

USE LAMP TO CALL DOCTOR
Morse code signals flashed by a lamp on the telephone-less Papa Stour island of the Shetland group summoned a doctor and a nurse from the mainland the other night.

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 everywhere, 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 know.

PHILLIPS' Milk of Magnesia
Safety for You and Yours
You can assist others by refusing to accept a substitute for the genuine Phillips' Milk of Magnesia.

Cuticura Cares For Your Skin
The medicinal and soothing properties of the Soap not only thoroughly cleanse the skin, but are most beneficial and helpful to it.

What SHE TOLD WORN-OUT HUSBAND
She could have reproached him for his fits of temper—his "all-in" complaints. But wisely she saw in his frequent colds, his "lagged out," "on edge" condition the very trouble she herself had whipped.

NR TO-NIGHT
FREE! This week—get your drugstore—beating the price of a 25c box of NR or a 10c roll of Tissue (For Acid Indigestion).

MAKE SPARE-TIME MONEY
Give your services. We'll readily find profitable positions for you. We'll find you the best business plan for your own business.

OLD POINT COMFORT VA
The New... CHAMBERLIN Hotel
A fine new hotel in a historic setting overlooking Hampton Roads, scene of Monitor Merrimac battle.

MARTHA WASHINGTON
Also under management of J. Wesley Gardner. A comfortable family hotel of 58 rooms facing the ocean.



Maiden Voyage
KATHLEEN NORRIS
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Antoinette Taft, twenty-three, attractive and ambitious but unable to hold a job, lives in a drab San Francisco 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
I DECLARE, Tony, you have a wonderful nature!" she said. "Hasn't she?" Brenda asked. "You flatter and charm me, ladies," 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?"

"Nope," Tony said heroically, "nothing doing!" "Ah, my dear, I'm so sorry!" "That means," Tony said, starting into space, playing with her knife, "that I've been to every city editor and every 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 strawberries. "Oh, no, he's not, Betsy. 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," Tony said musingly, her elbow on 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 to Sacramento."

Barney's big bulk slid into the chair that Aunt Meggy, flusteringly departing, left empty. "I can't stay," Barney said half-heartedly. Tony, Brenda and Barney sat on lazily, idly, at the wide-opened window in the dim light. Bruce was snoring audibly on the couch.

"It only means that he's in love with you." "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," Tony observed, after thought. "He's never said anything." "Not on a hundred and fifty a month, with a mother like his."

"He's really in love with the whole 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 hesitation, "so that I could refuse him!" Brenda laughed.

"He's too smart to risk that," 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 Brenda, "well, I can imagine the St. Joseph airs that Barney would put on! Nobody could stand him!"

Tony laughed, not displeased with the turn the conversation had taken. She knew that it was true. "What is it?" Aunt Meggy here interpolated dazedly, from her doorway. 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 despairing—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, Betsy! 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," said 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 brother. "How'd it go in Sacramento, darling?" "Oh, I think I butchered 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 together. "But why should you want me to get married, Betsy?" "I want you to be happy."

"I wouldn't be. And once you're married, you can't get out." "I darsay it's quite different, though, once you're in." Tony was silent.

STAR DUST
Movie Radio
By VIRGINIA VALE

SHED 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 theatrical producers in New York are going to be awfully 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 performance. 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 with 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.

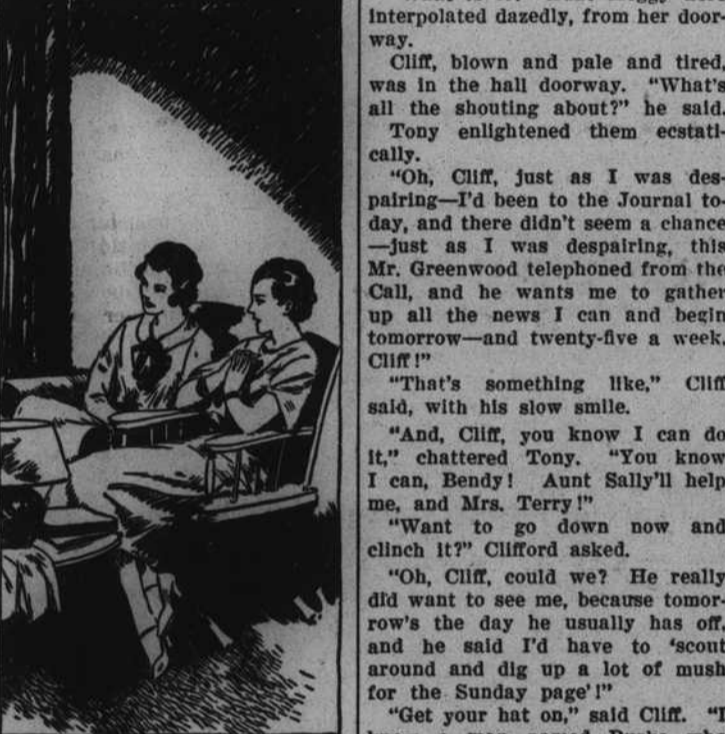
If you lived in Hollywood you'd have to make some changes in your address book right now. Marlene Dietrich has moved in to Richard Barthelme's house, and Bing Crosby, having sold his home to Al Jolson, has rented Marlon Davies' Beverly Hills abode. Incidentally, Miss Dietrich has taken to nibbling tuberoses on the set—and 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 picture.

Carol Lombard has long wanted to be a comedienne, and after Claudette Colbert's success in "It Happened One Night" she gave the studio no peace until she got a comedy role—"Hands Across the Table" gives it to her, and she hopes you'll like it.

Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., now living in England, hopes his American friends won't misunderstand 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.

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"... William Powell... Jean Harlow's will be having the flu... Katherine Hepburn may postpone her European vacation because of the war scare.



"You'll Marry," Brenda Said.

Barney did take himself and his profession seriously, but he took his relationship to Tony seriously, too. "I could marry Barney," she said thoughtfully, reluctantly. "But it would just be a marriage, Brenda," she burst out, after 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, Betsy?" "I want you to be happy." "I wouldn't be. And once you're married, you can't get out."

"I darsay it's quite different, though, once you're in." Tony was silent. "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 second, 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 good wife! But there's no—a 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 style, then. I'd feel that I'd be a success at one thing and would be at another. But if I married Barney now it'd be a harbor—and he'd know it! It'd be just—just taking care of poor wild 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 happiest 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 flashed between us—between this Mr. Bellamy upon whom I'd never set eyes in my life before, and me—that was a queer—queer—love

A NEW Colemar Kerosene MANTLE LAMP
300 Candle-power "Live" Pressure Light
THIS two-wattmule Colemar Kerosene Mantle Lamp burns 95% air and 4% kerosene (coal oil). It's a pressure lamp that produces 300 candle-power of "live," eye-saving brilliance... gives more and better light at less cost. A worthy companion to the famous Coleman Gasoline Pressure Lamps. Safe... the fuel tank is made of brass and does not rust. Clean... no greasy oil to trim; no smoky chimneys to wash. Finished in the finest Indian Bronze with attractive Paramecium Shell. SEE YOUR LOCAL DEALER—or write us for Free Descriptive Literature.

No Recreation
Any man shrinks from going too far to trouble after he has had a business day.

Beware Coughs from common colds That Hang On
No matter how many medicines you have tried for your cough, chest cold or bronchial irritation, you can get relief now with Creomulsion. Serious trouble may be brewing and you cannot afford to take a chance with anything less than Creomulsion, which goes right to the seat of the trouble to aid nature to soothe and heal the inflamed membranes as the germ-laden phlegm is loosened and expelled.

That Which is Heard
Most of the shouting is empty. It is the whispers that count.

FOUND! My Ideal Remedy for PAIN
"Though I have tried all good remedies Capudine suits me best because it is unusually quick and gentle." For headache, neuralgia, or muscle aches, use either Capudine Liquid or Capudine Brand Tablets.

face Broken Out? Start today to relieve the soreness, aid healing—and improve your skin, with the safe medication in Resinol

Quick, Complete Pleasant ELIMINATION
Let's be frank. There's only one way to your body to rid itself of the waste matter that cause acidity, gas, headache, bloated feelings and a dozen other discomforts—your intestines must function!

MILANESA
These mint flavored candy-like wafers are pure milk of magnesia. Each wafer is approximately equal to a full adult dose of liquid milk of magnesia. Chew thoroughly in accordance with the directions on the bottle or tin, then swallow; they correct acidity, bad breath, flatulence, at their source, and at the same time enable quick, complete, pleasant elimination. Milanese Wafers come in bottles of 2 and 48 wafers, at 35c and 60c respectively, or in convenient tin containing 12 at 20c. Each wafer is approximately an adult dose of milk of magnesia. A good drug store carries them. Start with these delicious, effective wafers today! Professional samples sent free to registered physicians or dentists if request is made on professional letter head. SELECT PRODUCTS, Incorporated, 4422 32nd St., Long Island City, N.Y.