ATWATER KENT RADIO

with the GOLDEN VOICE

Here's the radio that makes your money count most

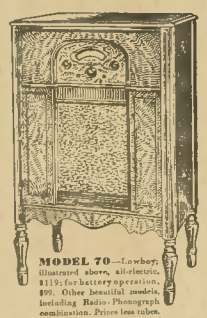
PERFORMANCE—long life—freedom from service expense—satisfaction—real value for your money. That's what counts!

Atwater Kent is the preferred radio today, and has been for years, because quality is put before everything else. Yet the price is moderate.

As an investment, the new Atwater Kent is as sound as a bond.

Whether your home has electricity or not, the nearest dealer has the new Atwater Kent for you—with its Golden Voice, Quick-Vision Dial, Tone Control, Screen-Grid power, and home-like beauty. The battery set is just as up-to-date as the A. C. set.

No matter how far you live from the big cities, no one enjoys better reception than you when your radio is the new Atwater Kent.



MODEL 70—Lowboy, illustrated above, all-electric, $119; for battery operation, $99. Other beautiful models, including Radio-Phonograph combination. Prices less tubes. Prices slightly higher west of the Rockies and in Canada.

ATWATER KENT MANUFACTURING COMPANY
4700 Wissahickon Ave. A. Atwater Kent, Pres. Philadelphia, Pa.

HOPKINS EQUIPMENT COMPANY
Georgia Wholesale Distributors
ATWATER KENT RADIOS
ATLANTA, GEORGIA

"Careers" Found May Be Both Short and Ugly

Anne Morgan, daughter of one of America's greatest financiers, was discussing the ambitious American girl.

"Ambition is a fine thing," she declared, "but I am inclined to favor the idea of winning one's way in one's own environment. The country girl, for instance, has far more chance of making her way in the world by staying at home than by coming to the city." And then she added, with a smile:

"Most of the small-town girls who go to the city seeking careers usually find them, but they are not always tall and handsome."—Los Angeles Times.

AS PURE AS MONEY CAN BUY

THE LARGEST SELLING ASPIRIN IN THE WORLD FOR 10¢

St. Joseph's PURE ASPIRIN

12 TABLETS 10c
36 TABLETS 25c 100 TABLETS 60c

For speedy and effective action Dr. Peery's "Dead Shot" has no equal. One dose only will clean out worms. 50c. All druggists.

Dr. Peery's "Dead Shot for WORMS" Vermifuge
At druggists or 375 Pearl Street, New York City

Mit Noodles Cnce!

Summer Widower—Well, I have no spouse this morning.

New Cook—I can't help it, sir. I never made any fancy dishes.

World's White Population

The most recent estimate gives 725,000,000 people of the white race in the world.

Little Mary Discovers Shortcomings of Daddy

Little Mary asks him if he knows how to cast out nines. He says no, he never heard of casting out nines, and what is it? She says it's an easy way to check long division and she has learned it at school and it is very simple, and she will show him how it is done.

So she does an example in long division and then begins to cast out nines. He says yes, that is all very well, but why do you do it? She says she does not know why you do it, but that is what you do. He says, well, there must be some reason and he would like to know it.

She says there is no use bothering about the reason, but just try it and see if he can do it. So he tries, but fails, and she tells him that he could not have been paying attention, and to listen very carefully this time. But he finds it rather difficult to concentrate, as he keeps on saying to himself that there ought to be a reason for it and he would like to know. She says, now see if you can do it, and he tries once more and makes several mistakes, and she says you could not have been paying attention again or you would understand, it is so easy.

So she gives up trying to teach him to cast out nines. But she cannot help wondering how a person who is so slow to catch on could have gone through school and college and even got a degree.—Baltimore Sun.

Refused to "Mother" Chicks

Franklin Hickling, twelve years old, discovered a crow's nest with five eggs in it at Ludlow, Maine. He took out three of the eggs and replaced them with hen eggs. When the crow returned, she threw out the two crow eggs and sat on the three hen eggs, and after they were hatched Mrs. Crow sat on a limb and refused to acknowledge the parentage of the chicks. The lad took the chicks out and placed them with another mother, who accepted the responsibility.

Old Battle Flags Mended

Restoring old battle flags to a semblance of their former beauty is a new vocation recently taken up by Mrs. M. Antrobus of London. Eight tattered flags which had been through many engagements, some being a mass of fragments with none of the original colors, were put in such condition that they looked like new from a short distance. The flags were encased in hand-woven nets and the original design repainted in the net.

Cheap Enough

Lady Camper—This economical lamp I bought from you doesn't burn.

Village Shopkeeper—Well, could anything be more economical?

If you lay out and tend a handsome flower garden you "build up the town."

A perfect story teller shouldn't have to work. His function is to entertain.

Upset Not Serious if Bowels Get This Help

When you're out-of-sorts, headachy, dizzy, bilious, with coated tongue, bad breath, no appetite or energy—don't worry. It's probably constipation.

Take a candy Cascaret tonight and see how quickly your trouble clears up. No more headache; no gas on stomach or bowels. Appetite improves; digestion is encouraged. Take another tomorrow night and the next night. Get every bit of the souring waste out of your system. Then see how bowel action is regular and complete.

Cascarets are made from cascara, which doctors agree *actually strengthens bowel muscles.* Ten cents at all drug stores.

Clears out cold in head or chest

HALE'S HONEY OF HOREHOUND AND TAR

A home remedy of tested and tried ingredients, safe, dependable.

30c at all druggists
For aching throat use Hale's Toothache Drops

STANDARD FOR 50 YEARS
WINTERSMITH'S CHILL TONIC

For over 50 years it has been the household remedy for all forms of Malaria Chills and Fever Dengue

It is a Reliable, General Invigorating Tonic.

Sunshine
—All Winter Long

At the Foremost Desert Resort of the West—marvelous climate—warm sunny days—clear starlit nights—dry invigorating air—splendid roads—gorgeous mountain scenes—finest hotels—the ideal winter home.

Write Croe & Chaffey

PALM SPRINGS
California

SALESMEN, SELL BUSINESS AND PROFESSIONAL MEN. Big seller; $15 week up. Write fully about self. MANAGER, 313 22ND ST., BIRMINGHAM, ALA.

HELP WANTED. Reliable men to sell our patented automobile tools to owners. Write us for particulars. DISTRICT DISTRIBUTING SALES, BOX 38, CORONA, N. Y.

Tenants Wanted. Walkill Farms, artesian wells; hard roads. Loading station on farm. Grant Van Sant, Green Cove Springs, Fla.

Delicious Shelled Pecans. Large whole halves, 75c per lb. Jumbo size, 85c, postpaid. R. H. Washington, Gulfport, Miss.

Salesmen, Get Unique Imported Novelties from me. They sell everywhere. Franklin C. Wood, 274 Thousand St., Worcester, Mass.

W. N. U., ATLANTA, NO. 3-1931.

THE CLOVEN HOOF

By FANNIE HURST

(©, McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

SOMETIMES neither the management nor a large part of the audiences which crowded the kind of variety theaters where this attraction appeared, knew what Cloven Hoof meant.

But seldom did they miss its connotation. Even to the ignorant and the unenlightened, the term "cloven hoof" suggested the pagan, the fantastic, the unrestrained, the naughty and forbidden.

The Cloven Hoof act did not disappoint.

It consisted of a series of "Solo Ballets" as the programs put it, performed by none other than the Faun himself, a role that had for years been successfully impersonated on vaudeville circuits by Renold Renolds.

There was a stage name for you, Renold Renolds. It intrigued the fancy. It made girls who had stood on their feet all day in shops and factories thrill with surmise.

It was said that his performance had once included a stirring trapeze act that had yielded him over twice the salary he now enjoyed, but that his bride of two weeks had fallen off the bar and broken her back and that, since then, the Cloven Hoof act had consisted merely of the Solo Ballet.

Be that as it may, the performance still retained sufficient vigor and novelty to insure Renolds steady and long-term bookings.

His scene consisted of a grotto, moss grown, lichen grown, woody, tropical and full of strange under-and-over-growths of fern, mosses, orchids and climbing plants. The effect of a waterfall was achieved by lighting. Birds of strange plumages sat in the trees, a red moon rose slowly out of a clump of jungle. Owls hooted. A nightingale fluted its half-finished notes. The beholder was transported from his consciousness of city streets, banging cars and day of moil-and-toil, into the curious, half-rank, half-fragrant mysteries of the jungle.

It was said that Renolds' "fan letters" amounted to hundreds a week. At any rate, every month he sent a packet of them to the headquarters of his management in New York as evidence of the continuing and hardy success of his act.

There were those who said the success of that act was not Renolds himself, but his animals. During all three of his Solo Ballets there appeared upon the stage, birds, dogs, cats, a small trained leopard, a pair of marmosets.

Two boys held his jet on the faun's shoulders and picked the letters from his lips. A tiny poodle dog ran into the scene on rear legs, carrying a doll-baby in his fragile paws. The tame leopard walked out of a moonlit clump of trees and permitted Renolds to turn double somersaults across his beautiful back. The marmosets staged a chase up and down the long, slim flanks of the solo dancer. Three pale gold angora cats played ring-around-a-rosy. A flaming macaw flew across the scene and alighted on the branch of a tree.

It was quite an act, ending with Renolds surrounded by his menagerie, birds on his arms, leopard at his side, the dog standing on the back of one of the angoras, the marmosets chittering, the macaw waving its tri-colored, widespread wings and the lights causing the waterfall to leap in glory.

This final tableau was posted in lithographs all over the lobby and along the billboards of the town.

It gave people pause. Especially the young girls whose feet could ache so at night liked to gather before the faunal figure in its jungle setting.

Small wonder that the letters continued to stack up on the table in Renolds' dressing room. Girls flocked to his act. Women, especially the tired, earth-bound ones who stood on their feet behind counters all day, wondered about him.

There was an ecstatic sort of mystery about the man who can be wondered about. What was Renolds' life? Fantasy, indulged in by the meager girls in their meager rooms, ran wild. Actually his everyday real life was this:

There was truth in the rumor that the two-week-old bride of Renolds had fallen from a flying trapeze. The short, blunt facts were that she had broken her back, cracked her skull and met with tortuous internal injuries. She was a frail beauty of a girl who had danced before a row of footlights most of her life, and, with the sometimes astonishing endurance and vitality of the frail, had weathered the horribleness of the accident and had at least won her life. Precious little more than that. The back healed, but kept her flat on it. The skull healed, but the mind could bend and flicker like a lamp in a gale. Internal displacements sometimes tore at Emadie and made her frantic with pain.

And yet the mystery of it! The eternal mystery of the will to live! Both Renolds and Emadie fought for that life, clung to it, struggled to keep it going.

There is an old Hindoo saying that, "No one but God and I knows what is in my heart." Well, no one but God and Renolds could quite have known the quality of love, endurance and forbearance that Renolds poured into those long years that were aftermath to the night his crushed and broken bride had lain writhing at his feet after the hurl from the trapeze.

Renolds gave himself to the remnant of this life that had been left to him with a zeal, with an intensity that were nothing short of fanatical, and with the sometime tendency of a mind that is tortured, to vent itself against the one most loved. Emadie literally pirated off the quality-of-mercy that was Renolds'. She was exacting, she was jealous, she was dictatorial and was often abusive.

Even her doctors sometimes forgot forbearance, reminding her that there are limits even to the tyrannies of the afflicted. But no so Renolds. It was as if he bared his neck, bowed his head and said: "Strike, strike, strike."

And strike Emadie did. For fifteen years Renolds had carted the poor little ruin that was his wife from town to town with him. He had invented beds, carrying chairs, spine-rest devices, mattresses, especially designed for berths, cold-water bottles, hot-water bottles, traveling medicine kits, that might, if patented, have made him a rich man. Not a step had Renolds taken in all those years without the litter that bore his wife, at his heels.

It was a matter of transporting the frail body, establishing it in hotel quarters, assembling his menagerie, rushing off to the theater and home again without removing his make-up.

The leisure of Renolds, if it might so be called, and about which the hundreds of wistful-eyed girls wondered, was spent ministering to the broken doll he called wife, and attending the needs of a menagerie that was rapidly growing old. For nine years there had not been a break in those animal ranks. The birds, marmosets, dogs, cats, had managed to survive intact. Some said it was the marvelous care that Renolds lavished on them. Some, the few who knew, said it was that same incredible quality of devotion that he lavished on Emadie, which had kept her alive.

Be that as it may, when the faun outlonged his sandals that were soft as panther skin, ungirded his loins of the skin of a leopard, and hastened into civilian clothes, no matter what the town or what the season, his destination was the same.

Back to the hotel, into the room where lay the querulous invalid, suspicious of his slightest delay. Never a meal would Emadie eat without him there to feed her spoon by spoon. No one could touch her pillow, ease her position, massage her aching head, read her the daily newspapers, or minister to her capricious moods, but Renolds.

Her demands, her commands, were without limit. She loved him with a frenzy that made her insane where he was concerned. She tortured the thing she loved to limits that were incredible.

Between the demands of his menagerie and the demands of Emadie, Renolds' time was crammed to its limit. In a way his animals had come to depend upon him just as surely and just as exactingly as Emadie. The french poodle would only eat from Renolds' hand. The macaw would let no hand but his place him on his perch at night. The marmosets pined and would not eat until Renolds personally administered to them. Countless times he had sat up the night through with one of the orange angora cats who was subject to asthmatic smothering spells.

If ever a man had two worlds entirely dependent upon him, that man was Renolds. The world of his wife, the world of his animals. He was their sustenance, their all. His time was theirs, his life devoted to their creature comforts, and to the exacting task of keeping the rough places of life out of their sight.

His nights and his days were full of them. Eau de cologne for Emadie. A toy to amuse her on the days when her back was particularly bad. Sugar for the poodle. A new asthma medicine for the cat. A bit of a sweet for the leopard. A tiny oil burner for the cage of the marmosets. A new device of an air-pillow for Emadie. Sweets. Sedatives. Service.

And every night, as he bounded on stage into his jungle and the waterfall began to flow silver, and the shy, sweet sounds of the forest began to emerge, the rows of girls with the tired feet sat feasting their eyes and hearts on the beautiful pagan mysteries of the young god with the cloven hoof.

World Ever on Lookout for Ideas Worth While

Cason J. Calloway of La Grange, Ga., "took an idea to market" and found it profitable.

He has kept up a constant search for new ideas to use in his business ever since. And the practice still continues a successful one.

The idea was to buy short staple cotton left after the manufacture of tire fabrics and other cotton goods. It had been selling as waste. Cason Calloway planned to grade it, command higher prices than a waste product would bring and eventually manufacture from it cotton products not requiring a long fiber. In three years his valley waste mill was worth $500,000 and doing nicely.

Since the World war the Calloway group of mills has expanded from nine to fourteen units. Their products are diversified—and that diversification is the result of using new ideas. Often a new idea is the result of an accident.

One day a foreman took to the plant hospital a worker whose little finger had been badly torn. On the way back to the mill he began to remember a number of such accidents. Investigation revealed they all traced to the same cause, the use of cotton waste for cleaning moving machinery. A worker got his fingers tangled in the fibers and before he could free himself had lost or badly injured a digit.

The experimental laboratory was put to work on this problem. It produced a wiping cloth made of the very same waste, that did the work better and eliminated the danger.

Mr. Calloway sent out a surveying group to determine if a market for such cloths existed. And the sale of such cloths last year totaled 50,000,000 units.

WOMEN SHOULD LEARN USES OF MAGNESIA

To women who suffer from nausea, or so-called "morning sickness," this is a blessing. Most nurses know it. It is advised by leading specialists:

Over a small quantity of finely cracked ice pour a teaspoonful of Phillips' Milk of Magnesia. Sip slowly until you are relieved. It ends sick stomach or inclination to vomit.

Its anti-acid properties make Phillips' Milk of Magnesia quick relief in heartburn, sour stomach, gas. Its mild laxative action assures regular bowel movement. Used as a mouthwash it helps prevent tooth decay during expectancy.

Distracting

He was playing on a golf course near the sea coast. On green after green he took four or more putts, and blamed everybody for moving as he played his shot. Finally, on the eighteenth green he was left with a nine-inch putt to save the match. Everybody in the vicinity of the green stood like statues as he made his putt—and missed! "Hang it!" he stormed; "how the deuce can anyone putt with all these confounded ships moving up and down?"—Weekly Scotsman.

Explained

Bobby gazed intently at a picture of several angels surrounded by a bank of clouds in the family Bible.

"No wonder we never see any angels down here," he said. "They're snowed in!"—Chicago Tribune.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription makes weak women strong. No alcohol. Sold by druggists in tablets or liquid.—Adv.

Vice of overeating is one that it is impossible to conceal from others.

Fear is a lack of vitality.

Lucky Day

Three candles! And each one represents a year of joyous living. This is Carolyn Babush, of 800 Downer Ave., Milwaukee, Wisconsin. Her mother says:

"My mother used California Fig Syrup, and when Carolyn became constipated we got some. It relieved her constipation, sweetened her breath, made her well and happy. I have since used it for all her upsets and colds. It has kept her strong and energetic."

For fifty years, mothers have used California Fig Syrup to overcome a child's billious, headachy, feverish or fretful spells. Doctors recommend its soothing aid to keep bowels clear in colds or children's ailments; or whenever bad breath, coated tongue or listlessness warn of constipation. It assists in building up weak children.

The *genuine* always bears the name *California*. All druggists.

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP
LAXATIVE-TONIC for CHILDREN

Too True

She—If only men behaved after marriage as they do during their engagement there wouldn't be half the divorces.

The Brute—No, but there'd be twice the bankruptcies!—London Humorist.

Feel Always Stiff and Achy?

It May Warn of Disordered Kidneys.

Are you troubled with backache, bladder irritations and getting up at night? Then don't take chances! Help your kidneys at the first sign of disorder. Use *Doan's Pills*. Successful for more than 50 years. Endorsed by hundreds of thousands of grateful users. Get *Doan's* today. Sold everywhere.

Doan's Pills

A DIURETIC FOR THE KIDNEYS

Horses' Feet "Muted"

Rubber shoes to fit over hoofs of funeral horses to prevent clatter on pavements have been invented by an undertaking firm at Newcastle, England.

Colds Go Quickly

Double strength Lax-ana needs only one night to open up clogged bowels, break a cold and expell congestion. Safe, sure and quick. Sold on a money-back guarantee.

LAX-ANA
DOUBLE STRENGTH

Hobson's Choice

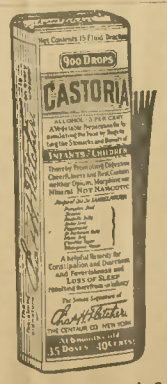
"If you eat no meat you must be a vegetarian."

"I'm not, but my wife is."

For TEETHING troubles

FUSSY, fretful . . . . of course babies are uncomfortable at teething time! And mothers are worried because of the little upsets which come so suddenly then. But there's one sure way to comfort a restless, teething child. Castoria — made especially for babies and children! It's perfectly harmless, as the formula on the wrapper tells you. It's mild in taste and action. Yet it rights little upsets with a never-failing effectiveness.

That's the beauty of this special children's remedy! It may be given to tiny infants—as often as there is need. In cases of colic and similar disturbances, it is invaluable. But it has every-day uses all mothers should understand. A coated tongue calls for a few drops to ward off constipation: so does any suggestion of bad breath. Whenever older children don't eat well, don't rest well, or have any little upset, a more liberal dose of this pure vegetable preparation is usually all that's needed. Genuine Castoria has Chas. H. Fletcher's signature on the wrapper. Doctors prescribe it.



Six Simple Principles for the Argumentative

The six principles of effective argument might be worded in many ways, but stated in very simple terms they are:

1. Don't try to do all the talking. Remember your opponent wants to talk just as badly as you do. Give the other fellow a chance.

2. Don't interrupt your opponent's talk with a counter-argument.

3. Do not assume an argumentative, dogmatic attitude. Don't wear boxing gloves.

4. Ask questions in a pleasant, inquiring tone of voice during the first half of the argument.

5. Restate clearly and fairly in a very few words of your own the gist of each argument your opponent advances as soon as he advances it.

6. When you reply, stick hard to the subject. Bring out the key issue and stick to it. Don't digress and don't let your opponent digress.

In explaining the application of these principles I wish to emphasize first of all that the only way you can get their full benefit is to paste them on your mental hatband and use them consciously, deliberately. Most persons who use them at all apply them unconsciously. And most persons who violate them are unaware that they are doing so. If you do not practice them until they become a habit, you will forget and will not use them at all.—Albert E. Wiggam in the American Magazine.

Explaining Wave Motion

Wave motion in a liquid represents a continuous handing on from particle to particle of a disturbance in the medium without actual transfer of the medium itself. This may be demonstrated by throwing a stone into water. It will be seen that waves run out in circles from the point at which the stone submerged. These waves seem to be actually moving, but if a chip be thrown on the surface of the water it will be found that its motion is up and down and not in an outward direction.

BAYER ASPIRIN is always SAFE

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS

UNLESS you see the name Bayer and the word genuine on the package as pictured here you can never be sure that you are taking genuine Bayer Aspirin tablets which thousands of physicians have always prescribed.

The name Bayer means *genuine* Aspirin. It is your guarantee of purity—your protection against imitations. Millions of users have proved that it is safe.

BAYER ASPIRIN DOES NOT DEPRESS THE HEART

Genuine Bayer Aspirin promptly relieves:

HEADACHES, SORE THROAT, LUMBAGO, RHEUMATISM, NEURITIS, NEURALGIA, COLDS, ACHES and PAINS

Aspirin is the trade-mark of Bayer manufacture of monoaceticacidester of salicylicacid