

PASSED UP ALL FOR CLAM PIE

Delicacy That Made Hit With "Sea Devil."

Jot Small was telling me about the time Count von Luckner ("the Sea Devil") visited Commander McMillen, of Arctic fame, in Provincetown, Mass.

"Mac brought the count and some other guests over here to my Galley for supper one night," Jot related. "And I just locked the doors after they got in, so we wouldn't be disturbed by no other customers."

"Well, it was a Sat'day night, so of course the principal dish was baked beans. And after while, I got to noticing that Von Luckner didn't seem to care much for the beans. Oh, he was polite about it, all right, but he wasn't what you might call eager. He ate bread and he drank coffee, and he pushed the beans and the pork around on his plate and went through the motions. But beans wasn't his dish."

"So pretty soon I whispered to Mac, 'Do you think he'd like clam pie?'"

"Try him and see what happens," says Mac.

"So I cut a big wedge of clam pie and put it down by his plate. He looked at it, sort of uncertain, for a minute. Then he reached out his fork and cut off a little nibble. Then I seen his eyes kind of sparkle. He took a bigger bite. Then he took both hands and made a motion like a man swimmin', and pushed the beans one way and the coffee and bread the other, and pulled that pie right in front of him."

"By 'Chove,' he hollered, 'I haf found somed'ing!'"

"He swallered that wedge like a toffish stealin' bait, and he held out his plate for more. That happened three times, and then he'd eat the hull dam pie. And every time he'd finish a piece, he'd say, 'By 'Chove, I haf found somed'ing!'"

"He'll be droppin' his hook in these waters again, some day. Because he's goin' to have a heck of a time tryin' to teach 'em to make clam pie in Germany!" — Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Vast Pampa Source of Welfare in Argentina

Argentina, richest of South American countries, draws its wealth from the pampa—a rockless, treeless sea of grass, 2,800 miles long and 900 miles wide, grazed by millions of head of stock. Fecund, half-wild herds of horses and cattle, seed of the conquistadores' mounts and milk cows, have been scientifically bred up to the stable and the abattoir.

Calmer herds, tamer men. Almost gone is the gaucho, cowboy son of Spanish settler and Indian squaw. Apotheosis of the type was Dictator Juan Manuel Rosas, who a century ago routed the Indians, united his countrymen, and ruled in a palace, with a court jester. On the pampas only the pampero (cold wind, rain or hail storms) and locust plagues remain fiercely primitive.

Buenos Aires, with its 2,000,000, is Paris, Chicago and pampa in one. Quite effete now, it no longer flaunts in its Boca section advertisements of cheap, expeditious murder by expert assassins. For safety and comfort, wheeled traffic is barred from the city's shopping district between 4 and 8 p. m.—World's Work.

TRY THIS! When children won't eat—and won't gain weight

The youngster who has no appetite, probably has stasis. A little syrup of figs will soon correct this condition—then watch the child eat—and gain!

Mothers should never coax a child to eat. Nature knows best. Remove the cause of a youngster's poor appetite—get rid of stasis. Children who don't eat are sluggish. Read what the "California treatment" is doing for sluggish, listless children in every part of the country!

A POUND A WEEK. Your child will eat well from the day and hour you conquer sluggishness. But that girl or boy with furry tongue and a bad breath should not be dosed with salts!

Begin tonight, with enough pure syrup of figs to cleanse the colon thoroughly. Less tomorrow, then every other day, or twice a week, until the appetite, digestion, weight, complexion, tell you the stasis is gone. When a cold or other ailment has again clogged the system, syrup of figs will soon set things to right.

When appetite fails, tongue is coated white, eyes are a bilious yellow, California syrup of figs will gently stimulate the colon muscles—and the child you used to coax to eat will fairly devour his food.

The claims made for California Syrup of Figs are true and it will do the same for you—if you get genuine CALIFORNIA Syrup of Figs. Don't accept any substitute.

MEMBER N. R. A.

How I Broke Into The Movies

Copyright by Hal C. Herman

BY BUDDY ROGERS

I STARTED out to be a journalist. I wanted to head my own jazz orchestra, I became a motion picture star.

When I was eight years old, the leader of our town band in Olathe, Kan., organized a boy's orchestra and invited me to join. My father bought me a baritone horn.

By my eleventh birthday I was promoted to the men's orchestra. By my senior year in high school, I had firmly decided to become a theatrical jazz band leader.

The following year, I entered the University of Kansas, majoring in journalism. Outside of class, however, I played in a dance orchestra, and was mastering the trombone, the trumpet and the other brass instruments on down the line.

The summer of my sophomore year, thirty of us from the university went to Europe as deck hands on a steamer carrying mules. A few of us organized an orchestra and practiced after the mules had been bedded down for the night. Upon docking at Barcelona, Spain, we played in that country and then went to Paris, France, where we played in some of the cafes and night clubs. Our orchestra was a success.

By the time we returned to America and the new school year had started, Paramount was organizing its picture school at Long Island and was recruiting promising young men and women from all over the country.

Our theater manager in Olathe insisted that I call at the Paramount exchange in Kansas City. He even sent in some of my pictures. I went back to school, however, and forgot



"Buddy" Rogers.

all about our conversation until I received a wire from Kansas City asking me to report for screen tests.

These tests will always linger in my mind as a nightmare. In a public Kansas City park before a number of curious bystanders I was told to register hate, fear and so on to tender love. I had to jump, leap and run. Close-up after close-up was taken of me until I was exhausted. I felt confident that I had failed miserably.

So I went back to my school and jazz band, counting the tests merely as an unpleasant experience and a waste of time. In a few weeks, however, I received word that I had been accepted for the school.

Along with the opportunity to enter the school came an invitation to tour Europe with a college orchestra for the summer. To take one offer meant to give up the other. I wanted to do both things. In the face of two such excellent chances, I did not know what to do. Upon the advice of none other than Jesse L. Lasky, I declined membership in the orchestra and reported at the Paramount school.

In the graduation picture, "Fascinating Youth," I was awarded the male lead. Following the picture, I was sent to the west coast, but before I could be cast in a picture there, I received word from the East to return for a part in, "So's Your Old Man."

After that I received one of those fabulously rare things, a "break." I had been cast as the hero in "Wings." (© By Hal C. Herman.)

Lois Weber Won Fame as "Discoverer" of Stars Lois Weber, one of the three women who attained success as film directors—the other two being Dorothy Arzner and Dorothy Davenport (Mrs. Wallace Reid)—is known as the "discoverer" of Ella Hall, Mary MacLarin, Cleo Ridgely, Claire Windsor, and Billy Dove.

Miss Weber is the canny person who gave Claire Windsor her professional name when the blond beauty, then a newcomer, tried to crash the gates under the name of Ola Cronk. Once an actress in New York, Miss Weber entered films in 1912 and worked at the old Gaumont studio. One of the films she directed was Pavlova's "Blind Girl."

She married Capt. Harry Gantz in 1923, when her personal fortune from her movie earnings and Hollywood real estate ventures had ascended near the million mark, and retired from pictures until her return from a recent world cruise. Universal hopes to profit by her ability to pick out promising talent for new stars.

BEAUTY TALKS

By MARJORIE DUNCAN

THE "OFF-DAYS"

SPASMODIC negligence is step-sister to chronic carelessness. Both are inexcusable in the matter of one's personal appearance. Both pay the same price. Groom yourself perfectly for 300 days in the year, and let the world see you careless the other 5. What happens? You are judged—or rather misjudged (if you want it that way) by your off-days. You look lovely most frequently—you are listless seldom—yet it is the "seldom" that everyone seems to notice.

Connie found that out. She confided to me the other day that she would never, never venture forth, even to the grocer's around the corner, without "fixing and fussing as though going to a dinner-dance." Connie ordinarily is quite careful about her appearance. Occasionally, however, she has an off-day. She reasons thus, "Oh, well, I don't have any special engagements—I don't expect to meet anyone today—and I'm just going out for a short time."

"So I slipped out of the house and on to the store and even the grocer's cat seemed to stare at me. I caught a frowning reflection of myself in the mirror and it was none too flattering. Right then and there I had a premonition. On my way home I talked to myself, expressing over and over again the hope that I would not have the misfortune of meeting anyone. And then—curses!—if I didn't walk straight into the one person in the whole world whom I wished least to see at that moment."

Connie must have wished as so many of us often do that a magic potion for making us invisible would be invented. However, that little incident changed Connie's regime to one of systematic precision. No more spasms of negligence. She is always a picture of perfect grooming.

Connie's sad little experience reminds me of a lovely lady I know who is really a brilliant housekeeper. On the one and only day that she failed to make the beds and straighten up (because she felt indisposed) the fates conspired against her. She had more unexpected visitors in an hour—that day—than she usually has in a week. It's the experience of every woman—seems to me.

Remember the wrinkle makers. Constant frowning, scowling, a despondent and morose disposition. Too sudden reduction without compensating skin care takes away the fatty underlining, but the skin that has been stretched to accommodate it falls into folds and wrinkles. Remember that worrying over the wrinkles will often make matters worse. And remember, too, that your youth did not die in a day, the wrinkles worked their way into face and neck—a little yesterday, a little the day before, over perhaps years without your knowing it. Don't expect them to leave in a day or a month. Be patient and you will be rewarded with youth regained.

FEMININITY SUPREME

WE ALL remember the post-war days. Feminine faces suddenly gave masculine. Softly curving figures taking on a mannish straightness. Feminine locks snipped shorter and shorter. Then the ridiculous extremes in eyebrow. First a heavy, unruly mass, then the pencil-like, expressionless arch. And make-up anything but the happy medium. Rouge applied too boldly and heavily or completely omitted. Lips shaped so unnaturally and rouged so highly that they smacked of boldness bordering on vulgarity. Too much—entirely too much of the extreme, the eccentric, the masculine. Femininity was locked in fashion's attic closet. The beauty-wise mourned her. To them she seemed too long lost.

Now fashion has released her once more. And our new-found femininity is lovelier than ever. No cobwebs have attached themselves to her. She has not suffered by the long absence. And we women—what a welcome we make the heart grow fonder, doesn't it?

Look around you. On all sides you see ladies—lovely ladies. Gone are the flappers, the boyish look, the bored air and ennui. Complexions are all aglow with a power loveliness. A saken and healthier attitude is being taken on the subject of the figure. Extreme thinness is not stressed to the extent it was a year or two ago. Figures are taking on the rounded curves, the graceful, slender line that feminine figures should naturally wear. And bodies are going to be the healthier and lovelier for it. As for lady's hair, once more it comes into its own, once more it is truly "woman's crowning glory." The shingled boyish bob grows longer and longer until it reaches at least two inches, and sometimes four inches below the ears. The soft, fluttering wavelets that were brushed back from the forehead and behind the ears and then chased under confining little hats are once more called forth. The one redeeming feature of the short cut, however, remains. I have reference to the thinning process. Hair grows longer, but not heavier. We discovered that the shape of most feminine heads is really beautiful. So the coiffure is still thinned to reveal the lovely contours of the head. Straight hair is taboo. It's feminine to have curly locks.

© Bell Syndicate.—WNU Service.

ROADSIDE MARKETING

By T. J. Delohery

FARM WOMEN'S MARKETS FURNISH HOMES

ELECTRIC refrigerators, sweepers, irons, washing machines, kitchen cabinets, rolling work tables and other doodads and modern gadgets make housework easier for thousands of farm women who earn substantial profits each year from the sale of cake, fresh eggs, vegetables, fruit, jams, jellies, canned goods and other products of the farm, kitchen and garden to city housewives who patronize the hundreds of curb and farm women's markets which are spread over the country.

Reliable estimates are that about 150,000 farm women take in upward of \$5,000,000 a year from this source, the money being used to buy farm, home and family needs which the regular farming income is unable to supply.

Through the south, parts of the mid-west, New England and the east these markets are promoted by the extension service of the agricultural colleges, farm bureau, Grange and other farm organizations. In other places the markets are carried on by individual groups of farm women or under the auspices of enterprising town merchants who realize that helping



Attractively Displayed Produce.

earn this additional farm revenue will result in the purchase of things which otherwise could not be bought.

And these farm women, on the other hand, have been careful to offer fair competition to businessmen handling the same line of products, thus resulting in co-operation and friendly relationships with mutual benefits.

Housewives have been quick to trade with the farm women, practically every market reporting an increased volume of business each year. In some instances receipts have been heavier despite lower prices. In fact, one or two such markets reported 100 per cent increase in receipts in a single year.

J. Frank McDermand, Indiana merchant, is a great booster for farm women's markets; in fact, he started one and gave the women the use of the basement under his general store. McDermand always had a small vegetable garden, but when the weather prevented his planting anything one year, he got the idea that farm women might be able to bring in their vegetables, chickens and other such food and find many buyers among the town people. The county agent, when consulted, thought it a good idea and the matter was taken up with several farm women.

A market was organized, a score of women bringing in all kinds of fresh and canned foods. Advertising in the Attica and other city newspapers they found customers from the opening day.

Members of the various farm women's clubs in Garfield county, Oklahoma, send their produce to the Enid market, where total sales run from \$250 to \$350 a day. They specialize in ingredients for Sunday dinners, and also have other foods such as sausage, fresh eggs, milked poultry, cakes, cottage cheese and raisin bread. Practically every one of these club women spends the income for household appliances, clothes and school expenses for the children.

West Virginia has made a notable record in marketing farm produce for women, especially those living inland away from good roads. Upward of 300 farm women send produce to the stores in various parts of the state. More than \$13,000 worth of standardized and graded products were marketed by these women last year, some of the contributors receiving as much as \$100 a month.

In Virginia, where markets are county-wide affairs, huge sums have been realized, with business growing better each year. In 1931 the Parkersburg market took in \$10,000. Last year the receipts were \$25,000. In Augusta county sales rose from \$15,000 in 1931 to \$30,000 in 1932.

"The most important thing of all," said Miss Maud Wallace, state home demonstration agent, who is pushing the markets, "is that every dollar taken in is used to build up the social, educational and physical standards of the farm homes."

"In starting our markets we are trying to be thoughtful of the city merchants. We realize they are permanently in business and have to pay overhead, but we are trying to show them that a market will, in time, be an asset to the community. It will enable farm women to purchase more and pay cash for what they buy." Thirty-five such markets, in as many North Carolina towns, made total sales of \$250,000.

© 1932, Western Newspaper Union.



TELLING FATHER

He had been calling every night in spite of the warnings from his sweetheart about her irate father. This particular evening they had been planning their elopement.

Only the hall clock, announcing that the witching hour had been reached, broke the silence.

Then, without warning, a thump and a click were heard, and the room was flooded with light. There stood father, glowering and puffing at the terrified young caller.

"Who are you?" he bellowed.

The young man gulped and turned pale. But the color returned to his face suddenly, and, rising to his feet, he said in a clear, loud voice: "I'm her brother."

Stunning Alibi

Liza was on the witness stand. "Are you positive," inquired the prosecutor, "that you know where your husband was on the night this crime was committed?"

"Er Ah didn't," replied the witness firmly, "den ah busted a good rollin' pin over an innocent man's head, dat's all."—Transcript (Boston).

Previous Hanna

He—She wants her engagement to Billy kept secret for a while.

She—Yes, she wants to be the first to tell him.—Smith's Weekly (Sidney).

NOT SO CERTAIN

Governor Park, of Missouri, said the other day in Jefferson City:

"The isolation idea is getting popular. So far as our relations with Europe are concerned many of us feel like the young wife."

"A genial old bachelor said to her: 'I asked your husband at the club last evening if he would marry you again, supposing he had his life to live over, and he said he certainly would.'"

"'He certainly wouldn't,' snapped the young wife.'—Philadelphia Bulletin.

GOING THE PACE



First Lodge Member—Looks as if you had been dissipating. Second Lodge Member—I didn't get to roost last night until nearly sunset.

Judicial Revenge

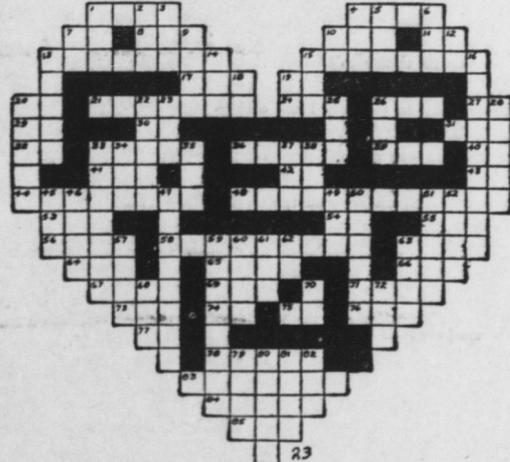
Officer—Your honor, this chauffeur ran his car into th' show windy av a millinery store.

Judge—What millinery store? Officer—Mme De Stickum's. Judge—Discharged. That's where my wife buys her hats.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Good for Him

"John talks in his sleep." "How's that?" "He recited in class today."

CROSSWORD PUZZLE



Copyright.

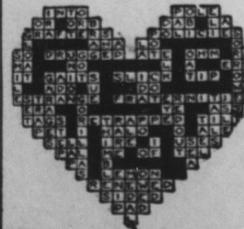
Horizontal.

- 1—To the inside of
2—Shaft
3—Otherwise
4—Globe
10—A satirical mass of anything soft or moist
11—Note of scale
12—Cheaters
13—Globe
14—Plains
17—Exclamation of triumph
18—Rebeld!
19—As
21—Stappled by medicine
24—Consumed
26—A unit of electricity
27—Egyptian sun god
28—Mama (abbr.)
29—None
31—Transgress
32—Nester pronoun
33—Degree of speed
34—Cunning (collee.)
37—Remuneration for personal service
40—Eise
41—Hubbub
42—Hubbub
43—Act
44—Indo-Chinese language
46—Alienate
48—Societies
53—Feted of time.
54—Second person plural
55—Animal
56—Labels
58—Caught again
63—Swing off balance
64—Fondle
65—Nimbus
66—Miser
67—Feddle
68—Wrath
71—Employs
72—Chum
74—Personal pronoun
75—From
76—Greek prefix (combining form)
77—Paternal parent
78—Fruit
83—Regus agate
84—Stood by
85—Papa

Vertical.

- 1—Man's name
2—Small child
3—Mineral
4—Companion
5—Japanese shawl
7—Instead
8—Don't
10—Note of musical scale
12—Diphthong

Solution



Advertisement for Wrigley's Spearmint Gum featuring Uncle Sam and the text 'NOW IT'S UP TO YOU' and 'WRIGLEY'S SPEARMINT THE PERFECT GUM'.