Thursday, June 24, 1937

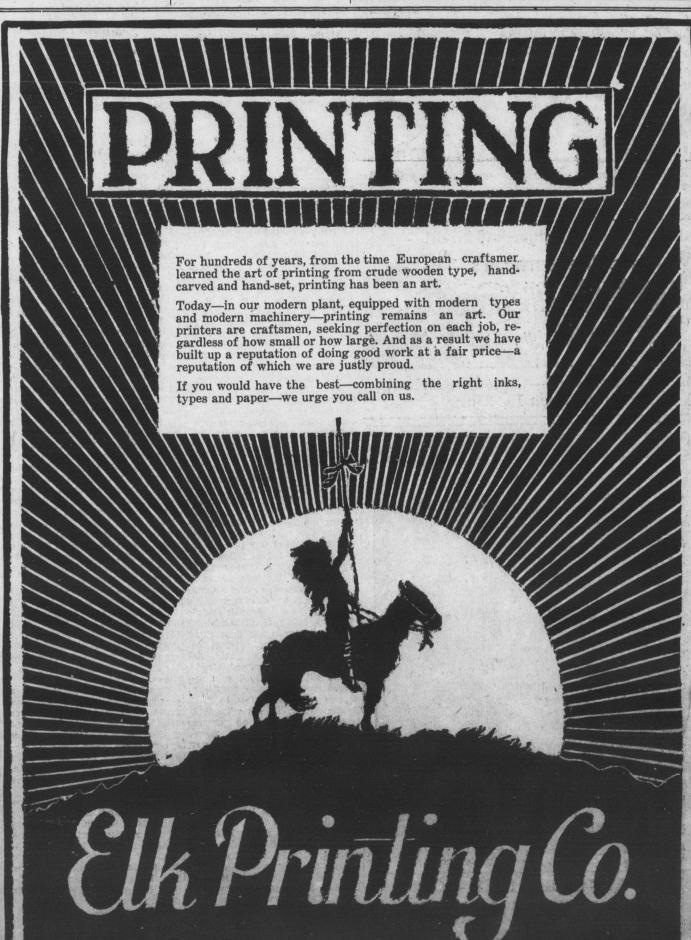
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WHAT IS YOUR FAVORITE MAGAZINE FIND IT HERE Country Home M°CALL'S PATHFINDER BETTERHOME Pictorial FARM GROUP-GROUP B 1 Yr. led England as nothing had since 1 Yr. the sparkling dialogue of Oscar Wilde

tice medicine. But nothing could swerve him from his determination to write his name large across the pages of English literature. Bob Ripley of Believe It Or Not fame, once said to me: "A man will work and slave in obscurity for ten years and then become famous in ten minutes." That is about what happened to both

Ripley and Maugham. Here is how Somerset Maugham got his first break. Somebody's

play had failed in London, and the manager of the theater was looking around for something to replace it. He wasn't looking for a hit—just any old thing would do to fill in until he could get a real play into rehearsal. He fished around in his desk and pulled out a play by Somerset Maugham. Lady Frederick, it was called. He had had it in his desk for a year; he had read it; it wasn't much of a play-he knew that. But it might do for a few weeks. He put it on-and the miracle happened. Lady Frederick was a smash hit. It set all London talking. It tick-

Immediately every theater manager in London begged for a play by Somerset Maugham. He dug old manuscripts out of his desk; and within a few weeks, three of his plays were playing to capacity houses.

George

hoon. I could have shot his he off and the whole country wo have been cheering me. And have been cheering me. A you know why I didn't

"No I don't know," said Doughton. "What's the answer?" "I just completely forgot I had the gun," McManus sighed.

"Speeding, eh? How many times have you been before me?"

Speeder: "Never, Your Honor. I've tried to pass you on the road once or twice, but my old bus will only do fifty-five."

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Royalties came pouring in in a golden flood. Publishers fell over each other bargaining for the work of this new genius. Society showered him with invitations; and after eleven years of oblivion, Somerset Maugham found himself the toast of Mayfair drawing rooms.

Maugham told me that he never writes after one o'clock. Не says his brain goes dead in the afternoon. He writes in a penthouse on top of his Moorish villa on the French Riviera. He always smokes his pipe and reads philosophy for an hour before he starts to write.

He told me that he isn't superstitious-nevertheless he has the sign of the Evil Eye stamped on the bindings of his books. He has the same curious design on the family plate. He has it on his stationary and on his playing cards He has it carved on the mantel above the fireplace, and he even has it carved above the entrance to his villa. But when I asked him if he really believed in it, he merely smiled.

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Grandma: "I feel much better now, and I don't think there is anything wrong with my appendix. But it was nice of the minister to call and see about it." Daughter: "But, mother, that was not the new minister, that was a specialist from the city who examined you." Grandma: "Oh, he was a doc-tor, was he? I thought he was a little familiar for a minister."

Maybe the trouble with the machinery of peace is that they try to keep it greased by using only banana oil.