

STORY OF THE WEEK

Love and Bandits

By MEREDITH SCHOLL
(Associated Newspapers—WNU Service.)

ADELAIDE'S father heartily approved of Walt Mayo as a husband for his daughter and undertook the task of giving Adelaide some advice.

"You'd better accept his offer of marriage," he told her. "You can't go wrong. Walt will give you security."

Adelaide smiled and a faraway look came into her eyes. "I'm not so sure," she said, "that I want security. That kind, I mean."

"There's only one kind," Mr. Steers considered his daughter for a moment. "Adelaide, you're thinking of that crazy galoot, Fred Cram."

Startled, Adelaide turned upon him. "He's not a crazy galoot!"

"I knew it! Ye gods, girl, won't you realize that Fred's no good? Why, he hasn't a sound idea in his head."

"He's good looking," said Adelaide dreamily. "And good natured. And he doesn't care a darn whether school keeps or not. Also, he says he'd like to marry me. Is that a sound idea?"

"Ho!" Mr. Steers laughed heartily. "Ho!" he said again. "Marry you! Why, the young whippersnapper couldn't support a bantam chick, let alone a wife."

"Perhaps if he had a wife—who loved him—she might be able to inspire him with the thing it takes to want to support her."

"Rubbish!" said Mr. Steers. He scowled, studying his one and only offspring. Ever since the girl's



She saw the men lying on the road and she began to tremble.

mother had died two years after their daughter was born, Adelaide had been a constant source of worry. He wished heartily that she would marry some sensible young man like Walt Mayo. Take a load off his mind.

"I suppose," the elder Steers continued, "you've heard about Walt's experience the other night. Held up by bandits, he was, while driving from Kenwood to Moreton. They demanded his billfold and he gave it to them. It contained six dollars. When Walt got home he lifted up the seat of his car and took out a second wallet, containing \$38, the bulk of what he'd been carrying. That man thinks of everything. He's smart. Saved himself a lot of trouble for \$6. Fred Cram wouldn't have pulled a stunt like that."

"Fred Cram," said Adelaide, "wouldn't have had \$38 to conceal, or six."

Mr. Steers snorted and stomped into the house. Left alone on the veranda, Adelaide picked up the daily newspaper. There was quite a splash about the two bandits that had during the past week been terrorizing the vicinity, but Adelaide couldn't concentrate. Her thoughts kept wandering to Fred Cram. She had promised to go out with him that night.

Fred arrived an hour later. He came in an automobile that announced its presence several blocks away by virtue of loose joints.

"Why," asked Adelaide, climbing aboard the front seat, "don't you jack up the windshield of this thing and put an automobile under it?"

He grinned. "You know, darling, if there's one reason why I'm glad you've decided to marry me, it's because you're very witty."

"Marry you! Such a nerve! Why, you couldn't support a—bantam hen."

"There you go—always making me laugh."

Adelaide set her lips grimly. They had bounced out of town and were wheeling along the wooded road that led to Moreton. There was a moon and the air held a fresh smell of growing things. It occurred to Adelaide suddenly that her father had been right. Fred was an irresponsible sort of person. Not the sort, in fact, that a real sensible girl would want for a husband. Yet, darn it!—an idea suddenly flashed into her head.

"Fred," she said abruptly, "have you heard about Walt Mayo's experience last night with the bandits?"

"Heard it? You bet I have. Who hasn't?" He wagged his head admiringly. "Walt's smart. That bird thinks of everything."

"Fred, why don't you try being like Walt? I mean, being a little more serious about life and—things?"

"Things?" said Fred. He brought the car to a sudden stop and turned to her. "Honey, you're the only thing I could be serious about. And believe me, I am."

Adelaide shook her head. "I'm afraid you're wasting your time. I—I couldn't risk it, Fred. A woman wants security."

Fred stared at her for so long without speaking that Adelaide thought he actually was getting serious, and she became alarmed.

"Fred," she said, "I—I'd like to make you a proposition. Suppose, just to show me that you could provide security, you save up a thousand dollars. I'll marry you when you get a thousand." She swallowed. It hadn't sounded as convincing or grand as she had expected.

"Done!" said Fred unexpectedly. And at that moment two men stepped out of the bushes and leveled guns at them. At sight of the men Adelaide uttered a little suppressed scream of terror.

"Hist 'em!" said the biggest of the pair, "an' keep 'em h'listed."

Fred turned casually. "Hello, boys," he grinned. "Nice evening." "Oh! A wise guy?" The big man leered and winked at his companion. "Well, I guess we know how to handle wise guys, eh, Tony?"

"Honey," said Fred, grinning at Adelaide, "you'd better climb out. These boys want to look under the seat."

Adelaide thought she caught a significant infection to his tone. She climbed out, on the opposite side of the car from the bandits. Fred opened the door on his side, and then things began to happen. She heard Fred yell: "Duck, Adelaide!" And she ducked. While ducked, she heard a gun go off, and a shower of broken glass sprayed over her. The windshield. Of all the nerve! Why, that windshield was the only good part of the car!

Fred was still yelling. There were sounds of a scuffle. A couple of thuds. Another shot. Promiscuous grunting. Then Fred came around the car.

"O.K., honey. The boys have had enough."

Adelaide stood up. She saw the men lying on the road and she began to tremble. "Oh, Fred, are you all right?"

"Well, yes. Mostly. Couple of bruises. I wish I'd been smart, though. Like Walt. Walt would have saved himself all this trouble by some clever tricks." He paused suddenly and began to grin. "Heck, I just thought. There's a reward for these birds. Five hundred smacks each. Add 'em together, girlie, and we have the required amount."

Adelaide began to cry. "Fred—oh, you didn't need a thousand. You didn't need anything. And—and I'll bet Walt Mayo would have let them steal my money, too. He would have said it was smart, because he saved most of his."

Fred interrupted her babbling by picking her up and setting her back inside the car. "Are you by any chance trying to get across the idea that you accept my marriage proposal?"

"You crazy galoot!" said Adelaide, shamelessly stealing her father's stuff. "Of course I will!"

"Well, well," said Fred. And he took her in his arms and kissed her very, very seriously.

Three Thousand Attend Prep School for Pups

Michael von Motzeck of Chicago is headmaster of a prep school for pups. His pupils are disobedient dogs whose masters enroll them to learn the ABCs of canine etiquette. In his \$40,000 halls of learning he has graduated in the last 10 years almost 3,000 Ph.D. pooches owned by movie stars, tycoons and society folks. As reward for passing final tests every dog gets a beauty treatment, with trimming and plucking, in the dog beauty parlor run by Mrs. Von Motzeck.

Courses last from a month to a year. Month's course of seven first-grade lessons, includes learning to obey commands to "heel," "sit," "lie down," "come" when called, and to "fetch." A two months' course includes seven more advanced lessons, and so on up. Von Motzeck once trained a dog to answer 150 commands perfectly.

After the first two weeks' training, masters must attend the school three times to be put through the paces with their pets. Most advanced pup scholars learn to pose in the show ring, jump high walls, guard objects and people, and do parlor tricks. A few Von Motzeck pups for training your dog: Best reward for a lesson is a pat on the head; train your pup before meals; never strike him; don't prolong a lesson more than 15 minutes.

Sponge Cake From Oven

As soon as you take a sponge cake from the oven, invert the pan on a cake rack until the cake is cool. This lets air circulate under the cake, helping to prevent gathering of moisture in the pan. When cake is cool, loosen the sides with a spatula and slip the cake out.



By LEMUEL F. PARTON
(Consolidated Features—WNU Service.)

WHO'S NEWS THIS WEEK

Woman Journalist Scores for Ladies In Defense Effort

NEW YORK.—It was last August that Mrs. Oveta Culp Hobby of Houston, Texas, became head of the women's division of the army's bureau of public relations. She said she would organize the division to tell women what they wanted to know about the army. Her success has been such that today her achievement is being nationally recognized as a bang-up score for women in the defense effort.

Mrs. Hobby is executive vice president of the Houston Post, and hence a specialist in telling people what they want to know. Newspaper women are happy in finding a government public relations bureau which offers some more than hand-outs in press co-operation. The post is important as a liaison between soldiers and wives and mothers.

She is 35 years old, pretty, slender, stylish, brisk and businesslike, the wife of William Pettus Hobby, twice governor of Texas. Her achievements in the above few years are such that they may only be briefed in the space available here:

In addition to running the Houston Post, she is the active executive of radio station KPRC; director of a national bank; director of the Southern Newspaper publishers' association; a member of the board of regents of the Texas State Teachers' college, of the Junior League, the Houston Symphony society and the National Association of Parliamentarians.

She studied law, was admitted to the bar, codified the state banking laws, was parliamentary for the Texas assembly for several years, was assistant city attorney of Houston, wrote a book on parliamentary law called "Mr. Chairman," which is used as a text book in the schools of Louisiana and Texas, syndicated a column on parliamentary law and served as research editor, literary editor, assistant editor and, since 1938, executive editor of the Houston Post.

In 1939, Mrs. Hobby was awarded the annual certificate of merit of the National Federation of Women's Press Clubs, for outstanding work in journalism. She was born in Temple, Texas, the daughter of an attorney of the town.

With all the above activities, she says she has had ample time for her children, a boy of nine and girl of five.

Must Rebuild Devastated Lands

"Here is another statement made recently," Mr. Henry told the gathering: "After the war ends we must rebuild Europe and will get nothing for doing it; we must supply most of the capital to rebuild the devastated countries, and will be lucky if we get a return on the investment; we must be ready for other radical undertakings, whether we wish to do so or not. All landmarks of how to proceed to do business will be gone."

"This was said by the senior partner of one of the great Wall Street banking houses. He was addressing a small group of labor leaders, financiers, industrialists, management engineers and others.

"The position occupied by business in the revolutionary post-war activities that are unescapable," Mr. Henry said in another part of his talk, "depends entirely on the vision and the courage displayed by business. If business has any idea that pre-war commercial policies will return, then it will fail, when the post-war period comes, to have much of a hand in what is done."

"On the other hand, if business can forget the past—remembering that 'all the old landmarks will be gone'—and will readjust its thinking so that it may take the lead in the huge undertakings that are in the making, then business may expect to be an important factor in the post-war period."

"After having sat in with officials speaking off-the-record for all of the government agencies concerned with post-war planning," said Mr. Henry, "it has been possible to make a summary of the vast program of government and other activities they have in mind. This summary shows a total of about five billions a year. It is likely to be more!"

Aluminum Production And Post War Period

One of the revolutions in American industry almost certain to follow the end of the war is involved in the enormous expansion of aluminum production. This light, but strong metal will be available in quantities never before dreamed of, and at prices on which engineers have never thought of figuring.

Just before this country started its "priorities" and began curbing production of articles not required for national defense there had been a considerable building of "streamliner" trains. Some of these were built of aluminum, more of stainless steel. The essential desire of the engineers in each case, after streamlining to cut down wind resistance, was to cut down the weight so as to insure quicker starts and hence lower running time.

But the point is that the engineers recently had turned to stainless steel because aluminum was so expensive. With aluminum selling at a very low price, and no more terrific pressure for turning out large numbers of airplanes, aluminum naturally will be pushing other materials in commercial competition. There will be more aluminum than ordinary needs would provide a demand for, and hence aluminum MUST find additional markets.

At the low price which will then be possible, it is unthinkable that this will not provide a revolution in our railway trains, and in doing so provide a lot of the employment which will be so vitally needed when the war is over, and the demand for more shells, tanks, planes and guns suddenly ends.

JUST before the war started, Vladimir Kyrilovitch, a son of the late Grand Duke Cyril, and pretender to the throne of czarist Russia, was working in a Diesel engine factory in England. He said he would learn and impart to his following of 2,000,000 White Russians the skills necessary to reclaim their homeland. He was soon back to his Brittany estate and now news of his repeated visits to Paris follow several reports that the Nazis are encouraging him to believe that he might yet stage a Romanoff comeback.

NATIONAL AFFAIRS

Reviewed by CARTER FIELD

Capital's Job After War Will Be to Prevent Unemployment Problem . . . Aluminum Production and Post-War Period Discussed.

(Bell Syndicate—WNU Service.)

WASHINGTON.—At several recent meetings of manufacturers there has been serious discussion about the prospects AFTER the shooting stops. Just when that will be, whether in 1943 or 1950, nobody is sure, but there is no blinking the fact that a tremendous problem will be presented when peace stops all this national defense spending.

Most of the advice which the business men are getting from editors of the publications identified with the industries is to the effect that the capitalistic system can survive, in that post-war period, only if business starts right in full steam ahead.

"Never again," said a prominent figure at one of these meetings, (which was a meeting of executives, so his name cannot be mentioned) "will we stand by while millions of men are out of jobs, while industry is prostrate, while there are huge unsatisfied needs for goods and while the banks are filled with money."

"That sounds radical," said S. T. Henry of the McGraw Hill Publishing company, in addressing a recent meeting of the American Institute of Steel Construction, "but it was made by one of the most noted industrial leaders of the country, not by a New Dealer, nor by a labor leader."

Vanity's Tongue
Egotism is the tongue of vanity. —Chamfort.



RED, white and blue are starred in an attractive quilt which bears the intriguing name—Stars of Stripes. You'll be charmed with the easy piecing of these clever eight-pointed star blocks of which just 20 are required. Diagonal setting is used and with a narrow border, the size is about 90 by 110.

Here is a patriotic patchwork



quilt that will brighten your bedroom to a remarkable degree.

Accurate cutting guide with estimated yardages and directions for the Stars of Stripes is 29330, 15 cents. The quilting may be either diagonal cross lines or a star motif. Send your order to:

AUNT MARTHA
Box 166-W Kansas City, Mo.
Enclose 15 cents for each pattern desired. Pattern No.
Name.....
Address.....

Have you entered the Raleigh jingle contest. Liberal prizes. See Raleigh ad in this paper for details. —Adv.

Relieves CHAPPED SKIN

Relieves CHAPPED SKIN

● If your skin is chapped, you will be delighted with the effect of Mentholatum applied to the stinging, red, swollen parts. Mentholatum quickly cools and soothes the irritation, assisting Nature to more quickly heal the injury. Mentholatum is also a most soothing and effective application for other minor skin irritations. Jars or tubes, 30c.

MENTHOLATUM

Danger in Wit
Wit is a dangerous thing, ever to the possessor, if he know not how to use it discreetly.—Montaigne.

INDIGESTION

● does not harm the heart, but it can make one mighty uncomfortable. If gas seems to distend stomach, causing that embarrassing "gurgling" and crowding, try ADLA Tablets. They contain Bismuth and Carbonates for QUICK relief. Druggists have ADLA Tablets.

Mind's Tongue
The pen is the tongue of the mind.—Cervantes.

Relief At Last For Your Cough

Creomulsion relieves promptly because it goes right to the seat of the trouble to help loosen and expel germ laden phlegm, and aid nature to soothe and heal raw, tender, inflamed bronchial mucous membranes. Tell your druggist to sell you a bottle of Creomulsion with the understanding you must like the way it quickly allays the cough or you are to have your money back.

CREOMULSION

for Coughs, Chest Colds, Bronchitis

Have you entered the Raleigh jingle contest. Liberal prizes. See Raleigh ad in this paper for details. —Adv.

LOOK! YOU CAN SAVE 9¢ or 10 1/2¢ A CARTON ON CIGARETTES!

Raleigh Cigarettes

DON'T PASS UP this easy way to save money. Raleighs are the popular-priced cigarettes that give you a valuable coupon on every pack—coupons good in the U.S.A. for 3/4¢ each in cash, or even more in luxury premiums well worth owning.

Buy Raleighs by the carton and get ten coupons, plus two extraneach carton of Raleighs cork-tipped, or four extra with Raleighs plain. That makes a total coupon saving of 9¢ or 10 1/2¢ a carton! Ask for Raleighs today—a fine-quality cigarette, plus a worthwhile dividend.

PLAIN OR CORK TIPS - UNION MADE

RALEIGH COUPONS ARE GOOD FOR CASH OR PREMIUMS LIKE THESE

- B & W coupons also with Kool Cigarettes and Big Ben Smoking Tobacco. For new catalog, write Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corp., Box 599, Louisville, Ky.
- Clothes Hamper with Pearl Pyralin lid. Airy. Removable liner. 550 coupons.
- Zippo Pocket Lighter of satin chromium. Wind guard. Plain or initials. 175 coupons.
- Coffee Table with inlaid top of matched Walnut and Mahogany. 450 coupons.
- Kerosene Lady's Umbrella. New style. Rustless frame. Choice of colors. 250 coupons.
- Premium Catalog. 60 pages. Full-color illustrations and complete descriptions.

\$500 EVERY WEEK IN PRIZES

WRITE A LAST LINE TO THIS JINGLE

HERE'S WHAT YOU DO

It's simple. It's fun. Just think up a last line to this jingle. Make sure it rhymes with the word "too."

Write your last line of the jingle on the reverse side of a Raleigh package wrapper (or a facsimile thereof), sign it with your full name and address, and mail it to Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corp., P. O. Box 180, Louisville, Kentucky, postmarked not later than midnight, November 10, 1941.

You may enter a many last lines as you wish. If they are all written on separate Raleigh package wrappers (or facsimiles), Prizes will be awarded on the

HERE'S WHAT YOU WIN

You have 133 chances to win. If you send in more than one entry, your chances of winning will be that much better. Don't delay. Start thinking right now.

- First prize . . . \$100.00 cash
- Second prize . . . 50.00 cash
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- 25 prizes of \$5.00 . . . 125.00 cash
- 100 prizes of a carton of Raleighs . . . 150.00
- 133 PRIZES \$500.00

originality and aptness of the line you write. Judges' decisions must be accepted as final. In case of ties, duplicate prizes will be awarded. Winners will be notified by mail. Anyone may enter (except employees of Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corp., their advertising agents, or their families). All entries and ideas therein become the property of Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corporation.

Next time get the pack with the coupon on the back...

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