

Scientists Believe Ice

Layer in Air Storm Cause
French scientists who have been conducting experiments in east Greenland say there is a layer of ice in the air over the polar regions.

The discovery was made when electrical impulses from an electric sounding machine were reflected back. Time of the impulses in transit was recorded and computations made which gave the height of the ice layer.



I'M SOLD

It always works

Just do what hospitals do, and the doctors insist on. Use a good liquid laxative, and aid Nature to restore clocklike regularity without strain or ill effect.

A liquid can always be taken in gradually reduced doses. Reduced dosage is the real secret of relief from constipation.

Ask a doctor about this. Ask your druggist how very popular Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin has become. It gives the right kind of help, and right amount of help.

Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin contains senna and cascara—both natural laxatives that form no habit. The action is gentle, but sure. It will relieve any sluggishness or bilious condition due to constipation without upset.

Clouds Will Break

Saving for a rainy day is difficult when it seems to be a rainy season

FOUND! My Ideal Remedy for PAIN. CAPUDINE. Break up that COLD.

Perhaps the surest way to prevent a cold from catching hold! CAPUDINE. Break up that COLD.

BACKACHES Need Warmth. MISERABLE backaches or muscle pains caused by rheumatism, neuritis, sciatica, lumbago and strain all respond instantly to Alcock's Porous Plaster.

BEFORE BABY COMES

Elimination of Body Waste is Doubly Important. In the crucial months before baby arrives it is vitally important that the body be rid of waste matter.

Why Physicians Recommend Milnesia Wafers. These mint-flavored, candy-like wafers are pure milk of magnesia in solid form.

Start using these delicious, effective anti-acid, gently laxative wafers today. Professional samples sent free to registered physicians or dentists if request is made on professional letterhead.

MILNESIA WAFERS. 35c & 60c bottles, 20c tins. The Original Milk of Magnesia Wafers.

STORM MUSIC

By Dornford Yates

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SYNOPSIS

John Spencer and his cousin, Geoffrey Bohun, vacationing in Austria, Geoffrey is a gifted portrait painter but prefers to paint landscapes.

CHAPTER I—Continued

"You go in," he said, "and have a look at the rooms. I imagine they're quite all right, but you never can tell."

I left him filling a pipe and walked to The Reaping Hook.

This was a pleasant inn, standing back from the road.

As I entered the great, stone taproom, it was clear that all was not well.

It now seemed clear that some brawl or other had lately disordered the house and I began to wonder whether the host was absent because he had suffered some hurt.

As I flung myself into the Rolls, I saw Dewdrop, running towards us, stop in his tracks.

The engine of the Rolls was running and I let in the clutch. Then I lifted the car towards Geoffrey across the road.

A closed car was standing in the forecourt beside the door of the inn.

As Dewdrop whipped behind it, my cousin fired again. Then he turned to see me waiting six paces away.

Pharaoh was standing in the doorway with a hand to his hip; as he drew arms, Rush thrust out from behind him and sent him against the jamb.

I had never stopped the Rolls and as Geoffrey leaped for the step I let her go. In that instant two shots were fired, and a bullet went by my face to splinter the driving mirror.

Geoffrey was speaking. "I'm much obliged, my son. But another time you simply must do as I say. It's you they're after, not me. And now please put her along. I've holed their petrol-tank, so I hardly think they'll start; all the same I believe in distance."

Twenty minutes later we glided out of a by-road on to a grass-green track; where this curled into a thicket, I threw out the clutch.

"My God," said Geoffrey, and wiped the sweat from his face. "And after all that trouble to cover our tracks. Fate beats the band sometimes. And now tell me exactly what happened."

"I told him the truth. 'Colossal,' says he. 'Colossal. There's no other word. However, there's no harm done.' He pulled out a map. 'And now let's see where we are. We ran through a village called Wagen some four miles back.'

"We were twenty-two miles from Plumage, and the hour was just one o'clock.

"Tea with the goddess," he said, "at five o'clock. What could be better? But I don't want to wait till then. Besides, we must find a lodging."

Plumage lay more than two miles from the high road. The farm was set on the floor of a fair-sized valley that ran due west. The dwelling itself was handsome, white and gray and low, with shutters of olive green.

"I must try and paint that," said Geoffrey. "The world will say it's unnatural, but never mind."

We stole down the lane in silence and as I brought the car to rest, Lady Helena Yorick came out of the house, and behind her, a great Alsatian, a very beautiful hound.

Here for the first time I saw how truly lovely she was.

I introduced my cousin and the lady gave him her hand.

"I know your work," she said. "You painted my mother's brother six years ago."

"In Philadelphia," Geoffrey said. "He carried his head as you do and he had the same blue-black hair."

"For a moment they spoke of her mother's American home.

"Plumage," said Geoffrey, "deserves its beautiful name. Will you let me paint it one day, when the battle is done?"

Lady Helena laughed. "I see," she said, "that you have been reading the map."

"This isn't Yorick!" I cried. "No," said Geoffrey. "But it's on

CHAPTER II

Plumage.

As I stole away from that door, I know that my knees were loose. So often as I remember that my hand was raised, ready to knock, the sweat will start upon my forehead.

I passed down the passage a-tiptoe, as well I might, wondering if ever before two men had, only to choose for their harbor the enemy's camp, for that, of course, was the use to which he was putting the inn.

I was halfway down the stairs, which rose in two flights, and the doorway of the inn was before me, when there came to my ears the slam of the

door of a car. I believe that I stopped instinctively, but almost before I could think, a figure was in the doorway—a little wiry figure—and was heading straight for the stairs.

It was my old friend, Dewdrop.

Now I saw in a flash that unless of the four it was he that had been lying in wait to identify me at Lass, I stood a very fair chance of being no more than suspected as I went by.

I, therefore, held on my way, and since he was looking down, Dewdrop did not perceive me until he was three steps off. And then our eyes met—for an instant.

His surprise was his undoing.

As plain as though he had said so, I knew that he knew who I was and the second he spent in staring served my turn. As his fingers flew to his mouth, I hit him under the jaw and leaped for the door.

Now all would have been very well if I had not made one mistake.

I had had the advantage of Dewdrop, for he had been standing below me and I was the heavier man. But the hall below us was flagged and I was afraid to hit hard lest he should topple backwards and split his skull on the stone. And so, though the blow was heavy, it was not heavy enough. Lay hold of me he could not, for his balance was gone, but as I gained the forecourt his piercing whistle rang out.

My cousin heard it—I saw him. He had his back to the inn, and the bonnet of the Rolls was open and he was making some adjustment, spanner in hand. For an instant he stared. And then the bonnet was shut, and the spanner was in his pocket and a pistol was in his hand.

"Before I could speak—

"Take the wheel," said Geoffrey, "and back her the way we came. There's a corner a hundred yards back. Turn her around there and wait. Is that their car?"

"Yes, but—"

"Quick," cried my cousin, and started to stroll to the inn.

As I flung myself into the Rolls, I saw Dewdrop, running towards us, stop in his tracks. As Geoffrey fired, the fellow turned and doubled, dodging from side to side; to my amazement my cousin began to give chase.

The engine of the Rolls was running and I let in the clutch. Then I lifted the car towards Geoffrey across the road.

A closed car was standing in the forecourt beside the door of the inn. As Dewdrop whipped behind it, my cousin fired again. Then he turned to see me waiting six paces away.

Pharaoh was standing in the doorway with a hand to his hip; as he drew arms, Rush thrust out from behind him and sent him against the jamb. I shall always believe that this blunder saved Geoffrey's life.

I had never stopped the Rolls and as Geoffrey leaped for the step I let her go. In that instant two shots were fired, and a bullet went by my face to splinter the driving mirror. And then we were flashing through the village.

Geoffrey was speaking. "I'm much obliged, my son. But another time you simply must do as I say. It's you they're after, not me. And now please put her along. I've holed their petrol-tank, so I hardly think they'll start; all the same I believe in distance."

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"This isn't Yorick!" I cried. "No," said Geoffrey. "But it's on

the Yorick estate. Yorick itself is three miles beyond these woods."

"And six miles from Annabel," said Lady Helena. "Remembering that, Mr. Bohun, do you still propose to stay there?"

"No," said Geoffrey, "we don't. We've—er—changed our minds."

"I'm glad to hear it," said the girl. "Mr. Spencer is rather headstrong, and he doesn't seem to consider that he's rather too young to die."

Lady Helena then turned to the bench on the left of the door.

"Let's thrash this out," she said. She took her seat in the middle, and we sat one on each side.

"You may take it from me," she said, "that this is no ordinary case. I know what these men are out for, and they're not going to stand any rot. If it was my jewels, they could have them—young Florin was above rubies."

"But they are not after my jewels; they're after something which isn't mine to give them and which they will never get."

"Now, how do you think they feel about Mr. Spencer? They know that he has the power not only to ruin their game but to send them to prison and death. Of course I can't answer for them, but if I were in their position, I'll tell you how I should feel. I should not rest until Mr. Spencer was dead."

"I'm inclined to agree," said Geoffrey. "If you'd said as much this morning, I should have said you were wrong, for I think the return of his letter was an order to him to clear out. But now the case is altered. Through no fault of his own he's given them reason to think that he means to treat this order with all the contempt it deserves. Now, mark you, it wasn't his fault. We bumped into them at Annabel. They'd made the inn their headquarters, and John walked into their arms."

"My God," said the girl.

"But, as you see," said Geoffrey, "he also walked out. To tell you the truth, we had the best of the brush. But, speaking perfectly frankly, I fear that the damage is done. They believe that he's out to get them, and if he leaves the country I give you my word I think they'll follow him out."

"You say," Lady Helena said, "that you had the best of the brush."

"We put their car out of action. They won't be able to move for twenty-four hours."

"That's a start worth having. He could be in London tomorrow if you left Salzburg tonight."

My cousin sighed.

"My lady," he said, "for one thing, he wouldn't go; and, for another, it wouldn't be any use. Their finding that letter was deadly; it bore his London address."

"Then what's to be done?"

"He must have his wish," said Geoffrey. "Fate has played into his hands, and the only thing he can do is to stand and fight."

Lady Helena rose.

As Geoffrey and I stood up—"From what Mr. Spencer told me, I fully believe I could count upon your support. He's very young and downright, and he can see nothing but red. But I fully believed you would see that my consent must be given before you took on these men. The man who is dead was my servant, and the men are after my goods. If you stand and fight you will therefore be fighting my battle, and that gives me the clear right to decline your help. And I do decline it, Mr. Bohun. You cannot enter this quarrel without helping me; and I do not desire your assistance. If London's not safe, then leave for Paris tonight."

"I'm damned if I'm going," said I.

Lady Helena turned upon me with blazing eyes.

"I beg your pardon."

"My blood was up and I gave her back look for look."

"I said 'I'm damned if I'm going.' And I'll tell you another thing. I'm

damned if I'm going to be treated as though I were seven years old."

Lady Helena did not reply. I suddenly felt ashamed. Uneasily I turned to my cousin, but he had strolled down the apron and was regarding his barn.

For a moment I hesitated. Then I made my way to the farther side of the Rolls.

And there I was sitting, on the running-board, staring on the beauty before me and cursing my unruly tongue, when I heard a step on the pavement and before I could move my lady sat down by my side.

"Where are you staying?" she said. (TO BE CONTINUED)

STAR DUST Movie • Radio

By VIRGINIA VALE

HOW many of you remember Emil Jannings, who was one of our foremost screen actors in the days of silent pictures? A recent picture of his, made in Germany, and called "The Making of a King," is now being shown; it's a talking picture, in German with English sub-titles.

Historically it's interesting; it shows the efforts of Frederick the First of Germany to make his son fit to rule the country. But Jannings suffers by comparison with Charles Laughton. It's impossible not to imagine what Laughton would have done with that role. Save for occasional flashes, Jannings seems just to be a very good actor. And, speaking of Laughton, he's just paid \$100,000 for a painting. It's Renoir's famous "The Judgment of Paris," and will probably bring much more than that if he ever wants to sell it. And isn't it nice to think that he is able to buy it because all of us have liked him so much on the screen?

Looks as if that romance between Joan Blondell and Dick Powell is really serious.

Ruth Roland, who long ago thrilled everybody in silent serials, will be heard on the air soon—and the young man who's doing the script is somewhat annoyed. The story is a father and son story, (with Ernest Truex playing the father) and he's got to build up the mother's role because Ruth can't be wasted on a small one.

Listen, my children, and you shall hear the strange story of Igor Gorin—you've heard him sing many times recently on the Hollywood Hotel hour (at least, it's your own fault if you haven't heard him; he's been on the air regularly and before that, he was on the air intermittently with Roxy's Gang).

He had sung in Europe before he arrived in this country, a few years ago, but making a name for himself here proved a good deal of a problem. He'd reached the stage where he didn't know just what to do next when someone took him to Roxy, who at that time was at the head of the Radio City Music Hall.

Roxy heard him, and was carried away by that enthusiasm that was responsible for the discovery of so many good singers. He promptly promised young Gorin an engagement.

But Gorin hadn't any evening clothes, and he'd have to have them.

"Take him to my tailor," said Roxy to an assistant. "Get him everything he needs and charge the clothes to me."

So Igor Gorin had clothes, and an opportunity to sing for huge audiences, and was so happy that he couldn't believe all this had really happened to him. His magnificent voice delighted the Music Hall's patrons. It delighted other thousands on the air. Everything was perfect.

Then Roxy left the Music Hall and presently Gorin didn't seem to be heard any more.

But he'd got his start. He went to Hollywood. And now he's to have one of the principal roles in "As Thousands Cheer," and has had two telegrams inviting him to sing at the Metropolitan Opera house. Once again his star of good luck is high in the sky.

A theater in North Carolina has been named for Shirley Temple—and is she delighted.

It's always interesting to see what screen stars name their children. Evelyn Venable christened her new daughter Dolores. Joan Bennett belongs to the group that likes quaint, old-fashioned names; she called the first baby she and Gene Markey had Melinda.

If you're considering trying to get your young son or daughter into the movies, ponder a moment on the fact that according to the casting bureaus one child out of every 7,000 makes the grade. Or, if you'd rather remember that ever since the movies got under way those on the inside have been trying to convince those on the outside that it was practically impossible to get in!

For the first time in history somebody's broadcasting from a dog house. It's Charles Stark, talking from SPCA headquarters in Philadelphia, telling about the dogs that are available for adoption, so if you want a dog, listen in on WMCA or the other stations of that chain.

ODDS AND ENDS . . . Bing Crosby rides a bicycle around the lot . . . George O'Brien got hit in the eye by a squash ball and nearly went blind . . . Gladys Swarthout has turned down a fifty-two weeks' radio contract; movies and opera take all her time now . . . Previous of "Captain Blood" make it look likely that Errol Flynn will develop into one of our most popular movie stars.

Western Newswoman Station.



Laughton

Inebriate Youth Should

Have Been Tossed Anchor

He is what, for lack of a better name, is sometimes called a young man about town. On the morning after he is clinging for support to a lamp post.

An individual connected with the street cleaning department walks up to a hydrant, dragging a length of hose behind him, and, fitting a wrench to the cap, proceeds to unscrew it.

"Don't—please don't!" cries the youth anchored to the lamp post.

"Don't do what?" asked the functionary, halting in astonishment.

"Don't wind up this street any tighter. She's spinning round too fast as it is!"—Bystander.

Glaciers in United States

Are Rapidly Melting Away

The largest glacial system in the continental United States, exclusive of Alaska, is rapidly melting away. It is the Mount Rainier system, comprising 28 glaciers with an area of nearly 50 square miles.

C. Frank Brockman recently pointed out in American Forests that Nisqually, third largest and most accessible of the group, is receding at an average rate of 72 feet a year.—Literary Digest.

Lightning Decided

A special committee met in Proving to discuss preservation of the city's landmark, the largest tree in France. A 201-year-old cedar, it towered 100 feet and measured 30 feet in circumference. While the committee argued, a storm split the tree asunder.

The Man Who Knows

Whether the Remedy You are taking for Headaches, Neuralgia or Rheumatism Pains is SAFE is Your Doctor. Ask Him

Don't Entrust Your Own or Your Family's Well-Being to Unknown Preparations

BEFORE you take any preparation you don't know all about, for the relief of headaches; or the pains of rheumatism, neuritis or neuralgia, ask your doctor what he thinks about it—in comparison with Genuine Bayer Aspirin.

We say this because, before the discovery of Bayer Aspirin, most so-called "pain" remedies were advised against by physicians as being bad for the stomach; or, often, for the heart. And the discovery of Bayer Aspirin largely changed medical practices.

Countless thousands of people who have taken Bayer Aspirin in and out without ill effect, have proved that the medical findings about its safety were correct.

Remember this: Genuine Bayer Aspirin is rated among the safest methods yet discovered for the relief of headaches and all common pains . . . and safe for the average person to take regularly.

You can get real Bayer Aspirin at any drug store—simply by never asking for it by the name "aspirin" alone, but always saying BAYER ASPIRIN when you buy.

Bayer Aspirin

Havana Old City

Havana was founded by Diego Velasquez in 1515.

For Bad Feeling Due to Constipation

Get rid of constipation by taking Black-Draught as soon as you notice that bowel activity has slowed up or you begin to feel sluggish. Thousands prefer Black-Draught for the refreshing relief it has brought them. . . Mrs. Ray Mullins, of Lake, Ark., writes: "My husband and I both take Theodor's Black-Draught and find it splendid for constipation, biliousness, and the disagreeable, aching, tired feeling that comes from this condition." With reference to Syrup of Black-Draught, which this mother gives her children, she says: "They like the taste and it gave such good results."

BLACK-DRAUGHT

Don't be Tormented by ITCHY, BURNING, SKIN relief follows the use of Resinol

Rheumacide

Indicated as an Alternative in the Treatment of RHEUMATIC FEVER, GOUT, Simple Neuralgia, Muscular Aches and Pains

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Jas. Baly & Son, Wholesale Distributors, Baltimore, Md.