

DISTINCTIVE RADIO PROGRAMS

On Your Radio

"FRIENDSHIP TOWN"

FRIDAY, 8:00 P. M., C.S.T.
NBC Coast to Coast Network

Vaseline

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
PREPARATIONS

COUNT VON LUCKNER



Count von Luckner, noted German sea raider, who spins yarns of the seven seas in the radio series "Adventuring with Count von Luckner."

Will Show How Crop Estimates Are Made

Crop Reporting Board Will Take Listeners Behind the Scenes.

Listeners will be taken behind the scenes to hear an explanation of how the government Crop Reporting Board prepares the estimates of crop and livestock production which its members announce regularly in the National Farm and Home Hour when W. F. Callander, chairman of the board, speaks in the Department period of the National Farm and Home Hour on Tuesday, January 12. Callander will describe graphically how the Board analyzes statistics collected from 300,000 farmers, and from this mass of data makes the monthly estimates which are considered the most authoritative in the world.

For stockmen, a group of three economists will explain the recent course of prices for beef cattle, hogs, and sheep, in the program of Wednesday, January 13.

The Federal Farm Board will continue its series of talks during 1932 setting forth the progress made in various lines of co-operative organization.

Future Farmers will hear their special monthly program on Monday, January 11, and on Saturday, January 16, there will be a broadcast of the monthly program by the National Grange.

Thirty-two measures of music written during the closing announcement of the National Farm and Home Hour, is the speed record of Harry Kogen, director of the Homesteaders orchestra. As the announcer began, Kogen became aware of the fact that two of his violinists did not have the music for the "Homesteaders' Waltz," the closing theme number. Kogen wrote and finished it in the nick of time.

Aiming to stress the importance of forest fire prevention the United States Forest Service will broadcast the second in a series of dramatic skits on Thursday, January 14. "With Uncle Sam's Forest Rangers" features episodes in the life of an "old ranger" and its youthful cub assistant.

The Future Farmers of America will present their regular monthly broadcast in the National Farm and Home Hour on Monday, January 11, featuring news of Future Farmer activities and talks by their leaders.

Metropolitan Opera Will Be Broadcast

Metropolitan opera went on the air for the first time Christmas Day, it was announced by M. H. Aylesworth, president of the National Broadcasting Company. A weekly series of Saturday afternoon broadcasts from the Metropolitan stage will make portions of scheduled performances regularly available to music lovers here and abroad.

THE FORBIDDEN YEARS

by
WADSWORTH CAMP

"Realize the awful row it would make, Gray. Try to understand what it would mean to you, for all the rest of your life."

He shook his head irritably. "I'll do the fretting about that. The only thing I'm worrying about now is getting you to say Yes."

In that ecstatic moment she couldn't find the courage to tell him about the secrets her aunt hoarded, and into which Esther had probably pried. She couldn't say: "I don't know what my name is. I don't know anything about myself."

"I've got to think it out carefully, dear, for your sake too."

"Promise me now."
"I promise," she said slowly, "to tell you to-morrow night. I've things to say to you. Don't make me say them now."

He started to argue, but she wouldn't let him.

"Just hold me for a minute this way, tight, dear, without saying anything."

She had power over him, for he sat there obediently, his arm about her, his face close against hers. At parting he clung to her hand.

"I never expected to feel so happy and decent again. We did start something back there in Elmford. Thank God for it, Barbara."

But she wasn't sure she ought to be thankful as she watched him walk athwart the moonlight and out of her room. The wound Harvey had given her after the encounter on the pond had never healed. If Gray should ask her to marry him would it be fair for her to say Yes without knowing about herself? Gray had asked her, and she knew nothing.

The next day she limped with her cane determinedly about the house, strengthening her hurt ankle, striving to formulate the answer Gray would come to demand that night. There were other considerations than her ignorance of herself, to weigh. If she said Yes it would probably mean a pretty definite break between Gray and his family, and the Helder and their friends. His worldly position would be radically altered; it wasn't inconceivable that he would be put out of the bank, and life to shift for himself. But last night's warm, swaying memories continued to unfold her.

Love was selfish, and she would take her one chance. She would confess everything to Gray, and let him make his choice. She thought she knew what it would be, for with his upbringing, and the consequences so plain, it wasn't likely he would let his passion burden him with an unknown.

Tumbling on the heels of her decision came Esther's destructive outburst. Barbara hadn't even known she was in the house, and was on her way to Mr. Twining's sitting room when the cold voice arrested her in the corridor.

"You mean you're not going to send her away after this? Aunt Adelaide, she must have hypnotized you."

"Esther!"

"But I tell you, Aunt Adelaide, it isn't decent to have her around."

There was temper in the cold voice. Before Barbara could hobble away Mrs. Twining's brittle tones snapped.

"I've told you before I will not have you or anyone else blundering into the conduct of my household, Miss Norcross is my problem."

"Then," Esther said flatly,

"you might take the trouble to find out something about her, who she is. What if I told you her mother's a jail-bird?"

"It seems to me," Mrs. Twining cracked, "that you have, and I don't thank you, and I don't care to believe you, and I won't have you tell me who you think she is. Not another word. I won't have it. Run along and plant your own garden."

Barbara limped away, her great decision shattered by Esther's vindictiveness which had let her succeed where Barbara had failed. Her cleverness had let Esther slip behind the screen guarded by Mrs. Gardner, and she had found, Barbara was convinced, disgrace so bad that Gray must never know of it.

Shaken and hurt, she waited in the lower hall until Esther came down.

"You've got to talk to me."

"What about, Miss Norcross?"

Barbara took a deep breath. "What I heard you say to your aunt about me and my mother a few minutes ago."

Esther didn't start, her expression didn't alter.

"Oh, see here; listening isn't particularly nice."

"I didn't mean to listen. I couldn't help it; and I wish I hadn't heard; but I did; and I want you to tell me what you meant."

Esther's meaningless smile flickered.

"Why should I tell you what you must know a great deal better than I do?"

Barbara raised her hands appealingly.

"But I don't. That's just the trouble. I don't know anything about my father and mother."

She realized too late that she had, in a sense, by confessing her ignorance, placed herself in Esther's power. The level eyes didn't change; they stared at Barbara for some moments.

"Forgive me, Miss Norcross. I'm afraid I've been indiscreet. I'm very sorry if I've made you unhappy."

She started for the front door, but Barbara limped after her, begging with a touch of hysteria:

"Tell me, tell me. There's no use talking like that. You've got to tell me."

Esther turned with a mockery of reproach.

"I've got to! That's a touch strong. At any rate I shan't. It's something for you to find out for yourself. I wouldn't take the responsibility of informing you."

Barbara leaned heavily against her cane.

"It's so bad, so dreadfully bad?"

Esther's shoulders gave a slight shrug.

"It's not exactly the time for me to say."

Barbara accepted it as a threat that Esther would use her knowledge when it would hurt most; would certainly give it to Gray to turn him against her if she should say Yes without knowing.

"Have you told anyone else?"

Esther turned away again.

"I really don't accept your right to catechize me, Miss Norcross. As a matter of fact, I gave my aunt no details. You probably heard all I said. And I haven't told anyone else—yet; it hasn't seemed necessary."

Barbara's bitter smile showed her understanding.

"But you mean that you will unless I go away. Why do you dislike me? Why have you never wanted me here?"

gies three for a quarter, know the soothing joys of a shave with the aid of the old red plush Schwab barber chairs and private pewter mug for 15 cents or inhale the bitter vernal fragrance of five cent box, happily heralded by the goat's head signs of yore, if never again will the dime tip bring almost imperial service from the bell boys, there still is consolation and a comforting souvenir of the past in the nickel shine.

A microcosmic paradigm in economics, the five cent polish with plenty of whisk-broom artistry and "elbow grease" technique contributed gratis, has returned to haunt the reaches of Forty Second street

"Dislike," Esther said, "is a pretty important word under the circumstances. By listening when you had no right to you've put us both in a most irritating position, and I do resent it. One must be loyal in the service of one's family and friends; and I tell you frankly, since you ask for it, that I've never thought you were the proper person to be with my aunt."

Barbara leaned against the wall.

"On account of my mother?"

"If you had been the proper person," Esther said, "you wouldn't have listened to what was not meant for your ears."

"I tell you I didn't mean to—"

Esther opened the front door.

"I'm in a rush. You must let me go now."

But Barbara called after her: "Wait! You mean unless I get quietly away you will tell my aunt, and others?"

They were both talking about Gray, and each knew that the other knew. Esther nodded indifferently.

"Simple loyalty might make it necessary, and it would be most uncomfortable for me, and a good deal more so for you, and of course if you do go it will have to be very quietly."

Her tone affected a kindly interest.

"It seems such a pity all this discomfort, because it's obvious you're wasting your time here. You have no future, here."

I should be doing you a great service if I persuaded you to take the chances New York offers."

Barbara tried not to sneer. "You agree with Slocum there's a place in the theater for me?"

Calmly Esther looked her up and down.

"You're the type. It's more in your line. If you go, quietly—and do remember it's entirely your own idea—it will be a pleasure to keep to myself, and try to forget, as long as possible, what I so unfortunately found out."

She made that sketchy motion across her flat chest.

"Oh," Barbara said, "it must be bad."

Esther floated out to her automobile, and Barbara went to her room and with shaking hands wrote to Gray. Of course Harvey was right; and after what Esther had just said she didn't want to know the disgrace that was probably so bad her aunt hoarded it chiefly for her sake. One comforting thought was that Gray needn't know now; that, instead of deep gratitude that he had barely escaped so disastrous an alliance, he might perhaps, think of her with regret. Another slight solace rose from the understanding that in sacrificing her love for him, in destroying the affection that had steadily grown between her and Mrs. Twining, she was doing him the greatest service in her power, she was sparing him the tawdry results of his own impulsiveness.

"Dear Gray: I'm going quietly away, because I haven't the courage to face you to-night to say No; for that's what it would have to be, and I blame myself for yielding as far as I did last night. We're both young, and have—or at least I have—ambitions that I can't bring myself to throw away for you. You see if I loved you enough I wouldn't think of that, but I do think, so there's nothing left except to get away from this place where I have no future. Maybe when I've made a career you'll forgive me, and we can be friends. I'm truly so very, Gray, if my decision hurts you."

She cried over the threatening together of these lies, but it was the fairest thing to make him angry with her, so that he wouldn't be too much hurt. She didn't want Esther to have him; she would do anything to beat Esther there;

but she didn't think then that Esther really possessed enough cleverness to get him.

Mrs. Twining, fortunately went to bed early that night.

"You know, my dear," she said, "I've an idea when we have this infirmity cleared out you and I will go abroad. Well-meaning people are beginning to get on my nerves again."

She kissed Barbara's cheek, not at all dreaming that it was for farewell. But Barbara agreed with Esther; if she was to go it must be quietly. If she let Mrs. Twining guess, Esther would be dragged on the carpet, and in self-defense would blurt out all she knew. As soon as she was in New York Barbara would compose a difficult, evasive letter such as she had written Gray.

She had to take Mrs. Slocum into her confidence, and arranged with her to send on her trunk, to have a cab at the gate in time to catch a late inbound train, and last of all to deliver her letter to Gray. Mrs. Slocum was in her element, sharing real drama.

"But if the old girl ever guesses she'll scratch my eyes out."

She was however, entirely efficient, and the flight was accomplished without a hitch. She walked with Barbara to the gate, carrying her bag, and helped her into the cab.

"You'll be famous in no time. Don't forget to let me know when you make your debut. I'm dying to see you act, dearie."

So Barbara drove away, looking back at the great house drowsing in the yellow glow of the moon where Gray lay waiting her answer. He should have it by now. And she remembered her departure from Elmford. There would be no Steve this time to come tap-tapping fatefully down a car aisle to direct her incompetent feet. When she was settled in New York, indeed, she smiled cynically in thinking of Slocum's gushing optimism, for the managers wouldn't have anything to do with her.

"Young woman, look at me! Mean to say you have the brass to ask for a part in one of my pieces without the smallest experience, without having played in stock, without even once having made a donkey of yourself in an amateur show? Blow through that door, and when you get home pray God to forgive you; for you can't make a donkey out of me."

Little by little Barbara grew accustomed to such amazement and scorn. This man, in fact, had gone about it rather more gently than the majority of managers or their underlings. His eyes twinkled, and while his smile held wonder it wasn't leering or unfriendly. He was one of the younger serious producers, and was supposed to have a sound future. Before Barbara reached the door a large, dark, good-looking man sitting across the room stirred and spoke.

"She's a type, Hackey. Wait a minute please, Miss—"

Barbara turned, hope flashing through her discouragement.

"Norcross."

Hackey threw up his hands. "Gad, Rulon, you actors are dogs for punishment! What's the idea? So was Cleopatra a type, but it didn't make her an actress."

The man called Rulon waved Barbara to the desk.

"Do no harm to leave your address, Miss Norcross. One never knows. Some small change might turn up; and I might point out, Hackey, that if she's as serious as she seems, she won't go eternally without experience."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

MAUDE ADAMS ELECTED
Boston—(UP)—The Massachusetts Society of Mayflower has elected Maude Adams, famous actress, to life membership.

the moral implications of the stand-up shoe shine.

It may be that what the country needs most is the good five-cent cigar of Mr. Marshall's immortal witicism, but certainly a secondary step in the right direction is the return of the nickel shine.

LEHMANN WILL PROBATED
St. Louis—(UP)—The will of Frederick W. Lehmann, former solicitor general of the United States, and nationally known attorney, was filed here recently. It covered little over half a page of handwriting, on a piece of ordinary business stationery.

Mercolized Wax Keeps Skin Young

Get an ounce and use as directed. Fine particles of aged skin peel off until all defects such as pimples, liver spots, tan and freckles disappear. Skin is then soft and velvety. Your face looks years younger. Mercolized Wax brings out the hidden beauty of your skin. To remove wrinkles use one ounce Powdered Starch dissolved in one-half pint witch hazel. At drug stores.

PATENTS Reasonable rates. Information Free. THE RAMSAY CO., World Patent Attorneys, 275 Bank St., Ottawa, Ont.

Placing the Blame

Mistress—Nora, did you break that beautiful china cake platter?

Maid—No, mum, but I sure told that policeman what I thought of him for dropping it.

STOP RHEUMATIC PAINS WITH HEAT OF RED PEPPERS

Relieves Almost Instantly

Good old Nature has put into red peppers a marvelous therapeutic heat that gets right down to the source of the pains and aches of rheumatism, stiff joints, lumbago and neuritis. Thousands have found it the one safeguard against chest colds, too. Now this genuine red peppers' heat is contained in an ointment that you just rub on. In less than 3 minutes you feel relief come. It is called *Rowles Red Pepper Rub*. Safe. Will not burn or sting. Get a small jar from your druggist.

Learned Men Poor Spellers

A professor who misspelled ten of the 40 words submitted won a spelling bee held by Harvard faculty members. Every word was misspelled at least once by the professors. Such words as "all right," "desiccate" and "nice" were among the outstanding stickers.

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25¢ Breaks a cold in 6 hours. 25¢ Drives it away in 12 hours. Relieves Headache—Neuralgia—Pains.

McKesson & Robbins
Quality Since 1833.

Absolution Protection

Visitor—But surely you spank your boy when he is naughty!
Mother—We'd like to, but he's the only one in the house that knows anything about the wireless.

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May Warn of Kidney or Bladder Irregularities

A persistent backache, with bladder irregularities and a tired, nervous, depressed feeling may warn of some disordered kidney or bladder condition. Users everywhere rely on Doan's Pills. Praised for more than 50 years by grateful users the country over. Sold by all druggists.



When a man is sure that his friends never say unkind things about him he can be sure that all his friends are dead.

No man favors expansion—of that little bald spot.



Don't eat as much as you want to. That is the reliable method of reducing.

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