

## 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

### Second Educational Series of Radio Lectures Started

Authorities on economics, psychology and other subjects have inaugurated the second series of "Listen and Learn" Lectures under the auspices of the National Advisory Council on Radio in Education, over coast-to-coast networks.

Dr. Robert M. Hutchins, president of the University of Chicago, started the spring series in January when he had representatives of the Council outlined the lecture courses to follow. The programs are heard every Saturday over NBC-WEAF facilities.

The series is scheduled for twenty weeks, closing with a valedictory program the last week in May.

#### Among the Speakers.

International trade, the tariff and industrial planning are economic subjects to be touched upon by speakers such as James Harvey Rogers of Yale, Ernest M. Patterson of Pennsylvania, F. W. Taussig of Harvard, George Henry Soule, Jr., editor of The New Republic, and Walton H. Hamilton of Yale.

Changes and growth in personalities, animal behavior and psychology in education are topics to be taken up by Fred A. Moss of George Washington University, Henry W. Nissen of Yale, Frank N. Freeman of Chicago, and others.

Public response to the initial ten lectures broadcast in the fall indicated, according to the Council, that they reached listening groups in the home, school, special neighborhood gatherings and even fishermen of Nova Scotia.

#### PATRIOTIC SONGS

The songs that thrill Americans, patriotic selections written by inspired composers, will be played in the February National 4-H club program of the National Farm and Home Hour by the United States Marine Band.

The concert will be another program in the series by the Marine Band on "Learning to Know America's Music."

Beginning with "The Star-Spangled Banner," the renditions will swing through "America," and the lively strains of "Dixie." These will be followed with "Yankee Doodle," "America the Beautiful," "Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean," "Hail Columbia," and a more recent song written when the United States Army was moving to the European battle front, "Over There."

The programs are designed to acquaint and familiarize the 850,000 4-H club members of the United States with the music which is typical of America.

Each month an additional concert will be provided by the Marine Band. On March 5 America's hymns and religious songs will be featured. The programs are broadcast over a coast-to-coast network.

The series, which promises to be one of the most entertaining features of the National Farm and Home Hour during the winter months, will contain much basic forestry information of interest to both town and country listeners.

Carveth Wells, adventurer, explorer and lecturer, who starts a new series of programs over an NBC network next month under the title "Conoco Adventurers," says that if all the hogs in Texas were rolled into one hog, they, or it, could root out a Panama Canal with ease and dispatch.

In presenting Organ Melodies, Irma often has the three-fold job of speaking the verse while she plays the organ with feet and hands, and watches the music, prose, and stop watch.

Harvey Hays, well known to radio listeners for his interpretations of outdoor roles, will play the part of the forest ranger. Wise in the ways of forest uses and protection through long experience in the fields, the character will often find himself in amusing situations with his sub assistant whose eagerness sometimes overwhelms his better judgment.

Alfred Corn, who plays the part of Sammy in The Goldbergs' NBC daily feature, is nearing his sixteenth birthday, and is a student in high standing at the Art Students' League.

# THE FORBIDDEN YEARS

by  
WADSWORTH CAMP

Then one day two weeks before the opening he snatched her abruptly out of her morbidity.

"Where is Miss Manson?"

The small company had gathered on the stage for rehearsal, all except Miss Manson who played the second woman's part. Rulon kept glancing at his watch. He sent the stage manager to telephone. He paced up and down, muttering. An elderly woman in tears rushed across the stage and said something to Rulon. He flung up his hands and cursed. The company gathered about gaping.

"Actresses ought to take the veil and live in cells while they're at work."

Miss Manson had spent the night with friends in Great Neck. Driving in she had been caught in a smash on the bridge and had had her forehead deeply cut. The elderly woman, her mother, sobbed out the staggering fact.

"There isn't a chance of her being ready. They've taken a dozen stitches. She's a fright."

Little by little the angry color left Rulon's face.

"Company dismissed! This'll need some thought. I don't know what's going to happen. I'll let you know."

They all filed out, agitated, ill at ease, seeing a profitable engagement slipping into the pit of lost hopes.

"Niss Norcross!"  
The sharp command halted Barbara as she was going through the stage door. She turned back breathlessly. Rulon indicated the passage back of the boxes.

"Go around."

He leaped over the footlights, and met her in the auditorium.

"Sit down! I want to talk to you."

Barbara obeyed, tense, expectant. Suppose it should be something else? It must be.

"This is your first show. You've been pretty intent on it. How much of the Manson part could you spout off-hand?"

Barbara gasped. Then it was that.

"I remember a lot. I could have it all pat in a day or two. Mr. Rulon, you never mean—"

He lighted a cigar, but chewed rather than smoked it.

"I mean if we have to get a totally strange actress in, and start from the beginning, we'll put off the opening indefinitely, and that'll cost Hackey money, and the rest of us too. It's a fat part, but you probably know more than half of it already. If there's the slightest possibility of your getting away with it we may save the bacon. If you'll slave I'll slave with you to put you over. How do you feel about it?"

Barbara's happiness seemed to lighten the gloomy auditorium.

"I feel like crying for joy. I'm scared, but I can do it if you'll help me."

A maniac streaked across the stage, bent over the footlights, and glared down at them, mouthing nonsense. Rulon lifted an admonitory hand.

"My dear Hackey, spare yourself a stroke. I assure you we'll open on schedule."

Hackey laughed wildly.

"You assure me! You haven't got the lease. You're not left without a company to shove in; and at this time of year! You'll never get ready with a fresh woman in that part."

Michigan's Prison Census

Shows Ten-Year Increase

Detroit—(UP)—Michigan's prison population has increased from 2,900 to 8,100, or 179 per cent in 10 years, according to Paul W. Voorhies, attorney general of Michigan and ex-officio chairman of the state crime commission.

Addressing the Detroit Exchange club, the attorney general offered three proposals as a partial solution to the problem of crime increase. They were: A great uniformity of sentences; extended use

"I have," Rulon drawled, "a woman who knows most of the part already."

"Who?" the insane man snarled.

Barbara realized that Rulon was worried, but he answered easily:

"Miss Norcross. Anybody can pick up her little part with the time we've got."

Hackey jumped over the footlights, walked close, and stared.

"Do you want to cut me off in my prime?"

Rulon spread his hands.

"It's the only way out, and it will do. I guarantee it. I'll work with her day and night until she's as good as Manson. I tell you Miss Norcross has an instinct for it. She'll come through."

Hackey placed his hands on his hips and crowded his voice with irony.

"Charles, pray tell me one thing. Are you in love with Miss Norcross?"

Rulon flushed angrily, then laughed.

"Go to the devil! I decidedly don't hate her the way you do."

"Hate her!" Hackey cried. "I'm a showman. I hate amateurs in my productions. Aside from that I love her like sugar plums."

Rulon smiled uneasily at Barbara.

"Pay less than no attention to him, Miss Norcross. It runs in his family: dumbness, oafishness, and after-to-day we might suspect a touch of paresis. All right, my lad, then no show!"

Hackey buried his face in his hands. His voice had a grieving quality.

"Go ahead. Do anything you hanged please. You've got me in a vise. But I won't go to your damned play. The night you open I'll have myself locked up in a sanitarium."

The new schedule wore Barbara out, but the hard work steadied her nerves, and limited her chances to brood. After every company rehearsal Rulon kept her for hours, striving with an infinite patience to make her ready. Hackey stayed away from the theater until the night of the dress rehearsal. He stalked on the stage then and grinned at Rulon.

"Thought I'd better see, Charles, if I'll have to have you put away to-morrow."

He sat in the back of the orchestra, smoking, and didn't open his mouth until after the final curtain dropped. Barbara thought she hadn't been bad, and Rulon beamed on her. Hackey thrust out his chin.

"Pretty raw, but you're also rare—to look at, Norcross. If you don't disgrace me for life to-morrow night I'll give you a box of sweetmeats."

Rulon spoke warmly.

"She'll not disgrace you, Guv'nor. That's all for tonight. Come, I want to see that you get home. Then go to sleep, and don't worry."

He walked along, talking to her soothingly. Suddenly he paused, laughed, and pointed.

"There's a funny one!"

Barbara read in large letters the name "Bars and Stripes" on a boarding in front of a building just off Seventh Avenue.

"Probably," she mused without interest, "a new night club."

Rulon nodded.

"Queer name, though; a trouble-asking name. Promises a novelty. We'll go when it

of probation system, and strengthening of the parole plan.

#### Likeness of Mahatma

Shown in Salt-Cellars

London—(UP)—Salt cellars made in the likeness of Mahatma Gandhi are on sale in the stores here.

He is depicted squatting in his favorite attitude, with loin cloth, spectacles and the inevitable grin. The salt is poured out of several holes in his head.

The great beauty of the Gandhi

opens. Trot along now. Lots of sleep and no worry."

But all that night and the next day the fear of failure stayed with Barbara and wouldn't let her sleep or relax. She didn't want to disgrace Hackey or Rulon, but much more than that she didn't care to make a laughing stock of herself.

At six o'clock Rulon came to the boarding house, and took her to a quiet restaurant for a bite.

"I just know how you feel, but if you don't get hold of yourself we'll all come a smash."

He talked to her soothingly, quietly, intensely until her nerves steadied. She would have to get hold of herself for his sake at least. What an opportunity he had given her! And she realized she could never have taken advantage of it without his patient, exhausting training. But at the theater where he led her immediately after leaving the restaurant another fear sprang at her.

She was dressed, waiting her call in her dressing room. Everything was ready. The curtain would go up at any minute. From the auditorium she had heard the breathing and rustling of the beast. Someone rapped at her door, and Rulon stepped in. He took her hands and drew her to her feet.

"This is the moment, my dear. Courage! I'll be behind you every second."

His grasp tightened. His eyes flashed something new at her. He kissed her quickly on the cheek, then bent and kissed her hand.

"Miss Norcross! Miss Norcross! Curtain!"

It was the call boy. She went out, dazed, remembering what Hackey had said that day.

"Charles, pray tell me one thing. Are you in love with Miss Norcross?"

She stepped on the stage, feeling a little sick. The curtain swayed up. She grasped the back of a chair. As from a far place she heard Rulon's rich voice reciting the opening lines. In a moment she would have to answer him. Could she remember?

The house lights were fairly bright. She put her hand to her throat and tried not to stare hypnotically at those two expectant figures in the front row. Steve sat there, his long legs outstretched, his cane hooked over the railing of the orchestra well. At his side Mrs. Twining was erect, intent, her sharp eyes on Barbara. Why had she come?

Her glance was drawn further back where faces were blurred. Harvey would be somewhere out there. All at once she felt cold, without animation. Could that man in the center of the house, so much bigger than the people around him, be Gray Manvel? At first she couldn't be sure. The face was blurred. Her eyes were misty. Yes, and Esther was with him.

She caught her breath and looked away as she realized that Rulon was close beside her, prompting in a panicky whisper.

#### CHAPTER VI

At the close Barbara stood in the wings listening to Rulon's suave voice from the stage. She felt out of breath, shaken as from too-protracted physical strain. She hadn't the slightest measure of her success, or lack of it, but she did feel that the piece hadn't gone particularly well. The applause at the end, for instance, had barely justified Rulon's curtain speech. She saw the carpenter, a morose man in his shirt sleeves, thrust a piece of black tobacco in his mouth; with a sinking heart she heard him spit out venom to another member of his crew.

"I'll bet you my wages for he run it doesn't last a month. The new girl's green as grass. She's rotten."

The leading lady came over to her, patted her arm, and

salt-cellars is that they can be appreciated both by those who admire the Mahatma and those who do not.

BLACK BEAR OFFERED FOR \$25  
Salem, Ore.—(UP)—A big black bear is yours for \$25. "He's quite tame," the bear vendor wrote the Chamber of Commerce, "but we can't keep him much longer."

RECORD AIR TRAVEL  
Washington—The number of passengers carried on American air lines during the first 10 months of 1931 was greater than the number

said without the smallest sincerity:

"You were perfectly splendid, dear. You look tired. An opening is a strain, isn't it? Must say Charles is giving them their money's worth."

But Rulon ended just then, and, followed by scattered handclapping, stalked from the stage, took Barbara in his arms, and kissed her.

"Author's privilege!"  
The leading lady lifted her painted face.

"My privilege, Charles!"

Barbara noticed that Rulon merely brushed the leading lady's cheek with his lips. He had kissed her on the mouth, and her surprise turned to resentment, and she remembered uncomfortably his manner in her dressing room before he had earned what he called his privilege.

"I'm afraid I spoiled your play."

He smiled at her, but his voice held no more sincerity than the leading lady's.

"Don't be silly. You were darned good."

He sketched a shudder.

"Must say you did give me a scare at the start. Thought for a minute you had a touch of aphasia."

She shuddered too at the recollection. It was when she had seen Gray, and realized that Esther was with him, that she had momentarily forgotten everything in questioning if Esther had dragged Gray there in the hope of seeing her make a fool of herself. Probably she had, and now Esther and Gray were laughing at her. But she had tried very hard after the first moment of panic, yet always she had seen Gray's bulk, or else Mrs. Twining's cynical, appraising rigidity; and when the final curtain had swished down she had thought of it as a barrier, difficult to cross. Rulon recalled her nodding towards the door leading to the auditorium.

"Here comes the hard-headed Hackey. Maybe he'll give us the dirt."

Hackey sauntered over, chewing a cigar, sleepy-eyed. Rulon took Barbara's hand and swung it.

"Own up. She was pretty good, Guv'nor."

Hackey removed his cigar and contemplated the flies.

"I'll own up she was pretty, Charles."

Barbara's despondency grew. Rulon made a gesture of disgust. "Why can't you put yourself on record for once?"

Hackey continued to contemplate the flies.

"Since you ask, I will, about your play. Aside from the fact that it's pretty too, it's lousy. I'm on my way now to the poor house to reserve a room with southern exposure."

Barbara sighed.

"I'm sorry, Mr. Hackey. I guess I was pretty dreadful."

He lifted her chin in his hand, and his eyes were kind.

"No need for you to burst into tears yet, Norcross. Did anybody throw things at you? But that may be because we keep no fruit stand in the lobby. Don't let's despair until we've seen the papers. Beauty's been known to soften the heart of the ugliest critic. Good-night. Get some sleep. You've earned it."

But Rulon urged her to go to supper.

"It'll help to keep it out of our minds until we can grab the papers."

Her palpable exhaustion made him let her off.

"I've got to get home or I'll go to sleep on my feet."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

COURTHOUSE SOLD FOR TAXES  
Oroville, Cal.—(UP)—Butte county's courthouse, placed erroneously on the assessment rolls, has been sold for delinquent taxes by the city of Oroville, bought in by the city and given back to the county. Now the county turned the tables and presented a tax bill to the city for county owned land.

OBSERVE CENTENNIAL  
Kalamazoo, Mich.—(UP)—Kalamazoo college will celebrate its centennial anniversary in October, 1933, college officials have announced. A three-day program will be held.

carried during the entire year of 1930, the United States department of commerce reports. The total for 1930 was 417,505, while at the end of October, 1931, the figures for the first 10 months of 1931 showed 426,465 passengers.

SETTER USES ELEVATOR  
Augusta, Me.—(UP)—"Skipper," a black and white English setter, always waits for the elevator when he wants to go up or downstairs at the state house. He is a frequent visitor at the capital, being owned by Gov. William Tudor Gardner.

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IN 6 HOURS WITH

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25¢ Breaks a cold in 6 hours. 25¢  
Drives it away in 12 hours.

Relieves  
Headache—Neuralgia—Pains

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#### Red Man's Legend

##### of Indian Summer

When the smoky haze is over the valley at twilight white Americans seem to see in it the council smoke of the red man, and call it "Indian summer."

To the red American, however, it is "lazy-farmer time" and his explanation of the name and time is like this:

The Great Spirit sends the warm rains of fall to ripen the corn and the pumpkins, and as they turn golden he causes the leaves to fall to show the Indian and the squirrels that harvest time is at hand.

Most of the farmers and the animals heed the warning and hasten to the work of harvest, but there are some lazy humans and animals who always say, "I shall do that tomorrow." So, to awake these lazy folks, Great Spirit calls on the North Wind to send down a real blast and this makes the lazy folks realize that winter is at hand and they have no harvested stores. The lazy man and animal look upward for pity and then the Great Spirit sends a few warm days so that the lazy folks can do their delayed tasks.

After that comes the winter, and woe betide that lazy man who did not catch the real meaning of Indian summer.

## Stiff, Aching, Sore!

Get quick relief  
this simple way



Here's the way to relieve painful lumbago without blistering or burning. Rub on good old St. Jacobs Oil. Quickly it draws out inflammation and pain. Wonderful relief comes... in a minute! St. Jacobs Oil is just the remedy for aches and pains of Rheumatism, Neuritis, Lumbago, Backache, Neuralgia and sore, swollen joints. Get a small bottle from your druggist.

#### Traveling Laboratory

A traveling entomological laboratory for the department of agriculture in Tanganyika is under construction at Glasgow. The motor laboratory will be used specifically for malarial investigation. The interior measures ten feet by six feet and five windows are fitted—two on each side and one on the door, which is at the rear. The windows, louvers and other openings are covered with copper gauze on the inside to render them proof against the dangerous tsetse fly. The van is also fitted with a special electrical plant.

#### The Truth at Last

"The women out our way have formed a secret society."  
"Tut! Women don't know how to keep secrets."  
"But this society isn't to keep secrets; it's to tell them."—Exchange.

#### The Only Difference

There is this difference between great leaders and the average citizen: The average citizen doesn't know how to save the country, either, but he doesn't know it.—Los Angeles Times.

What of the stay-at-homes who are not rolling stones and yet gather no moss?

## When Rest Is Broken



Act Promptly When Bladder  
Irregularities Disturb Sleep

Are you bothered with bladder irregularities; burning, scanty or too frequent passage and getting up at night? Heed promptly these symptoms. They may warn of some disordered kidney or bladder condition. Users everywhere rely on Doan's Pills. Recommended for 50 years. Sold everywhere.

## Doan's Pills

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FOR  
THE KIDNEYS