

**STRICTLY PUBLIC**

By THAYER WALDO

LANG leaned back and re-read the typed message. "We have just purchased the sensational story 'Hero of Heaven' for immediate production. You have been selected to prepare the scenario in collaboration with the author, Miss Natalie Dean. She and Roland Carlisle, who will star in the picture, are coming to my office at eleven this morning for a preliminary story conference. Please join us at that time."

Joseph Fiberg, Associate Producer, Zenith Productions, Ltd., He tossed the paper aside and sat staring at the wall.

The prospect, he reflected, was far from appealing. Visions arose of endless quarreling and disagreement of the woman writer's horror over each change in her precious creation.

It didn't take much imagination; Hollywood history was replete with such occurrences. Then, too, ringing Carlisle in promised more complication.

Gloomily Lang realized that of the star as a private personality he knew nothing. Probably a temperamental sort, with interest in nothing but his own footage.

Lang glanced at his desk clock, scowled, and stood up. It was nearly eleven. Five minutes later, in Fiberg's office, the producer was saying:

"Now, then: Mister Carlisle you already know—the actor nodded pleasantly from a nearby chair," and this is Miss Natalie Dean, the very lovely young lady who's going to help us make a fine picture from her wonderful book."

Lang faced the girl and felt a thrill of pleasurable surprise. Curled into the corner of a huge divan, she seemed an almost incredibly small and childlike bundle. Yet he saw at once that her face held a hint of mature wisdom. Luxuriant brown hair swept back from a forehead high and smooth and rounded, while beneath it were dark blue eyes, curiously serene and clear.

Natalie Dean said: "How do you do, Mister Lang? I hope you're not as disgusted as you ought to be—drawing such a dub for a partner. But I promise to be good and not meddle." The words were spoken simply. Lang smiled and told her: "I'm sure we'll have a grand time together."

Then for an hour he sat by the desk while Fiberg talked details. Occasional questions and comments came from Carlisle, but Natalie Dean only listened, her manner calm and somehow detached without aloofness.

Lang found his interest steadily mounting. At last the conference broke up and as they went out, Carlisle took leave of the other two with a cordial, "See you later."

Natalie Dean and Lang walked through the reception room to the hall beyond. There she stopped, looked up at him, and asked:

"Think you'll manage to weather it?" Lang laughed. "What a question!" he said, "of course—and like it. Why?" She sauntered on along the passage as she answered: "Because I meant what I told you in there—about not being a nuisance—and I wanted you to believe it."

He halted again and turned to face the girl. "Look here," he said: "when I first heard about this assignment, it sounded pretty dismal. But now—well, to be perfectly frank, I think you're splendid and that this is the nicest job I ever ran into. Is that enough?"

Promptly and smilingly she replied, "It is and I'm glad; I rather feel the same way myself. . . . Good-by, then, until tomorrow."

During the days that followed Natalie Dean's sweet friendliness made their hours of work together thoroughly enjoyable, and the script rapidly took form.

But for Lang there swiftly came a deeper and more personal endearment; each new moment with her, he found brought increased pleasure.

Within four days, all doubt had vanished and he knew that it was love. Then, with ironic timeliness, the blow came.

They were alone in the office, he at his desk and Natalie Dean across the room, reading.

Idly toying with the notion of going suddenly over to fold her in his arms and press those beautiful, softly curling lips against his own, Lang didn't hear the door open and started as his name was spoken.

Roland Carlisle stood by the desk, smiling agreeably down. As Lang rose, he said:

"Just dropped by to see how things were getting on, and—" he turned toward the girl, who waved a greeting, "to ask if our lady of letters was unengaged for this evening."

She nodded. "Then may I suggest," the actor went on, "that we take in a theater and supper at the Palm Grove?"

Natalie Dean assented without hesitation, and the topic changed. But a sense of shock remained with Lang—shock and a fiery resentment which he sought in vain to subdue.

Carlisle's presence became suddenly insufferable and he was shamelessly glad when the man departed.

Throughout the day's remainder, Lang fought futilely against gnawing frustration. To Natalie Dean he scarcely spoke.

Starting for the studio next morning, however, his mood was altered. The affair, he determined, could and should be settled at once.

Natalie Dean reached the office ten minutes after his own arrival, and without preamble he said:

"I want you to have dinner with me tonight." Powdering her nose, she turned to throw him a quick little smile.

"That's sweet of you," she replied, "but I'm sorry; Roland and I are going to the Colony this evening."

Hope and happiness went out of him completely then. There was, of course, nothing further to say or do.

Day after miserable day dragged by, while the scenario progressed not at all and Lang's gloom enormously.

Within a week, Natalie Dean and Carlisle had been seen together in all the city's exclusive night haunts.

Gleefully, the movie columnists of each paper reported their appearance, and freely termed it Hollywood's newest romance.

Toward Lang, the girl's pleasant manner didn't vary. Bitterly he reflected that to her their association meant undiluted business.

His own attitude had become constrained; he knew it and knew she noted the change, but was powerless to conceal it.

Then, lurching alone in the commissary one day, Lang saw Carlisle enter with a striking blond.

An air of intimacy was between them. Later, pausing at the cashier's desk, he stood for a moment near their table and the woman's voice reached him:

" . . . still, I wanted to scratch that woman's eyes out, Rollie." Carelessly Carlisle answered: "Now, June darling, don't be absurd. You know all about that and that it's done with. Last night was the end."

In puzzled amazement, Lang returned to the office. Natalie Dean was at his desk, writing, and she rose as he came in. Lang searched her face, but found its cheerful loveliness unruined.

With an almost diffident look, she came toward him and said: "Will you forgive me if I go very frank? There's something I want to say that perhaps I shouldn't."

Lang perched on the desk edge and told her: "Go to it." "Well," she continued, standing close to him now, "I've been thinking about—about things, and I've decided you're working too hard. Let's call it a day and go somewhere—anywhere—and not care when we get back."

For a moment, his heart leapt with glad longing; then, remembering, he turned abruptly away.

So that was it, he thought angrily; she wanted him to divert her, to help her forget Carlisle; she was offering him second fiddle. His tone brusque, he answered:

"No, I'm afraid I wouldn't care to, thanks. Need the time, anyway." A second of silence followed.

Then suddenly Natalie Dean was running toward the door, a queer little sound breaking from her lips.

Lang glanced around, saw cheeks that were shily wet, and sprang after her.

In another instant the girl was caught in his arms, held close, and with reckless anguish he was saying:

"Oh, I don't care—I haven't any pride! Natalie, look at me—listen to me—I love you!" She raised her tear-stained face to his with a smile he couldn't fathom.

"My dearest!" she said softly, "I've been so terribly afraid I'd never hear you say that. Didn't you want to?" Lang averted his eyes, a brief twinge of hurt returning.

"For a week," he answered, "I've wanted nothing else. But—well, you've seemed pretty thoroughly taken up with Carlisle, and I—"

Her hand quickly cupped his chin and lifted it. "You're not serious?" she asked, her eyes incredulous, and, as Lang was silent, went on: "You—you mean you didn't know the studio arranged the whole thing just to give our picture publicity? Why, my dear, Roland's fiancée, June Allen, drove us home from those places every night!"

Sweden's Boy Kings Trained. Sweden's boy kings were better trained for their high positions than those of other countries. The great Gustavus Adolphus was introduced to public life at nine, administered a duchy at fifteen and a year later became king of Sweden. In his brief span of thirty-eight years he crowded one of the most brilliant careers in history. His life ended with his mysterious death on the field at Lutzen. Charles XII was another Swedish king early trained for the kingship. Initiated very young into the details of administration, the estates offered him full sovereignty when he was fifteen.

Dueling Not Dangerous. Although thousands have been killed in duels up through the centuries, dueling in general never was very dangerous. An analysis of 2,700 duels fought in Europe about 1800 shows that only 2 per cent of the men were killed and only 38 per cent were wounded. Duels fought without injuries were those in which one man missed his aim and the other fired into the air and apologized.—Collier's Weekly.

Used Crutches in 1100 A. D. A pair of crutches, made of forked tree limbs and cushioned with fiver and buckskin, was found in a cliff-dwelling in Utah, dating from about 1100 A. D.

**All-Important Little Dinner Hats**

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



FROM the supreme court of fashion comes the ultimatum that with the formal dinner gown some sort of a flattering little hat must be worn. Like-wise a prettily frivolous and feminine bit of headgear is an absolute necessity for wear during the cocktail hour, at the theater and for cafe dancing and other midwinter social events. So on with the dinner hat!

Just how might a dinner hat be defined? Well, for one thing it is ornamental if not useful. Yes, indeed, this whimsical little headpiece simply must add a truly decorative touch to the costume, which it does most dramatically this season. It may be created of most anything fine and fanciful, a wisp of tulle, a bandeau of glittering sequins or sparkling rhinestones with perhaps a dash of velvet or taffeta, satin or gleaming lame. Most important of all is a veil. By all means add a veil, a flirtatious veil, a cunning veil, a veil that flatters in that it accents your good points and conceals the others. In short, it must be a veil that crowns your head and hat with glory.

The illustration offers a few hints as to dinner hat trends. The fascinating little hat with a muff—of course, you sighted the muff at first glance, for it is so new, so chic and so charming it needs must attract attention. "Lucky muff," they call them, brings good fortune to the one wearing it, so the story goes in fashionland. A very versatile muff it is, too, for it is as practical and useful as it is pretty, since

its attractive exterior conceals within its depths pockets for your vanity case, your "hanky" and your purse.

The hat-and-muff pictured are fashioned of brown velvet with bandings of gold sequins. The little veil is stiffened just enough to impart sprightliness. Muff and hat sets of this type made up of maline and flowers are ideal for bridesmaid wear.

The toque sketched in the upper left-hand corner is styled of taffeta and maline. Order it in black or any color of your choice. The scalloped edge about the large circular maline veil is a new feature this season. This model in sweet pea colorings makes a ravishing headdress for the bride's attendants.

Sketched immediately below is the new wrap-around turban, a type which is very smart for the matron. Erect folds of maline spiral around and around like a winding staircase to the very pinnacle of the crown. A banding of jet sequins encircles the head-line.

A youthful off-the-face hat is next shown. The maline shape has a molded turn-back cuff with a flange of maline on the crown to give it height. Recurring folds of taffeta with tiny bows of the same form the trimming.

The picturesquely veiled hat in the lower left corner features the very smart Marina coronet, the same formed of intricately braided folds of black velvet. The veil is a huge circle with a cut-out in the center which slips over the crown and is then brought down under the chin in bride effect.

Each of the remaining two hats work satin folds and maline together. The one is a jockey cap type with a wee stiffened eyebrow veil. The veil with the big beauty spot of black satin is one of fashion's latest novelties.

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**QUILTED TAFFETA**

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



Designers are doing many interesting things these days with quilted and stitched effects. It is not only that dresses and coats are trimmed with quilted collars, cuffs and belt, for the latest movement is for wraps which are all-over quilted. In the picture the coat which is styled with a flaring hemline and cape sleeves according to latest fashion dictata, is made of quilted cerise taffeta. The dress is of the same taffeta minus the quilting.

**Collars and Cuffs**

New collars and cuffs show a fishnet effect, and another splendid idea—there is a wider assortment of collars to be had without the necessity of buying cuffs, too.

**Dinner Gown**

An unusual material is used for a luxurious dinner gown of white taffeta with stripes of chenille and gold

**HAT BRIM SMALLER; BACK IS TURNED UP**

There's an epidemic of small vivid hats and scarfs to brighten up the winter scene.

Brimmed hats are still with us, but the brims are smaller and turned up in back, so as not to interfere with the sables and the silver fox.

Debutantes are going for the high-hat Cossack caps of corduroy and velvet, with matching neckerchief or Ascot, to wear with dark winter suits and coats.

They are round, Russian effects, high-crowned and brimless, that have an undeniable dash. They come in such cheering colors as scarlet, emerald green, charrreuse, coral and old rose, and add nice accents of color to sober winter costumes.

**Popular Afternoon Frock Is of Gray Waffle Crepe**

Gray waffle crepe combined with navy taffeta is used to create a very smart formal afternoon frock. The navy blue taffeta forms the high waisted bodice which has a Pierrot collar shirred on a cord and fastens with a small knot at the back.

The ankle-length skirt of gray waffle crepe features a slit on the left side to just below the knee. A box coat of the crepe has wide and full three-quarter sleeves lined with navy taffeta. Gray suede pumps are worn with the dress.

**Shades in Spring Hosiery Are Inspired by Cuisine**

Fashion will turn to the cuisine for inspiration in the spring hosiery shades. Among the new colors will be "ice tea," "ice coffee," "egg nog," and "frappe." The first is a dark suntan, the second a medium suntan, the third a nude evening shade and the fourth a light neutral shade.

Since fabric colors will be bright for spring, hosiery tints will show a livelier quality.

**Skirt Formula**

Straight and narrow, slashed and slithering—this is the skirt formula for morning, afternoon and evening. Lengths vary with hours.

**Let Our Motto Be GOOD HEALTH**

By DR. LLOYD ARNOLD  
Professor of Bacteriology and Preventive Medicine, University of Illinois, College of Medicine.

**WHOOPIING COUGH**

Anyone who has seen a child go through the strangling, vomiting phase of whooping cough, certainly wishes that whooping cough might be wiped off the face of the earth.

Whooping cough is a major infectious disease. It causes 10,000 or more deaths yearly in this country. In the seven years ending in 1931, there were approximately 2,000 deaths

from whooping cough in the state of Illinois, or an average of about 285 a year. During 1931 and part of 1932, 19,000 cases were reported to the Illinois health department by physicians of the state.

Ninety per cent of the deaths occur in children under three years of age. The largest number of deaths occur in the second half of the first year.

Girls are more susceptible to whooping cough than boys are. It is the only communicable disease of childhood in which there is this sex distinction.

Death rates are higher in the rural districts than in the cities, and the disease is more severe in colder climates than in the warm zones.

While few deaths occur past six years of age, anyone may get whooping cough. Parents, if they have not had it before, sometimes get it from their children. But when one has had a case of this disease, one is usually immune to a second attack.

So far as is known, monkeys are the only animals besides man that can contract whooping cough. This is one reason why it has been difficult for bacteriologists to experiment with this disease, as monkeys are scarce and expensive. Indeed, the papers reported recently the plight of a Cleveland doctor who is trying to find the cause of the distinctive whoop. He had secured four chimpanzees at a cost of \$350 each. He gave the disease to two of the animals, but kept the other two isolated for a later experiment. But in some way these two also got it, and he is unable to give any one of the four a second attack. So he has to get a new lot of chimpanzees before he can continue his work.

Whooping cough is transmitted from person to person in secretions of the mouth and nose, and by kissing and close contact. It is not contagious during the period of incubation, which is from two to three weeks—usually fourteen to sixteen days, but it can be transmitted from the appearance of the first symptom, and it is most contagious during the early stage before the whoop develops. It may also be communicated in the late stages and for some time after convalescence.

We have not discovered any vaccine for it yet, either for its prevention or its cure, as we have for diphtheria. But in 1906 two Belgian scientists, Gengou and the famous Bordet, discovered the bacteria that cause whooping cough. These bacteria live far down in the bronchial tubes, however, and for a number of years doctors tried out various methods of raising the bacteria to the surface, but with many patients they were not successful in doing so. Then ten years later, two German scientists, Chievtz and Meyer, invented a cough plate, which was perfected by a Danish scientist, Madsen. This is a shallow tin box, with a cover, the size of the palm of the hand, in which a special media is put. The pan is held before the mouth of the coughing child. Then the cover is put on and the box sent to a laboratory to find out if the whooping cough germ is present.

The reason it is advisable to have this test made is because some nervous children develop a cough that resembles whooping cough, and yet isn't, and it would be a hardship to isolate them from other children. And in the first stages of whooping cough, the cough does not differ so much from the cough of a severe bronchial cold.

The point is that if a child has become exposed to whooping cough, and then develops a cold, that child should be suspected of having something more than a cold that will yield to home remedies. A physician should be called at once and the culture made. If the culture is positive, then the child should be kept away from other children, particularly babies.

There is a strong ray of hope, though, in the whooping cough situation. Several doctors here and abroad, who are devoting much time to whooping cough, have made very promising progress in their development of a vaccine for its prevention and a serum for its cure.

They have been quite successful in their treatment of a number of patients. But their treatment has not quite reached the stage where it can have the universal application that the diphtheria vaccines have.

When a child has whooping cough, the state laws should be strictly followed. Some states now permit convalescent children to play out of doors before the quarantine is lifted, if they wear a wide band around the arm with the words "whooping cough" on it. Children who have had whooping cough are especially susceptible to tuberculosis for some time after their recovery.

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**New Theory Put Forth to Explain Bird Flight**

Flight of birds as a kind of rocket action, like that imagined for stratosphere rockets or for the still more fantastic vehicles conceived as traveling some day to other planets or to the stars, is a new idea proposed in France by Dr. E. Bataut, life-long student of bird behavior.

A bird's muscles are larger and stronger in proportion than the muscles of animals which do not fly, but Doctor Bataut says there is no proof that this difference is great enough to justify the conventional flight theories. Gliding flight is easy to explain, on the same basis of taking advantage of air currents as is used by human aviators, but this does not account for abilities of birds to do many things inexplicable by gliding; for example, to rise in still air.

Doctor Bataut's new theory is that the feathers of a bird's moving wing create a continual stream of air backward along the wing surface, like the exhaust gases of an airplane engine or the gaseous discharge of a rocket. The forward reaction created by this he believes to be the force that drives the bird ahead. Calculations of the muscular force necessary require forces much smaller than those needed by the conventional theories and more in line with what a bird's muscles actually produce.

**Anti-Clerical Move**

In a determined campaign to break the power of the Mohammedan priesthood in Turkey, the government is demanding that the clergy wear civilian clothes except when actually attending religious ceremonies. The ban on clerical attire in public applies to Moslem, Armenian, Catholic, Orthodox, Protestant and Jewish clergy.



**ASK YOUR DOCTOR FIRST, MOTHER**

Before You Give Your Child an Unknown Remedy to Take

Every day, unthinkingly, mothers take the advice of unqualified persons—instead of their doctors—on remedies for their children.

If they knew what the scientists know, they would never take this chance.

**Doctors Say PHILLIPS' For Your Child**

When it comes to the frequently-used "milk of magnesia," doctors, for over 50 years, have said "PHILLIPS' Milk of Magnesia—the safe remedy for your child."

Remember this—And Always Say "Phillips'" When You Buy. Your child deserves it; for your own peace of mind, see that you get it—Genuine Phillips' Milk of Magnesia.

Also in Tablet Form: Phillips' Milk of Magnesia Tablets are now on sale at all drug stores everywhere. Each tiny tablet is the equivalent of a teaspoonful of Genuine Phillips' Milk of Magnesia.

**PHILLIPS' Milk of Magnesia**

**DON'T NEGLECT YOUR KIDNEYS!**

If your kidneys are not working right and you suffer backache, dizziness, burning, scanty or too frequent urination, swollen feet and ankles; feel lame, stiff, "all tired out" . . . use Doan's Pills. Thousands rely upon Doan's. They are praised the country over. Get Doan's Pills today. For sale by all druggists.

**DOAN'S PILLS**

**NEED BUILDING-UP?**

Mrs. J. L. Eyer of 326 Munford St., Lynchburg, Va., said: "About six years ago I was in very poor health. My digestion was poor and I was underweight. I had not taken Dr. Eyer's Golden Medical Discovery long before I began to pick up in every different person." Sold by druggists. New size, tablets 50 cts., liquid \$1.00. Write Dr. Eyer's Clinic, Buffalo, N. Y., for free medical advice.

**Rheumacide**  
Indicated as an Alternative in the Treatment of RHEUMATIC FEVER, GOUT, Simple Neuralgia, Muscular Aches and Pains  
At All Druggists  
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