treatments, with generous samples of 2 other Pond's Creams and 2 different shades of Pond's Face Powder.

Name _____
Street _____
City _____ State _____
Copyright, 1928, Pond & Extract Company



Lonely Girl...



Now "The Only Girl"

Blue Waltz brought me happiness

Are you as lonely as I used to be? Sitting home alone night after night?

Then try this easy way to become popular, alluring and to find the man who'll call you his "only girl"... let Blue Waltz Perfume bring you happiness, as it did me.

Like music in moonlight, this exquisite fragrance creates enchantment...and gives you a glamorous charm that turns men's thoughts to romance.

And do try all the Blue Waltz Cosmetics. They made me more beautiful than I'd ever imagined I could be! You'll be surprised at how much these wonderful preparations will improve your beauty.

Blue Waltz Lipstick makes your lips look luscious...there are four ravishing shades to choose from. An You'll Love Blue Waltz Face Powder! It feels so fine and soft on your skin and it gives you a fresh, young, radiant complexion that wins admiration.

Make your dreams of romance come true...as mine have. Buy Blue Waltz Perfume and Cosmetics today. For your protection, they are "certified to be pure" and they are only 10¢ each at your 5 and 10¢ store.

Now you can see some of our beauty preparations at your 5 and 10¢ store. Advertising Agency: Cream, Toilet Water, Talcum Powder, etc. etc. etc. at your 5 and 10¢ store.



Blue Waltz
 PERFUME AND COSMETICS
 FIFTH AVENUE - NEW YORK

THEY LOST THEIR TEMPERS

What Price Patience? Tempers Take a Bow!



Betty Barthell got mad at the right time!

ACCORDING to their press agents, radio stars are sweet little angels who sit at home and stick to their knitting when they're not broadcasting. They never yell, they never swear, they live only for the higher and better things.

Is that so? Don't you believe it! The truth is that they're human and have the average percentage of faults and human crossness. Sometimes they lose their tempers, even as you and I, and when they do...

Usually it doesn't pay to lose your temper, but in some instances certain radio stars have made it earn dividends.

Betty Barthell, for instance... Betty is doing her first nightclub work, singing at the Saxon Club in New York City—one of the smarter night clubs. One night, as she was singing, she was embarrassed by the manner in which one of a group of men sitting at a nearby table stared at her.

Of course a patron has a perfect

right to gaze at an entertainer. But as she passed his table to join a group of her friends, he stood up and drew her aside. His touch on her arm made her shiver.

"You know," he said, "You're mighty cute."

"Thank you," said Betty.

"What time do you get through work?" he asked, in a low tone so his friends shouldn't overhear.

"You can't be rude to a patron. "Oh, about one-thirty," Betty



Losing his temper made Phil Duesy a hero.

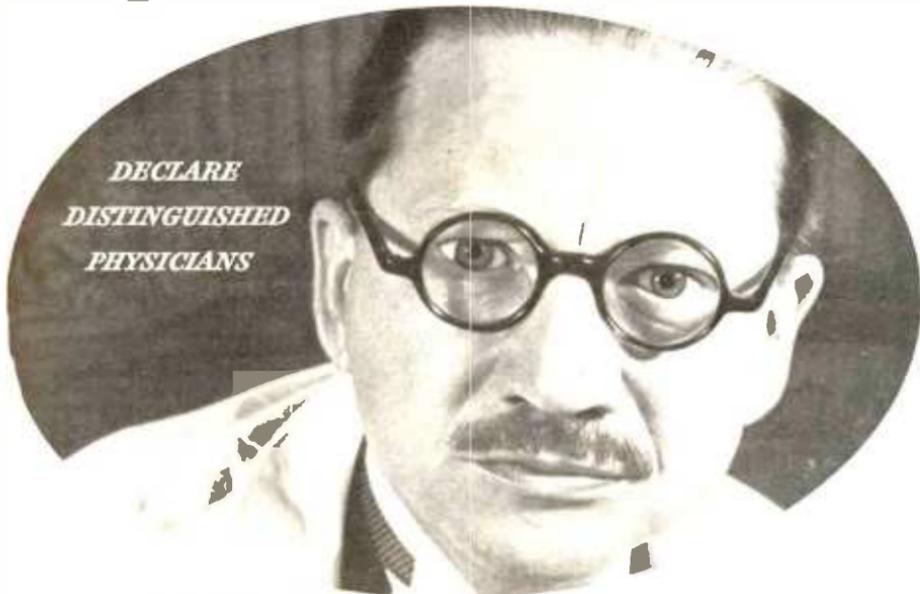
answered, and trying to edge away. "I'm staying at the Penn Hotel," he said. "I've got a mighty nice place, little girl. How about coming up after the show? We can be together alone and have a real chummy time."

Down South, where Betty came from, every man in the room would have rushed to protect her, had any man made a comment like that. But he had spoken softly. No one had heard.

Anger (Continued on page 58)

The new XR Yeast

will solve the cathartic problem for thousands!



**DECLARE
DISTINGUISHED
PHYSICIANS**

DR. JULES BELOUIN, a well-known authority on the stomach and intestines, editor of a medical publication, reports: "XR Yeast is twice as effective as the former yeast for constipation, indigestion and skin troubles. No one need keep out of their health-care lines now!"

... effective as the former yeast for constipation, indigestion and skin troubles. No one need keep out of their health-care lines now!"

Stronger new yeast is far speedier for Constipation, Upset Stomach, Broken-Out Skin and Lack of Energy!

NO longer need you constantly "dose" yourself with violent cathartics, for a discovery that doctors call "the greatest advance for treating constipation in years" is here!

It is a far stronger new yeast... an entirely new kind of yeast... discovered by a great medical scientist in a leading American university!

It has given results to make physicians marvel. As the noted Dr. Belouin says, "It is almost unbelievable how well the new XR Yeast works!" It

acts by speeding the digestive juices and muscles!

"Food," Dr. Belouin adds, "is digested better... carried through the body faster... expelled more easily. Also, skin troubles end sooner."

"It is the best remedy I know for constipation and its related ailments—such as indigestion, complexion ills, headaches and lack of energy."

Won't you start eating Fleischmann's XR Yeast today? See how speedily you feel full of pep... how quickly your skin is cleared of pimples!

See how you avoid frequent colds—with a clean system and the Vitamin A in this new yeast! It has Vitamins B, D and C, too, and hormone-like substances that aid health!

Start Feeling Better Now!

So get some Fleischmann's XR Yeast right away. Eat 3 cakes every day—plain, or dissolved in 1/2 glass of water—preferably a half hour before meals. At grocers, restaurants and soda fountains!



3 millions already eating Fleischmann's new XR Yeast

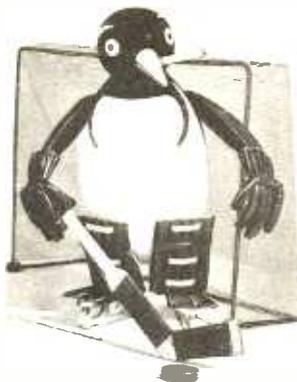


(As good as ever for baking, too!)

KOOL

MILDLY MENTHOLATED
CIGARETTES

CORK-TIPPED



THE BEST THROAT GUARD...

A cool smoke is always better for you. A KOOL smoke is still better! Light one; draw deep. Refreshing—eh? They're mildly mentholated so that your tongue enjoys the full Turkish-Domestic blend while your throat stays cool and relaxed. Cork-tipped; each pack carries a coupon good for handsome merchandise. (Offer good in U. S. A. only.) Send for FREE illustrated premium booklet and switch to throat-protecting KOOLS!

SAVE COUPONS FOR HANDSOME MERCHANDISE



Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corp., Louisville, Ky.

They Lost Their Tempers

(Continued from page 56)

flamed in her face. "What am I going to do when I'm through here?" she repeated, loudly enough for everyone to hear it. "I'm going straight home—to my home, not yours—and go to bed!"

And sheepishly he sub-ided, while his friends howled at his discomfiture.

Phil Ducey is one of the best-natured men on Radio Row. But one night Phil got mad!

It was one of those days when everything goes wrong. In the morning, at rehearsal, the sponsors had vetoed the songs he wanted to sing. The orchestra seemed to play none but sour notes. His voice sounded off key.

In the afternoon, while he was posing for some outdoor shots, it began to rain, and the downpour continued steadily. At night, he had to appear at a benefit performance, and it wasn't till after twelve that he got away.

HE got to the New York Central station just in time to catch the one o'clock train, the last one out to Larchmont, where he lives. Taxis never meet the last train. Larchmont is a conservative community, and if you don't get home by midnight, it is not the cabby's fault. You can walk.

Walking in the rain is no fun, particularly to a tired man. But walk Phil must, a mile and a quarter uphill, to his home on Knollwood Drive.

Just as he approached his house, soaked to the skin, he saw a figure emerge from the woods behind this street. Suddenly a gun was poked out into his ribs.

"Stick 'em up," a hoarse voice said. "I ain't kidding, either."

Ordinarily Phil would have obeyed. He thinks a man is a fool to jeopardize his life for a few dollars. But today his Irish was up.

He struck out. He was getting revenge on the orchestra which had played out of time, on the sponsors who had vetoed his pet songs, on the taxi drivers who were never around when you needed them!

The surprised footpad reeled under the blow. But in a jiffy he was up and at Phil. Ducey flew at him. Down went the footpad. He felt as if a dozen fists had landed on his face. He staggered to his feet, then gave up. The last Ducey saw of him he was reeling

dizzily, hastily down the street.

To all of Larchmont Phil is now a hero. But I wonder what would have happened if he hadn't lost his temper?

In a hurry to get to the studio one day, Gertrude Nielsen sped down Fifth Avenue and turned into Fiftieth Street. Forgetting it was a one-way street, she was driving in the wrong direction.

A cab-driver, coming toward her, yelled: "Hey! Turn around! Back down the street! You're going the wrong way!"

"I know it," Gertrude answered, realizing now her mistake, "but I'm in an awful hurry. Just move over, like a good fellow, and I'll shoot down in no time."

"Take fun! You Sunday drivers give me a pain," he said. And blocked her way.

CARS began to collect behind them. Horns to honk. Voices yelled at them. And still the taxi would not move. The driver was making a show of her before the crowd; Gertrude's anger rose to the boiling point. She flounced out of her car, walked over and slapped the taxi driver in the face. He was so astonished he just gaped for a few seconds. Then, without a word he shifted into first, moved his cab over, and Gertrude triumphantly passed down the street.

Not everyone grows violent when angry. Some of the stars become quiet, and as white as a sheet. The madder they get, the quieter they become.

That's the way with Gene Carroll. You know Gene, the headlinor of the team of Gene and Glenn—Jake and Lena to you? After fourteen years of supposedly happy wedded life Gene left his wife, Mary. And didn't come back. He has three kids whom he adores—but he left them all.

It happened back in Cleveland a year ago.

One night Gene got home at eleven-thirty. His wife had expected him at eleven-fifteen, for the last show was over at eleven, and it never took him more than fifteen minutes to get home from the theatre. Tonight, he had stopped to chat with the boys. He got into his apartment quietly, so as not to awaken the kids.

(Continued on page 60)

HURRY IN AND PUT
OUT THAT LIGHT, SALLY.
IT'S LATE . . .



NOT TILL I'VE
CLEANED MY
FACE WITH **LUX**
TOILET SOAP.
NO COSMETIC
SKIN FOR ME!

Wise girls guard against Cosmetic Skin the screen stars' way...

YOU can use cosmetics all you wish if you remove them *thoroughly* the screen stars' way. It's when you leave bits of stale rouge and powder *choking the pores* that you risk Cosmetic Skin.

Do you see enlarged pores, dullness, tiny blemishes—warning signals of Cosmetic Skin? Better begin at once to use Lux Toilet Soap—the soap especially made to remove cosmetics *thoroughly*.

Cosmetics Harmless if removed this way

To protect your skin—keep it lovely—follow this simple rule:

Before you put on fresh make-up during the day—**ALWAYS** before you go to bed at night—use gentle Lux Toilet Soap. Its ACTIVE lather will sink deep into

the pores, carry away every vestige of dust, dirt, embedded powder and rouge. Your skin will feel soft and smooth—and *look it!* 9 out of 10 screen stars use Lux Toilet Soap—have used it for years!

**BARBARA
STANWYCK**

STAR OF WARNER BROS.' "THE WOMAN IN RED"



OF COURSE I USE
COSMETICS, BUT
I NEVER WORRY
ABOUT COSMETIC
SKIN. I USE
LUX TOILET SOAP
REGULARLY!



(Continued from page 58)

Yesterday
AN UGLY
MONSTROSITY



MARIAN MARSH
Columbus
Columbia
Star



Today
HOLD-BOBS
AND BEAUTY

Which hairdress do you prefer? A ridiculous question, of course. Modern women demand modern methods of hairdress...and that means HOLD-BOBS!

HOLD-BOBS can't show in your hair—their heads are small, round and invisible, and—they come in harmonizing colors to match every shade of hair. They keep deep, soft waves beautifully in place—the flexible, tapered legs, one side crimped, take care of that. And, HOLD-BOBS cannot scratch or pull—thanks to their smooth, round points and a new satin-smooth finish.

Try HOLD-BOBS once and you'll use them always. Send for your Gift Card.

THE HUMP HAIRPIN MFG. COMPANY
1918-16 Prairie Avenue, Dept. D-15, Chicago, Ill.
Hump Hairpin Mfg. Co. of Canada, Ltd.
St. Hyacinthe, P. Q., Canada

Gold and Silver Metal Foil cards identify HOLD-BOBS. All sizes and colors to meet every requirement. Also sold under brand name of BOBBETTES.



MAIL COUPON for Gift Card

The Hump Hairpin Mfg. Co.
Dept. D-15, Chicago, Ill.

I want to know more about these new HOLD-BOBS that match my hair. Please send me a free sample card and new hair culture booklet.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____
 Gray and Platinum Blonde Brown
 Auburn Brunette

MRS. CARROLL was in bed but awake. And then it began, a stream of innuendoes, recriminations, a barrage of suspicion, anger, frustration. Mrs. Carroll didn't believe his excuses for coming a quarter of an hour late. He must have been calling up a girl...

The picture of his whole married life flashed before Gene. From the start, suspicion and pettiness... Well, this was enough! He was through. He didn't attempt to answer her. What was the use? She wouldn't believe him, anyway.

He just packed his bags and walked out, never to return. Now the Carrolls are divorced. All because the Mr. and Mrs. lost their tempers.

Then there's Tiny Ruffner, who does the announcing on the Showboat. A number of years ago Tiny was a shipping clerk with a film company in Seattle. In those days Tiny was a rough diamond, two hundred and twenty pounds of muscle and brawn. He worked like a dog, packing and unpacking film, lifting heavy crates.

One day he went to the boss and asked for a raise. The boss admitted he deserved one, and promised there'd be three extra dollars in his pay envelope the next week.

The week passed. Tiny already had spent that three extra bucks. It wasn't in his pay envelope! Another week. Another. Still no sign of the raise. Finally Tiny stole

into Boss McClosker's office to ask why it hadn't been added to his pay.

"Why, you —" McClosker roared. "You'll get it when I get ready to give it to you! Get out of here!"

Tiny saw red. He struck out with his right. Remember there were two hundred and twenty pounds behind that punch.

Then McClosker, who was no weakling, hit back. The two rolled on the floor together. Finally McClosker grabbed Tiny's neck in a steady grip. He was choking Tiny. Managing to raise his legs, Tiny gave McClosker a push and McClosker's head went through the glass office partition.

End of round one. McClosker landed in the hospital where he vacationed for two weeks. Tiny escaped with a mere black eye, a torn lip and a limp.

That night, he was afraid to go home and tell the folks. He'd lost his job, and he was sure, once the story got around, no one else would hire him. And how they needed his money at home!

But a rival concern offered him a job at a fifty per cent. increase. They needed a strong guy at the Mutual Film Company. Besides, they hated McClosker, and were glad someone had licked him. So Tiny, too, profited by losing his temper.

THE END



Willard Robison, Evangelist of Rhythm, who with his Deep River orchestra has won an army of enthusiastic fans. Read in the May issue of RADIO STARS, the story of his amazing struggle against fate.

NOW NEW POWDER SHADES

make their skin Thrilling!



"Your new Natural gives my skin such a delicate blush—I never had such grand times," writes a young New Yorker.



"All other Brunette powders made my skin dull. This one makes it sparkle—and me too!" a popular sub-deb says.



A girl writes from the South: "Rose Cream makes dull skin thrilling... It's made me the happiest girl in the world."

Over 200 Girls' Skin "Color Analyzed" Six Flattering New Colors Perfected

Is your skin dull? Uninteresting? Are you going along powdering—with the same old powder shades that don't do a thing for you?

Now there is a new face powder that does exciting things for your skin.

Just film on this new powder—and be prepared for admiring glances, for it gives sparkle. Conceals blemishes. Lends a seductive softness. And your skin holds this radiant loveliness for hours.

Hidden Tints flatter Every Type

No ordinary powder could do such thrilling things to your skin. The flattering effect is due to hidden tints scientifically blended into this entirely new and different face powder by Pond's.

These hidden tints are the actual tones in beautiful skin. Read above the story of their discovery. Then you'll know how Pond's Powder gives your skin the one needed tone that lifts an ordinary complexion to a glamorous one.



How Science discovered hidden Skin Tints

An optical machine which records color in human skin read more than 200 girls' complexions. It showed that blonde skin loved its beauty to hidden notes of brilliant blue—brunette skin to hidden tints of green. These tints Pond's blends invisibly in their powder to flatter every skin.

But another surprise! This pure, clinging, flattering powder, made of the finest ingredients, is inexpensive. In glass jars, it's 52¢ and \$1.10. In gay boxes, 10¢, 20¢ and 25¢. You can get it everywhere.

We want you to try this new Face Powder, free. Rush this coupon right off. You will receive 5 different shades absolutely free. See this scientifically blended powder make a more glamorous "You!"



10¢
1/2 actual size

ONLY 55¢
FINEST POSSIBLE INGREDIENTS

5 shades FREE! Mail coupon

Two after express June 1, 1935

POND'S, Dept. D124, Clinton, Conn. Please send five samples of five different shades of Pond's new Powder, enough of each shade for a full live-by test.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

Copyright, 1935, Pond's Mearns Company

Stunning New Spring Frocks inexpensively priced



Select Fashion Frocks for Spring and Summer wear. You get the smartest styles, yet save money. These authentically styled frocks reflect every new style tendency and offer exceptional value because they are sold direct to you from the maker through specially appointed representatives. Or you may, if you want, order these two styles featured here, right from this magazine. Either way your satisfaction is guaranteed.

Frock No. 773—Shown at the left. An unusually engaging sport frock of finely ribbed crepe. Raglan shoulders, elastic neck, smart polo belt and flaring out of skirt. Two shades, fashionable assurance or spruce blue. Scarf and button trimming are softly harmonizing brown. Sizes 14 to 40. Direct from factory price only \$7.98.

No. 773
\$7.98

Fashion Frocks

CHARMINGLY DIFFERENT

**Sold Direct
To You from
the Maker**

Fashion Frocks are never sold in stores and can only be bought direct from the maker through our special demonstrators who are now showing our complete new spring line. However the top style shown here may be ordered direct from this magazine. This economical method lets you invest quality and makes these low prices possible. Our expert stylists in world-fashion centers advise you, in most authoritative styles.

Frock No. 737—shown at the right. Stunning two piece frock. A brown evening jacket and a darling pique dress in combination of brown and a soft, airy, of a honey tone and green. The honey taret has deep front points to give it smartness. The collar and belt are elaborately stitched white caplet sleeves finished in a complete ruffle across the back. See picture of dress in view. Note pointed yoke, big buttons, pleated skirted lines and slim straight skirt with inverted pleats. Guaranteed last color. Sizes 14 to 40, bust, hips and shoulders from factory prices only \$3.98. Postage and handling money order or cashiers check.

**SPECIAL WORK
FOR WOMEN**

We have openings for more reliable women to take care of the tremendous demand for our lovely Fashion Frocks. Pleasant, dignified full or spare time work. Ambitious women can make a good income without canvassing, experience or investment and earn their own dresses free. Write for particulars and give dress size No. 14-40.

FASHION FROCKS, INC.

Established 1924—Representatives throughout
Dept. O 250 Cincinnati, Ohio



No. 737
\$3.98



Coaxing those low-down tunes from his boys. Red Nichols is on the air with Ruth Etting every Thursday at 7:45 p.m. EST.

MAESTROS ON PARADE

• Those in the music business make it their job to know which songs are played the most often over the networks. After all, that is the best measure to test song popularity. During the winter months surveys showed these as the top notches: Stay As Sweet As You Are, Winter Wonderland, Object of My Attention, Dancing with My Shadow, Hauls Across the Table, It's June in January, Continental, Invitation to a Dance, Blue Moon and An Earl of Music.

The actual sales of sheet music, which is the other fundamental test of popularity, shows these on top during the winter: Stars Fell on Alabama, Rain, Object of My Attention, Stay As Sweet As You Are, and, probably due to the Christmas season, Santa's Coming to Town.

• A brief survey of the music world during 1934 shows several very

noticeable trends: (1) The fast growing amount of symphony and opera music on the air; (2) stressing of the waltz; (3) the exit of practically no-name bands and the addition of a lot of new musical organizations; and (4) the new rhythm craze, as typified by the rumbas and such songs as The Carioca.

• Some of the old things we've noticed: Cal Calloway, always heretofore an NBC artist, has shifted to CBS. Johnny Green, musical advisor of the latter network, unable to land himself a commercial program, went into a hotel spot with a dance band. The Studelaker program features a singer whose last name is that of another auto, Joey Nash. Although Jackie Heller has not been with Ben Bernie for a year and now has his own airshow, Bernie is still his manager. Heller's sister, Shirley, by the way, is singing over a Pittsburgh station, the Heller home town.

Why are popular songs popular?

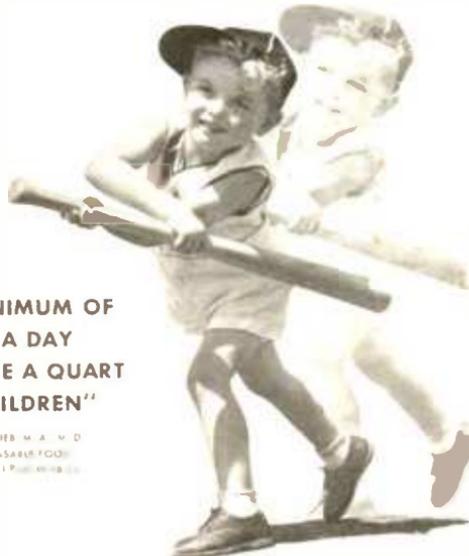


Freddie Rich is just as emphatic as you see him above. The band leader can be heard Wednesdays at 10:00 p.m. EST.

BY NELSON
KELLER

- **Alvin Karpis** is going to Hollywood March 15th to take part in a picture movie.
- **Doc Neal**, Buckleys' chief singer, with Don Bestor, Paul and Specter, called Buckleys on.
- **Stigand Rowling** has one of the largest private collections of music records. There are more than six hundred. Found by Mrs. Mary Rowling first class on the latest cruise trip on the lake, extending throughout the bulk of all instruments, dating from 1700 to 1774.
- **Wendell Hall** is becoming known as radio's most prolific performer. A combined total of twenty-one million records—records and films—have been produced by Hall to date. He was radio's first hit. It Am I or Am I Not? No More—which sold more than two million records, and one million copies and is still being sold with radio. *Clean Talk*.

Why don't girls play the tuba?



"THE MINIMUM OF
MILK A DAY
SHOULD BE A QUART
FOR CHILDREN"

CHARLES W. JEBB, M.A., M.D.
"THE INDISSENSIBLE FOOD"
C. P. HALL, M.P.H., PH.D., M.D.

Cocomalt mixed with milk
provides almost twice
the food-energy of milk alone

NO MOTHER need to be troubled with infant milk for the growing child. Do it is have long emphasized its value in the baby diet of all children.

When **Cocomalt** is mixed with milk a direct food source gets going as an extra source of supply of Sunshine Vitamin D and other food energy in milk alone. A pure, whole milk, nourishing food such as **Cocomalt** can play an important part in the physical development of a child. It is a child's best protection against malnutrition, health defects, and other supporting the energy demands of the growing work and play, food calcium and total phosphorus plus Sunshine Vitamin D for building strong bones and sound teeth.

Supplies important food essentials

Cocomalt is a delicious food product that supplies the food essentials just mentioned.

The food essentials often are lacking in the average diet. Prepared according to directions, **Cocomalt** increases the protein content of the milk with which it is mixed 50%, the carbohydrate content 70%, the total caloric content 35%, the total phosphorus content 70%. In addition **Cocomalt** is rich in Sunshine Vitamin D, which milk alone does not usually provide.

Cocomalt is sold at grocery, drug and department stores in 1 lb. and 4 lb. air tight cans. Also in the economical 5 lb. quart size. Use powder form only, combine with milk—delicious HOT or COLD. High in food value, economy in price.

SPECIAL TRIAL OFFER: For a trial size can of **Cocomalt** send name and address (with 1 cent wrapper or other postage) to R. B. Davis Co., Dept. MA4, Hoboken, N. J.



Cocomalt
Prepared as directed, adds 70% more food-energy to milk

Cocomalt is accepted by the Committee on Foods of the American Medical Association. It is a balanced, complete, sterile milk extract. For more information, write to R. B. Davis Co., Dept. MA4, Hoboken, N. J.

The Taming of Barbara Bennett

ILLUSTRATION BY MARY W. WELLS

IT'S
LAST YEAR'S
DRESS

WHITE RIT
TOOK THE
COLOR
OUT...

LOOK! It's a NEW DRESS

New indeed — and the color is actually in advance of the season—thanks to a new RIT service.

Write today for PARIS COLORS with silk samples of the newest shades for Spring and Summer — and RIT "Color Recipes" for matching them. Simply by combining 2 RIT colors according to the recipe—you get fashionable shades never possible before in home dyeing!

Instant RIT (not a soap) soaks in deeper — sets faster — and lasts longer than ordinary "surface" dyes. Insist on RIT and RIT only! For either tinting or dyeing.



RIT
TINTS and DYES
RIT is a permanent color
water source for measured
non-toxic out of the package.

FREE Miss Rit, 1191 W Jackson Blvd., Chicago, Illinois.
Please send me your FREE folder C-74 of RIT Color Recipes with actual silk samples of leading Paris shades for Spring and Summer.

Name.....
Address.....
City..... State.....
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engagement in Paris. It was there for the first time that the paths of Barbara Bennett and Morton Downey crossed. Barbara was sitting with a party of friends one evening at Les Ambassadeurs in Paris. Downey came in and saw her, took in for the first time her black eyes, her hair that was like the color of night, the beauty and the grace of her. Morton was not the kind of person to sit and stare at a stranger. But this time... this time... He couldn't keep his eyes off her. For a moment their eyes met, and then they both quickly turned away.

"I wonder who that man is," thought Barbara.

"I wonder who that girl is," thought Morton.

And that it moment... present with destiny passed, and Morton was longing once more to be talked with his friends, though Barbara's image was engraved forever in his heart.

Brief was the taste of triumph to Maurice. Though he and Barbara were acclimated everywhere, but was her young hate of him. Some personal antipathy to the man existed through her years, and she made no attempt to disguise it.

When they opened in New York all that had gone before came to a climax. It seemed to Barbara that Maurice was greedy and avaricious. He was receiving three thousand dollars a week for their act, and he gave her only five hundred dollars a week out of it.

When Barbara demanded more money, there was a scene. Maurice, who had a slight fever as he supposed to be ill, his will she had wanted to man his supply to add to his own glory, was taken. Hate mounted high.

"I'm waking out," said Barbara, to sing her dark curls. And with out she did she went on to further triumphs with other dancing partners and bold reporters that she had "tried" Maurice. On the day he heard that, his pulse writhed like a butterfly caught on a wheel. With fury in his heart he set out to find Barbara. But he didn't find her and in the end he did a broken old man, degraded to a sixteen-year-old child or a girl whom he had tried to tame.

It wasn't destined for any more time. Barbara till Morton came along. Not was it easy for Morton.

One evening he saw a dark-haired dancer-eyed girl descending the stairway at the Meyer Club in New York. The girl of his dreams. The girl he had seen so frequently that night at Les Ambassadeurs. He turned swiftly to his companion. "Do you know who that girl is?" he asked breathlessly.

"Why, yes," she laughed. "She's the girl who's going to play in that picture you've been signed up for, 'Syncope'!"

"If you know her, for heaven's sake, please introduce me to her," he begged. Swiftly the introductions were made.

"How do you do?" said Morton warmly, as though he could think of nothing else.

"How do you do?" said Barbara coldly,

as though her mind were on something else.

And that was that.

Several times after, Morton's friend tried to arrange a date at which Barbara would be present. But Barbara always pleaded another engagement. Even if she made an appointment, at the last minute she'd call up and break it.

"The devil with her," thought young Morton. "It that's the way she looks about things, the devil with her!"

Only it was strange how, in spite of the fact that he had decided not to have anything further to do with her, he couldn't help thinking of her, of her deep dark eyes like pools of light and shadow, of her lustrous hair and her lips that were warm with the promise of her youth.

They met again when they played in "Syncope," in which she was the leading lady and Morton the second lead. On the set he approached her. With his usual gay, bantering manner he said "Hello, I'm Morton Downey in case you don't remember me. I thought it was about time we got acquainted."

"Oh, yes," said Barbara. "I remember you perfectly."

What the devil was this? Was she giving him the ritz again? Haughty as a debutante's was her manner, and Morton was suddenly furious. He would have liked to take her by the shoulders and shake her. He had a good mind to do it right then and there.

Well, he'd to again. He'd give her just a more chance. He'd give her a little party to get her said. Well, he'd to do with her.

"S' true," said Barbara. "The girl is a devil engagement."

Morton turned red. This was just a little for too much. He'd never speak to her as long as he lived.

SUDDENLY he was speaking to her, he was bending over her, he was begging her to tell him what he could do for her, for Barbara had turned ghastly pale and was trembling all over. She had eaten something that disagreed with her.

"I'll get you some water," said Morton. "I'll get you some medicine. I'll get you anything you need."

That attention Morton's phone rang. It was Barbara calling. "At that cocktail party," she said, "do you still want me to come?"

"I should say so," Morton's voice was cold.

"I don't like to break my other engagements. Do you mind if I bring a girl instead?"

"I should say not. Bring her along. Bring two or three friends along. Only come."

So Barbara came. And got back again a reputation of the nausety that had swept over her that afternoon. Morton, of course, was at her side all evening and insisted on taking her home.

This was the beginning. There followed two weeks dining, which they did together almost every day. Two weeks in

which Morton took up every spare moment of Barbara's time. But he didn't know whether or not he was really making an impression on the girl. For a man who had always said, "Love is the bunk," strange things were certainly happening to him. So this was love! The bunk? It was Paradise. It was the dream Mohammedan-have of heaven, and the most beautiful hour in all the world was the girl he loved.

Then one day Barbara floored him by saying, "I'm going to Palm Beach for the winter, Mort." Wasn't that just like a girl? When they were just beginning to get acquainted, she was about to leave him. He wouldn't see her any more for a whole winter. Oh, it was unendurable!

As for Barbara, she'd had enough. She realized she was falling for Morton. Was she going to surrender her will and her pride and her love of life into the keeping of this man with the grayish blue eyes, the dark hair, and the carefree manner? Was she, who had never let any man tame her, going to allow love to bend and break her? She thought not. So she was taking a train for Palm Beach, running away from love and life and this paunchy Irishman. In Palm Beach, away from his influence, she would know freedom once again and safety and the independence that distinguishes all the Bennetts.

She was in Palm Beach just exactly two days. About ten hours after she arrived there she sent Morton a telegram. "Am coming back to New York. Meet me at the train please."

Morton was in seventh heaven. He had so many thrilling things to tell Barbara, how deeply he loved her, how much she meant to him, and how very much he wanted to marry her.

Three weeks after their first date, Morton and Barbara were married in the Chapel of the Blessed Virgin in Saint Patrick's Cathedral.

As though talent and ambition had never conspired through her veins, Barbara gave up her career. She knew herself now for a woman and a woman who loved deeply and who wanted children more than she wanted fame. It is true that a year and a half after their marriage, when Morton opened the Delmonico Club, Barbara offered to dance there, but that was only because she could be with Morton and help make his venture a success.

Then a doctor told her that if she ever wanted to have a baby, she must still her dancing feet. After that, for a woman like Barbara there could be no choice. This time she gave up dancing forever, gave it up so that she might have Sean, her boy, and Lorelle Ann, her little girl. Far dearer to her than any career of her own is the happiness of her children and of Morton.

That is the true story of how dark-eyed, glamorous, temperamental Barbara was tamed by that Irish brood of his boy, Morton. And also of how that hell-raising lad, Morton Downey, was tamed by a dark-eyed slip of a girl.

Morton Downey can be heard Tuesday evenings at 7:30 p. m. EST on the following stations: WJZ WFI WKBF KSO WENR KWCR KOH WREN WHAM WBZ WJZA WGAR WMLM KDKA WJR WCKY.

FREE

Just mail coupon for the most complete book ever written on eye make-up. Note also trial offer.



NOW

An Eyelash Make-up that gives the alluring effect of
LONG, LOVELY LASHES
so fascinating to men!

Dull, lifeless eyes are a handicap to happiness. Yet *you* can have lovely eyes in 40 seconds! There's no need to envy girls who always have "dates"—you can beautify your eyes so easily, so inexpensively. See how quickly my Winx Mascara glorifies your lashes, giving your face a new charm. Like magic, little eyes appear big. Skippy lashes look long, lustrous, soft.

FOR "COME HITHER EYES"
WINX YOUR LASHES AND BROWS

Millions of women prefer Winx to ordinary mascaras—so will *you*. I'm certain. Winx is refined to the last degree—so it's safe, smudge-proof, non-smarting, tear-proof—scientifically perfect. Try Winx today—learn how easy it is to darken your lashes with Winx.

Winx Mascara and my other Winx Eye Beautifiers are presented in generous purse sizes at 10c. Think how

little it costs to accent your eyes and give yourself added attraction.

To learn all the precious secrets of Eye Beauty, mail the coupon for my book—"Lovely Eyes—How to Have Them." It's free. It tells how to care for the lashes and brows, how to use eye shadow, how to treat "crow's-feet," etc. Also check coupon for a trial box, if a 10c. counter is not handy.

Louise Ross

WINX 10¢
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Winx Eyebrow Pencil molds brows into charming curves.



Winx Eye Shadow gives depth and glamour—a fine cream.



Winx Eyelash Grower promotes luxurious soft lashes.

Winx Cake Mascara darkens Lashes instantly, perfectly



Winx Liquid Mascara preferred by many—easy to apply. Waterproof.

FREE Merely send Coupon for "Lovely Eyes—How to Have Them"

Mail to LOUISE ROSS, 243 W. 17th St., New York City M-4-35

Name.....
Street.....
City..... State.....

If you also want a generous trial package of Winx Mascara, enclose 10c, checking whether you wish Cake or Liquid Black or Brown.

Follow Your Heart

(Continued from page 15)



Outdoor sports—
Sharp winds blowing—
Then your complexion
calls—HELP!

THESE early spring days, with the tang of winter still in the air—how inviting they are—but how hard on the complexion! Dried by exhilarating but cutting winds—with sticky, sooty dust getting into the pores and clinging to the roughened surface, your skin tends to become grimy and "muddy looking" and irritations develop.

To combat this ravaging effect, particular care is necessary, and skin specialists say that cleansing with a pure, mild soap, at least once a day, is indispensable.

When you use Resinol Soap, you can be sure of thorough, safe cleansing, because it is a soap that is kind to every type of skin. Its pure, lightly medicated lather is so creamy, so soft, and leaves your skin so refreshed.

Now, the wind-roughened, irritated skin surface is ready for soothing Resinol Ointment. Its special medication is just what nature needs to help heal the sore, rough, reddened spots. It acts so quickly, too. Just spread it on lightly but freely and you will be amazed to see how soon the surface blemishes and discomfort disappear.

Your druggist sells Resinol Ointment and Soap. Why not start this treatment today—before these smiling, but rough spring days can seriously mar your complexion? For free trial size package, write to Resinol, Dept. 1-C, Baltimore, Md.



he met all sorts of people; the good and bad; the kind and the calloused. Day in and day out he carried on without a protest. There were mouths to be fed at home. Their lives depended on the potato he carried. Then suddenly Tony got sick. Before he realized what was happening he was shipped to the West. It was only after endless months in a hospital that Tony began to mend.

Doctors called it a small miracle when he came out alive. His eyes sparkled that morning he was saying goodbye at the sanatorium. "Doctor," he said, "I'm going to make up for lost time."

"What are you going to do first, my boy?" the old doctor asked. How many times he had seen the renegade walk out burning with ambition, only to return again for the last time.

"I'm going to spread the philosophy I learned in this exile to the whole world."

"And then, Tony?"

"And then doctor, a girl to love me. I need a staff of life to lean on."

Fate decreed that his first lecture take place in the sleepy town of Kenosha, Wisconsin. It was here, that Tony followed his heart.

After the brilliant talk, the town's social club gave an affair. Tony was guest of honor. The town glowed. Girls put on their smartly best and the boys sleeked back their hair. The banquet only found them up on their knees.

TONY saw spirit and cheer for the first time since he quit his hospital cot. His dark hungry eyes searched the room. Inviting hips and toy cheeks met his gaze. Then his wandering glance saw her—a slim, little creature in a simple blue frock. How pretty she was! How alive!

In an instant they were whirling around the crowded dance floor. His hungry arms were satisfied.

People gazed at them. The older ones remarked, "How nice they look." The young girls buzzed, "Helen Hill is one lucky lad getting his first date with him."

When the church clock chimed midnight, the music stopped. Too soon, much too soon, thought Tony. It was a long time since he had shipped a smug, white arm under his own.

"They walked home in silence.

What was the girl thinking? It was her first real love. Her heart skipped fast. A woman's instinct told her this was the man. His dark eyes dazzled her but one. What would her sister, Ruby, say when she told her?

The Hill residence found no better time at the end of the road. Before the girl could say good night, Tony was asking to see her the next night. Her excited eyes thrilled him.

Inside the house, the girl flew up the circular stairs. She was singing.

Outside, Tony walked slowly back to his hotel room. "The moon was out. It brightened the winding lake. So this was why he wanted to live. This was the incentive in his fight against death.

Armed with candy and flowers, Tony looked like a walking dandy when he arrived at the Hill residence the next night. Mr. Hill answered his knock.

"Good evening, Mr. Wain," the man "gipped, "Helen is busy dressing. Will you wait in the parlor. By the way that was an excellent speech you made last night."

Alone in the big room, Tony reflected how Mr. Kenosha was. He might stay on a while. No, he decided, he wasn't in love with Helen. She was just one of many charming and pretty girls. She was just a phase in his search for the one girl.

Overhead was Helen's room. She dreamed about putting the finishing touches to her toilette. Two dates in a row—good!—this was the biggest forty-eight hours in her whole life. For the fifth time she thought of Tony's eyes.

Tony looked up and saw someone approaching. It was Helen. This girl was taller, more mature like something out of a book. She began to speak. But Tony didn't hear her words. He just stared at her beauty.

Somewhere in his readings he had visualized a girl like this: Fair, white, sparkling. Was she some character stepping out of a romantic novel. Or was this all a horrible nightmare. Would he wake as usual, a sick man on a burning pillow. A quotation that he had once read flashed before him: "Paradise is a Hell in disguise." Yes, Tony decided, this is Paradise!

STEPS were heard. It was Helen flushed pink and rosy in the doorway. She introduced her sister Ruby to Tony. They needed no introduction. They had met a long, long time ago.

Tony kept seeing Helen. It was only because it gave him a chance to gaze on Ruby. In his hotel room he could not sleep. When he looked out of the windower smile but the pain came. When he stayed in the morning her face flashed across the mirror.

He read his lettered bed book. In it were the words of a words writer he admired. He was seeking counsel. But he couldn't tell him whether this was love. Because he knew it was inscribing a note in the front-piece to Ruby. He sent the book by messenger.

The next night Tony was again waiting for Helen in the living room. He wondered if she was suspicious. How could he tell her that it was Ruby he loved?

Ruby came in. How long, Tony thought, would they be alone. Ten minutes, he guessed. He stood that she gazed strangely at him. Did she get the book. Did she understand?

In her room Helen was trying to figure it all out. Why had Tony said that he looked to Ruby and not to her? Why were the words, "I hope you understand," inscribed on the flyleaf? Something was wrong. She tossed a bit more, sighed, and then looked up at the white ceiling. "Please God," she whispered, "Make Tony like me."

Tony was in a dilemma. The lack in the market faded away mercilessly. He

must tell her now! To make it worse, Ruby was talking about her sister. "She's a sweet kid, Tony. Be nice to her; she's crazy about you."

The words sounded familiar. Suddenly Tony remembered the story of Priscilla and John Allen. How similar was his problem to that of those Puritans. Before he knew what he was doing his arms were about her. He was kissing her.

"Why don't you speak for yourself, Ruby?" Tony begged. "It's you I love, dear."

He kissed her again. Only a silent figure in the doorway saw their embrace. Tears dampened Helen's handkerchief as she stumbled back to her room. Quietly she undressed. She reached for the scrapbook Tony had sent to her sister and read:

"I was a novice at the time of Love. Who I met you... but through your deftness I

Have learned to bluff... and have the courage of

A real pool player... though the stakes are high.

At 11 o'clock you have reconciled and triumphed my age!

But I'll not follow suit... for I have learned

To divorce a perfect "Poker Face"... Although I lost the heart for which I yearned.

She never finished the poem. She threw the book into the open fire and closed that chapter of her life.

She never told anyone how she felt. Only blurred words in her diary wrote the last act: "Tony will never know how well I loved him."

Ruby and Tony were soon married. Ken's day never had a more brilliant wedding day. Everyone seemed wreathed in smiles. But the mail of honor wrote a bitter smile. It seemed permanently engraved on her face.

An old man turned to her in the midst of the confusion and said: "What's the matter, Helen? You look like you lost our best friend!" "I have," she whispered.

Fourteen years later, Tony Wons is found spreading wisdom and kindness throughout a nation. He searched for happiness and found it. So, he says, can others if you "follow your heart."

"But I wonder what you're hinting he can give to Helen! He could be used here to make her... His his is a raphack filled with pretty prose. Only a diary tells the story. That, and a cold, unsmiling that creases each week the tears Tony Wons broadcast.

"Follow your heart"... That's a laugh.

Tony Wons can be heard each Sunday at 5:30 p. m. EST over WFAF WTIC WFLW WAR WCSH KVM WRV WQY WBLN WCAE WJAM WWI WMAQ KSD WOW WDAE CRU CIOE WPTF WYAC WTAG WRYA KAOB WKY KTHS WRAP KPRC WQVI WJAX WSAI WBBR WTAR WHO WIOD WIBC KFYR KFSB WMC WSB WAPI WJON WUMB KOY KBYI KPO WEL KGW KOMO KHQ KTR WRBE WAVE WBA WDAY (KSIP on 5:45) (WIMJ on 5:45)



WIVES KEEP MAKING THE *same old mistake*

EACH season of the year sees another happy lot of girls go confidently into marriage. They are so young, so lovely, so light-hearted about it all. And many of them are as pitifully lacking in understanding as their mothers were before them. The older women know this. Sometimes they are rather inclined to be sad at weddings.

"MY FRIENDS WERE ALL CONFUSED"



It is a shock to the young wife to find that friends married for quite a few years are still confused about the matter of feminine hygiene. Some of these modern women actually talk the way her mother talks.

Some of them seem to have changed from method to method—as though to learn by trial and error. Surely this cannot be right. Surely certain of these methods could have been right.



"I HAVE SEEN THE TRAGIC RESULTS"

Before the days of Zonite, as any nurse or doctor will tell you, there really was no antiseptic powerful enough for the purpose except poisons. It was a question of poisons or nothing. Surgical cleanliness could be attained in no other way. The practice of feminine hygiene was always right. It was the *old-fashioned* *inval* *poisonous* antiseptic which was wrong.

Then came Zonite. How gratefully women received Zonite! At last an anti-

septic providing surgical cleanliness *with safety!* Zonite is not caustic. Zonite is not poisonous. Yet Zonite is far more powerful than any dilution of carbolic acid that can be used without danger on the human body. Zonite will never harm delicate membranes. Nor leave an area of scar-tissue. Despite its germicidal strength, Zonite is gentle, positively soothing. It comes in bottles: 30c, 60c and \$1.00.

Then there are Zonite Suppositories which are semi-solid, dainty white and *graceful* forms. They come hygienically sealed in individual glass vials, 12 to a box: \$1.00. Ask your druggist.

"NOW I'M HAPPY BECAUSE I KNOW"



Women everywhere say that knowledge and happiness came to them from the pages of "Facts for Women." Send for this booklet. Read it. Pass it on to others. It is honest, up-to-date. Most helpful to all women. Just mail coupon.



ZONITE PRODUCTS CORPORATION
Chrysler Building, New York, N. Y.

Please send me free copy of the booklet or booklets checked below **MM-51**
 Facts for Women
 Use of Antiseptics in the Home

Name _____ (Please print name)
Address _____
City _____ State _____
(In Canada: Sainte Therese, P. Q.)

Still Glamorous at 53

(Continued from page 10)

B R I G H T

EYE IDEAS



By
Jane
Heath

MEN may hate extreme styles, but there's one beauty point that always gets them, in business or in ballrooms. Lovely eyes! Practice looking eager and attentive; two-thirds of the trick of that "starry-eyed" look is a matter of concentration. The other third is a little patented implement called Kurlash. Slip your eyelashes into this for a few moments each morning. They emerge with the lovely, lashing curl Nature forgot to give them. Curled lashes look *much* longer and make eyes sparkle. . . . and Kurlash costs only \$1 at any leading store.



Improving
on Nature

Men do not like an artificial "faded" look on eyelashes, which is why so many professional beauties are using new liquid mascara *Lashit*. \$1 buys a charming dressing-table bottle. . . . waterproof and tear-proof (removes with cold cream) to make thin or pale lashes appear dark and luxuriant.



Beauty in
the Handbag

Shopping or business over—and a sudden urge for beauty overcomes you! How lucky you are if out of your handbag comes *Lashpac*. From one end a stick of mascara pushes forward to use both on lashes and eyebrows. A tiny brush for grooming swings from the other end. Mrs. D. N. writes that it makes a most original \$1 bridge prize!

Kurlash

Jane Heath will gladly give you personal advice on eye beauty if you write her a note, care of Department G-3, The Kurlash Company, Box 460, N. Y. The Kurlash Company of Canada, at Toronto, 5.

© 1935 The Kurlash Co., Inc. 1935

shoulders from the opera stage to her car. Geraldine Farrar had ruined the program, she had made it herself—to retire while still in her glory.

As a young girl she had stood in line at the Metropolitan, waiting to buy a tiny-curtain seat in the rear of the gallery. And she had seen stars of other years entering the stage door, tragic women with littered, desperate faces, wearing shabby furs and strops. And it had depressed her. They ruined the glory they had had, it seemed to her by holding on too long. She wouldn't, she vowed. And she didn't.

It was all very fine, a grand gesture. But what of the days that followed? Days gradually emptied of all the rush and fame she so long had known—ever since at nineteen she had become the rage of Berlin singing "Marianne" in "Istint." . . . The command performances before the rulers of Europe. . . . And later to become the greatest prima donna in her own country. . . . Days that held no such glory might well have proved unendurably lonely. Easily she might have resigned her decision.

I asked her if she had. We were sitting together in one of the conference rooms of the broadcasting company.

"No, I never did." She said, spreading her capable, well-kept hands on the table before her, contemplating them for a minute. "Probably because I was so entirely satisfied I had done the right thing."

"You see, I was not equipped to go on indefinitely. I was not a dramatic soprano; I could play heavy Wagnerian roles. Always my voice was delicate. I had spent my life caring for it. I had written letters instead of using a telephone."

"Studying my roles mentally I came to know intimately the characters. I played *Zola*. And *Ermine*. And *Butterfly*. They all were young. Had I continued to portray them I would, to some degree, have falsified them. And the world has confirmed. Any more than you could expect to place a classical art created at a certain epoch."

MORE important it was to Geraldine Farrar that roles be sung properly than that she sing them. She was, therefore, spared the reactions which a vain woman in her position would have experienced. Actually because of that mental insurance I spoke of she was saved the unhappiness which otherwise would have beset her at this time.

"I could have kept on and on. . . ." She smoothed the garnet velvet blouse she wore and smiled at me out of her lovely gray-blue eyes. "Audiences would have been sentimental enough to have accepted me. Even if the old back had creaked a little in the attempt to be as young and lithic as I needed to seem. Even if my voice hadn't been what it had been previously."

"But I would have had to face my audiences, negatively, with my hands out-

stretched, a supplicant! And I should have hated that! For it is an artist's job to create an illusion. When you can no longer do this, it is time to stop."

"We can't stand still. Any of us. Whatever we do, whoever we are. And when we won't look this fact in the face, when we won't adjust, we run the risk of becoming ridiculous."

"No, I never regretted my decision. As I said before I was always convinced that what I had done had been the thing to do. However, if I had experienced any regrets in the beginning, they soon would have disappeared. For by retiring when I did, I've had the joy of watching Geraldine Farrar grow into a legend."

Once again she smiled at me from her lovely gray-blue eyes. Here, I think, in their warm serenity and humor and understanding, lies the secret of her great glamour.

"Will you believe me," she asked, "when I tell you that today I think of the prima donna I used to be, of the famous Geraldine Farrar, as if she were another person entirely?"

I looked at the charming, middle-aged woman sitting there before me—remembering her as I had seen her fourteen years ago—er, wearing chinchilla and diamonds—a great and famous prima donna who knew that when she sang the opera house would be crowded to the doors and to the rafters. . . . Had she found the adjustment trying? So many find it difficult to say farewell to youth.

But Geraldine declared that her adjustment had not been difficult. "If I had not been willing to let go, to adjust, it would have been downright grody of me," she said. "I had had such a rich life, I had had so much!"

"She talked of the physical collapse she had entered shortly after she retired from the Metropolitan. For six years her doctor had been telling her she had such a collapse. But she had kept going. . . . It was so many busy women!"

"It is possible of course," she said, "that this very collapse saved me from a difficult period of readjustment. For three months I remained in bed too long, once I let down to care about aching."

When I was able to go out again I saw a tree. For the first time in years I *could* see a tree! Does that sound silly? Well it is not. For it was the first time in years that I had time to see a tree and not merely to be aware of trees as part of the landscape. I remember nothing that this tree's branches, thick against the early spring sky. I watched, fascinated while it grew birds, thin leaves. And when I discovered a bad injury in its trunk I sent for a tree surgeon.

"Logically enough all this led me to my garden. The next thing I know I had a dog. Then another dog. . . ."

"I became absorbed in making certain changes in my house. Not really doing it over, just sprucing it up. It's not a pretentious house and it's not a large house.

But it's all I need, all I want. It holds my piano and my books.

"There were so many things to do I didn't have time to consider whether or not I was finding readjustment difficult. I had no time to be unhappy or bored."

A messenger boy came with word that they were waiting in the Board Room to consult with Miss Farrar about the details of her broadcasts. I left her reluctantly, as reluctantly as I had gone to see her. I had been afraid, you see, that Geraldine Farrar at fifty-three would let me down. I had found her so glamorous in her prima donna days. I hadn't made allowances for the fact that the same keen, alert mind which characterized her as an opera star also would characterize her as a woman. I had overlooked the fact which a wise doctor had called to my attention years ago—that an open mind which keeps varied interests is the only unifying fountain of beauty and glamour and youth!

Geraldine Farrar can be heard each Saturday afternoon at 2:00 p. m. EST on these stations: WEAZ, WIZ, WTR, WTG, WEL, WJAR, WASH, KYW, WFBR, WRG, WGY, WBN, WCAE, WWJ, WTAM, WLW, WKBF, WMAQ, KSD, WHO, WOW, WDAF, WTAL, WMAL, WBZ, WBZA, WSYR, WHAM, KDKA, WGAR, WJR, WKY, WLS (at 4:00) (WENR on 4:00) KWCR, KSO, KWK, WREX, KOH, (CRCT, CFCF, WTMJ), KSTP, WIBA, WERC, WDAY, KFVK, WRVA, WPTF, WTAZ, WSOC, WUNC, WIS, WJAZ, WIOD, WFLA, WAVE, WSM, WSB, WMC, WAFB, WJXN, WSMB, KYOO, WKY, KTHS, WFAA, WBAP, KTBS, KOA, KPRC, WQAI, KDYL, KQIR, KGIL, KTO, KFI, KGW, KOMO, KHQ, KFSD, KTAR, KGL.

Strictly Confidential

(Continued from page 53)

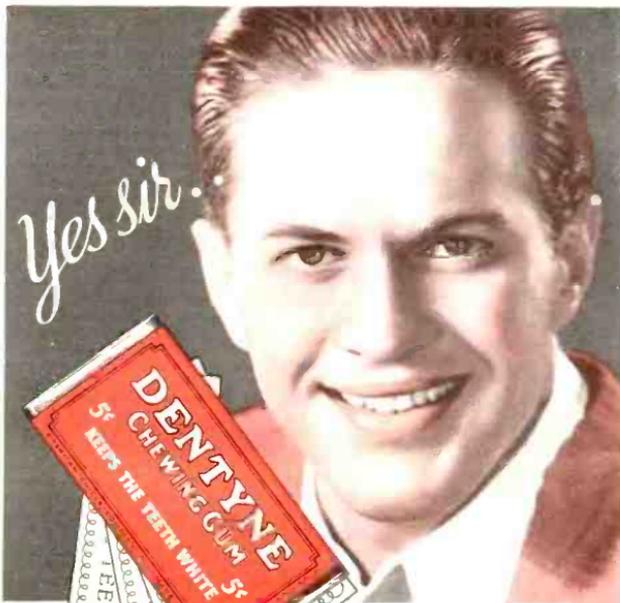
Irving Caesar on Jimmy Durante's picture, "Joe Palooka." Next month, Guest celebrates forty years as a newspaperman.

Jan West, who writes the script for "The O'Neill," weighs 212 pounds and takes Kate Smith's attitude on reducing.

The Revelers will soon celebrate their fourteenth year on the air. . . . The Fred Allen program is broadcast twice each Wednesday, the first time at 9 p. m. EST for the eastern and central states and again at 12 midnight EST for the mountain and western states. So what happens if the studio audience picks a different amateur winner for each broadcast? For some reason it just doesn't happen.

Bob Trent, for many years presidential announcer in Washington for CBS, has been transferred to the New York headquarters—a promotion, they say.

When Deane Carter, news commentator, had trouble getting a good seat in the courthouse at Flemington, New Jersey, to report the trial of Bruno Richard Hauptmann for the murder of the Lindbergh baby, he had himself sworn in as an unofficial deputy county clerk in order to occupy a seat in the official section.



dividends in every Dentyne package

You slip a piece of Dentyne into your mouth . . . and, as you enjoy it, you are earning dividends.

AN AID TO MOUTH HEALTH—Your teeth, your whole mouth, need exercise which they don't get from today's soft foods. Dentyne provides this regular vigorous exercise so necessary to general mouth health. It stimulates the salivary glands, helps the mouth clean itself, and improves the condition of the teeth.

AS WELL AS A DELICIOUS GUM—You will be delighted with the flavor of Dentyne. Its fresh, stimulating spiciness makes it the favorite chewing gum of thousands and thousands of critical people. You will like, too, the handy vest-pocket package . . . an exclusive feature with Dentyne. The shape originated with, and for many years has identified, Dentyne.

DENTYNE

KEEPS TEETH WHITE · MOUTH HEALTHY

Here They Are

(Continued from page 17)

Scotch jokes and tossing them at me. His favorite is about the man who went on a honeymoon and left his wife behind because that way he saved a railroad fare. I came to America to become a singer; I became a salesman of pianos.

My training in voice landed me a job as announcer on WGN and there on January 12, 1926, as part of my routine I found myself announcing a team new to the air—Sam and Henry. Singers, speakers, orchestras, gag men, all flow through the announcer's mill. Grist Routine They flow by unnoticed. But Sam and Henry made an impression. We fell for each other on sight. It was the beginning of a friendship which, I hope, will never end.

At first they made only a small, unperceptible dent on the audience. No letters came. They were doing it for fun, for publicity. Then people began writing. They got the feeling of these unseen listeners. It sobered them overnight. They were a roustabout vaudeville team, like hundreds of others. Radio was responsible for settling them, getting them married among other things, for it was after their first taste of triumph at WGN that they both bought wedding rings and used them.

It is one of my glories that no one else, except when I have been ill or on vacation, has ever announced them. When WMAQ, of Chicago, was hunting new talent, they took me as sales manager and I think I had something to do with their taking Sam and Henry. But Sam and Henry died on the voyage across town. Dred or swallowed a pill for when they arrived at WMAQ for their first broadcast on March 19, 1928, they had become Amos 'n' Andy.

As Amos 'n' Andy, they established the rule which is a law today. No one but the announcer shall be present during a broadcast. I have been saying *Here they are* for high on seven years now. You'd think being the only observer of their nearly four thousand broadcasts, would give me a lot of inside dope. If there was any, I would know it. Our relations extend beyond the studios. We have lunched, dined, vacationed, fished and golfed together. Weeks, months may go by and we will not see each other except at the microphone. They have helped me when I was sick, with flowers, books and attention; they have helped me in business ways, after the stock market crash, for example.

So you see, I know them at work and at play, and all I can say is that they're two gifted men, simple in their tastes. Together they form the great genius of radio. Some men are born to be painters, they were born for the mike. A lot of people like John Dewey, the educator, and A. A. Brill, the psychologist have tried to explain them—and failed.

Yet their life, except for one part of it, is wide open for inspection. That part of it I know very little about. It has to do with the writing of their programs. I know that at about three o'clock each day they look themselves in their office and

have a "do not disturb" sign on the door.

Andy (Correll), the bully, crouches over the typewriter while Amos, the broadcrafter strides the floor and dictates. Cigar smoke fills the air. They argue, they act—this I know for I have heard the sound of their voices through the closed door. Sometimes, they are done in half an hour; sometimes they struggle along until a few minutes before broadcast time. The script they manufacture in that office is the script they read that night on the air.

Along the margins are clues to the mood; words like "lazy," "snappy," "gay," "sad," etc. They are for their own guidance, but they help me too. I do not see the script until a few minutes before the program opens. My closing speech I always ad lib. Each episode comes to me at the same time as it comes to you. And I am fully as much interested. Remarkable, what? I have tried at various times to forecast the outcome of one of their adventures. Most of the times I have failed.

I always arrive about ten minutes ahead of time and sometimes the boys are equally early. If there is nothing else to do, we gather around a piano and sing. They never seem to be worried about the program that is to follow in a few minutes.

More often they arrive a minute or less before the broadcast is due. They give the studio executives heart failure. But they have missed their nightly appointment only once. You can usually hear them in the corridor. Andy has a way of jingling the coins in his pocket. Amos is a great lad for friendships and you can hear him by the "hellos" and "how-are-yous" he tosses here and there as he loaf-vents to the studio.

Once they forget the script, but they go away with it. They ad libbed as they went along. One advantage of writing their own scripts. Other stars I can mention would have been completely paralyzed. The script was sent for in plenty of time, but you know a Chicago blizzard and there were no taxis. I could sympathize because I was in the same spot the night I grabbed up the wrong script, rushing in from another broadcast I had been announcing. I was obliged to compose my remarks as I went along. I had to do it on another occasion when the script fell out the reading table.

THEIR life has been a lot of stories about how the program is broadcast. Some have reported that the two actors sit down at a table opposite each other, in their shirt sleeves, and talk into separate microphones. They do it this way sometimes, it is true, but they have no fixed ride. During the famous breach or promise suit of Madame Queen, the two men did so much walking that they were dog tired. They did it to simulate the noise of spectators shuffling in and out of a court room.

Most of the questions asked me build down to this: Is it really true that these two men do all these characters without outside help of any kind. I don't blame the world for asking. But it's true, they do.

FOR BLONDE
OR BRUNETTE

Nestle

COLO-RINSE

GLORIFIES THE HAIR

Would you give your hair natural color lustre and that soft "Sheen of Youth" every woman cherishes above all else? No matter what your "type", you can select one of the ten Colo-Rinse shades, use it in the shampoo wash, and never worry again about dull, faded, lifeless hair. Colo-Rinse neither dyes nor bleaches, for it's just harmless vegetable compound. Try it? . . . of course you will!

Also ask for Nestle Super Set, Nestle Golden Shampoo or Nestle Henna Shampoo.

THE NESTLE-LEMUR COMPANY
MAKERS OF QUALITY PRODUCTS
NEW YORK



10c at all 10c Stores and Beauty Shops
... Nestle Colo-Rinse, Super Set,
Golden Shampoo and Henna Shampoo

RADIO STARS

Gosden is the most versatile in this respect. In addition to Amos, he enacts the Kingfish, Brother Crawford, and about seventy per cent. of all the other characters. I can't help smiling when Amos does the Kingfish. He screws his face up into the expression a man might make when eating a raw persimmon, leans back from the microphone and there we have it. For Brother Crawford, he keeps approximately the same distance but gets the peculiar spasmodic quality you know so well by pumping himself up and down in a chair.

When, in the breach of a promise suit the bluff called for order in the court, it was Gosden who said the words, stationed eight feet from the mike, saying them in in the air through cupped hands. In taking the part of the judge he moved a little closer to the mike but threw his head back, his stomach forward, softened his voice and made of a little judicial dandy. But the most extraordinary doubling took place when Gosden not only gave us Brother Crawford but the voice of the prosecuting attorney who was questioning him as well. It went out a twisting and swaying back and forth from the mike that completely exhausted the actor.

CORRELL had the same job to do when he enacted both the part of Andy and that of Lawyer Collins who was questioning him. For all of these doublings back and forth I can remember only one mistake. It happened after they had done over two thousand episodes, enacted one hundred-seventy characters—and the mistake was the most trifling: Amos simply

forgot to change his voice. It hasn't happened again.

The greatest thrill the two men experienced since they went on the air occurred last summer when they spoke to each other, the one from England, the other from Alaska, via the radio, with the public listening in. How do I know it was their greatest thrill. Well, if you have been listening to the same voices for as many years as I have, know them authors as intimately, you would be able to tell and if you don't believe me, ask A and V.

The friendship between them is a miracle all by itself. It's not one of those stage associations which dissolves into veroleta the moment the program is off the air. Just as they supplement each other at the mike, they do in their social life. Why, they are even neighbors in a large Chicago apartment, and except for sleeping, all their time is spent in each other's company. I think that this warmth of feeling that exists between them accounts for much of their popularity. You can't fool the public all the time and teams with ramorous relations never last long.

I have seen them drop into chairs at the end of a broadcast weeping, overcome by the emotion induced by the parts they were acting. I have seen them come into the studio as blue as indigo and step out in high spirits simply because the script that night was a hilarious one. That goes for their work. In private life, they buckle up their emotions. They don't wear their hearts on their sleeves. They let their actions talk. They have scores of friends and their private charity list is the longest

in the radio world—to my own knowledge.

If I am any judge of these matters they will go on for years to come. There are rumors that they will go off the air, follow the Goldbergs (another program for which I announced) into limbo. These rumors have gone the rounds before. They may never be true, they aren't true now.

As for myself—this to you who are foolish enough to have any curiosity about an announcer—I am past forty; weigh one hundred-seventy-eight, stand five feet eleven, I am married and my hobbies are golf and fishing, especially golf, a good Scotch game. I carried a lot of kudding when I went so far as to play through an auto winter not expecting days when the links were covered with snow. Golf explains my health.

My funniest endeavor was on a steamer over an obscure river in Alaska. In the captain's cabin was, oddly enough, a big Amos 'n' Andy burner. We spent Christmas on that steamer and I wrapped the burner about me, wore a belt of tooth-paste tubes and a thorny crown of tooth-brushes. Was I the belle of the ball? Well, I ask you.

Amos 'n' Andy can be heard every evening except Saturdays and Sundays at 7 p. m. E-S-T over, WJZ, WBAL, WMAL, WBZ, WBZA, KDKA, WFNR, WRIT, WKVA, WPTF, WTOP, WFLA, WKYC, WHAM, WJAR, WJR, WSYR, and in a repeat broadcast at 11 p. m. E-S-T over, WENR, KWK, WRFN, KOIL, WTAM, KSIP, WSM, WIC, WSP, WJAI, WSMB, WKY, KTHS, KPRC, KOA, KQYL, KPPO, KFI, KGW, KHQ, KOMO.

To me, *Faœn*
(FAY-ON)



is the essence of romance

says Anne C. Parke

Daughter of Mr and Mrs. NORMAN H. PARK
of N. Y. and a descendant of DUNCAN PHYFE.

AMONG the gay young moderns who set the pace for what's correct, Miss Anne Parke plays an important part. What's new in clothes, places to dine, things to see, perfumes to use—she knows what's "being done". It is not surprising therefore, to learn of her preference for FAOEN.

"To me," she says, "perfume must express romance. FAOEN suggests it so subtly and yet so definitely that I really prefer it to more costly scents."

Miss Parke is right—FAOEN's fragrance makes every occasion rich with romantic possibilities. There's sheer magic in the way it transforms commonness into irresistible glamour. Let FAOEN show you the way to enchantment!

In a tin case (1 1/2" x 1 1/2" x 1 1/2") or in a glass bottle as illustrated at all 5 and 10 cent stores.



PARK & TILFORD'S

FAOEN
(FAY-ON)

Beauty Aids

FACE POWDER • LIPSTICK • COLD CREAM
CLEANSING CREAM • ROUGES • PERFUMES

4 Years of Love

(Continued from page 11)

IT CORRECTED
MY CONSTIPATION
IN NO TIME!

Thousands Now Get Safe Relief from Indigestion, Skin Troubles, "Nerves" with this Pasteurized Yeast

DO you want to stop indigestion, pimples and boils, "jumpy" nerves, and all the other annoying ills caused by a sluggish system? You do? Then try this improved *pasteurized yeast*. Thousands have found that this remarkable corrected food cures constipation and related ills for good!

Science now knows that in countless cases of constipation the real cause is insufficient vitamin B complex. The stomach and intestines, deprived of this essential element, no longer do their work properly. Elimination becomes incomplete and irregular. Digestion slows up. Poisons accumulate in your system.

Yeast Foam Tablets supply the vitamin B which is necessary to correct this condition. These tablets are pure *pasteurized yeast*—and yeast is the richest natural food source of the vitamin B complex. This improved yeast quickly stretches your internal muscles and gives them tone. It stimulates your whole digestive and eliminative system to normal, healthy function.

With the true cause of your trouble corrected, constipation soon goes. Indigestion stops. Pimples disappear. Pep returns. You really live again!

Don't confuse Yeast Foam Tablets with ordinary yeast. These tablets *cannot cause fermentation in the body*. Pasteurization makes Yeast Foam Tablets safe for everyone to eat.

Any drugstore will supply you with Yeast Foam Tablets. The 10-day bottle costs only 50¢. Get one today.



YEAST FOAM TABLETS

promises to wed? He would think her feckle, temperamental, unchangeable. Perhaps she had been? But given a chance, she wouldn't be any more? But how was he to know that? Her record was against her.

Her mother had died back in October 1923. She had been in love with Tom Marko Riles, a fat, shaggy, middle-aged man, but she wouldn't marry him. It didn't seem to matter, really, for she didn't feel it necessary to be successful in her career.

AND people still loved to talk about her engagement to George Biddle, wealthy heir of the Philadelphia Biddles, loved to repeat the rumor that he didn't marry her because his family objected to his having a girl always going for a wife. She had met George when he was studying in Paris. Grace, a painter of the artist class, was a striking figure. He recognized her, he had traveled in the South Seas, he recognized the old-time lovenaker. "Grace's mouth twisted in a wry smile as she recalled the newspaper accounts of the statement she had made as she descended the gangplank of the *Apollonia* on her return from Paris just one year later.

George Biddle? Oh, yes. I was engaged to him once. Ah, a nice boy, but he wanted to marry to soon. I do know I've met the Prince de San Laustino in Naples, a charming chap. He's coming to America soon. Yes, I'll marry him soon."

But she hadn't married him? And the newspapers, eager for a new romance, sought to tie her either to Oscar Shaw, with whom she played the next year in the "Musical Box Revue," or to John Steele, the musical comedy tenor with whom she sang "When I D. Who I D. Where I D. I D."

Mr. Steele has a beautiful voice, the newspapers had finally proclaimed as saying, and I have loved to hear him sing. But, marriage? No. I wouldn't marry him, principally because I think Mr. Steele's principal's singing.

And later she set out a friend. "I think everyone should get married at least once. I hope my husband will belong to some profession known to singing—but it would be awfully hard luck to marry a tenor." I have one of the most tenors as my husband.

Her husband, it is his engine brought her back to the present. Valentin certainly was not still in the red hot. What would he think about all this? She tried and we tried to get her out of the room, but she had her ear hole full of tin-travel slumber.

When the boat docked Grace and Valentin did not part as do most couples after their ocean voyage romances. They had planned to be together as much as possible on the continent. They spent essentially happy days on the Riviera, gay nights in Paris.

She knew that he was going to ask her

to marry him. He knew that she knew. She said "Yes" with a terror she never had felt before. So far, Valentin had displayed no jealousy. But of late still troubled her. Perhaps I am a change after marriage.

As she stood before him at the City Hall in Cannes, France, waiting for the mayor to say the words that would join them, and as he Grace looked at her as if she were a listless child, as if she were the child who had married the girl who had married her, she thought of her wedding. Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Looney, Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt, Mr. and Mrs. Michael Arlen, Gloria Swanson, Charles Chaplin. Did they know how happy she was, and did they believe that at last she had found what she had hoped for so long.

She gazed for a moment out into the night. A Natives of the old French city thronged the side streets, waiting for Mr. and Mrs. Valentin Perron to emerge from the City Hall. They were everywhere.

The city, so familiar to Grace, was more romantically colorful than ever. As the mayor intoned the ceremony, she chanted her own little prayer to herself. "Don't let him ever be jealous of anything I do or have done!"

A few hours later, Grace and Valentin were seated in a compartment of the Rome express, bound for Naples and the old palace where they were to spend their honeymoon. In the Naples station where they stood and freed from their care, bubble in people's hearts, they were to forget everything but themselves.

Such was the happy and auspicious beginning of their married life. But would this happiness last, Grace Moore asked herself.

Could it last?

Four years of marriage can do many a good many things. It gives people time to think, to mature, to live. Four years gave Valentin ample time to display to his wife the results of his race. But did he? Here is the answer.

THEIR life is a lush, a River Hill, a Palmoma in which has his Helix and Helene Arber, Irving Pichel and Norman Shostler, and other noted couples have spent their honeymoons. It is called Honeymoon House, a house wrapped in a spell of romance. Living there now, after four years of marriage, are Grace Moore and Valentin Perron. Four years of honeymoon. Four years of love. Four years of recitals for the past. No jealousies. Valentin admires to see in his wife the courage to change her mind to see. Not at the right time. He lives the way he who said "Yes" and stuck to it when he and she both are quite certain was the right time.

Grace Moore is on this station each Tuesday at 9:00 p.m. EST. WJZ WEAL, WMAL, WBZ, WBA, WSYR, WHEM, KDKA, WJR, WFI, WCKY, WKBF, KWCN, KSO, WRIN, KOIL, KOA, KBYL, KPO, KFI, KAW, KHQ.

Gangway for the Amateurs

(Continued from page 43)

larger and the better if your ambitions are going to get your chance this year.

Major Bowes, remember, didn't invent amateur shows. They have been with it since strawberri festival time. His all-important mission was the *show*.

The old amateur shows, you know, were entertaining because of the hook—a long black hook which reached out from the wings and batted the sour and incompetent performer on the stage. With no apologies to anyone with business-like dispatch it curled in from the wings, smugly nudged the tip of the protruding waist of the would-be star and jerked him to oblivion.

Maybe you've already seen it, and popped your stays at the discomfiture of the actor. Our friends and neighbors, bless 'em, have a slumbering streak of devilry that smoozes somebody else's misfortune. Even as you and I. And that hook, used judiciously by an astute stage manager, brought more joy to wary Yankeeville patrons than all the jugglers in China.

So Major Bowes gave radio a hook, but he called it a gang. And what a gang! It's crashing "boom!" overwhims and concludes any effort any performer might be making. That the radio audience loves it is proved by their applause.

Others have taken their cue from the Major. The Ray Perkins players employ a vigorous tracheid from the entire brass section of the orchestra. Fred Allen uses a dinner bell. And the net result is simply this: the poor old amateur who was pushed around the studios and kicked out of auditions and made to feel like something lower than a worm's whiskers is now greeted with open arms and pipes of peace. He or she is sought after and honored.

For it, you can thank Major Bowes.

Back in March, 1934, he started with a trickle of fifteen amateurs on WHN, a trickle that has become the flood of today with five thousand applicants a week. Though flanked by the high-powered stars of NBC and CBS, Major Bowes' station, an amateur night managed by sheer showmanship to capture eighty per cent of the listening audience in the New York area. Which is something no hinky-think station has ever done before. It started out as a fifteen-minute affair. Now it goes for an hour and a half.

Back in the old days the audience chose the winners, expressing itself by the volume of applause. Major Bowes substituted telephonic voting. His four-trunk switchboard became obsolete overnight. The telephone authorities went *mad*; they simply lacked the facilities to handle the avalanche of calls that followed the Major's announcement. Today fifteen switch-take their places at a fifty-trunk-line switchboard; the moment amateur night begins. For hours the board roars with talk.

Nat Fields, an amateur mimic who appeared on his program the other night,

They're Here!
The Mennen Guardsmen

MENNEN
ANTISEPTIC
BORATED
POWDER

MENNEN
ANTISEPTIC
OIL

*Let them give your baby
this new and greater SAFETY*

Of course you want your adorable, lovable baby to have every possible safety and comfort. So read this:

In the last few years a new, a safer method of caring for baby's skin has been developed—a method that's now recommended by most hospitals—by thousands and thousands of doctors. Yes, your baby can now have the added protection provided by the two Mennen Guardsmen.

First is Mennen Antiseptic Oil. More than half of all the hospitals, important in maternity work, now give their babies a complete body rub every day with this Oil. They have proved it gives baby a lovelier, smoother, healthier skin—and, above all, it keeps baby safe—guarded against nasty infections because of its antiseptic protection. Doctors recommend that the daily

oil rubs with Mennen Antiseptic Oil be continued during at least the first six months of baby's existence. So mother, give your darling this greater safety—will you?

And then when you gradually discontinue the daily oil rubs, start baby's body with the new *antibiotic* baby powder—Mennen Antiseptic Borated Powder. It's everything a fine baby powder should be—makes the skin satiny smooth, temptingly lovely—prevents chapping—and, in addition, it's *antiseptic*. It continues the protection which the oil gives against germs.

Now—try these products at your doctor. For the sake of your baby's—start set the course for baby's—will you?

W. G. Mennen



The Mennen guardsmen *free*

THE MENNEN CO., Dept. M-1
345 Central Ave., Newark, N. J.
Send me free trial sizes of Mennen Antiseptic Oil and
Mennen Antiseptic Borated Powder. Also Baby Chart
—about the modern care of baby's skin.

*Print Plainly

If you feel low—



- ✓ no appetite
- ✓ losing weight
- ✓ nervous
- ✓ pale

then don't gamble



with your body

Life insurance companies tell us that the gradual breakdown of the human body causes more deaths every year than disease germs

If your physical let-down is caused by a lowered red-blood-cell and hemo-glo-bin content in the blood—then S.S.S. is waiting to help you... though, if you suspect an organic trouble, you will, of course, want to consult a physician or surgeon.

S.S.S. is not just a so-called tonic. It is a tonic specially designed to stimulate gastric secretions, and also has the mineral elements so very, very necessary in rebuilding the oxygen-carrying hemo-glo-bin of the blood.

This two-fold purpose is important. Digestion is improved... food is better utilized... and thus you are enabled to better "carry on" without exhaustion—as you should.

You should feel and look years younger with life giving and purifying blood surging through your body. You owe this to yourself and friends.

Make S.S.S. your health safeguard and, unless your case is exceptional, you should soon enjoy again the satisfaction of appetizing food... sound sleep... steady nerves... a good complexion... and renewed strength.

S.S.S. is sold by all drug stores in two convenient sizes. The \$2 economy size is twice as large as the \$1.25 regular size and is sufficient for two weeks treatment. Begin on the uproad today.

Do not be blinded by the efforts of a few unethical dealers, who may suggest that you gamble with substitutes. You have a right to insist that S.S.S. be supplied you on request. Its long years of preference is your guarantee of satisfaction.

S.S.S.
TONIC

the world's
great blood
medicine

Makes you
feel like
yourself
again



© S.S.S. Co.

received in one hour the amazing total of eighteen hundred votes, each a separate telephone call.

Fields, a bald-headed little man, talked right up to the Major. He said he could imitate anything.

"Anything?" queried the Major.
"Anything and everything" replied Fields.

It was a challenge. Bowes tried him on dripping water, a rhinoceros, a pheasant, a tree toad—the mimicry was perfect. Then the Major asked the radio audience to suggest problems for the imitator. Within twenty minutes one hundred and fifty subjects for the mimic came in over the telephone, everything from the sound of hatching caviar to the call of a bald-headed eagle.

THAT same program brought to the mike a Park Avenue debonair with a harp; a Hellast taxicab driver with a tenor voice; an Oklahoma oil tapper who had come East for his baritone audition; an exiled German professor who earned his living as a stoker. There was also one who called himself: "The Sweet Singer of the Subway."

Loves nettled the "Sweet Singer." "Do you mean you work in the subway—as a guard?" he asked.

"Sure... it's my profession."
"It's not a very nice profession, packing people in, throwing them around."

"Let me tell you, subway guards are okay," said the guard, reddening up to his hair roots, and taking a step toward the Major.

It looked bad for the Master of Ceremonies. This guard was built like a Sequoia. He could have snapped the Major between thumb and forefinger.

"I'm beginning to think they're all right," said the Major, tactfully.

"Sure, they're all right! Gee, you should be there in rush hours—trains coming in every minute. *Wham!* They rush into the train. You gotta close the doors, and you can't pull 'em out, so we push 'em in!"

And then he sang—beautifully. So well that the Major was interested and invited him to see him after the broadcast. That means an engagement for the "Sweet Singer" either on the air or in vaudeville. While Fields was getting his eighteen hundred calls, the guard piled up fourteen hundred—all over the same switchboard in the same hour!

There are many tales told in the WHN corridors, of amateurs who have gone on to recognition after appearing on the Bowes' program, such as the soprano, Anna Anderson, now a regular on a commercial radio broadcast, or the sea captain whose instrument for reproducing church chimes interested Paul Whiteman, or a hundred others.

Well, that is the story of the man who bred the germ that infected the whole broadcasting business and is now a national epidemic!

How can you profit by it?
As a writer living in New York, I think first in terms of this city. But I'm not blind to the fact that out-of-towners are just as talented and ambitious as any local prodigy. Nor am I blind to the fact that certain complications beset the out-of-towner who wants a chance. I'll get to them in a minute.

FIRST, though, if you're within traveling distance of Manhattan, you can apply to WHN, as I have said. Or write to Arnold Johnson, in care of Columbia Broadcasting System, 485 Madison Avenue, New York. Or apply to the gentleman known as Uncle Jim (his last name is Harkness) at Station WMCA, 1697 Broadway, New York. Uncle Jim has his own amateur hour on WMCA and he selects the lucky ones who are employed by Fred Allen and his Bedlamville Town Hall.

Station WOR in New York has two amateur groups, one for children. You can get a hearing by writing Conti, 151 Varick Street, New York City, or if you have a youngster who is another Baby Rose Marie, see Harry Mack at the WOR studios, Newark, New Jersey.

Of all the Big Time broadcasters, Kate Smith seems to offer the greatest chance for the out-of-towner. She travels from city to city, seeking people of talent—or that is her plan as this is written. She tells, during her broadcast, just how to get in touch with the right people. Once more, out-of-towners, I hear rumors that both Fred Allen and Ray Perkins are thinking of going on a coast-to-coast and border-to-border liefera. If they do, it's your chance, so watch for it.

One thing is almost certain. By the time you read this, most cities will be presenting amateur hours over their local stations. Look around in your own home town and you may get your opportunity right there.

Now, what if you follow directions and don't get anywhere? Well, let me say this. Any writer who tries to tell folk how to go on the air in a magazine that has to be printed weeks ahead of the day it is scheduled to hit the newsstands is sticking his chin out in the way of trouble. Almost certainly, some of these directions will be wrong. Some of the programs mentioned may have changed their policies or have gone off the air entirely. Again, there may be new ones starting up.

Listen to your radio, listen to the amateur hours you know about and see what they tell you to do. If, having done that, you still can't get anywhere, just put it down in your little red book that you're one of God's stepchildren and 1935 isn't to be your big year. But it'll come, you betcha.

Someone asked me the other day if the people we hear on the big radio broadcasts are amateurs or professionals hired to act like amateurs. They're Simon-pure and dyed-in-the-wool amateurs I've seen them with my own eyes. I've read some of their letters asking for auditions. Here are samples:

Dear Major Bowes:

I was listening to your program the other night and heard you announce that you were looking for a prima-donna, and I would like to know if you could give me an audience...

Dear Major Bowes:

I respectfully wish to call your attention to a most remarkable whistle which I make through my nose. I discovered this some years ago in Ireland and it is the source of considerable amusement to young and adult people...

Unhappy Ending

(Continued from page 20)

MARY BRIAN, just one of the Hollywood stars who glorifies her hands with MOON GLOW Nail Polish



Gives you
MORE POLISH
for your Money

These days, women are entitled to a larger bottle of nail polish for their money, because they use so much more of it. Fashion says a different shade for day, a different shade for night—one shade to go with today's dress, another shade for tomorrow's. And toe nails are getting their share of polish, too.

Moon Glow gives you what you deserve—a 25 cent bottle of marvelous lustrous nail polish, two or three times the size you have been getting for twenty-five and thirty-five cents.

One use of Moon Glow Nail Polish will show you why it is a Hollywood favorite. Moon Glow is a new and better blend of polish—applies more smoothly, sets more lustrously—will not chip, peel, crack or fade.

Moon Glow Nail Polish is featured in 25 cities by the country's finest department stores from Saks in New York to Marshall Field in Chicago and Bullock's in Los Angeles. Leading druggists will tell you that Moon Glow is one of their fastest selling nail polishes. And if you ten cent store, ask for the generous size Moon Glow bottle.

Write for Sample

Try either the clear or new cream Moon Glow, the nail polish made popular by the screen stars in Hollywood—there's a treat in store for you. Send the coupon for a sample size of any one of the six smart shades.

Moon Glow
NAIL POLISH

Moon Glow Cosmetic Co., Ltd., Dept. M-45

Hollywood, Calif.

Please send generous trial bottle Moon Glow Nail Polish

() Cream () Clear () Blue () White () Gold () Silver

() Soft shade (check) () Natural () Medium

() Thick () Thin () Blue () Green () Coral

() Full Nail Polish Remover

Name _____

Street No. _____

City _____

State _____

get the most out of your classes and tutor on the side you must have a true mind."

Bob Simmons, as you may have read, is the son of a Methodist minister. The Simmons, however, were not a dreary, religious family. They were practical Christians. They believed in happiness and laughter. The young people of the town invariably gathered at their house. Bob's sister played the piano and his father led them in all the newest songs.

"Not only has my father a splendid tenor voice," Bob says, "but he sings with great emotion. If he had not entered the ministry, undoubtedly he would have known success in the concert field.

"As a kid I used to have to try desperately hard not to cry when he sang. In fact I believe it was lying upstairs in the dark, listening to my father sing, that I first knew loneliness. That kind of loneliness which wants understanding and is not influenced by the number of people who happen to be about."

Always it was understood that Bob would be a singer. He was naturally endowed for such a career and it was always the thing that interested him above all other things.

For years pennies were saved towards his musical education. The money he earned clerking in a Missouri general store during a summer holiday was put away for this purpose when it might have served for a dozen immediate needs. Another time, when the purchase boasted acreage, Bob was given a plot that he might raise lettuce and beans and tomatoes for market. This money was saved, too.

On that day when he would leave for the Boston University Bob had dreamed for years. He had been sure it would be the happiest day of his life. Now, because it meant leaving Alice, it was the saddest.

HIS family were understanding. They bade him goodbye at home, so that he and Alice might be at the train alone.

"It won't be so bad," she whispered as they stood waiting on the platform. "It isn't as if we weren't sure of our love!"

Bob gripped her hand. Even bolder.

"I'll have getting letters," she went on. "Their amazed eyes met. "You're too sweet," he told her. "I'll think about you all the time. Dear, dear Alice!"

"I'll think about you all the time, too," she promised.

They were so young. So vulnerable. In came the train. "All aboard!" shouted the porters. "Hurry aboard!"

Bob jumped on. He didn't turn around. But that was all right. Alice understood. Women must not know when men cry.

During Bob's first few days in Boston his activities left him little time to think. He had to arrange his program at the University. He had to find a room and this necessitated considerable hunting, for he had to have an unbelievably cheap room. After paying his first quarter's tuition he had only \$100 to his name, with no

idea whether or not he would be successful in getting work as a tutor.

When he was finally settled that unutterable loneliness began to set in. There was that night he turned on his lamp and spent his books to study only to sit still for hours. The long of Alice. Remembering her close to sweet things he had said, the endearing things she had done.

In his classes the next day he was inadequate. He found it difficult to concentrate upon what the different professors had to say and, because he had not studied the evening before, concentration proved doubly necessary.

Weeks dragged along. Bob made only poor progress scholastically and acquired no pupils for tutoring.

He was there to think about music and he thought instead about Alice whom he had left behind in St. Louis. His mind should have been filled with the things that were printed in his books and it was filled instead with memories of Alice's mouth twisted with laughter, and the excitement which sprang from the touch of her gentle hands.

The most trifling phrase in one of her letters could disrupt him for days. Either it tortured him with the greatness of their love or awakened him to some silly lover's fear.

Even though he kept every expense down to little more than a driftable his hundred dollars dimmed sadly alarmingly.

Bob was in a bad spot. His love, he realized, threatened to defeat all the dreams his mother and father held for him. To negate every sacrifice they had made for him. To brand him a weak failure. To cost him his pride as a man. To prove him less than Alice believed him to be.

THERE was only one thing to do and he did it. He set his mind to rule his heart. Temporarily. During the months that he remained there at the University.

Deliberately, determinedly, he intoxicated himself with ambitious dreams. He fought his loneliness. He no longer permitted himself to sit remembering Alice. He wrote her once or twice a week instead of every day and sometimes twice a day. Instead of telling her how lonely he was without her, he wrote about his studies and the progress he was determined to make.

He had work to do. And he could not bear to do it poorly.

Gradually the loneliness became less acute. Slowly the longing became less feverish.

At last the summer holidays came around.

"I wondered how I was going to get home," Bob told me. "I had no money for railroad fare. So I decided to hitch hike. I'd heard you could make pretty good progress this way if you kept shaved and presentable looking. And that was a case of hitch hike or starve.

"I made it in five days, about the time it would have taken me to drive if I'd had my own car. And it wasn't bad at all."

The last day on route seemed endless.

Now there was no need for Bob to discipline his thoughts and emotions. He thought of Alice constantly. In a few moments now they would be together again with the whole summer before them.

Immediately when he reached home he telephoned her. "I can't wait to see you," he told her, excitement coming through his words. "I'll be over right after dinner." Then, softly so the family wouldn't hear, "Love me."

"Ever so much," she told him. "I want to wait until after dinner to see you. Can't you wait please? I'll lay on the table."

He told her nothing.

She was waiting for him on a porch steps. He ran up the path to her. He took her in his arms. His mouth sought her mouth. But no word passed between them. When she turned her eyes up to his eyes they weren't in the way they once had been. They were frightened.

All the joy emptied from his heart.

They went in to dinner and it was her mother and father who did most of the talking. They asked him polite questions about his work and he answered politely.

"Afterwards," he told himself, "when Alice and I are alone, it will be different. Then we can talk and it will be the old way again."

But he knew that once all the polite talk in the world couldn't have come between them the way it did now.

When they were alone together it was no better. The beauty, the magic was gone.

"What has happened?" she asked him, tears in her eyes. "Bob, what's different between us? I don't understand."

"What has happened?" he asked her, loneliness straining in his voice. "Alice, what's different between us? I don't understand."



Vin Lindho, director of the Radio City Music Hall Glee Club, heard over the network on Sundays at 12:30 p.m. EST.

HAVE YOU A "DIRTY LINEN" SKIN?

?

DOES IT LOOK
A DULL GRAY,
LIKE LINEN
COME BACK FROM
THE LAUNDRY
IMPROPERLY
WASHED
?

It's a Sign You're Not Reaching that Hidden Dirt, that Dirt that Lies Buried Beneath the Surface!

By *Lady Esther*

One thing women notice about the use of Lady Esther Four-Purpose Face Cream is that it seems to lighten their skins—actually makes them look shades lighter after a few days' use.

This is not due to any bleaching action on the part of Lady Esther Face Cream. It contains no bleaching agent.

The explanation is that Lady Esther Face Cream cleanses the skin so thoroughly it does away with that grayish cast caused by embedded dirt. It is just like half-washing a white handkerchief and thoroughly washing it.

That penetrating dirt and greasy soot that works its way into your skin will not only cause your skin to look much darker than it really is, but it will cause a number of other blemishes.

It will give root to blackheads and whiteheads and cause the skin to become coarse and canvas-like.

It Calls for a PENETRATING Face Cream!

To give your skin a thorough cleansing, to get at the dirt that buries itself deep in the pores, you must use a face cream that gets to the bottom of the pore! In other words, a *penetrating* face cream!

Lady Esther Four-Purpose Face Cream is penetrating. It is reaching and searching. It does not merely lie on the surface of the skin, but penetrates the pores to their depths.

Almost instantly, it dissolves the way grime that has buried in the pores and floats it to the surface where it is easily wiped off.

When you cleanse your skin with Lady Esther Face Cream you immediately know it, for your skin tingles as it never did before.

It Benefits Your Skin Four Ways

Lady Esther Face Cream does four things of definite benefit to your skin.

First, it cleanses the pores to the very bottom.

Second, it lubricates the skin. Resupplies it with a fine oil that overcomes dryness and keeps the skin soft and flexible.

Third, because it cleanses the pores thoroughly, the pores open and close naturally and become normal in size, invisibly small.

Fourth, it provides a smooth, non-sticky base for face powder.

Prove it at my Expense!

I want you to see for yourself what Lady Esther Four-Purpose Face Cream will do for your skin. So I offer you a 7-day supply free of charge. Write today for this 7-day supply and put it to the test on your skin.

Note the dirt that this cream gets out of your skin the very first cleansing. Mark how your skin seems to get lighter in color as you continue to use the cream. Note how clear and radiant your skin becomes and how soft and smooth.

Even in three days' time you will see such a difference in your skin as to amaze you. But let Lady Esther Four-Purpose Face Cream speak for itself. Mail a postcard or the coupon below for the 7-day trial supply.

(You can paste this on a penny postcard.) (11)

Lady Esther, 2010 Ridge Avenue, Evanston, Ill.

Please send me by return mail your 7-day supply of Lady Esther Four-Purpose Face Cream.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

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

FREE

Copyright by Lady Esther, 1935

Radio Stars' Cooking School

(Continued from page 59)

"Heavens!" I objected in a low voice to Dick, "that I would not be overheard by them. I never could bear to eat a cunning little rabbit!"

This time the laugh was on me for this was no four-legged animal we were about to receive but a novel spicy Mexican version of the Welsh Rabbit with which we are all so familiar. And yet here let me tell you that the correct word is *Rabbit*, not *Rabbit*, though the latter term does sound more descriptive.

"This Mexican Rabbit never lived, hop-pod or muddled," explained Dick, "any more than did its ancestor the Welshman's Rabbit."

"Then why 'Rabbit'?" I wanted to know. "Why Scotch Woodcock?"

"You mean that famous dish men like so much, which is made out of cheese, eggs and anchovies?"

"Yes! And how about Golden Buck?" went on Dick. "That's another typical he-man's food, a cheese and egg combination that never saw a forest either, despite its name."

"Aren't you the Cheese Connoisseur?" I exclaimed.

"Well that's one type of cooking a man can talk about freely without feeling foolish. You can't expect a fellow to know anything about making desserts and pastries unless he's a chef, you know. (Although I might point out to you that the most famous cooks in history have been men!) But let any man loose in the kitchen with a supply of cheese, mustard, eggs and beer with a few such things as bread, paprika and crackers around handy and watch the pride he will take in turning out the best cheese dishes imaginable!"

"Are you one of these?" I insisted on knowing.

"Well," replied Dick, with mock modesty, "I have only one dish at which I cannot be surpassed, or I might say, egg-approach. That's Welsh Rabbit. It's Powell Rabbit deus description!"

"But not analysis, I trust," I hastened to add.

"If you mean, can I give you exact proportions, yes, I can. But ah, the Powell skill, the art, the finesse. . . . However, here comes our Mexican Rabbit, all hot and steaming, so you can try this one now and then attempt my recipe later and judge for yourself!"

In time I discovered they were both so perfectly divine that I wouldn't honestly know which to recommend most highly. So, to be on the safe side, I am giving you recipes for both in this month's Cooking School leaflet. For lunch or Sunday supper or late supper consumption, I know of no dishes that would be more enthusiastically received than that Rabbit from the Mexican Village or the Powell Rabbit which combines, with the inevitable cheese, other masculine food preferences such as onions, crackers, and canned tomato soup!

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Just wait until you taste it—for I warn you, don't want to be long! For, when we give out an honest-to-goodness Dick Powell recipe we know in advance that the gals and their mothers will deluge us with requests.

There are still other Powell preferences for certain cheese dishes that also merit mention and recipes. These include Luncheon Eggs, Cheese Pancakes, and I'll tell you! Pineapple Cheese Pie. The Luncheon Eggs are included at the end of this article. I thought you would like to have this recipe immediately because by omitting the ham and substituting a layer of flaked tuna fish it makes a splendid main dish for meatless days during Lent.

The Cheese Pancakes are both filling and oh, so good! Since men like both pancakes and cheese, don't you just know what the two combined in one appetizing form will do to their dispositions. You don't you? Well, all I can say is send for the recipe and find out!

And then, besides the two Rabbits and the Pancakes, you will receive in this month's leader a recipe for the most perfect dessert I've ever tasted—which is styled, if you recall—Powell Pineapple Cheese Pie!

All you need to do to get your copy of this superb recipe is to fill out and mail the coupon. That's all you ever have to do to get these home-kitchen-tested recipes monthly. No fuss, no bother, no expense. Isn't that marvelous?

I'm particularly pleased this month to be able to offer you this free recipe service because I feel that most women cook with the food preferences of their menfolk in mind. And nothing could be more to the masculine liking than these Dick Powell Cheese Dishes!

Sincerely hope that these recipes will make you realize another important point about cheese. That is, that cheese no longer is considered merely as a condiment or accessory but proudly takes its rightful place as a staple source of food values.

Cheese, you know, is rich in fat, proteins and carbohydrates. It has almost twice as much protein, weight for weight as beef. In fuel value it is twice as great. Cheese supplies calories in one of the most concentrated forms known and is, therefore, one of the very best and least expensive energy-producing foods. Properly combined in a meal with starchy foods and green vegetables, cheese makes a well-comb and excellent substitute for meat. Those of you who want to slim next one day a week (whether for religious or economical reasons) would do well to serve a main dish consisting for the most part of cheese or cheese in combination with eggs. Continue, of course, to use cheese in small quantities for savory flavor, but serve it also in larger quantities for nutritive value as well.

I wish I had time here to go into the fascinating story of cheese. With the possible exception of butter there is no other food product whose history goes further back into antiquity, or one that is more filled with interesting sidelights. Although its origin is lost in the mists of time it is said that cheese first came from Arabia, having been known there several thousand years before the birth of Christ. Its use spread from there all over Europe and Asia. In most instances a new cheese was named for the place where it originated. Literature on cheese contains the names of over five hundred varieties!

The art of cheese making was brought to this country by the very earliest settlers who continued to make, in their new surroundings, the type of cheese they were used to making in the old country. Nowadays, however, huge factories make practically all the cheese we eat. And such a uniformity of excellence and variety of types as there is! You, Mrs. Housewife, can find on your grocer's shelves the most appetizing and enticing array for every purpose and occasion. Whether you wish to serve cheese in grated form in soups or on spaghetti or salad; whether you wish to use it to give flavor to an *arratin*



Vinton Haworth (Jack Arnold) of "Myrt and Marge" on the air every evening except Saturdays and Sundays, at 7:00 p.m. and 11:00 p.m. EST.

ishes and sauces, whether you plan to melt it and combine it with other things for main dishes; whether you prefer it for the dessert course in a Powell Pineapple house Pie or like it better served just plain with crackers—remember, "It's quite the cheat" to serve chest!

And now here is the one recipe I promised to give you here. This is Nancy Wood signing off with one last reminder, and for this month's RADIO STARS' COOKING SCHOOL leader, containing both Powell's favorite cheese dishes, now, write you forget!

LUNCHEON EGGS

"HEEST" SAUCE

- 2 tablespoons butter
- 2 tablespoons flour
- 1/2 teaspoon salt
- 1/2 teaspoon paprika
- 1/2 cup milk
- 1/2 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce
- 1 package American Cheese (1/2 lb.)

Melt butter in top part of a double boiler over *direct* heat. Add flour, salt and paprika and stir vigorously until it bubbles. Add milk and stir constantly until mixture thickens (as for cream sauce). Place over boiling water, add cheese cut into small pieces and Worcestershire sauce. Beat with rotary egg beater until cheese is melted and mixture is smooth and thick.

For each person to be served spread a generous quantity of canned devilled ham (or flaked canned tuna fish) on a round of buttered toast or one-half of a split English muffin, toasted. Top with a thin slice of peeled fresh tomato. Carefully place a poached egg on the tomato slice. Cover with cheese sauce, garnish with a sprig of parsley and a few fern (canned) asparagus tips. Serve at once.

RADIO STARS' Cooking School
RADIO STARS Magazine.
 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Please send me the free recipes for DICK POWELL'S favorite cheese dishes.

Name.....
 Address.....
 City..... State.....

Dick Powell is in these states is every Friday at 9:30 p. m. EST WABC WADG WOKO WCAO WNAO WKRW WBBM WKIC WIKI WKLV WQOW WDBC WDEM KMBR WHAS WLAC WJAX WFAX KMBC WFLB WSPD WJSV WMBR WQAM WYFO WDAE KFBN KMJ KIH KOIN KTKB KVI KFRC KDB KOL KFDY KWB KPW WGST WLBZ WBRB WICC WET WOOD WYOR WYNS KRDL KLZ WBBG WHIP KTRH WNOX KEAB KLRB WFEA WREX WISN ROMA WMBD KOH WMBG WDJJ WHEC WCCO WALA WSEF CAKAC WLAC WDSU KSL KTSB WTOP KWKH KSCJ WMAF KFH WBBW CFRB KTCU WACO WMT WCOA WJSJ WORC WXAX WBBX.

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CHECK COLOR OF HAIR V V BLACK MEDIUM BROWN AUBURN AND REDDISH DARK BROWN LIGHT BROWN BLONDE



She Crashed the Royal Family

(Continued from page 30)

dazzling!
dashing!
daring!

Genevieve Paddelford, "Queen of Crooks," was all of this and more. She was the international adventuress, cruel, cold-blooded but invariably charming, who left a path of broken hearts and deflated bank accounts over this country and Europe during the past quarter-century. She had five husbands . . . three of them millionaires . . . and if they escaped going to the poor house, it was through no fault of Genevieve's. When she could no longer find a lawful mate to support her in the lavish style to which she was accustomed, she forced her innocent adopted daughter to work with her in nefarious blackmail plots. No swindle was too brazen for this amazing woman; no man was too influential or too respectable for her to tackle. But she couldn't continue forever in her giddy course. Ultimately she met defeat. Now, for the first time, the intimate life of Genevieve Paddelford is revealed in complete detail. The absorbing "lowdown" on the cleverest international adventuress in history will be found in the

April

INSIDE

DETECTIVE
now on sale 10c

members of the Lillie Trio—Mother and Sister Muriel. They were gifted. They were lovely to look upon. They could play and sing charmingly. But the young Beatrice, with her awkward hump of hair, her long, thin face and uptight nose, her quavering soprano voice shrill with anxiety, won only pained endurance or impatient irritation. She was a failure. Ben Lillie thought. She suffered unguessed agonies as she felt the admiration of the audience flowing out to the others. She felt that she was disgracing the family. She ought to leave the Trio.

The Lillies were a middle-class Canadian family, whose livelihood depended upon the earnings of the Trio. Mother had done her best to make her two girls competent musicians like herself. She was determined that Beatrice should become a talented classical singer. When Bea was fifteen, the Lillie Trio went to Germany to fill some concert engagements. Then the war came, and conditions were critical. And, resolved to stand upon her own feet, Beatrice went to London to get herself a job. It seemed an impossible undertaking. She had no personal success to recommend her. No friends to sponsor her. She had neither talent nor beauty—so she thought—and, in her own mind, she was a failure.

But she had courage! She would succeed—somehow! And even the painful round of looking offices, with their unanimous indifference to her, failed to dishearten her.

CHARLOT, England's greatest of revue producers, was looking for a girl singer. And with dozens of other girls Beatrice Lillie waited in his outer office for a chance to try out for the role. And as she looked at the other waiting girls, with their blonde beauty, their ingenu grace, she felt that her chances were slim indeed.

Mentally, Bea Lillie looked at herself—and laughed! And then a desperate idea flashed into her mind. The song she had to sing was serious and sad—about the trials and tribulations which beset a girl alone in the world. Well—she would try out her idea. And once more she laughed at herself. After all, she had nothing to lose!

When her name was called, she began to sing, subtly burlesquing the song. An awkward gesture. A twitch of an eyebrow. An occasional off-pitch note. A helpless grimace. And, at the end, a comic collapse on her travelling bag!

Charlot, listening, watching, was struck with the delicious satire. She was, he perceived, a born comic, a congenital comedienne! Her performance was the very cream of satire. And he enquired Beatrice Lillie on the spot. Not as a singer. As a comedienne.

With the confidence inspired by this success, she grew, almost overnight, into the glamorous star of Charlot's revue. People came again and again to see Beatrice Lillie. Fatter young girls. Tired old men. Peers. Potentates. And princes!

The Prince of Wales left the royal box at the theatre to go back-stage to meet her. And invited her to join his party for supper at the Graton Galleries. And from that night she became a member of that envied small circle whose center is England's royal heir. The delightfully funny, charmingly modest young Canadian girl was accepted without hesitation by the cream of English society. She was invited everywhere by the smartest of Mayfair hostesses. And not merely as an amusing clown. Not merely as a novelty, as many another actress has been briefly taken up. She became one of them. She belonged!

TO Beatrice Lillie, after the dark despair of her years of discouraging struggle, shadowed by the conviction of inferiority, this success was a revelation. She was Cinderella come to the ball! She was the poor little girl who had found a rich and powerful fairy-godmother.

(And the name of the fairy was Laughter!)

Still another notable triumph was hers . . . Among the guests at the Mayfair parties was a tall, handsome young man, very much sought after, very much lionized. He was Sir Robert Peel, possessor of one of the oldest titles in England, grandson of a Prime Minister, and one of the richest noblemen of the realm. Beatrice Lillie was attracted by his good looks. By his modest charm. She enjoyed his friendship, with no thought of romance. For Sir Robert Peel was the greatest matrimonial prize of the day, and dozens of mighty dowagers were scheming to capture him for their blue-blooded daughters.

But to the young nobleman Bea Lillie, with her sincerity, her unaffected gaiety, her spontaneous laughter, in which there was no hidden knife, was the most desirable of all lovely women. He fell in love with her. Deeply. Desperately.

And again Bea laughed at herself. It couldn't be true! But this time her laughter trembled close to tears. For her heart told her it was true. She loved him!

Nightly he visited the theatre where she played. Nightly he escorted her to exclusive after-theatre dinners and parties. And one day, in 1920, they were married.

They went on a long, romantic honeymoon trip. To Monte Carlo. To America. And when they returned from that idyllic tour, the little Canadian Cinderella took up her position as Lady Peel—mistress of a vast estate in Staffordshire, and a social power in two continents.

Dreams do come true, sometimes. Though no dream could be quite as glowing as this rich reality. No fairy story could quite equal this thrilling truth. And all because a poor little failure dared to laugh at herself!

As Lady Peel, Beatrice Lillie did not change in any way but one. As if a fairy wand truly had touched her, she became beautiful! Perhaps it was happiness. Plus success. It's a good beauty treatment! Anyway, she cut off the ugly hump. And

Her hair close cropped in a sleek boyish bob, emphasized the aristocratic beauty of her head. Even the tilted nose did not detract from the patrician contour of her face. And today she is one of the most distinguished-looking women on the stage and in society.

With beauty, wealth, success, and fame and fortune. With vast estates and countless friends. With boys... It would seem that she had nothing more to offer Beatrice Lillie. But still richer and tulle happiness came to her in the birth of a little son. Another Robert Peel, who now is the sixth baronet of that name.

For sorrow came, too, to Beatrice Lillie, when a year ago, the little boy's father, her tall, handsome lover and husband, died.

AND now, though she continues to laugh and make the world laugh with her "big" revues, she is at a slim young age in an English boarding school.

Thirteen-year-old Robert doesn't quite like to see his mother the self-constituted but so wildly absurd humor. He doesn't quite like her being laughed at. But one day, when he is a little older he will understand the meaning of that zany comedy.

In the home, which she maintains in this country, at Sands Point, Long Island, may be found any day a gay and brilliant coterie of friends. Or at her smart East End Avenue apartment, Noel Coward, Alexander Woollcott, Gertrude Lawrence, Elsa Maxwell, The Cole Porters, Lady Louise Mountbatten.

A paradoxical person, Beatrice Lillie, though a member of aristocratic society, she loathes "stuffed shirts." Though possessed of a cultured, intelligent mind, she loves to read the tabloids. With in-

pain stops



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pain away. It will not smart or sting. It will not stain the skin. Nor will Unguentine dressings stick to the wound when you remove them for renewal.

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A belle of Shreveport, Maxine Gray, prefers a career as soloist with Hal Kemp's orchestra to social success. She can be heard on Wednesday evenings at 11:00 p.m. EST.

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inations to exclusive parties flooding her
 mails, she agrees to frequent a Sixth
 Avenue shooting gallery. Here the im-
 pressive title of Lady Pol—and she
 prefers to be known as Beatrice Lillo.

In Chicago's boogie parlors, one day,
 the wife of a locally rich meat packer was
 annoyed to find her special addresser en-
 gaged.

"I am Mrs. S. and S," she exclaimed in
 a loud, angry voice. "Tell my hard-
 dresser to come to me at once!"

The slim young woman in the hard-
 dresser's chair laughed.

"Tell the butler's wife that a clear, cold
 voice sold hango!" that she may now
 have Lady Pol's "hard-dresser."

That is the only time she had been
 known to use her title for effect. Such
 and fares are anthems to Beatrice Lillo.

She has just signed a contract to appear
 every Friday of the network, for a mill-
 ion company. And now radio fans will be
 the truest judges of her art.

And when you listen in, you will see,
 as if she were standing before you this
 slim, graceful young woman, who, out of
 defeat, has snared a dazzling victory. You
 will see the plump, awkward, frightened
 girl in an I-10 suit, whose "it" pep notes
 and absurd grimaces have litted her from
 failure to fame. And in that blithe, be-
 gulating voice you will hear the echo of a
 secret mirth—Beatrice Lillo laughing at
 herself!

And maybe you will laugh with her.

- Beatrice Lillo is on these stations every
 Friday at 9:00 p. m. EST: WJ WRAL
 WBZ WBZA WMAI WWSR WJAM
 KDKA WGAR WJLH WKYC WJR
 WLS KWCR KSD KWK WRN KOH
 CFCF WPIE WAWC WIS WJAX
 WTAR WIOD WFLA WWC WSB
 WAFI WJDX WSMB WAWL WKY
 KHHS KOA KPRR KQV KPO KFI
 KGW KOMO KHQ CRO1 KSD
 KTAR

Radio, It's TNT

(Continued from page 17)

for a divorce from her husband William
 Hildin, a chauffeur. She related that a
 month after their marriage in August 1931
 her husband struck her because she laughed
 at a radio skit which he did not enjoy.
 Whenever she had some free time, she
 would time in on the better comedians and
 her husband would remonstrate with her
 she declared. The judge awarded her a
 decree.

Before you get married, sister, you'd
 better make sure that your beau's going
 to like radio as well as you do!

Anna Lustig was crazy about radio. Her
 husband, Michael, couldn't see it at all.
 To him radio programs were just a pain
 in the neck. He objected to her listening
 on them at all. So she had to listen
 when he was out. One evening he came
 in unexpectedly when she was listening to
 a favorite program.

Her husband walked straight to the
 radio, tore it loose from its moorings, and
 hurled it at her. Result—Annie doesn't
 live there any more!

Have you ever felt like raising Cain
 because your neighbor played his radio too
 loudly?

Then you'll sympathize with Carl Negley
 of Brackenridge, Pennsylvania. Carl tired
 of listening to the radio of the John
 Grimsley, who lived in the apartment above
 him. In vain he begged them to tune it
 down. One day he could stand it no
 longer. He hurried up his old Army rifle
 and fired it through the ceiling. He missed
 the set by a foot.

Judge Sylvester J. Snee of the Al-
 legheny County Criminal Court gave him
 one month to a year in jail.

Negley said, "I don't care if I get ten
 years, I can't stand that radio any longer!"

After Negley had served a day the judge
 paroled him, but told him: "Don't ever
 do that again!"

Maybe you don't know that sometimes
 you can be arrested for playing your
 radio too loudly. Harry Harris of Carnegie,
 Pennsylvania, had Ben Burak, a neighbor,

arrested for that offense. Burak slapped
 a suit for false arrest against Harris and
 the chief of police of Carnegie. It's still
 on the docket, as this is written.

It doesn't seem to matter what circle of
 society you're in. Whether you're
 the plumber's daughter or a society debutante
 the chances are that if your sleep is dis-
 turbed by a neighbor who plays his radio
 at all hours of the night, there will be the
 chickens to pay.

Just listen to this:
 The Honorary Francis H. Shoemaker of
 Red Wing, Minnesota, the only ex-convict
 in Congress, landed a laymaker on Theo-
 dore H. Cohen, a neighbor, for playing
 his radio late at night thereby keeping
 the laymaker from getting the amount
 of rest necessary to keep in the pink or
 lawmaking condition. Representative Shoemaker
 had stood it for three nights, he
 later declared, then he grabbed a phone
 and yelled down to Cohen who was on the
 floor below: "Hey, if you can't cut that
 noise out, I'll be right down and break
 your neck!"

Jazz music from the radio continued,
 supplemented by plenty of raucous singing.

Presently, Statesman Shoemaker ap-
 peared, gave Senator Cohen a mighty sock
 on the right eye and went on his way
 spluttering: "I'm the only ex-convict in
 Congress and I'm a tough baby!"

Cohen went to the Washington police
 seeking the arrest of Shoemaker. He
 pointed to four stitches over one eye, the
 smiler, and a rotten hundred word list
 telling all about the encounter.

Lawmaker Shoemaker stood on his con-
 gressional immunity and talked to appear
 when the case came up for trial in police
 court.

Why is Shoemaker an ex-convict? He
 served nine months in Leavenworth for
 sending defamatory matter through the
 mails before he became a Congressman.
 His favorite quip: "A lot of you fellows go
 from Congress to penitentiary; I'm the
 only guy that came from pen to Congress.

And then take the case of Ada Paggi, mezzo-soprano with the Ravinia Opera company and the Chicago Civic Opera company.

About the hour the sun came up out of Lake Michigan each morning jazz band selections poured into the singer's bedroom window from a radio next door. A Mrs. Walter Schultz occupied the house. And she had a son who couldn't sing in the bathtub. So he substituted with a radio program that featured red hot recordings.

Ada Paggi resented that—resented it so much that one beautiful morning she fractured a staccato number with a well-aimed flower pot. The missile shattered a window, ash and tumbled on the living-room floor of the family next door.

"I am so exasperated!" exclaimed the little Italian singer. "I have asked them and asked them to let me sleep mornings. So late I sing at Ravinia, it is midnight when I get home, then for two hours I cannot sleep because my mind is so active. At eight o'clock I must get up and at ten I must rehearse at Ravinia and I need my sleep."

Neighbor Mrs. Walter Schultz informed the police that she would sign a complaint against Mme. Paggi, but she changed her mind about it. The flower pot that had been heaved at her home was a beauty. And she felt that after all it paid for the broken window. It fitted in perfectly with the decorative scheme of her living-room!

Sometimes rows over radio result more disastrously.

Several months ago in Chicago a man was killed in a gun battle. Questioning by the police revealed that the slain man, one Isaac Castle, and Jonas King, brother of State Representative William E. King, had had a radio argument which culminated in a pistol duel with fatal results.

Reporters scented something new in radio quarrels. Husband-and-wife warfare over favorite programs they had encountered before. But here were a couple of guys who had drawn guns!

"Had the late Mr. Castle been a Joe Penner advocate, and you perhaps a Cantor fan?" King was asked.

No, King replied. The two had had no words about favorites—they were fighting over the ownership of the radio. And they had picked a woman's apartment to settle things in. The coroner's jury returned a verdict of justifiable homicide. King was not held.

Now look at this dispatch from Oil City, Pennsylvania. It's dated February 22nd, 1934. The headline: "Student's Radio And Is Killed."

"In argument over playing a radio recorded today in the fatal stabbing of Altonzo Graham and the arrest of his son, Russell, seventeen-year-old High School youth. Police said that the youth, in a rage because the elder Graham turned off the radio, struck his father with a hammer and stabbed him with a butcher's knife. The youth had remained home from school because of illness. His father was trying to sleep."

One columnist's comment was that there had been plenty of cases where people had been killed for turning on radio sets, but this story made the front page because the boy had killed his father for turning off the radio.



"AFTER OFFICE HOURS"

A thrilling love story with an exciting newspaper background and a murder mystery thrown in for good measure... this new M.G.M. production presented in complete story form will give you an evening of real entertainment. In addition to this romantic story, the April issue of SCREEN ROMANCES presents thirteen love stories from the screen.



PRIZE CONTEST

Win this I. I. Fox Fur Cape

A LUXURIOUS SILVER FOX CAPE, DESIGNED BY THE WELL-KNOWN FIFTH AVENUE FURRIERS, THE I. I. FOX COMPANY, IS THE GIFT OFFERED BY IRENE DUNNE, STARRING IN RKO-RADIO PRODUCTIONS. READ FULL DETAILS OF THE CONTEST IN THE CURRENT ISSUE OF SCREEN ROMANCES, NOW ON SALE EVERYWHERE.

SCREEN ROMANCES

The Love Story Magazine
of the Screen

April issue now on sale

Radio's Stepchild

(Continued from page 42)

Yvette Harshaw? This tiny blues singer who was a nobody when she joined Show Boat is now starring on the Camel caravan at a weekly pay check about five times her old salary, and she can go into ranchillo and movies anytime she pleases. Mabel Wilson, the singing Mary Lou, has walked out of and into the Show Boat cast again at a salary twice her original rate. She is one of the most sought-after sopranos in radio and she has her pick of vaudeville and theatrical offers.

Now we come to Rosaline Greene, who's been on that program from its very inception, longer than any of the others, who's never walked out on Show Boat, who's never missed a single performance, whose fine acting has made "Mary Lou" the most beloved heroine in radio. What's happened to her? Well, in the mad scramble to push the other on the glory road, Rosaline has been forgotten. She has no famous name with which to lure customers to the box-office, no offers from Broadway or Hollywood. Her name has never once been mentioned in the two thousand times she has appeared on the air, no lucrative personal appearances and no adulation, no fan mail, no publicity, none of the thrills and acclaim that go with being a star. The brilliant Show Boat spotlight which shined the other team to stardom missed Rosaline and shined her in the background. No wonder she's called radio's stepchild.

Please understand me, it isn't that the directors of Show Boat are trying to keep Rosaline down.

Nothing of the kind. It just happened, that's all.

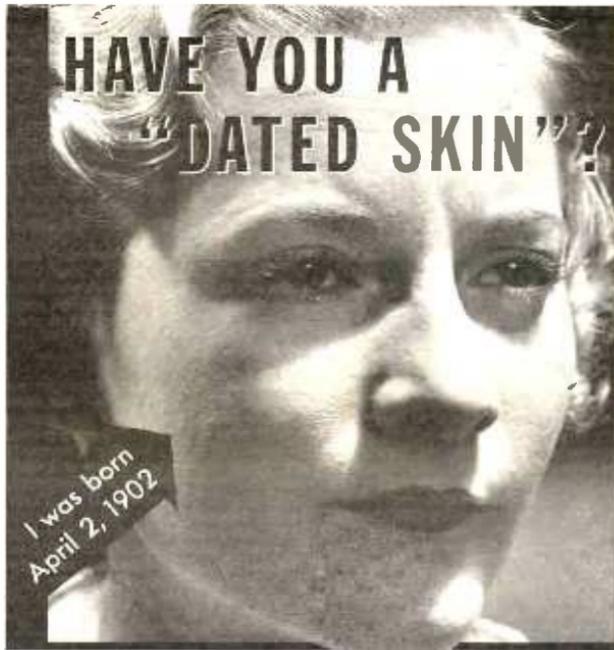
Through a humiliating experience Rosaline first learned that she was the stepchild of radio.

A picture of the entire Show Boat cast was to be taken. Rosaline, dressed up in her prettiest and beaming happily, took her place with the rest of the principals. Just as the cameraman was about to click, some sharp-eyed studio man discovered her and unceremoniously yanked her away from the group. Everyone else stared at her, bewildered, while Rosaline felt like a naughty child who's been told to stay in the corner before an entire classroom.

"What's the matter," she asked, burning with shame and rage.

Then she learned the pictures were meant for nationwide distribution and every character would have to be identified. How were they going to explain *the* Mary Lou's? Of course, the reasoning was logical. Show Boat based its popular appeal on the sweetheart team of Lanny and Mary Lou, and they had to preserve that illusion of a real Mary Lou. Rosaline, as a sensible young girl, understood, but nevertheless it wasn't so easy to look at that picture later, plastered on subway and car card ads, on billboards and in nationally circulated magazines, showing the members of the cast assembled in all their glory—and find yourself left out of it altogether.

It's particularly ironical when you con-



The Wrong Shade of Face Powder Will Give Your Age Away Every Time!

by *Lady Esther*

A woman's age is a woman's secret. Even the election laws acknowledge this when they require only that a woman state that she is over 21.

Every woman is entitled to look young—as young, frankly, as she can make herself look. That is a woman's prerogative and no one can deny it her.

But many a woman betrays her age in the very shade of face powder she uses. The wrong shade of face powder makes her look her age. It "dates" her skin—stamps on it her birthdate. She may feel 21, act 21, dress 21, but she doesn't fool the world a bit. To calculating eyes she is 31 and no foolin'.

Why Advertise Your Age?

Color creates the effect of either age or youth. Any artist, any make-up expert, will tell you this. Even a slight difference in shade will make a big difference in years so far as appearance is concerned.

The wrong shade of face powder will not only make you look your age, but crueeller still, years older than you really are!

If you want to find out whether your shade of face powder is playing you fair or false, make this unflattering test: Send for all 5 shades of Lady Esther Face Powder which I offer free, and try each on your face before your mirror.

Don't try to select your shade in ad-

vance, as flesh, natural or rachel, etc. Try each of all the 5 shades. In other words, don't try to match your skin, but, rather, to flatter it. Merely matching your skin won't help. What you want to do is *enhance it in appearance!*

The Shade for You Is One of These 5

The 5 shades of Lady Esther Face Powder will answer all tones of skin. (I could just as well have made 25 shades, but I know from scientific tests that only 5 are necessary for all colorings of skin.) One of these 5 shades, probably the one you least suspect, will instantly assert itself as the one for you. It will prove your most becoming, your most flattering. It will "youthify" rather than age you in appearance.

When you get the supply of Lady Esther Face Powder which I send you free, test it also for smoothness. Make my famous "late test". Place a pinch between your teeth and bite on it. Note how gritty-free it is. Mark also what a delicate beauty it gives your skin and how long it clings and stays fresh. In every way you will find this the most flattering powder you ever tried.

(You can paste this on a penny postcard) (11)	FREE
Lady Esther, 2010 Ridge Ave., Evanston, Ill.	
Please send me by return mail a liberal supply of all five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder.	
Name _____	_____
Address _____	_____
City _____	State _____
(If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.)	

Copyright by Lady Esther, 1935

sider the fact that Rosaline has been Mary Lou from the very first program, never having missed a single performance.

As for her singing counterpart, it might surprise you to know that Muriel Wilson is not the original heroine and that there have been *two* singing Mary Lous. Mabel Jackson was the original, after her came Audrey Marsh, Katharine Newman, Muriel Wilson, Lois Bennett and Muriel again.

BUT while the singing Mary Lou has been played at various times by one fine soprano after another, without anyone being the wiser, *nobody* has been found who could possibly supplant Rosaline as the talking Mary Lou. That's why she could never miss a performance, no matter what sickness or difficulty arose.

Once she had an operation on her mouth, and the pituitary was studded up and then protected by wires laced across it. But when Thursday evening rolled around, there was Rosaline before the microphone cooing the honeyed phrases of Mary Lou. Only if you were close enough to see the agonized expression on her face would you have guessed the pain and torture she was going through. She tried talking with her tongue on her teeth instead of the roof of her mouth, but it didn't always work. You try talking that way and hear how ridiculous and lisp-y it sounds. Yet Rosaline did it, and her Mary Lou that night was as light and bubbly as ever. Yet for all the glory that came her way, that sacrifice might as well have been in vain.

You remember when *RADIO STARS* Magazine sent Mary Lou out to Hollywood to interview Lanny Ross? It was to be a thrilling adventure, for Mary Lou would be dined and feted at lavish Hollywood parties given in her honor. At the last minute it was decided that only one girl

could go—tw. Mary Lou's, after all, would look rather ridiculous. Deep down in her heart, Rosaline hoped that she would be selected, but it was Muriel Wilson who was chosen since she had already been publicized as Mary Lou. Rosaline read in the papers and magazines of the gay times "Mary Lou" was having in Hollywood—how she was seen dancing in the Cocoanut Grove with Clark Gable, having dinner with Francis Lederer, being entertained royally at this place and that by other famous movie stars. Like a real stepchild, she had to stay home and just be a good sport about it.

But the most ironically amusing touch of all was when Rosaline, in New York, stood before a microphone that was linked by a direct wire to the Coast, and, script in hand, gushed, "Oh, Lanny, it's so wonderful being here in Hollywood with you. I'm having such a glorious time . . ."

AS far as the monetary advantages go, Rosaline has had none of the radio bluddings which would make her name a greater asset in commanding more money, or garnering new jobs. For instance, if she should decide to go into a Broadway play, she wouldn't get a higher salary, as Charley Winninger did. If she should go into another radio program, her name hasn't been publicized to rate a star salary, as Annette Hanshaw or Muriel Wilson. And as for the movies—well, could the name Rosaline Green on a theatre marquee attract fans like that of Lanny Ross? This isn't a silly or far-fetched supposition. Don't forget, she's appeared on the same program as these others, and is as importantly cast.

In spite of her eleven years on the air, Rosaline is still in her twenties, and a striking brunette to the bargain. She happened into radio quite accidentally, while

she was a sophomore in the Albany State College for Teachers. WGY in Schenectady offered radio auditions to the students there in an effort to round up some talent, and Rosaline who had never taken a dramatic lesson in her life, discovered that her warm, contralto voice blended beautifully into the mike. She was the only one from the school selected to join the dramatic group of the station. From then on teaching was forgotten altogether.

In those years that followed in radio, Rosaline has enjoyed probably more success and genuine, heart-warming glory than most other radio stars, but it has been toned down, unpublicized and uncommercialized. She has appeared on many of the most famous programs in radio, the Radio Guild, Famous Loves, and the Goldbergs are just a few examples—she was chosen as the possessor of "America's most perfect voice" at the Radio's Fair in Madison Square Garden a few years ago—she is one of the most dependable and most sought-after actresses in radio—yet, in spite of all this, is still buried in obscurity.

It's a peculiar situation and can't be blamed on anyone. But it had first been decided to feature the talking Mary Lou instead of the singing one, if Rosaline had some temperamental and insisted upon being, if she could have foreseen the future, then Rosaline Greene today would not be radio's stepchild.

Rosaline Green can be heard on Thursday evenings at 8 p. m. EST, over: WABC WAIR WOKO WAO WNAC WJR WEBM WKRC WHK CKLW WDR WFBN KMBC WHAS WCAI WJAS WEAN KMOX WFBL WSPD WJSV KERN FMJ KHJ KBYN KFBK KGB KERC KDB KOI K-P-10 KRWI KVI KLZ KSL WMAZ WCCO KEAB.

Maestros on Parade

(Continued from page 62)

Let Me Call You Mine and Rest My Weary Soul are his latest popular tunes. A new musical comedy, the production of which will require an eighteen-piece orchestra, cast and chorus, has just been completed by Wendell.

Charles Previn gives us his All 1934 Musical Team. He says the high spots of the past year have been, Cocktails for Two, Smoke Gets in Your Eyes, All I Do Is Dream of You, Two Cigarettes in the Dark, Carioca, Did You Ever See a Dream Walking, and Love in Bloom. And just to show the contrast, he further tells us that in 1922 the following were the raves: Ain't We Got Fun, Three O'Clock in the Morning, That Old Gang of Mine, and Kreisler's familiar classic, The Old Refrain.

● **WANTH:** One Female Tuba Player. That's the plea of Phil Spitalny, director of the all-tenime show tagged, Hour of Charm broadcast Thursdays. Out of eleven hundred who auditioned for the thirty-two-piece band, there wasn't a single candidate for the position of tuba player. While

this was being written, Billy Jenks, girl tubonist at the New York Conservatory, was trying to fill the bill. Every member of Phil's band is a girl and he must find a girl tuba player or the orchestra just won't have that part of the bass, for Phil will not consider a man for the job.

This is the first time an all-girl orchestra has landed a good radio account. And to the surprise of many old timers, the band is better than that of many men. We salute Phil Spitalny for giving radio its first new and original idea in twelve months.

● A new show featuring George Olsen and wife, Ethel Shutta, along with the rest of his circus, will make its bow this month, hitting the air on Sunday afternoons.

● Maestro Art Meyers, the band leader who turned to be lieutenant-governor of the state of Washington, paid off eight thousand dollars in debts at a dinner recently. Forty-two creditors, with glasses raised high, drank a toast to him at the "coming-out-of-the-red" party. Favors

were checks which Vic owed the guests.

● Gus Arnheim recently has moved with a network wire, from the Cocoanut Grove to Chez Paree at Chicago. Arnheim supplanted Henry Busse who had been at the spot without interruption for fifteen months, seven nights a week.

● Clyde Lucas and his California Dons will go into the Hotel New Yorker May 1st. Thus this band has risen from obscurity to definite success in about eighteen months by way of Detroit, Chicago, Cincinnati and then into New York, with his music going over both networks.

● Harold Stokes, Chicago dance conductor, got his first new hat in twelve years this winter. A dozen years ago, when he was playing the accordion in Del Lamm's orchestra (Wayne King played sax and roomed with Stokes), someone swiped his hat in a loop restaurant. Stokes vowed he would never buy another. But when the mercury sank to twenty below one morning, Stokes yielded and bought a new headpiece.

Why Paul's Fourth Marriage Is a Success

(Continued from page 15)

you were such a marvellous actor. But it's such a shame to waste it all here. Why, if you were on the stage and put all that emotion into a scene, you'd panic them!"

Paul stared at her. For a moment he wavered between anger and laughter. Then fury was succeeded by a pleased, flattered feeling. He grinned. The war was over!

For eight weeks Margaret acted as his valet, trying out other valets in the meanwhile, but they weren't satisfactory to her, so of course she didn't try to impose them on Paul. Finally they found one who was a perfect jewel, and he has been with them ever since.

Then there was the time when Paul was certain he didn't want his room decorated in gray, although the painters already had started working on it. "I think a bright golden color would be so much better," Paul suggested.

Another woman might have told him that, since the painters were half through with the job, he'd have to take it and like it! But Margaret was wiser. "Just let the painters finish the room; let me get the carpet down and the drapes up," said she. "In the meanwhile I'll send for color charts. Then if you don't like the room this way we'll have it done over again."

"Okay," said Paul, "but I don't like gray. I never did like it and I never will like it! Gold or yellow—that's the thing!"

Soon Margaret had a red carpet on the floor and lovely drapes in the room, and a golden clock on the wall. Then she handed Paul some color charts. "Now, in what color do you want your room done over?" she asked.

"Done over?" he said. "I don't want it done over. You were right about that gray. It looks grand with the red carpet and those drapes!"

When Paul and his band go on tour for more than a one-night stand, Margaret goes with him, taking some of her best linen, bed sheets and silverware with her. Then, no matter where they are, Paul can sleep on familiar bedclothes. If he can't be at home all the time, Margaret is determined to take a little bit of their home with them, wherever they go.

When Paul was appearing at the Paradise Theatre in the Bronx, New York, recently, Margaret sent over a hot meal to the theatre every evening. Couldn't Paul have walked across the street and ordered a meal in a restaurant? Sure, he could, but what would there be about that meal to stand for home and his marriage to Margaret? So Margaret sent him his hot lamp chops and vegetables, and whenever she could, came down to have dinner with him. And was he flattered? Wouldn't you be?

The one thing that worries her is Paul's extravagance. Even though she loves him for it, because it's part of his generous nature. So freely did he spend his money

(Continued on page 91)

Another family discovers the safe way to End CORN SUFFERING



(1) Mary, I simply won't stand for your suffering like that any more! I'm going out to get the best thing for a corn that's made!



(2) Here it is! The druggist said it's the most popular corn remover—made by a fine old surgical dressing company—easy to use, and safe.



(3) That's right! After soaking the foot ten minutes you apply the Blue-Jay—and the pain stops immediately! After three painless days the corn will lift out, completely.



(4) I'm so glad you took me in hand, John! I'll never again go to nurse a corn again—I'll just take it right out with Blue-Jay.

Read These Letters from Users



Nurses Must Have Easy Feet
Miss Sarah Evans, *Medical Journalist*, writes: "My feet were really due to Blue-Jay that I am now a registered nurse. About a month after entering training my feet started to hurt later than that date. When I got a box of Blue-Jay I got a box. And so, the labor relief after that, nursing was a real joy."



Even the Worst Corns Disappeared
My husband is an excellent musician, and due to the long months in ill-fitting shoes, his feet were covered with hard corns and soft corns. I purchased a box of Blue-Jays. Gradually, even the worst corns disappeared until now he is seldom bothered, though on his feet continually. —Mrs. Andrew Brown, Portland, Ore.



Fast... Effective... Comfortable
I have never found any remedy equal to Blue-Jay. I like the relief it gives, which relieves all pain and soreness, and this efficiency in removing every trace of a corn. I like their perfect fit, which enables me to wear comfortable and care-free shoes.



"Don't Worry Now, My Feet are Fine"
I have had my feet for years, and I have tried many remedies. I have used Blue-Jay, and I have found it to be the best. I have used it for years, and I have found it to be the best. I have used it for years, and I have found it to be the best. I have used it for years, and I have found it to be the best.

The Safe, Scientific Way to End CORN SUFFERING

• If you are one of the thousands of corn sufferers who have tried ineffectual ways of getting rid of corns—or if you are one of those who still use the dangerous method of cutting or paring corns—use that you try safe, scientific Blue-Jay. For 35 years this easy, sure treatment has ended corn suffering for millions. It will do the same for you.

Blue-Jay stops the pain instantly. The soft, snug-fitting pad cushions the corn against painful shoe pressure. The pad is held securely in place by the Wet-Prof adhesive strip (waterproof—soft kid-like finish—does not cling to stockings). Then Blue-Jay safe medication gently undermines the corn without your knowing it—and after 3 days you lift out the corn completely.

Every druggist sells Blue-Jay. 25c a package.



BLUE-JAY
BAUER & BLACK SCIENTIFIC
CORN PLASTER

EXERCISE BOOK FREE Illustrates valuable exercises for foot health and beauty. Also free booklet "How Heel Feet" contains helpful information for foot sufferers. Address: Bauer & Black, 2500 South Broadway St., Chicago. (Please enclose government or postcard size postage.)

Name _____
Street _____ City _____

© The Keri-Well Company

(Continued from page 89)

Poor Complexion?

that when Margaret married him Paul had sixty thousand dollars worth of debts that he didn't even know about! Margaret saw to it that they were paid, and then began a new life for Paul. For the first time in his life he is saving a certain amount weekly, for Margaret wants him to have enough money laid away so that he will be independent financially.

"I'm not saying this out of conceit," she told me frankly, "but at last someone like me, hadn't come along. I swear that Paul Whitman would have landed in the poorhouse, so I've dragged out and generated as he! I kid him sometimes saying, 'Some day you'll be playing your noble at the street corners and they'll pass by saying, "There goes the old Paul" and I'll smother him dead!"

That it is Margaret who handles their joint checking account and their investments, Paul hates business. So Margaret fusses it with him when he's resting in bed, or right after he's had a savory meal and is feeling at peace with the world. She spends two or three hours a day going through his business mail, so that she can winnow the wheat from the chaff and bring to Paul's attention anything important.

Old McFartyre, the columnist, told her that, before they were married, Paul weighed three hundred pounds. "I didn't think I'd see him alive again," McFartyre said. "He seemed to have absolutely no rest for life. He was all played out."

But losing weight pepped Paul up mentally and physically. And how do you suppose Margaret kept him from becoming discouraged in the battle to lose weight? When his weight fluctuated, she never told him that he was gaining, even when it was temporarily true. "Darling, you look much thinner!" was the watchword. "But I gained a pound today," he'd complain. "You don't look it," Margaret said cheerfully. And that gave him the courage to go on trying to lose more pounds.

Of course Margaret isn't invariably tactful. There was, for instance, the time that she had to kick Paul under the table "Oh, yes," she did!

It happened because Paul is one of the most honest people in the world! He doesn't know what it means to evade a question, to smooth things over with little white lies. Ask him his honest opinion of anything, and he'll tell it to you, whether you like it or not!

One day at a dinner party a rival white leader said to Paul: "Tell me, Mr. Whitman, what is your honest opinion of my hand?"

"You really want my honest opinion?" asked Paul, beaming.

"Oh, yes," said the other man.

Paul didn't see Margaret's warning look. "Well, to tell you the truth," said he, "your hand is simply awful!"

And at that Margaret kicked his foot under the table!

Paul turned round and glared at her. Then, oblivious of the important guests at that party he asked: "Margaret, why did you just kick me under the table?"

"Because you were saying something you shouldn't have said," replied Mar-

(Continued on page 92)



Nurses now tell how famous medicated cream Corrects ugly skin faults

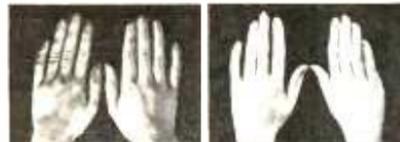
Thousands use it for Pimples, Large Pores, Blackheads, Cold Sores, Chapped Skin

OVER 2 million women today use this famous medicated cream to relieve skin irritations, to help clear up blemished complexions—to help restore their skin to normal healthy loveliness.

Of this vast number of women, thousands are nurses, whose training and experience have taught them what is best for the skin.

What it is

This famous medicated cream is Noxzema Skin Cream—a dainty, snow-white, greaseless formula that doctors first prescribed to relieve eczema, sunburn and other skin irritations.



Red Chapped Hands Relieved Overnight . . . OR NO COST

Make this test tonight on badly Chapped Hands. Get a jar of Noxzema from your druggist—apply it tonight—as much as the skin will absorb. Notice them in the morning. If soreness has not disappeared—if hands are not softer, whiter, your druggist will gladly refund your money.

Nurses discovered its value in helping to correct skin faults. "It clears my complexion as nothing else does," one nurse wrote. "It's the best thing ever for rough, chapped face and hands," wrote another.

If your skin is Rough or badly Chapped—if you have Cold Sores, Pimples, Blackheads, Large Pores, just try Noxzema Cream—and see what a big improvement it makes in your skin.

Apply Noxzema at night. Wash it off in the morning with warm water first, then cold water or apply ice. Apply a little Noxzema during the day—as a foundation for powder. Use Noxzema until skin is relieved or blemishes disappear.

Special trial offer

Ask your druggist for a small trial jar—if he cannot supply you send only 15c for generous 25c jar—enough to make a big improvement in your skin. Address Noxzema Chemical Co., Dept. 54, Baltimore, Md.



(Continued from page 91)

garet, trapped. But when they got home, she said, "Paul, you shouldn't have embarrassed me before all those people by asking me why I kicked you."

"But I didn't want to be kicked under the table," protested Paul.

There might have been a scold if you think that there was, you don't know the girl!

"Okay," said Margaret, "will drop the subject." But she still kicks him under the table when it's necessary. "Playing all the time that he won't ask her why."

Often a man's son by a former marriage comes between him and his wife. And Paul has custody of his ten-year-old son, Paul Jr., three months during the year. How does Margaret solve the stepmother problem? And how does she avoid disagreements with the boy's real mother, Amanda Holtz? She does it the way any woman of fineness of character and intelligence can do it, if she chooses.

Originally the boy's mother thought it would be best to send Paul Jr. to camp for two months out of the three during which Paul was to have custody of the lad. Another woman would have been glad to get rid of her stepson that way, but not Margaret. She idoles the boy.

"Paul," said Margaret, "if he's with his mother nine months and in camp two months, how will he get the benefit of our company now? That's even more important than his going to camp." So she figured out a plan by which the boy could be outdoors during the summer and still get to know his father. Paul Jr. would have breakfast and dinner with his father, and they would hire a boy who could swim and play golf to spend the day outdoors with Paul when Paul Sr. was busy with his work. "When I tell the boy's mother our plans for him, I'm sure she'll consent," said Margaret. She did—enthusiastically.

Margaret still calls up the boy's mother whenever any question about the boy's welfare comes up. For instance, only last summer she refused to let young Paul take up horseback riding until his own mother consented.

Are you beginning to see why Paul Whiteman's marriage is a success? Of course it isn't all due to Margaret Livingston's wise and tender handling of every situation that comes up. Part of it is due to Paul's generosity and the many qualities that make him one of the grandest guys on Broadway. But grand as he is, it takes a woman of extraordinary patience and common sense to make the most of marriage to such a temperamental personality.

• • •

Paul Whiteman can be heard each Thursday at 10:00 p. m. EST, over the following stations: WJAF WTAF WJMR WASH WFBR WRC WGY WHEX KYW WHO WOV WDAF WMQY WDAY WCAE WTAM WWT WLW KSD KVOD KFBR WERC CFC WKY STRS KTHS WTMJ WBAP KPRC VOAM KOMO KOA KDYL KPO KFI CGW KIQD WFEH WIRA KSTP KRCT CTAR WTIC WRVA WPTF WXXC YIS WJAZ WIOD WFLA WMAE WSB AJDX WSM WSMB WAVE



Clear up sniffly little noses — help to prevent many colds, too—with VICKS VA-TRO-NOL

THE next time you hear a sniffle in your home, mother, don't wait until it grows into a bad cold. Promptly, apply Vicks Va-tro-nol—just a few drops up each nostril.

Va-tro-nol reduces swollen membranes and clears away clogging mucus. That annoying stuffiness vanishes—normal breathing through the nose again becomes easy.

Especially designed for the nose and upper throat—where most colds start—Va-tro-nol aids the functions provided

by Nature to prevent colds, or to throw them off in the early stages. Used at the very first sign of irritation, Va-tro-nol aids in avoiding many colds altogether.

Vicks Va-tro-nol is real medication—it is absolutely safe—for children and adults alike. And so easy to use—any time or place. Keep a bottle handy.

Note! For Your Protection

The remarkable success of Vicks drops—for nose and throat—has brought scores of imitations. The trade-mark "Va-tro-nol" is your protection in getting this exclusive Vicks formula.

Always ask for Vicks Va-tro-nol. TWO GENEROUS SIZES—30¢ and 50¢

• • • Believe it or not
LADIES AND GENTLEMEN

The always infallible, never-made-an-error editorial staff of RADIO STARS stubbed its rosy little toe! It happened in our January issue. In the "Strictly Confidential" department we ran a picture of a vested choir. It was the Zion Choir—but we dubbed it The Salt Lake City Tabernacle Choir. It's just one of those things. . . . You know how they happen. But henceforth we are on our old standard—100% correct!



Three New
OLIVE OIL CREAMS

Three new creations by Vi-Jon! Fine, delicate Vi-Jon Creams blended with pure, imported Olive Oil, with its soothing, nourishing effect on the skin. For amazing results, try these new Vi-Jon Olive Oil Creams. A thoroughly complete facial treatment for a few cents.

Sold at the better 10c stores

If your 10c store has not yet stocked Vi-Jon Olive Oil Creams, send us 10c for full size jar. State whether for cleansing or finishing. Larger sizes at 90c and 35c.

VI-JON LABORATORIES, 6300 Etzel Ave., St. Louis

She Wanted Babies

(Continued from page 37)

watching her with passionate devotion. No way of bringing up a child? Of course not. But it was the only way the young mother could manage.

As a child, Lois Bennett had been unhappy, maladjusted, because her family had been on the move constantly, from Oklahoma City to Rush City to Ft. Worth. And shy, frightened little Lois was tied in a knot with each new move, afraid that the children would make fun of her, wouldn't want to play with her. Once for a whole week she had refused to recite in class, pleading, unparaphrased, because the first day the teacher had laughed at her.

And yet—she was giving her baby a worse life! At least she had had a father and mother, and her own little room and possessions she became attached to. But the best she could do for her child was giving her a normal, happy, hardy gypsy existence.

After two years of a constant struggle for existence, Lois Bennett got a lucky break. Winthrop Ames was planting a series of Gilbert and Sullivan revivals, and offered her the role of prima donna. Now it seemed she could have some peace, that she could establish a real home for toddling little Joan, provide her with the comforts every parent wants for her children. Now Joan could associate with youngsters her own age, nice children, not little street toughs.

At this point, Lois almost changed her mind about careers not mixing with babies. But a few weeks later something was to happen that was irreversibly to reaffirm this decision, that was to leave a wound that even time cannot erase from her being. It was while she was appearing in Iolanthe.

"One Spring morning Joan woke with a cold," Lois told me. "Of course, I sent for the doctor, and told the maid to keep her in bed. Naturally, she was restless, and finally was allowed out. The day was very rare.

"While I was resting in my dressing-room at the end of the first act that afternoon, the phone rang. It was the maid, terribly frightened. Joan was ill, very ill; the doctor had said it was double pneumonia. The baby had a temperature of 106. And she wasn't expected to live till I got home."

Half-crazed, frantic with worry, Lois Bennett forgot everything, the audience in front of the show. All she wanted was to get to her baby, her little tot, who lay dying.

THEN came her cue to go on. She couldn't desert now. She had to go through with the performance. Dragging herself on the stage, she went on. "I don't know what I did or said for the rest of the play," she told me. "All I could think of was my baby, dying. A million little doubts, like needles, pricked at me. If I

(Continued on page 37)

Fool-proof Chocolate Frosting



EAGLE BRAND CHOCOLATE FROSTING

2 squares unsweetened chocolate

1½ cups (1 can) Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk

1 tablespoon water

Melt chocolate in double boiler. Add Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk. Stir over boiling water 5 minutes until it thickens. (Imagine! Takes only 5 minutes to thicken perfectly!) Add water. Cool cake before spreading frosting.

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(Continued from page 97)

To his amazement, he saw his host becoming him aside. They talked. Daly told once more of his thwarted ambitions. As in a dream he heard himself being offered an editorial position!

Here was success, at last! Success, indeed! In fact, for four years it was so brilliant that the future that followed it was doubly bitter. It wouldn't do to dwell on the fascinating tales of his discovery of such famous authors as Edna Ferber, nor his working side by side with Sinclair Lewis. For this is the story of Daly's gallant battle with failure.

This time it was not his fault. Paderewski was the innocent cause of that downfall. The great pianist had heard Bill conduct at a concert in the home of a friend. At Paderewski's suggestion, he gave up his editorial position to seek and find the place of musical director of the Philadelphia Opera Company.

And it wasn't his fault that the World War should start in Europe just then! Not his fault that so many members of the company were interned in Austria and Germany that the season for which he had been engaged, was cancelled!

Broken-hearted, Bill Daly returned to New York. He was no longer the well-known, respected editor. Only his music was left to him. In a short time he became just another of the unknowns who haunt Tin Pan Alley. He wandered in and out of music publishing houses. He received a few dollars for orchestrating here, rebuffs there. He was starving again.

In one music publishing house where he had been sitting dreary hours waiting for some kind, any kind of work, he met a young upstart by the name of George Gershwin, a fellow who had some crazy ideas about modern music. Bill had some ideas, too. In the misery of their poverty and the ecstasy of their musical ideas, they starved along together. But Bill was humbled by the realization that at nearly thirty, he was no farther along than was George at twenty.

That was Daly, the failure! What he did not know was that, penniless though he was, William Daly had be-

gun to find himself. The next year, Charles Dillingham, the producer, heard of Daly's work and engaged him to write and conduct the music of the show, "Haud-Up," the presentation in which Will Rogers made his first hit.

Look at the Daly of today . . . In the audience of Radio City's greatest studio, you sit and look up at the semi-circular stage, and watch the man who is emerging from behind the great screens which hide the stage exit to the dressing-rooms.

He is a slender man of medium stature, wavy-tooled hair, sagging shoulders, a head of pine in apparent contemplation of the platform steps up which he is climbing. He looks like a tired school-teacher—until you catch the fire in his eyes!

He steps up on to the conductor's stand before the orchestra which faces the audience. He raises his baton. Violins leap to chords, brasses and woodwinds to lips. The baton swoops down. Music surges through the studio—full, strong, inspired.

No longer is he a meek little man. He is a dynamo of energy. His body darts to the right, to the left; his arms wave frenziedly. His long hair is the triumphant plume on the casque of a dauntless soldier. Where is the quiet, massuming fellow of a moment ago? Gone! So has gone forever, the William Merrigan Daly, the failure. Here is the man who has found himself and the genius that so long lay slumbering in him.

William Merrigan Daly can be heard on Monday evenings at 8:30 p. m., EST, on the following stations: WEFB WTIC WTAG WJAR WCHS WEHR KAW WRC WGY WBEW WTAM WMAA WCAF WDAF WWJ WCTU WMAZ WTMJ WEBC WHO WDAY WKBF KPRC KSTP WIBA KFYR WOW WLW WPTF WWSG WIS WJAN WIOD WFLA WSOB WTAR WSM WMO WSB WJDN WMSB WAVE KWOC WKY KTBS WOAI KSD WRVA WEEI

The Object of His Affection

(Continued from page 31)

in their eyes as they gazed at each other.

That was the first time Frank and Dorothy Martin had met in several years. And in the intervening time undoubtedly both had changed. Dorothy, for instance, had loved a man and married him. And now that marriage was over, Frank, or I miss my guess had loved a dozen girls. He had come from the theatre to radio. He had given a year and a half to serious study.

"I had to study," he told me, "Previous to my lessons, like anyone born with the apparatus of a voice, I could sing well enough when I was happy, when I felt like singing. But you can't earn a living that way. My teachers taught me how to make my voice obey my will, how to sing well even when I didn't feel like it."

What is even more amazing about this meeting is that Frank and Dorothy never had been close friends. They had played together on Broadway in "No Other Girl." Had known each other only casually. Dorothy had done a specialty number in this show while Frank, a new recruit in the theatre, had been in the chorus.

Meeting, however, it was as if they had said goodbye to each other only the day before. It was as if they had been waiting, marking time all through the years, until they should meet again.

"I don't pretend to understand it," Frank will tell you. "I only know how it was. There was a bond, I've known other people for years, seen them almost every day, and never felt so close to them.

(Continued on page 101)



Doctor Finds

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in as little as 3 DAYS

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For other white shoes I use the Special ColoShine White Cloth and Buckskin Cleaner (10¢). Get both at the 10¢ store and many other stores. For valuable information write Irene Marchant, c/o The Chiefly Mfg. Co., Baltimore, Md.

No. 11—Special Cleaner for White Kid Shoes No. 12—Special Cleaner for Cloth, Buckskin Shoes

Each One Does Its Own Job BETTER

(Continued from page 99)

"When such a bond exists it is beyond reason, beyond understanding. It needn't have anything to do with love. It comes to two men sometimes. To two women sometimes. And sometimes to a man and a girl. But certainly this is true, only those who have experienced such a bond can grasp the depth of understanding and sympathy you seek to label this."

It's not surprising that Dorothy waited for Frank that day. I doubt if anything less than dynamite could have removed her from her post behind the receptionist's desk. For he's a man to intrigue a girl.

When he turns serious, as he must have when he returned to urge Dorothy to wait, he brings the smiling corners of his wide mouth down into a firm line. But it only makes him more attractive.

FRANK, you see, has not always led a secure and sheltered existence. In the lower East Side home in which he spent his childhood, living may not have been a struggle but it was a problem. And on Sundays Frank wore the skirts and laces of a chor-boy, imitating musical Latin phrases of supplication and praise and helping the priest celebrate mass. He wasn't always "the No. 1 model." He used to desert the fellows on his own hook and walk a considerable distance, besides risking a sound whipping, to join a rowdy gang who turned the afternoon hours after school into a series of hazardous adventures.

Frank finds life exciting. And that makes him exciting. He finds it amusing. So. Which makes him a gay companion. From his Italian mother he inherits a warm sensitivity. From his English father an attractive reserve which serves him well.

That day in Chicago, he didn't keep Dorothy Martin waiting one minute longer than was absolutely necessary. Immediately the rehearsal was over he rushed out to stand before her desk again.

That summer the sky all over Chicago was mistily gold from the brilliance of the lights at the Fair. And in the Fair grounds there was music in the air. The music of a dozen bands and twice as many orchestras. Harlequins danced along the streets. Bits of one foreign land, created overnight of laths and shingles and plaster of Paris, nudged bits of another land. In their native state, joggling along in rickshaws pulled by college-boy coolies, prosperous Illinois farmers and their wives imagined themselves in Japan.

Everywhere there was the magic of Twentieth Century progress. However, if you found a secluded little table, in the Belgian Village, say, where the lights didn't penetrate and the water wasn't tap-water, you found another kind of magic, a magic as old as the world and as modern as a new year. Especially if between you there was a bond. The way there was between Frank and Dorothy.

Their hands met across the table. And their eyes meeting, although their minds behind them willed them to come to be calm, elude and elude and elude. And then happiness skyrocketing from full hearts filled them with stars.

Heretofore Frank had done well enough on the air. But now letters began to pour in. By the hundreds. By the thousands.

All of which proves again, plainly enough, that there is no voice which won't be richer and warmer and more provocative for a little more heart.

THE following writer found both Dorothy and Frank in New York. Frank had deserted from the studios in Radio City. Dorothy was with her family. The nights Frank was free they went places together. To dinner. Or to the movies. Or the theatre. Sometimes they danced. And sometimes they went up to the Army where Frank played polo.

It was Frank's interest in horses which brought him to polo and the string of Argentine ponies which are his extravagance. When he was with the National Guard he was a driver in the Field Artillery. One of the horses he drove was "Lind the 11 and he prides as if it was his own shoe. But for each of these Frank grew to admire and love other horses.

"They're so intelligent," he says enthusiastically, "so keen. In polo they take brutal punishment without flinching. They couldn't do it if they didn't have spirit, if they didn't have heart. And lots of it. During a game they sense what has to be done and it is their one aim to accomplish this at any price."

At the Army, every night Frank plays, you'll see Dorothy sitting on the sidelines. Holding her breath at the things he does, at the way he rides, at the mad recklessness with which he plunges into the thick of it. And why not? Doesn't her life as well as his hinge in the balance?

However, when the game is ended and he comes striding over to her, his helmet pushed back on his fine, dark head, his eyes flashing with pride and excitement, she doesn't scold or caution him. She simply sits there, quiet and smiling, and gives him both her small, soft hands. She is wiser than many women who try to temper the adventuresome men they love. To lose them one way or another.

Not that Dorothy Martin always holds her tongue. Frank will tell you that she gives him plenty of advice and that he needs all of it invaluable.

"She's lucky for me," he says, grinning, looking about eighteen years old. "Besides, better than I, she seems able to see where my interests lie. I wouldn't move, I wouldn't sign anything until I had talked it over with her first."

He frowned a little. "People say we're married," he complained. "That is not true. They don't understand the people who say that. They don't know how it is between us. They've never known the same kind of a bond."

That bond he talks about. It can exist between two men. Or between two women. It doesn't necessarily have to do with love. I grant you that. For when it comes to a man and a girl, and when the man thinks that girl is lucky for him and beams when she offers advice then—I leave it to you—if it *isn't* love!

Frank Parker can be heard on Sunday evenings at 7:00 p. m. and 11:30 p. m. EST over WJZ and associated stations and Monday evenings at 9:00 p. m. EST over WFAE network; and also Sunday evenings at 7:30 p. m. EST over WABC and associated stations.



It takes more than "just a salve!" to draw it out. It takes a "counter-irritant"! And that's what good old Mustelore is—soothing, warming, penetrating and helpful in drawing out the pain and congestion when rubbed on the sore, aching spots.

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A LITERATURE



"it's the Cheese."

This old expression means "anything good, first grade in quality, genuine and pleasant," and it adequately describes the simple but appetizing cheese menus outlined in this month's COOKING SCHOOL.

There are dozens of dishes which you already serve, that may be tremendously brightened by the addition of cheese. All of the recipes given this month are favorites of Dick Powell who insists that any dish made with cheese has his hearty approval.

Every recipe has been created by practical people and tested in our own kitchens. You will find them easy to prepare from the directions given and the results will be a delight to the family.

Read the
COOKING SCHOOL
every month in

RADIO STARS

To Hell with Happiness

Continued from page 83

colic high, Frank Luther returned to the United States with the Revellers in Living at the Minabot. His contract was for thirty thousand dollars a year, more money than he had ever made before in his life. He began paying off the debts he had contracted in the lean and bitter years; he began buying a few luxuries for his mother, whom he adored, and his sisters.

And then, suddenly, unexpectedly, calamity came! It seemed like such a simple thing, at first. Frank Luther, working too hard, caught a cold. The cold lingered on, and he couldn't sing. The doctor examined him, shook his head gravely. "You need complete rest," he said. "I don't know whether you'll ever be able to sing again. It will take time and rest—complete rest."

Complete rest? Frank was dazed. Why, "the man must be mad!" How can you sit still and do nothing?

Two months of inactivity. . . . Do you know what it means to a man like Frank to have the bread taken out of his mouth and to be told that he must sit back and do nothing? He paced up and down his apartment like a madman. Sometimes it seemed that if something didn't happen soon he would go mad. He went to the Revellers and begged them to wait till he got well. But they couldn't wait, and Jimmy Melton went on in the spot that should have been Frank's.

He hadn't a nickel saved up. He was still in debt. He touched bottom. All the confidence ebbed out of him. The salt of life had lost its savor.

"If I were the type who could take his own life, I would have done it 'tho'." Frank Luther told me, his dark, broomy eyes growing almost black at the thought of those days and nights of agony. "But suddenly I realized that I was a fool if I whimpered now, and that I was a dolt if I asked 'happiness of life.' I was here to live, not to be happy.

Do you want to know what he did then? He went out to Pittsburgh and got a job playing the piano in a dinky cafe. Frank Luther, to whom princes and dukes had listened in awed silence, now played and sang for men too drunk to know that they were hearing a golden voice gone wrong.

It was these men whom he now had to beg for nickels and quarters. He, a nice, wholesome American boy, who only a short time before had held a contract for thirty thousand dollars within his grasp.

In the end, amid those sordid people, he found his voice again and with his voice he found something else—a better audience. All the ribs pride and cockiness had been knocked out of him, but after he had touched bottom his spirits soared again.

Back to New York once more he came, asking his friends if they knew of work that he could do. And because he believed in himself again he found work. He met three young fellows who had been in vaudeville. One was a ringer of mine, and the other two were looking for someone to make up a trio. And so Frank Luther, Jack Parker, Phil Diney and Will

Doublin got together. I just needed in putting over the program, still here as the Men About Town.

Frank Luther has always lived intensely, from the time he was a small shaver on a cattle ranch in western Kansas. When he was a rambler who'd be fell in love with a blonde and, to convince her of his ardor, dipped one blonde strand into his inkwell. The blonde was furious and lived to grow up and marry Frank's father! She still maintains she hates him!

As a matter of fact, Frank really grew up in a man's world. Even the time he was a fat young kid his father used to take him to various state fairs where he exhibited cattle and sheep and, to the bewilderment of Frank, learned to mingle with cattle men.

When he was but fourteen years old his father used to allow him to travel to the state fairs all night with a carload of cattle, and there he'd be had to try to mate his wits with men who gave him no quarter because of his tender years. In his dealings with them, he learned shrewdness and sharpness, but above all he learned to live by a man's code.

Living! That's his battle word, his motto. Yes, it carries a touch for life. Already he has met the Grim Reaper and foiled him, and I think that it ever the time comes when death stands by his elbow, Frank Luther will put up a worthy battle.

But let me tell you about the time he almost met death. He was sixteen years old and was coming back alone from Detroit, where he had exhibited at a livestock show. Around dawn he got tired and resting in the caboose and decided to walk over the top of the freight train to see how his herd of cattle was doing. He started to go down over the end of the box car, but the train was going fast, and he fell between two cars.

He heard the screaming of steel wheels against to grand him into bits. With a heroic effort he grabbed hold of the brake rod. Holding on to that, he managed to save himself.

Two hobs who had seen him fall stared in wonder as he crawled back. For they had thought this had seen him fall to his death.

A few years later Frank's father lost all his money, and just when he was trying to stage a come-back, he died in a bumming hotel. And then the spirit of responsibility pecked Frank. "I can't fail; I mustn't fail," he told himself, thinking of his mother and his sisters. "I must take my father's place with them."

Since that time he has never faltered, never made excuses for himself, never loathed on the job. On and on he has gone trying himself relentlessly. He has been a minister, a newspaperman, a singer at evangelistic meetings, and heaven only knows what else. And out of it all has come not happiness but rich and glorious experience in living and friendships with diverse people, from the country's leading hobos to men of world-wide fame. He

HERE ARE THE ANSWERS

What Does Bing Brgylftn Slortfbwg Blart Floop?

Joan Kay, heard over networks from Chicago.



Kenny Sargent and "Pee Wee" Hunt, of the Casa Loma Caravan.

DON'T cheer, boys and girls. Sure Uncle Answer Man's out of jail, but someone said he ought to have his head examined and so here he is, surrounded by those eminent psychiatrists, Dr. Dormans of Vienna and Dr. Whoopy of Wedtawken, New Jersey.

If, instead of howling constantly to readers about his being able to consider but two questions per person per month, or not answering any questions personally per person per month, or not sending any photographs per—anyway, if the A. M. had told some of his friends not to scrawl their questions so hastily that they read, "What does Bing brylftn slortfbwg blart floop?" he might not be accused of having curls and wavy where his brains ought to be.

Anyhow, sit in with the doctors while they ascertain the Answer Man's mental competence. Then at 10:10 think he's all right about his big, hands-me ears, send in your questions.

Go ahead! Ask him! He'll tell you a time or two!

Now for the Doctors.
Dr. D: Now Uncle, we are going to test your powers of observation. We wonder, for instance, if you've ever noticed the physical characteristics of **Priscilla Lane**.

Uncle: Have I? Boy, oh boy! Have I! Lovely figure. Five feet two inches tall, weighs 108 pounds, has blonde hair, blue eyes. She's the sister of Lola and Leota Lane of the films. She was born June 12, 1917. She made her radio debut with **Fred Waring's** troupe February 8, 1933. She likes to swim, make omelet starch pudding, ride horseback and to say "I'll say, kid!" Her nickname is Pat.

Dr. W: Pat him on the head with the inkstand, Dr. Dormans. He can't concentrate. Let's see if we can get him to give some comprehensive facts on **Kenny Sargent** and **Pee Wee Hunt** of **Glen Gray's** orchestra.

Uncle: Pooh! Easy. **Kenny** is described as dark and suave, but shy. Tell the girls not to be too hasty—he's married to Dorothy Morlock of Memphis, Tennessee, whom he met in 1928. Oh, all

right, if you still must have details, he has brown eyes and black hair, is five feet eleven inches tall and weighs 160 pounds. He's twenty-nine, which makes his years of tromping about with orchestras number about eleven. He finally wound up with **Glen Gray's** band in May, 1931. And is he the old fashion plate? They do say, that when **Glen Gray's** orchestra is playing in a night club or roadhouse, **Kenny** insists on changing his shirt and collar every other dance. Now who can't concentrate?

Dr. D: See, Dr. Whoopy? He's nuts. Forget all about **Pee Wee Hunt**.

Uncle: Who's nuts? Gimme a chance, wilya? Now this little **Pee Wee** guy is only six feet tall, and has wasted away to a little over 200 pounds. Tsk! Tsk! When his larynx isn't working, over that baritone in his, his tiny but thin lips a trombone slide back and forth. He was born, of all places, in Mt. Healthy, Ohio, in 1907, and weighed, very appropriately, twelve pounds at birth. But then, so did **Priscilla Lane**. His real name is **Walter J. Hunt**. He studied at Ohio State College to be a scientist and turned out to be a vacuum cleaner, salesman, buyer and seller of radio sets and bango player in an orchestra. He joined **Jean Goldkette's** orchestra in 1928 and the **Glen Gray** outfit in 1928. Yah, he's married. But he still has a sense of humor. He's the master of the band Regular card, he is.

Dr. W: Well you're not, apple-pate. Aren't you the guy what said **Cheerio** uses recordings instead of real live, no kidding canaries?

Uncle: Sure, but if the guy at the net work told me so, what's a fellow going to do? Some assert that he did use recordings for a time, but he that as it may, he's using real birds now. They're named **Dickie** and **Blue Boy**, but said to say, they are not the original D and

sweet **Unkie-Wunkie**. Now tell us about this new **Captain Henry** of "Showboat." Also what's happened to **Charley Winninger**, the old **Captain Henry**?

Uncle: This new **Captain Henry** is named **Frank McIntyre**. He was born in Ann Arbor, Michigan, February 25th, 1881. He's five feet eleven inches tall, weighs 275 pounds and has fair complexion and hair. This jolly fellow has been on the stage for years. Curiously enough, a year or so ago, he remarked that his favorite program was "Showboat" with **Charles Winninger** as **Captain Henry**. And now here he is, the skipper himself! He thinks card playing is a waste of time and makes you fat. Since he weighs only 275 himself and loves Yorkshire pudding, you can see the logic of his argument. Now as to **Charley Winninger**, he's still starring in New York in "Revenge With Music," the musical comedy. Last I heard, he was having auditions for a new program. Maybe by the time this gets to the readers he will have one.

Dr. D: Him? Not bad. Maybe you haven't any hats in your belly. Is **Mary Lou Rosaline Greene** or **Muriel Wilson** and were either ever in love with **Lanny**?

Uncle: Good! Take it away. I can't stand that again? **Mary Lou** is **Lanny**. I mean **Captain Henry** is **Mary**.

Dr. W: It is certain that **Unkie A. M.'s comprenez vous** rope has parted. So away with him to the padded cell.

Note: The editor is going to smuggle the A. M. a pair of shears so he can snip his way out of the padded cell and give the "Ask Him Another" party for readers he was planning. If you can't attend in person, send your questions by mail to The Answer Man, RADIO STARS, 149 Madison Avenue, New York City. He'll satisfy that burning thirst of yours for knowledge.

Maddening Hues

FOR LIPS AND CHEEKS

A NEW KIND OF LIPSTICK . . . A NEW KIND OF DRY ROUGE
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Maddening hues, yes! Colors that thrill, rouse and tempt! Truly enough (and you'll know it the instant you try them) such rapturous, wicked reds have never been used in lipstick or rouge before. But there's more reason than that for the soul-stirring madness so generously imparted by SAVAGE Lipstick and the new SAVAGE Rouge.

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And what a different face powder this is: so fine, soft, smooth and so surprisingly different in the results it gives. Apply it, and it seems to vanish . . . but the skin-shine, too, has gone. Imagine it! Everything you want from powder, but no "powdered" look; just caressing soft smoothness that is a feast for eyes and a tingle for finger tips it makes so eager. Four lovely shades.

20¢ AT ALL TEN CENT STORES



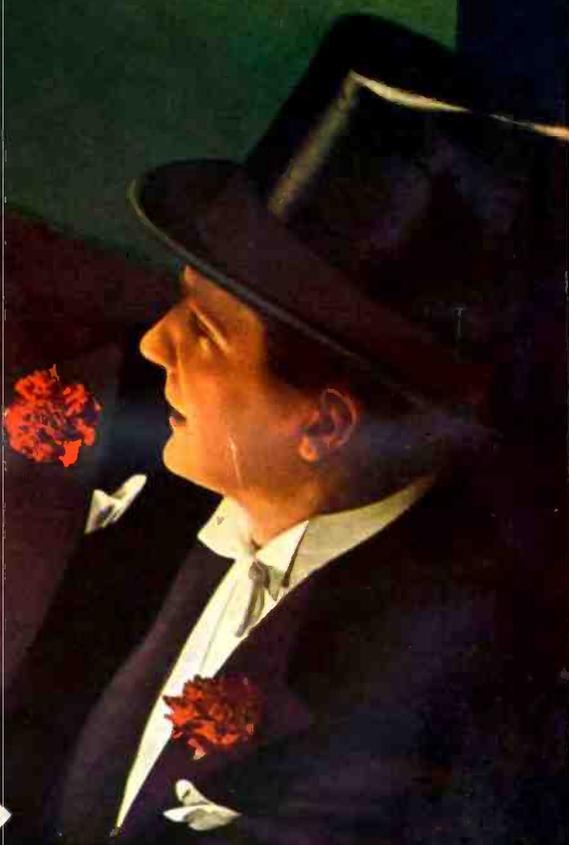
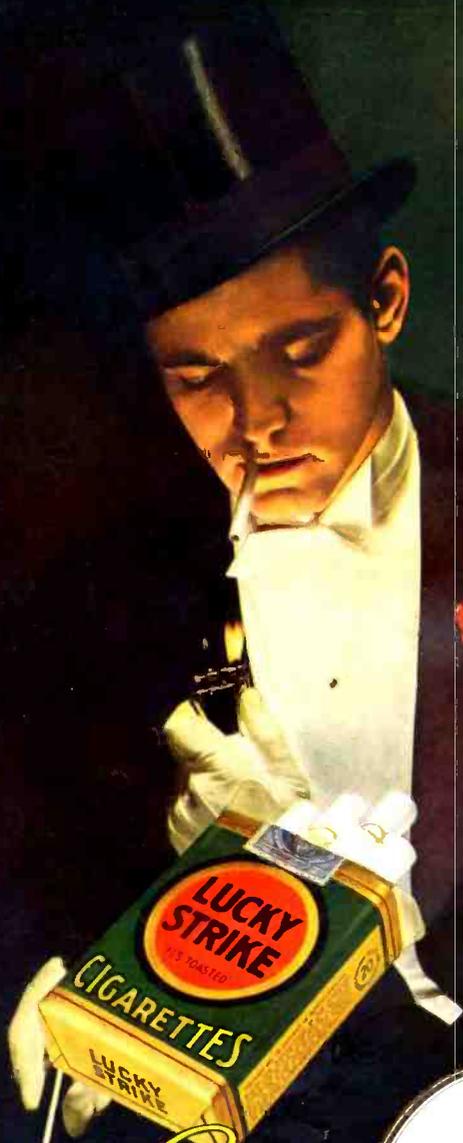
TANGERINE - FLAME
NATURAL - BLUSH

Savage Cream
Rouge . . . for
lips and cheeks



NATURAL
(Flask)
BEIGE
RACHEL
RACHEL
(Extra Dark)

SAVAGE



Luckies



They Taste Better