

Where to Get IT

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RUMBLE SEAT . . . In Sun Valley, Idaho, Charlotte Bennett takes rumble seat ski ride on back of her father, ski expert Nelson Bennett.

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This is the time of year you get tired of winter—and you'd like to see something turning green besides the Christmas jewelry.

Optometrists are the envy of other doctors because they are the only ones who see eye-to-eye with their patients; but they are unpopular at parties—if you give them two glasses they make a spectacle.

The fisherman's cocktail is quite a deal . . . You walk a rod and then you reel!

Most successful jockey I ever knew had a system. Before each race he whispered to his horse: Roses are red, violets are blue; Horses that lose are made into glue.

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FALSE ALARM

BY RICHARD HILL WILKINSON

FROM THE FIRST, Marta liked the young man who occupied the room across the hall. She liked him despite his rather shabby clothing and the fact that he never worked. She knew he never worked because she met him in the hallway at mid-morning, or chanced to pass his open door during the afternoon, and saw him sitting among his meagre furnishings. More often she discovered him bent over a paper-strewn desk, industriously at work. At what? That was a question that bothered her. But whatever his endeavors, they were, obviously, unfruitful.

There were two possible answers to the question. First, the young man, whose name she told her, was Bert Davis; might be a member of the great army of unemployed. He might be temporarily out of work, hanging on until things picked up. Or he might be some sort of artist—a writer, a composer, a painter. She'd heard that all artists had to struggle before achieving fame. She read that they lived in garrets and hall bedrooms, such as Bert Davis occupied.

Secretly Marta favored the latter possibility. It sounded more romantic. She tried after they had attended two movie shows together. She spent an evening walking in the park and another at a dine and dance emporium, to solve the mystery by tactful questioning. But to all her veiled interrogations Bert Davis only smiled and turned the conversation into other channels. He was, Marta guessed, ashamed of his poverty, too proud to admit his secret ambition. She pitied him. Marta wondered why some one of the hundreds of occupants of the great apartment house where she lived with her folks, and where Bert Davis had his tiny hall bedroom, hadn't noticed the struggling young artist and offered to lend him a helping hand. Then she reflected that occupants of apartment houses rarely associated with each other, and hence were probably unaware of Bert Davis' dire predicament.

But this was Marta's first experience living in an apartment house, and she didn't believe in acting blind. Likewise it was Marta's parents' first experience. Their real home was in the country. They had moved in town this winter and were "trying out" the apartment idea. The try-out, however, proved to be unsatisfactory. Much to Marta's disappointment, her folks decided after a month of it to return to their country home.

A week before it was time for them to leave, Marta discovered her friendship with Bert had ripened into something more. She felt that he was restraining himself, withholding a desire to tell her of his love, because of his poverty-stricken condition. The thought made her miserable.

Two days before the day set for her departure, Marta returned to the apartment after an afternoon

of last-minute shopping. Dusk had fallen, and the corridor of the apartment house was nearly dark. About to enter her apartment she stopped short. The door was open, and someone was inside, bending over the living room table. Marta knew that her folks wouldn't return until late that night. Whoever was in the room had no business being there.

HER HEART began to pound. Turning, she rounded a corner of the elevator shaft and sped down the opposite corridor. At the corridor's end she confronted the janitor. Breathlessly she told her story, and then sank wearily into a chair. The janitor rushed to his own quarters to summon the police.

As Marta sat there in a state of mingled fear and exhaustion, she saw a dim figure round the corner of the elevator shaft at the other end of the corridor and steal silently across. And then her heart almost stopped beating. The figure had entered Bert Davis' room!

So Bert Davis was a thief! He had reached a state in his poverty where it was necessary for him to steal. Too proud to ask for help, he had resorted to another method. The thought sickened her.

A police siren sounded. The lights in the hall flashed on. Bert Davis came out of his room and was confronted by the janitor and a half dozen officers. A consultation followed, at the end of which the policeman withdrew. Left alone, Bert Davis' gaze fell on Marta.

"Why, hello honey?" He smiled and came toward her. "The funniest thing just happened. Some one saw me in your apartment, thought it was a burglar, and called the police."

"Why shouldn't they?" Bert looked puzzled. "Then he smiled. 'Of course you don't understand. I was keeping it for a surprise. You see, Marta, I own this apartment house. I've been using that room across the hall as an office during these dull times in an effort to keep an eye on business. This afternoon a young man and his wife came to look at your apartment. Your father gave me permission to show it to any one, and I was just in the act of turning on the lights when whoever it was saw me there in the darkness.' He paused again and came closer.

"Marta, dear, will you ever forgive me for deceiving you like this? I wanted you to believe I was just a poor struggling artist—wanted you to love me before I told you the truth, Marta!"

She was in his arms, her eyes giving him her answer—yet at the moment she was thinking of something, which seemed even more important than the fact that Bert loved her—she was wondering if in the semi-darkness of the corridor the janitor had recognized it was she who had urged him to call the police.

DALE CARNEGIE

AUTHOR OF "HOW TO STOP WORRYING AND START LIVING"

Adopt Cheerful Mental Attitude

IT WAS NEARLY 20 years ago that Charles E. Frideaux, Morristown, N. J., was told by his physician that he had contracted pulmonary tuberculosis. Worried? He most certainly was. His knowledge of the disease made him feel that his days were numbered and that the number was not high.

He went to Saratoga Lake, N. Y., and was placed under the care of the late Dr. Lawrason Brown, one of the world's authorities on this disease, who told him that he must completely relax and not worry. Not worry? Well, Dr. Brown didn't have pulmonary tuberculosis!

During the next few months his progress was very slow. But it was progress! That was something. One day he was handed a book written by Dr. Brown on how to recover from tuberculosis. This little volume did more for him than all the preaching in the world could have done, for he read it when he was alone and had the time to think about what he was reading. In the main the book brought out clearly that indulging in worry, hatred, or any other emotional disturbance lessened one's chance of recovery; that absence of worry and a cheerful mental attitude hastened recovery.

Well, worry had certainly not helped him; he made up his mind to try the opposite of worry.

For the next nine months he lay in bed with a bag containing 15 pounds of buckshot in his right lung. And he didn't allow himself to dwell on anything unpleasant. At the end of this period, he showed remarkable improvement.

Two years later he was back at work, and since that time he has not had an illness beyond the common cold. But what is of equal importance, he has carried a cheerful mental attitude into his work-a-day life. He has a job of great responsibility and hard work, but although it is such that he must carry some of the responsibility home with him at night, he doesn't worry about it, but looks upon his task pleasantly, and when he is finished puts it out of mind and goes to bed.

What a contrast to the way he had been living two years before.

MIKE WILLIAMS
(Continued from page 3)

Some are inclined to believe that Chuck really is a great scientific fighter, and others seem to feel that he still has not been tested by a real fighter. Some believe that Gene Vejar will teach him a lesson.

All this razzle-dazzle can do is halt any current plans for a fight against the Dave looked over a book, much better than he has ever looked, even against those other known fighters. He still feels that Dave needs a couple of really heavy weight championship fights. The Duke Don Cuckell, British and W.B.A. world champion, June 10, 1953, at that time will meet Mike Williams.

Speaking of fighters who are through, it appears that former featherweight great Willie Pep may be through by default. After consultation with

MAYOR McGUP By John Jarvis

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2 MILLION VOTERS

(Continued from page 1)

men were also chosen for line of the states twelve congressional districts.

In an address to the North Carolina conference, Clarence Mitchell, director of the NAACP's Washington Bureau, warned against the tendency to look to the White House "for the solution of many of our problems."

Under the American system of government, he said, the White House is not the final answer to all our difficulties. The Supreme Court is not the final answer. There is in North Carolina where you the right to vote, you have the power to break a major part

of the backbone of the Dixiecrat movement. Because you send two senators and twelve congressmen to Washington, you have the power to break at least 14 sections of the Dixiecrat backbone. You cannot win merely depending on the President, whoever he may be. You can win only by getting out the vote.

Good health depends on good food, but surveys in North Carolina and elsewhere show that certain essential foods are missing from the diets of many people.

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