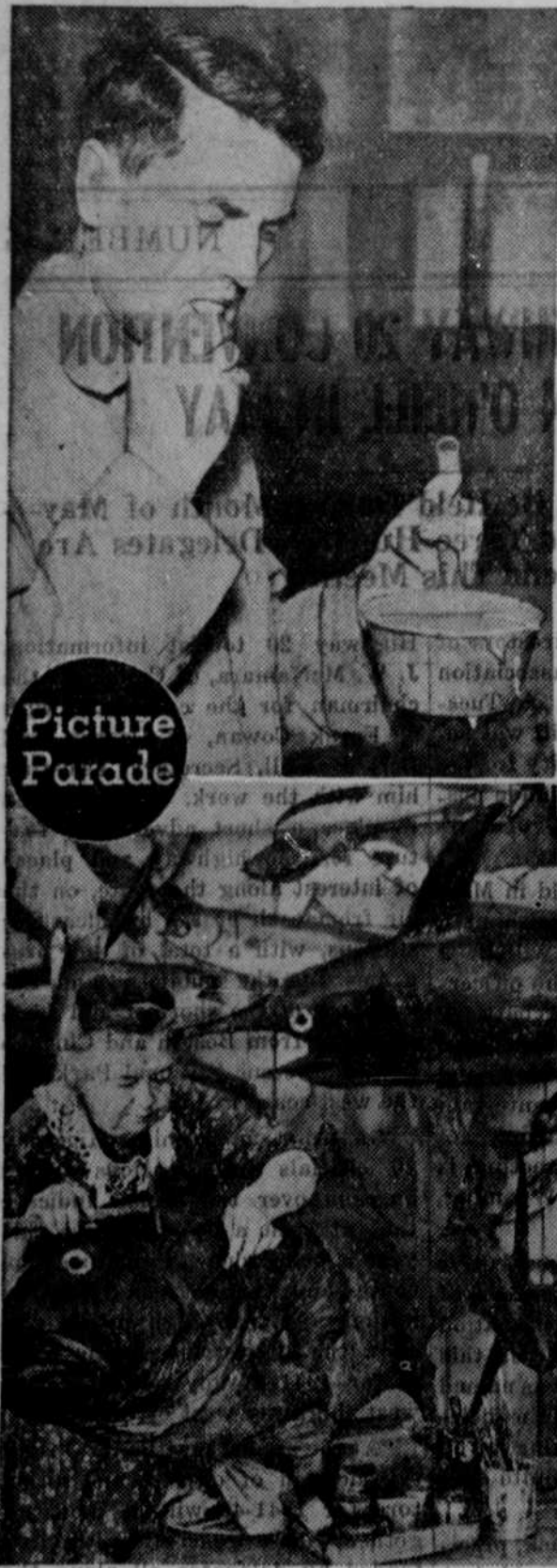


Anyway, It's a Living!



Picture Parade

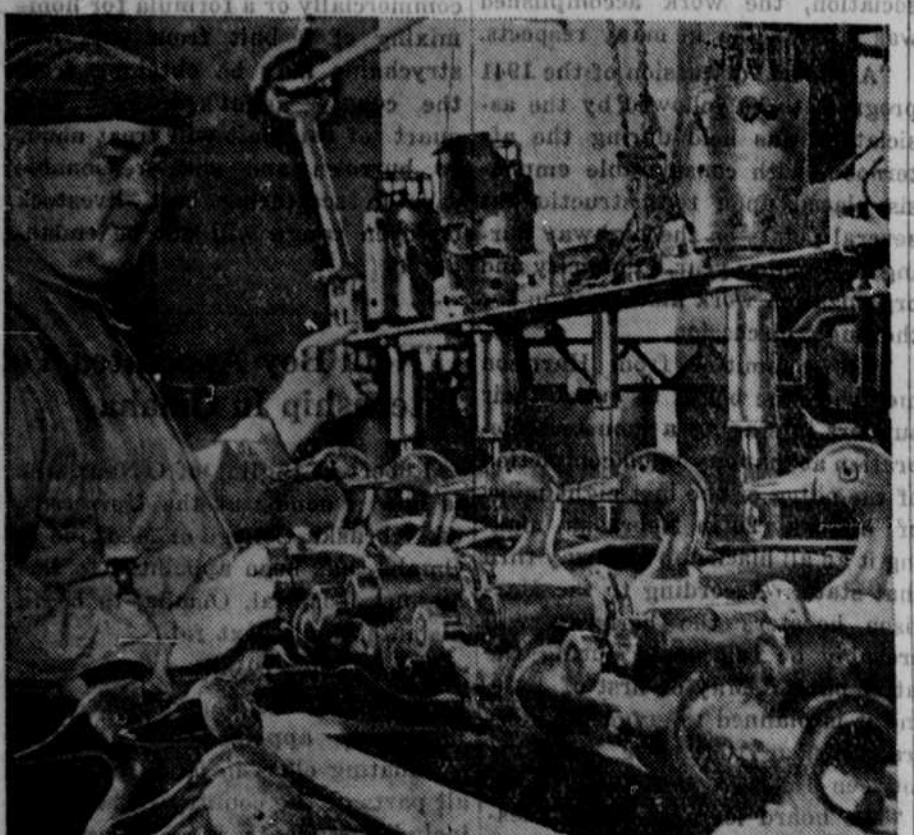
It's true that one-half the world doesn't know how the other half lives. Yes, in this world there are some very strange professions, and this series of photographs shows you a few of them. The surprising thing is that the people engaged in these unusual professions fail to see anything at all unusual about them.

Left: Ugh! We should imagine that there are better and more pleasant ways of testing soap than tasting it. Yet Joseph Strobl of Los Angeles prefers this method. Again, ugh! But it's a living!

FISHDERMIST. That's what Mrs. Charles Parker of Santa Catalina Island, Calif., calls herself. With hammer, nails, paint and stuffing, she mounts the big ones that didn't get away.



Samuel Wardlaw, special investigator for Los Angeles public library, keeps down book mutilation by observing main reading room with binoculars.



WOODEN POULTRY FARMER... San Francisco's Frank Mackay makes his living by raising wooden ducks for decoys.



She listens to records all day long, for a phonograph company.

NEWS ITEM

By STANLEY CORDELL (Associated Newspapers.) WNU Service.

FROM the moment that young Kendall Bacon stepped into the cluttered editorial office of the Lansdowne Weekly Gazette, he knew he had tackled a man-sized job. The atmosphere of the place fairly reeked with listlessness.

A middle-aged man in shirt sleeves sat at a desk piled high with clippings and books and bottles of paste and pencil stubs. The man was reading galley proofs. He looked up as Kendall approached. "I'm Kendall Bacon. Knight sent me down." Kendall spoke crisply. "Oh." The man laid down his proof sheets. He looked at Kendall as much as to say, "So you're the bird the old man sent down to stir things up?"

"Well, we might as well get started." "Sorry to be so abrupt, but you know why I'm here."

Allen looked at him ruefully. "The old man's letter said we weren't producing, said he was sending a man down to take over and build up the sheet."

"Right. I'm the man. Now, to begin with I want this office cleaned up. Right away. Everyone will work better in a clean atmosphere."

Allen was immediately resentful. "Remember this is a newspaper office, young fellow."

"Which is no excuse for it looking like a pig pen. That's story book stuff, and it's wrong!"

Allen started to speak, but Kendall moved away from him, ordered the stenographer, who had been listening, open-mouthed, to find him a chair.

"From now on, Allen, I'm boss. And get that hostile look off your face or you'll find yourself looking for a job."

Allen was mad. No one had ever talked to him like that and got away with it. And yet, despite the youth's insolence, the managing editor somehow liked him. Something about the boy's sure-fire attitude inspired confidence.

"First I want to run through your files. No, don't go into a long explanation of what's wrong. I know. Your lineage is dropping off because your advertisers aren't getting results, and your advertisers aren't getting results because your circulation is dropping off. Your circulation is dropping off because you're not getting news, and that's your fault."

"I know, I know," Kendall interrupted briskly. "The town's dead. There isn't any news. Competition from the dailies. Sure, sure. Same old story. I hear it everywhere. Can't tell old times' news yourself."

"Allen was mad. No one had ever talked to him like that and got away with it. And yet, despite the youth's insolence, the managing editor somehow liked him. Something about the boy's sure-fire attitude inspired confidence. Old Man Knight rarely made a mistake in his men. Kendall had picked up a proof sheet and was reading aloud. "Miss Agatha Drake visited in Saysbrook recently! Caleb Rollins is having his house painted! The Saysbrook bank robbers have not as yet been apprehended."

"Allen snorted. "Don't say it. Sure, it's gossip. But gossip items like that are the backbone of every country newspaper. That's why folks buy 'em."

"You're right on that point, Allen," Kendall agreed. "But you've got to dig farther than gossip if you're going to put a weekly across these days. Got to get behind the gossip."

"Meaning?" "Meaning that there's a lot more news in this town than you fellows are getting. You've got to keep your eyes open. Beat the dailies. Give your readers something to read."

"Sounds easy. You show me." "That's what I'm here for. When do your forms close for this week's issue?"

"Tomorrow noon." "Good. I'll have a live-wire story for you by then."

Kendall picked up his hat. "If I can do it, you can do it. You're known hereabouts. That fair enough?" "Seeing's believing, young fellow."

Kendall went out. At 9:30 the next morning he was back. Allen, who had been a little worried, looked up anxiously. "Got your story?" "Sure. And I've got your bank robber."

"What bank robber?" "The guy who robbed the Saysbrook bank. I saw a news item on your galley proof yesterday." Allen looked incredulous. "Mean to say you captured him?" "That's right. And the story's all yours. So hop to it on that type-writer. And run off a thousand extras this week. You'll sell 'em all."

Allen swallowed. Things were happening a little too fast. "Listen," said Kendall patiently. "Yesterday when I drove into town I saw a man painting a house. The house looked as if it hadn't been painted for half a century. Then I saw your news item about it. How could a man afford to have his house painted after 50 years, if he couldn't before then? Especially in these times? Well, the bank had been robbed at Saysbrook, hadn't it? I began thinking. I looked up this Caleb Rollins guy. Sure enough, he wasn't any particular credit to the town. I talked with him. He seemed to have plenty of money, but no particular intelligence. I accused him of the robbery and he wailed. That's the whole story. The local constable promised to keep it quiet until we got the paper out."

Allen's jaw sagged. He couldn't believe it until Constable Layton hove into the office and verified the tale with shining eyes. Then he wrote the story.

Kendall went through the books. By the time the press was running he had jotted down a list of suggestions for Allen to refer to at such times as business was slack. They picked up his hat.

"Well, so long, Allen. I'm leaving." He glanced about the office. It had been swept clean and had an ordered look.

"Going? Going where?" Allen had risen.

"Home. No need of me here. Showed you how, didn't I?" "Yes, but—"

"Never mind the 'buts,' Allen. Just dig in behind the gossip items and you'll find news. And when your next report comes through you'll be out of the red."

He turned and stepped into the street, started briskly away toward the railroad station. Behind him Allen stood and watched the retreating figure. He caught himself wondering just what had taken place in his office during the past 24 hours. He had a feeling that whatever it was, it was for the best. But it wasn't until after the Gazette was out of the street and two thousand extra copies had been sold that he was ready to admit his twenty years of experience was something to forget rather than remember.

Man Answers Question Why He Married Susie? Here is a man's idea of why it is so often a shock to meet the wife of a likable, intelligent, and highly successful man—the kind of man that other men both like and admire.

"A man, when he is 20 or 25, falls in love with Susie. Susie is pretty. She is even a nice, sweet girl. The man marries her, never, of course, stopping to wonder what Susie will be like at 40.

"The guy is smart, and so even though it didn't look at the time as though Susie was making much of a marriage—she was. Her husband climbs steadily by his own brains and ability.

"As he climbs he moves to higher and higher social levels. He lunches, plays golf, does business with men who are more and more successful.

"He belongs to the group by right of what he is and what he has made of his opportunities.

"Susie, naturally, is lifted right along with her husband. But she doesn't belong.

"If her husband had remained pretty far down the ladder—where he was when he married her—she would be adequate.

"But through luck, and none of her own doing, she is in a crowd that is way beyond her. It is just luck she married the man she did. If she hadn't married at all, and her advancement in life had depended on her own brains and effort, she probably would be supporting herself on a 12-dollar-a-week salary and living in one room.

"But here she is—dumb little Susie—married to a highly successful man, the head of an impressive establishment, thrown with people who are really out of her class.

"It is not Susie's fault. It isn't even her husband's fault. If he had married a girl who could keep up, it would have been mostly luck. For young men of 20 don't choose wives who will be suitable companions when they are 40.

"They want a pretty girl—and never mind the brains. And that is what they get for life.

"Hence the common remark about the successful man: 'I wonder why in the world he married HER.'"

Military Influence Predominant In Juvenile Clothes for Spring

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



WHAT'S new in children's fashions? To tell the story would require endless recital, for designers of juvenile modes have found at command so many contributing sources of ideas that they have been inspired to do and to dare this season.

Perhaps most exciting of all is the rush of patriotic themes prevalent in all the apparel for the younger generation. Emblazoned stars, eagles with wide-spreading wings, flags unfurled, ships, anchors and other nautical insignia, braidings, epaulettes, sailor collars, officers' capes and brass-buttoned coats, colors red, white and blue in the true American way hold endless fascination for youngsters, especially when they adorn their very own coats and dresses and stylish cape outfits as they do this season.

What could be more attractive, we ask, in the way of new spring ensembles for school-faring sisters than the cunning two-sister cape models shown in the illustration herewith? To fully sense the charm of these clever cape outfits, one must visualize them in their own original bright colorings (matching red wool capes, hats, and skirts with navy jackets) as displayed at a preview of American-designed fashions presented in connection with a series of breakfast style clinics held in the great Merchandise Mart of Chicago.

Pace-making fashion events are these clinics which thousands of merchants and buyers attend each season in search of dependable authoritative forecasts which these style shows present.

The two coats in the picture shared applause with the cape suits. Their message is buttons. Rows and rows of 'em! Bright metal ones a la militaire are favorites.

Children adore buttons, and three rows of them as used on the new aqua Shetland wool coat pictured to the right is enough to triple any little girl's joy. The pretty eyelet embroidered collar helps make this coat an important spring fashion, for white collared coats are featured for both adults and little folks.

The nautical influence can be seen in the coat pictured in the inset. Navy Shetland with a red and white trimmed sailor collar and two rows of glittering silver buttons is the formula adopted by the designer of this smart and attractive model.

The pendulum has swung back to sailor dresses. Both children and grown-ups will wear huge white lingerie sailor collars with their new spring frocks. The top color for spring is navy in coats, dresses and capes.

Amusing it is to see the way children's fashions this year copy those of their elders. An adult fashion that repeats in miniature for little daughters of the household is the print-with-plain costume. Cunning versions for tots are pleated-skirt print dresses tipped with capes (navy or pastel woods) lined throughout with the print of the dress.

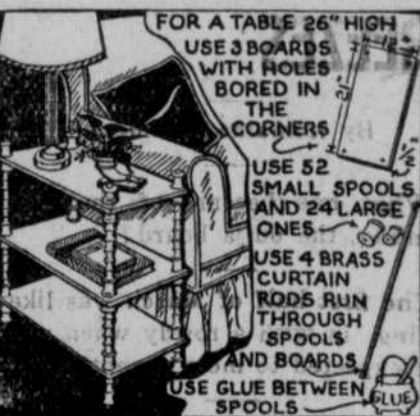
Influences other than the navy or the army that make for versatility in styling are South American trends that bring vivid color into play. Dude ranch fashions also delight tots. There are larriat ties, cowboy fringe trims and studded leather belts.

(Released by Western Newspaper Union.)

NEW IDEAS

For Home-makers By RUTH WYETH SPEARS

DEAR MRS. SPEARS: I have made a pair of spool shelves like those you give directions for in your Sewing Book No. 3. They are painted watermelon pink to match the flowers in my bedroom curtains, and they are very pretty hung at each side of the windows. I would like to make some end tables of spools for the living room, but I can't think of a way to



make them rigid. Have you any suggestions as to how this may be done? B. P.

Curtain rods are used through the spools to make the legs. Better take along a spool to try when you shop for the rods; and get the type that has one piece fitting inside the other. If the spools are a little loose on the rod, it won't make any difference for they must be glued between each spool, and also between the spools and the table shelves. I have shown in the sketch everything else you need to know to make this table. Good luck to you!

NOTE: If you have an iron bed or a rocking chair you would like to modernize, be sure to send for my Book No. 3. It contains 32 fascinating ideas of things to make for your home. Send your order to:

MRS. RUTH WYETH SPEARS, Drawer 10, Bedford Hills, New York. Enclose 10 cents for Book No. 3. Name, Address.

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Moral Truth The most natural beauty in the world is honesty and moral truth; for all beauty is truth; true features make the beauty of a face, and true proportions the beauty of architecture, as true measures that of harmony and music.—Earl of Shaftesbury.

INDIGESTION

may affect the Heart. Gas trapped in the stomach or gut may act like a hair-trigger on the heart. At the first sign of distress smart men and women use 666 Tablets to get gas free. No laxative but made of the fastest-acting medicines known for acid indigestion. If the FIRST 666 doesn't give you better, return bottle to us and receive DOUBLE Money Back, 25c.

Defeat Our Ills Joy, temperance, and repose, slam the door on the doctor's nose.—Longfellow.

TO RELIEVE MISERY OF COLD'S quickly use LIQUID TABLETS SALVE NOSE DROPS COUGH DROPS 666

Short-Lived Joy The joy that isn't shared with another dies young.

Watch Your Kidneys!

Help Them Cleanse the Blood of Harmful Body Waste Your kidneys are constantly filtering waste matter from the blood stream. But kidneys sometimes lag in their work—do not act as Nature intended—fail to remove impurities that, if retained, may poison the system and upset the whole body machinery.

Symptoms may be nagging backache, persistent headache, attacks of dizziness, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes—a feeling of nervous anxiety and loss of pep and strength. Other signs of kidney or bladder disorder are sometimes burning, scanty or too frequent urination.

There should be no doubt that prompt treatment is wiser than neglect. Use Doan's Pills. Doan's have been winning new friends for more than forty years. They have a nation-wide reputation. Are recommended by grateful people the country over. Ask your neighbor!

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