A Law Every **Mother Should** Know and Observe

Never Give Your Child An Unknown Remedy without Asking Your Doctor First

According to any doctor you ask, the only safe way is never to give your child a

remedy you don't know all about, without asking him first. When it comes to "milk of magnesia," that you know every-

where, for over 60 years, doctors have said "PHILLIPS' Milk of Magnesia for your child." So-always say Phillips' when you buy. And, for your own peace of mind, see that your child gets this; the finest men



PHILLIPS' Milk of Magnesia

Cuticura Cares For Your Skin

The medicinal and soothing properties of the Soap not only thoroughly cleanse the only thoroughly cleanse the skin, but are most beneficial and helpful to it. If you are troubled with itching of pim-ples or other skin eruption the Ointmentwill quickly relieve. Soap 25c. Ointment 25c and 50c.

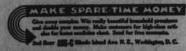
Defective Hearing

Authorities estimate 17,000,000 persons in the United States are "hard of hearing" in some degree and that about 45,000 are classed as deaf.

What SHE TOLD **WORN-OUT HUSBAND**



FREE: This week—at your druggist's—Beau-tion 5 Color 1935-1936 Calendar Ther-mometer with the purchase of a 25c box of MR or a 10c roll of Tume (For Acid Indigestion.)





RATES

THE FOR FREE ILLUSTRATES BOOKLET

LARTHA WASHINGTO



SYNOPSIS

Antoinette Taft, twenty-three, at-tractive and ambitious but unable to hold a job, lives in a drab San Fran-cisco flat with her sister Brenda and cisco flat with her sister Brenda and brother Cliff, who are older, her seventeen-year-old brother Bruce, and their Aunt Meg. In her job hunting rounds she interviews Lawrence Bellamy, editor of the Journal of Commerce, but finds he has no place for a woman writer. Tony goes home and busies herself with housework. Brenda and Aunt Meg arrive.

CHAPTER II

DECLARE, Tony, you have a wonderful nature!" she said. "Hasn't she?" Brenda asked.

"You flatter and charm me, la dies," said Tony, and drifted into the sitting room

A long, lean, tousle-headed boy was stretched upon the sitting-room couch now; his heavy lesson book slid to the ground as he turned to

face Tony. "Boo," she said, "I didn't hear you come in. How was the meet?' 'Five and five; we tied 'em in the last three seconds," the boy said, with a stretch and a yawn. 'Dinner nearly ready?"

Presently they were at dinner. Tony, smiling at them all, said suddenly: "Isn't anyone going to ask me about the job on the Journal?" "I knew the minute I saw you that there was nothing doin'," Bren-

"Nope," Tony said heroically, "nothing doing!"

"Ah, my dear, I'm so sorry!"
"That means," Tony said, staring into space, playing with her
knife, "that I've been to every city editor and esery Sunday editor in this city. I am not destined to enjoy a newspaper career!"
"Aw, gee! Break you up?" asked

Bruce's hoarse young voice, all sympathy. "Kind of." Tony blinked and

laughed. "What'd he say, the Journal man,

Tony?" "Oh, he was nice enough. But

he wasn't interested." "Snuffy old miser!" Brenda said. helping herself to more strawber-

"Oh, no, he's not, Bendy. He's a stunning young thing, as tall as Cliff-not much more than thirty, I should think, and very much the gent!"

"What did he say?"

"He wanted me to get advertisements, of course. I wonder," rain began to spatter and whisper in the dark again. Barney said for the table, her square chin in one hand, "I wonder if it's horribly hard to get advertisements. Someone must do it; there are millions of them on all sides. Maybe I ought to try it. It might get me in, anyway."

"It doesn't seem to me the thing for a girl to do," Miss Bruce said with a decision that sat oddly upon her smallness and frailness.

"I'll get something," Tony said again; "but it seems so useless to get started in anything I really don't want to do."

As Tony and Brenda washed the dishes there was a stir at the hall door; a man's voice. "Hello, everyone. Cliff here?"

"He's really shy-Barney: he's been standing there hating to make the break," Tony thought, as she called back cordially, "Come in, Barney. No, he's not. He went

Barney's big bulk slid into the chair that Aunt Meggy, flutteringly departing, left empty.
"I can't stay," Barney said half-

Tony, Brenda and Barney sat on lazily, idly, at the wide-opened window in the dim light. Bruce was snoring audibly on the couch. "We can have a light if there's any purpose in it," Tony observed. "No, I have to go," Barney said, not stirring. "What took Cliff to Sno.""

"They'd punched the switchb wrong for the Weinstock thing," Tony stated indifferently. "Who said so?" Barney's words

"What'd he say?"

"What'd he say?"

"Well, if you must know, Barnew, Cliff was shaying this morning, and Mr. Ridley telephoned. Cliff's first speech was "The hell'! Then he rushed out like a fire wagon, and the next thing I knew he had telephoned that he was off

as that bad, Barney?" Bren da asked anxiously. Darling old Bendy, Tony thought; she had had so much anxiety in her twenty-

"Oh. kinder." "Was it-was it Cliff's fault?" "It was all our faults, I guess

We did the drawings." "It seems," Tony volunteered "that they wanted this marble slab to stand up vertically, as it were, and it was cut to lie down side wise, and they said they'd have to take out a piece of wall in the

"Who said so?" Barney asked, in the explosive, incredulous manner he had used before. "Well, that was it. That was

the trouble."

Except for repeating under his breath Clifford's own expletive, Barney made no comment on this. There was silence again. "See Bellamy on the Journal, Tony?" he asked.

"Yes, I did. This morning. Nothing came of it."

"Ha!" Barney ejaculated, and at his tone she felt her cheeks flush in the shadows. It was as if Bar ney felt himself personally charged with the business of getting Tony Taft, who had lost so many jobs in the past few years, still another. "What was it that your Aunt Sally had in mind?"

"She wasn't at home when I telphoned, so I don't know," Tony said untruthfully. It was none of his business whether she was working or idle!

"Miss Grace, in our office, is going to marry Jay Klinker," Barney said after a moment. "She's not such a smart girl, but we all feel badly to have her go. For one thing, she's always on time."
The voice that he had been trying to keep very casual over his pipe took on a slightly sententious "I think that's darned important," he went on. "Being on time, dependable. And then she's a smartly dressed girl, neat. Men like women in offices to be neatlook nice. Then another thing, you never hear her. Quiet. All the girls like her, but there's none of this giggling and whispering-

"I loathe you, you smug pig," Tony said pleasantly in her heart, as he paused, "Who are you to rub it into me that I don't get to the office on time and that my clothes are shabby? I loathe and despise you, smoking there and feeling so sure of yourself, and if you had forty thousand a week I wouldn't marry you under chloroform!"

Aloud she said nothing, and the rain began to spatter and whisper the third time, "Gosh, I've got to go," and this time did go, with a little doorway murmuring to Bren-da, and a casual "'Night, Tony!" to the younger girl.

After a while Brenda said: "Feel awfully bad about that Journal job, Tony?"

"No," Tony answered readily, but in a tone so low that the other girl knew she was holding it steady. 'Not so much about that. Butoh, I don't know, the whole thing!
Other persons get into the work
they like, and get paid for it,
and make good. I seem to have to do everything f hate-bookkeeping, jobs in stores, companion to crazy old ladies in love with their chauf feurs, teaching in private schools that go bust owing me a hundred and twenty dollars! It would seem that I can't do what I want to do. laughed, presently resuming on a less impatient note, "I hate to do what I have to do," she said mildly. "I hate office work, Bendy. If it were the stage, or a newspa per, or doing anything in the moves, I'd work like a dog. But just to go downtown tomorrow and get a job taking letters from young pipsqueaks who haven't the remotest idea what they're talking about, and hang my coat in a locker, and go to a cafeteria for lunch—and go on with it, Brenda, for three ars and five years and ten and

wenty— It scares me!"
"You'll never drudge along in an
office for twenty years or for five!"
Brenda predicted, in a troubled

"You have!" Tony thought.
Aloud she said nothing.
"You'll marry," Brenda said.
Tony could feel her cheeks flush
resentfully. "Maybe Barney."
Brenda went on boldly.
"I don't think it'll be Barney,"
Tony answered moderately. "I

"I don't think it'll be Barney,"
Tony answered moderately. "I
wish," she went on, her tone warming, "I wish you could have heard
the nice little sermon he was just
preaching to me! Barney's so outrageously — stuck — on himself!"
Tony interpolated, resentfully:

"It only means that he's in love | "He's in love with Barney Kerr

-that's who he's in love with !"
"No, honestly, Tony, Barney isn't so conceited! But he likes you so much that he worries about you-honestly, that's it."

"Any man can ask any girl," ony observed, aften thought. "He's ever said anything."

"Not on a hundred and fifty nonth, with a mother like his." "He's really in love with the phole family, and I don't blame him, when you look at the family he's got!" Tony said. "He's lonely, and he likes our food, and he can talk about oil circuit-breakers and pole-top whatnots with Cliff, and that's all there is to it."

"Tony," Brenda began, as Tony fell silent, "would you like him to ask you to marry him?"

"Yes," Tony answered without nesitation, "so that I could refuse

Brenda laughed.

"He's too smart to risk that," For she said. "In some ways he's much wiser than Cliff. But anyone seeing the way he watches you, Tony, and worries about your affairs and -well, even in this giving advice this evening—anyone can see that he's thinking of you all the time. And I know this," Brenda went on seriously, "I know enough of human nature to know that the minute a man like that marries a woman, she—she becomes sacred. You'd be completely spoiled—everything you did would be wonderful-would be perfect to Barney! And if you ever had a child," said

put on! Nobody could stand him!" Tony laughed, not displeased with the turn the conversation had taken. She knew that it was true.

Brenda, "well, I can imagine the

St. Joseph airs that Barney would



"You'll Marry," Brenda Said.

Barney did take himself and his profession seriously, but he took his relationship to Tony seriously,

"I could marry Barney," she said thoughtfully, reluctantly.

"But it would just be a ter a pause. "It would just be-oh, a little apartment somewhere, and being nice to Mrs. Kerr, and agreeing with her that there never was a son like Barney.

"But why should you want me

to get married, Bendy?" "I want you to be happy."
"I wouldn't be. And once you're married, you can't get out." "I daresay it's quite different

though, once you're in."

"But, why not Barney?" The older sister persisted lightly. "Cliff loves him; we all do. We've known

him all our lives." "In the first place, he isn't in love with me," Tony said. "In the sec-ond, I'm not in the least in love with him, and I never could be. And at that," she added honestly. "I think he wants me, has it in his mind, anyway, that we will marry some day, and I believe I could marry him and make him a darned marry him and make him a darned good wife! But there's no — no flame to that, Brenda," Tony finished, in a low tone. "There's no glory. If I were successful at something—as a head nurse, or a reporter, or a photographer, or a lecturer, it'd be different. I'd marry with—with style, then. I'd feel that I'd been a success at one thing that I'd been a success at one thing and would be at another. But if I married Barney now it'd be a har-bor—and he'd know it! It'd be just—just taking care of poor wild Fony, who tried for the stage and Tony, who tried for the stage and the newspapers and was fired and snubbed all round, and who finally realized that a woman's truest role is that of a wife and mother—" She stopped, her voice thickening. "It is the happlest life," Brenda offered, in a slow voice with notes of pain in it. "If you love a man, that is," she added.

"Ah, but you see I don't" Tony said. "I know the real thing when I meet it. In that newspaper office today—down at the Journal rooms, I mean, I met a man—"
She stopped. Presently she resumed again, a little shamefacedly: "You'd think I'm an absolute fool if I say that something—something

than anything Barney's ever made me feel! He had only to look at me to make me feel silly and cold and shuddery, you know that won-derful feeling that you're going all to pieces and don't care!"

"I don't know," said Brenda, laughing in sudden relief, "and I do think you're silly, idlotic, if you ask me. What do you know of

"Nothing!" admitted Tony, laughng too. "Except that he's so where around thirty, and mar-

"Married?"

"Yes, of course-he would be." "But that isn't love, Tony."
"Well, maybe it isn't. But it's something—something a girl wants to have before she gives in, Bren-

"Antoinette Taft!"

"I know. I know how it sounds, I admit that it's supremely silly! I only used it as an illustration.—What on earth—!" She said the last words on an odd note of fright. For the telephone was shrilly ring-She ran out in the narrow hall.

Brenda's face was a study in vaconversation that was by turns puzzled, awed, excited, rapturous.

"Oh, Bendy, Bendy," gasped Tony, rushing back to fall at her sister's knees and clutch at her dramatically. "It's the Call! Some Mr. Greenwood of the Call! Bendy, he wanted to see me tonight-I'm to see him at two tomorrow! He wanted me to come down right now. Twenty-five a week-twenty-five a week, and I'm to try the society column! Oh, Bendy, you'll help me, won't you? I mean with the people who come into the store -I mean getting engagements and parties and everything! Oh, Bendy, he sounded so nice!"

"What is it?" Aunt Meggy here interpolated dazedly, from her door-

Cliff, blown and pale and tired, was in the hall doorway. "What's all the shouting about?" he said. Tony enlightened them ecstatically.

"Oh, Cliff, just as I was des-pairing—I'd been to the Journal today, and there didn't seem a chance just as I was despairing, this Mr. Greenwood telephoned from the Call, and he wants me to gather up all the news I can and begin tomorrow-and twenty-five a week, Cliff!"

"That's something like," Cliff said, with his slow smile.

"And, Cliff, you know I can do it," chattered Tony. "You know I can, Bendy! Aunt Sally'll help me, and Mrs. Terry!" "Want to go down now and

clinch it?" Clifford asked. "Oh, Cliff, could we? He really did want to see me, because tomorrow's the day he usually has off, and he said I'd have to 'scout

around and dig up a lot of mush for the Sunday page'!"
"Get your hat on," sald Cliff. "I
know a man named Burke who works on the sports section. We'll

go down." "You angel!" Tony called back, flying into her room to change. Brenda smiled at her oldest broth-"How'd it go in Sacramento,

"Oh, I think I butched the switchboard, all right. However, we think we can work out of it."

Cliff put on his damp overcoat again, as Tony came out radiant and fresh in her dark blue coat and small hat, and they went away to-

CHAPTER III

⁶⁴IT'S so much easier to go in there with you along, Cliff," Tony said, when they had left the street car and made a wet run for the lighted doorway of the big

newspaper building. "Sure," he said. "I hope Burke's there. He may not be, though."

The elevator flashed up past floors that were dark and deserted

at eleven o'clock at night. They stepped out at the fourteenth floor; everything was brightly ani-mated and exciting here, and Tony mated and exciting here, and lony looked about her with avid interest at the glass-top doors that were opening and shutting continually upon seething inner apartments. A quiet girl at a telephone switchboard looked up.

"Mr. Greenwood?" The girl re-peated the name cautiously into a black rubber mouthplece, "There's a Miss Taft to see you here." Sitting back, she said, "You can

sitting back, she said, "You can go right in. It's room 18."

Tony followed her brother dazedly. Here was room 18, with "City Room" lettered in black on the door, and "Charles Greenwood" set modestly in a corner below it.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Hawaii Liked by New England Oddly enough, Hawaii, western extremity of the United States, has a sentimental interest for New Enga sentimental interest for New England, the eastern extremity. They are more than 5,000 miles apart, yet it was New England that introduced the Hawaiians to the American standard of living and to the American school system. On October 23, 1819, the brig Thaddeus, having on board a group of missionaries and their associates, sailed from Boston for what was then known as the Sandwich islands. The 17 pioneers included preachers, printers and school teachers. After five months of stormy sailing the Thaddeus arrived at Hawaii on *********** STAR

DUST * Movie · Radio

*** By VIRGINIA VALE**

CHED a few tears for Mickey Mouse; the poor little thing can't take out life insurance. He was turned down by the famous Lloyd's of London the other day-and Lloyd's will take a chance on anything or anybody. Walt Disney, who created Mickey, wanted to insure him

for one million pounds (which comes so near being five million dollars that it isn't worth while to compute the difference), but Lloyd's came right back with the declaration that Mickey is immortal.

A lot of theatri-

Disney.

cal producers in New York are going to be awful glad when Joan Crawford and Franchot Tone take a train, plane or bus for Hollywood. The newly-wed Tones have been disrupting performances just by being present. Mobs accompany them to the door. More mobs escort them into the theater. Everybody in the audience wants to take a look at them, or ask for autographs. On one occasion the show couldn't go on till the movie stars rose and took a bow. Some day maybe a movie star will be killed by the crush of enthusiastic fans - then he'll really know how much his public loves him.

Don't miss "Metropolitan" when It comes to your town. RKO has really brought opera to the screen in this one, with Lawrence Tibbett singing some of his favorite songs magnificently, after a four-year absence from the screen. It was shown at the Radio City Music Hall in New York, and celebrities turned out in droves for the first per-formance. Of course, most of them have the habit of going to the Music Hall regularly anyway.

Something seems to have happened to the Hollywood girls. Miriam Hopkins startled everybody by asking to co-star with Merle Oberon, and then Irene Dunn came along and said she'd like to work Ann Harding in "The Old Maid."

If you want to land a place on one of the amateur programs, you'll be lucky if you're not a singer. Too many singers are appearing: Fred Allen has sent out a call for comedians. And if you're an impersonator you're practically sure of landing at the top when the votes roll in.

If you lived in Hollywood you'd have to make some changes in your

address book right rich has moved in-to Richard Barthelmess' house, and Bing Crosby, having sold his home to Al Jolson, has rented Marion Davies' Beverly Hills abode. Incidentally, M i s s Dietrich has taken to nibbling tube-

Dietrich.

roses on the setand people thought Lillian Gish was exotic, years ago, when she munched carrots right in court!

Fredric March and his wife have just returned from that vacation in England; they took a motor trip, and finished reading "Anthony Adverse," which will be March's next

Carol Lombard has long wanted to be a comedienne, and after Clau-dette Colbert's success in "It Hap-pened One Night" she gave the stu-dio no peace until she got a com-edy role—"Hands Across the Ta-ble" gives it to her, and she hopes

Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., now living in England, hopes his American friends won't misunderstand his staying there. He felt that he'd his staying there. He felt that he'd never get anywhere in Hollywood, and that his only chance was to produce his own pictures in England, where he could select his own stories. He says he couldn't do that in this country; it would cost too much. He's working now in his first one, "The Amateur Gentleman," with Elissa Landi as leading lady. And the whispers have it she's to be his next Mrs. she's to be his next Mrs.

ODDS AND ENDS... Joan Bennett celebrated her arrival in New York by going to see her father in the stage play. "Winterset"... Sally O'Neill wants to stage a come-back in movies... Rosalind Russell may become a star as a result of her work in "Rendezvous," with William Powell... Jean Harlow's been having the flu... Katherine Hepburn may postpone her European vacation because of the war scare.

QUICK TURNOVER

A stranger in Kennett Square. sauntered through offices of a tr portation company and picked u typewriter while the staff was unch. Outside he sold the type er to an employee of the office fo and walked away.

Week's Supply of Postum Fr Read the offer made by the Post Company in another part of this per. They will send a full week's a ply of health giving Postum free anyone who writes for it.—Adv.

Gifts of Great Value The best gifts we get are fi selves to give.

A NEW Coleman Kerosene MANTL

300 Candlepower "Live" Pressure Light 4% kerosens (coal oil). It's a pressure that produces 300 c power of "live",

No Recreation

Any man shrinks from going ho to trouble after he has had a h business day.

Beware Coughs from common colds That Hang On

No matter how many medicine you have tried for your cough, ches cold or bronchial irritation, you car get relief now with Creomulsion Serious trouble may be brewing an you cannot afford to take a chanc with anything less than Creomulsion, which goes right to the sea of the trouble to aid nature to soothe and heal the inflamed membranes as the germ-laden phlegn is loosened and expelled.

Even if other remedies hav failed, don't be discouraged, you druggist is authorized to guarante Creomulsion and to refund you money if you are not satisfied with results from the very first bottle Get Creomulsion right now. (Adv.

That Which Is Heard Most of the shouting is empty.



use either Capudine Liquid or Capudine Brand Tablets.

Start today to relieve the soreness— aid healing—and improve your skin, with the safe medication in

Quick, Complete Pleasant ELIMINATIO

Let's be frank. There's only one way is your body to rid itself of the waste ma ters that cause acidity, gas, headache bloated feelings and a dozen other di comforts—your intestines must function