FOR THE BOYS—Take a gander at Miss Edna Brown, a Carson Model, of Baltimore.

A Miracle

The old lady stopped and looked into the little darling's face and patted his wee head. "Say Mama for me, sweetness," she cooed softly.

The baby didn't make a sound. The old lady became more urgent. "Come, little one, say Mama for poor me." Finally the baby looked at her and gurgled crossly:

"How do you expect me to talk when I'm only three months old?"

BRAIN TWISTERS

By DON DOUGLAS

Here is a list of European cities. You've heard of all of them, but do you really know the country in which each is situated?

1. Helsinki.
2. Salonika.
3. Milan.
4. Antwerp.
5. Avignon.
6. Hull.
7. Bresalau.
8. Cartagena
9. Odessa.
10. Lucerne.

First And Last

Just one letter tacked on the front and back of each of these letter-groupings will form a good word. For instance, if we give you the grouping "AXI," you can use the letter "M" in front and back to form MAXIM. Now, try it on each of these:

1. UMO.
2. WIS.
3. LUD.
4. LUM.
5. IDO.
6. LUR.
7. ITC.
8. IVI.
9. YLO.

Word Changes

Change one word into another word, one letter at a time, each time forming another word, until the desired word is reached. Don't change the order of any letters. For instance: Change FAIR to DULL in four steps. Thus? Fair, fail, fall, full, Dull.

1. YOU to SHE in five steps.
2. FOUR TO NINE in seven steps.
3. TRAIN to PLANE in seven steps.
4. PAPER to MONEY in seven steps.

Famous Battles

Can you name the war in which each of these famous battles in history was fought?

1. San Juan Hill.
2. Berdun.
3. Coral Sea.
4. The Ardennes.
5. Gettysburg.
6. Manila Bay.
7. Jutland.
8. Waterloo.

ANSWERS

1. PLACE THE PLACE, Pilsland.
2. Greece, 2. Italy, 4. Belgium, 5. France, 6. England, 7. Germany, 8. Twice, 2. Eight, 4. Plump, 5. Wave, 6. Burn, 7. Milk, 8. Civil, 9. Nylon.
WORD CHANGES: 1. You, son, not, set, son, sone, 2. Four, pour, pour, peal, heal, fraal, grass, grass, post, pose, nose, nine, 3. Train, cane, cone, bone, honey, money, place, plane, 4. Paper, caper, cape, cape, cape, money, money.
FAMOUS BATTLES: 1. Spanish-American War, 2. World War I, 3. World War II, 4. World War II, 5. American Civil War, 6. Spanish-American War, 7. World War I, 8. Napoleonic War.

IDLE HOUR PAGE

FORTUNE TELLER

ORIENT 2 3 4 5 6 7

YOU can have fun figuring out your message from the Orient by use of this pleasant little letter puzzle. If the number of letters in your first name is 5 or less, subtract from 7. If more than 5 letters in your first name, subtract from 13. Now take this this puzzle. Then, starting at the upper left corner, check each one of your large key letters as it appears from left to right. Below the key letters is a code message for you.

R	O	O	N	I	E	T	R	N	E	I	O	R
S	s	u	p	p	a	s	u	p	b	e	r	i
T	E	N	T	O	R	I	E	N	E	I	R	O
c	r	e	e	p	c	o	a	n	a	s	i	i
I	T	O	R	N	E	O	R	I	T	E	N	T
c	n	w	k	b	s	i	n	n	g	i	t	
O	N	E	T	I	R	R	O	T	I	N	E	E
t	n	o	y	s	t	a	o	o	r	o	d	
E	T	T	E	R	O	I	N	I	N	N	O	T
e	u	r	d	g	s	e	s	t	b	i	e	
N	I	T	T	E	R	O	I	N	I	T	E	R
I	f	a	i	b	u	s	i	n	i	s	s	
O	N	T	I	R	E	O	R	T	N	E	I	T
t	i	n	p	o	s	s	t	y	e	s	s	

ANSWERS

2. FOUR TO NINE in seven steps.
3. TRAIN to PLANE in seven steps.
4. PAPER to MONEY in seven steps.

Famous Battles

Can you name the war in which each of these famous battles in history was fought?

1. San Juan Hill.
2. Berdun.
3. Coral Sea.
4. The Ardennes.
5. Gettysburg.
6. Manila Bay.
7. Jutland.
8. Waterloo.

ANSWERS

1. PLACE THE PLACE, Pilsland.
2. Greece, 2. Italy, 4. Belgium, 5. France, 6. England, 7. Germany, 8. Twice, 2. Eight, 4. Plump, 5. Wave, 6. Burn, 7. Milk, 8. Civil, 9. Nylon.
WORD CHANGES: 1. You, son, not, set, son, sone, 2. Four, pour, pour, peal, heal, fraal, grass, grass, post, pose, nose, nine, 3. Train, cane, cone, bone, honey, money, place, plane, 4. Paper, caper, cape, cape, cape, money, money.
FAMOUS BATTLES: 1. Spanish-American War, 2. World War I, 3. World War II, 4. World War II, 5. American Civil War, 6. Spanish-American War, 7. World War I, 8. Napoleonic War.

YOUR brain budget

1. A jerboa is: (a) a snake; (b) a rodent; (c) a kangaroo?
2. The weight of the crown Queen Elizabeth will wear in her coronation ceremony weighs: (a) 10 pounds; (b) 5 pounds; (c) 2 pounds?
3. A blockade of the China coast has been much in the news. How long is the coast of China? (a) 5,000 miles; (b) 4,000; (c) 3,000.

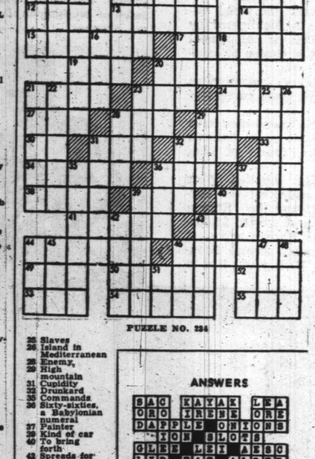
ANSWERS

1. A rodent.
2. Five pounds
3. 4,000 miles.

Word Steps

1. Printers measure
2. Sea eagle
3. Hold in check
4. Sea nymph
5. Sharpshooter
6. Inhale
7. Reading matter

CROSSWORD PUZZLE

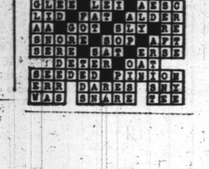


HORIZONTAL
1 Pouch
4 Eximo boat
9 Meadow
12 Gold, in S. American countries
13 Feminine name
14 Native metal
15 Variegated with spots
17 Vegetable pl.)
19 Electrified particle
20 Narrow opening
21 Merriment
22 Hawaiian wreath
24 Armed galley of old Northmen
27 Cover
28 Obese
29 Kind of shrub
30 Cooled lava
31 Obtained
33 Cunning
35 Note of scale
36 Breathe loudly asleep
38 A bribe
39 Part of boat
40 Wed
42 Coarse grain
44 Planted
45 Wind
46 To mistake
48 Challenges
50 Vessel's curve
52 Set planting
53 Form of "to be"
54 Trap
55 Gold mound

VERTICAL
1 Turf
2 Macaw
3 Patterned
4 Pyre
5 Form of to be
6 Ital. pronoun
7 A lizard
8 Card game
9 Unlike
10 Sea eagle
11 Roman bronze
16 American writer
18 Country
20 To place
21 Mirror
23 Climbing plant
25 Buddhist pillar
26 Slaves
28 Island in Mediterranean
32 Enemy
33 High mountain
34 Cupidity
35 Drunkard
36 Commands
38 Sixty-sixties, a Babylonian numeral
37 Painter
39 Kind of ear
40 To bring forth
41 Spreads for drying
43 River of Eurasia
44 To stitch
45 Period of time
46 Lament
47 Number
48 Brood of pheasants
51 Sun god

PUZZLE NO. 234

ANSWERS



ARITHMETIC

ADD: 261 and 703

ADD: 924 and 008

MULTIPLY: 72 and 35

SUBTRACT: 119 and 586

DIVIDE: 471 into 957

STARS YOU

DAILY FORECASTS

What to do and avoid each day in the coming week:—

Tuesday. — Grand for getting together or for a happy time at home with loved ones. Young people especially will give and receive much pleasure. Lucky numbers, 918, 274, color, red.

Wednesday. — Interviews with important people will aid financing of new schemes. Excellent for planning ahead, signing long-term contracts. Ideas will come freely. Lucky numbers, 110, 192, color, orange.

Thursday.—A flying start can be made. Polish off routine jobs quickly and get around to see people who matter. Care needed in handling opposite sex, whether in business or personal affairs. Lucky numbers, 514, 342, color, brown.

Friday.—Sudden changes of plan may disorganize things. Chance for investment if adequate precautions are taken. Don't listen to wild schemes. Lucky numbers, 312, 216, color, purple.

Saturday. — The strong approach will bring results. Don't let routine matters swamp initiative. Fine openings in machinery, manufactures and sports goods. Lucky numbers, 16, 25, color, green.

Sunday.—Profitable deals in domestic articles. Money not easy to raise, but persuasive approach will do it. Develop an idea for combining business with pleasure. Lucky numbers, 152, 8, color, white.

Monday.—Do essential work before noon. It should go smoothly and leave you free for relaxation. Afternoon favors active exercise, evening a social visit. Lucky numbers, 813, 200, color, silver.

YOUR OWN HOROSCOPE

Look under your birth-sign below for your forecast for the week ahead:—

ARIES (March 21—April 20) —You will surprise yourself by energy you show in overcoming competition. Personality of a woman partner or friend will smooth way. Big chance you have been waiting for will come near the weekend.

TAURUS (April 21—May 21). — Discussion with a superior or executive will lead to added responsibility with some financial gain. Make a plan of action and get busy. Your suggestion for a family outing will make you popular.

GEMINI (May 22—June 21).—Success of a plan will come through your tact in getting co-operation from young and old. Energy plus experience will carry all before it. A letter will come in time to relieve you of a burden.

CANCER (June 22—July 23). — Early setback can be overcome if you place your difficulty before someone in authority. An opening will be found for you in a new scheme. Keep wits about you to deal with unexpected developments.

LEO (July 24—Aug. 23).—Now is the time to get out of a rut by showing more initiative. A little self-publicity would be effective. A person of influence will enter your personal life. Some travel probable at the week end.

VIRGO (Aug. 24—Sept. 23). —Probably you will gain financially by taking on important extra work. Social life will be much in evidence and your suggestion or a new organization will lead so you accepting office in it.

LIBRA (Sept. 24—Oct. 23). — A journey to see an older person will result in your being relieved of a burden. A younger member of the family will become active in your interest. A happier home atmosphere will follow.

SCORPIO (Oct. 24—Nov. 22).—Just when you are wondering how to make income cover expenditure money will arrive through an unexpected source. You will make the acquaintance of someone who will have an important influence on your future. A mildly romantic meeting will amuse you.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 23—Dec. 22). —An older relative will come to your help in a difficulty caused by your own carelessness. Owing to misleading information a domestic plan will be delayed. By the week end you will be able to go ahead with confidence.

CAPRICORN (Dec. 23—Jan. 20) — A domestic expenditure will add to your comfort. Any previous misunderstanding will be straightened out by a letter. Prompt action will avert injury to your prospects by another's action.

AQUARIUS (Jan. 21—Feb. 19) — A sudden complication in your personal affairs will necessitate a journey. Heavy expenses will offset a money gain early in the week but you will be well satisfied with the way things turn out. A pleasant surprise for you at home.

PISCES (Feb. 20—March 20). — One of your best weeks. Money easier, an ambition realized, and a pleasant surprise. Good idea to take out larger insurance or make sound investment.

THIS WEEK'S BIRTHDAYS

Here is a 12 months forecast for your birthday, engagement or wedding anniversary:—

Tuesday.—Your zest for work early in the year will gradually have its effect. You should soon have good news concerning income or position. A strong accent on social life with growing popularity and probably a romance.

Wednesday.—You may realize an ambition to travel during coming year. Unexpected development will work out to your advantage. Some luck with money likely. Personal happiness will be at a high level.

Thursday.—Excellent prospects lie ahead of you if young. Otherwise you will rely much on younger folk to help you keep pace with the trend of things. Care needed in home and personal relationships, where tensions are likely.

Friday.—Little to worry about financially in the year ahead. Progress though there will be changes that inconvenience you. You may need help to sort out a tangle in personal commitments.

Saturday.—Most likely you will make a break from an older person who has been holding you back. This will enable you to go ahead with a bolder plan. Be decisive but not ruthless.

Sunday.—Should be an enjoyable year, though income no more than average. You can safeguard the future by placing a suggestion in the right quarter. For the present more economy needed.

Monday.—You will plod along on normal lines for a few months. Then the pace will quicken and you will take on extra activities, more for "love" than money. New happiness will come into personal life.

DEATH IS A PLODDER

(Synopsis to preceded Part III)

CONRAD CARROLL, young law clerk, goes to New York over his mother's objections to serve his clerkship in the office of ALEXANDER BRAITHWAITE, descendant of a Virginia Planter who willed the Carrolls some land during the Civil War. HESTER CARROLL, Conrad's mother doesn't trust the Braithwaites, but accedes to her son's wishes. Conrad is disillusioned at Braithwaite's methods, and one night, for apparently no reason, Braithwaite shoots him down in cold blood in a Harlem basement apartment.

CLINT HASTINGS, sheriff of Somerset County, where the Carrolls live, comes with word of Conrad's death the night Conrad's sister-in-law gives birth to a daughter. RICHARD CARROLL, another brother, persuades Clint to hold off the news until morning, and gets the sheriff to drive him home so that he can pack and go to New York.

When he gets home, he sees Conrad's laundry back from New York. Upstairs, he opens the laundry bag and $50.000 fall out. Angered, Richard takes it with him, and deposits it in a safe-deposit bank in New York. Then he goes to the D.A.'s office and gets no satisfaction until he points out that the way Braithwaite claims he shot Conrad was different from the facts. NOW READ ON:

Part III—"Sing For Me, Dick."

Special Prosecutor Cyrus Briggs was looking at Richard Carroll with new respect when he finished the cursory examination of Conrad Carroll's body. "They course down, all right, and according to the testimony before the coroner's jury yesterday, your brother was standing up shooting."

"Right," Richard agreed, happy to have gotten a toe-hold on something tangible. "and unless Conrad was bending over, or crawling on his knees . . ." Richard suddenly broke off, and snapped his fingers.

Briggs eyed him curiously. "Another brainstorm?"

Richard's face brightened. "No brainstorm, but I remember the photo of Con, here, lying in his blood. There was a gun in his hand."

Briggs frowned. "That's right, and it was checked. Your brother made an application for that gun the same day he hit town. That's the part that looks bad—that and the statuette he clobbered Braithwaite with."

Richard's enthusiasm was undiminished, however. "But Con's forefinger was through the trigger-guard in the picture I saw—and he couldn't have pulled the trigger with that finger!"

There was a sharp intake of Briggs' breath. "Go on, Carroll!"

Finger Was Paralyzed

"Last summer, Con cut his finger on the harrow—his right forefinger. Severed a muscle and tendon. He couldn't bend that finger!"

Briggs' eyebrows knitted under the slouch hat. "You're sure of that, Carroll?"

"A doctor could verify it, couldn't he?"

Briggs rubbed his long chin. "Yes, but—well, confound it, what about motive? Three hundred and eighty-seven bucks is hardly a fee for guys like Braithwaite."

Richard started to mention the thousand engravings of General Grant that he had stashed away in a safe deposit box, but changed his mind. He said: "Of course you didn't know my brother, Mr. Briggs, but he was as straight as they come."

Wanted To Be Good Lawyer

His scholastic record, his military record, his reputation in court, showed that he was unassailable, and he wanted, more than anything else, to become a good lawyer. He was going to make us proud, he said.

"So I figured maybe he smelled something crooked in the Cianelli Defense, balked at something Braithwaite wanted him to do and the great benefactor killed him to keep him still."

Briggs seemed to mull over that a long moment. His gray eyes narrowed. "Jeez, I'd give a year's pay to crowd that smoothie into the ropes, but my hands are tied. We're undermanned and overworked all the time. Besides, I'd have to have something more substantial than a stiff finger and downcoursing bullets to reopen this one."

Some of the hope went out of Richard's eyes. Some but not all. He said: "My hands are free, and I intend to nail Con's killer to the cross, if I have to do it with my bare fists. Maybe you could help me. I want to hire a private detective."

Briggs rubbed his chin again. "I hope you don't have too many illusions about private dicks, Carroll. They aren't like you see on TV and read in books."

Richard's mind was racing. "All I want is a dossier on Alexander Braithwaite since he invaded your bailiwick. A complete dossier—and I'm willing to pay for it."

Costs A Grand

Briggs contemplated him thoughtfully, then turned to push in the drawer that contained Con's remains. "Thorne," he said. "Terry Thorne. A transplanted Englishman. He does a thorough, fast job, but you can't move him for less than half a grand."

"Then I move him. How about his address—and an entree?"

Briggs reached into his inner coat pocket, brought out his wallet. "Sure, Carroll—and for your sake, I hope you turn up something—something that both of us can use."

He wrote the name, Terrence Throne, on the back of one of his own cards, then the address and phone number. "I'll call him as soon as I leave here. If I don't get him, he'll call me if you tell him I sent you. Okay?

Richard said: "Okay," took the card, and put it in his pocket.

Half an hour later, he was entering an office building just off Columbus Circle. He debarked from the elevator on the sixth floor and paused before a frosted glass door which bore the legend: T. E. Thorne—Investigations - Private - Confidential.

A British Voice

Inside, he was greeted by a petite brunette receptionist with a freckled nose and a cherubic face, and hooded blue eyes that were frankly wanton as they took in his well-knit, massive bulk, the classic cleft chin, the brooding brown eyes.

She said: "Good afternoon, sir, and what can I do for you?" She had a lilt in her voice, but it was clipped, and unmistakably British.

Her bright smile was infectious, too, because Richard smiled back, revealing white, well-formed teeth. "I want to see Mr. Thorne. He was recommended by the District Attorney's office."

The girl's arched brows went up, and she said: "My, my! And what is your name, sir?"

"Carroll—Richard Carroll, of Somerset County."

She brightened even more. "Oh, yes. Mr. Briggs called about you not fifteen minutes ago. Mr. Thorne is busy on the telephone now. Won't you have a seat?"

She Was Watching Him

Richard thanked her, took off his overcoat, sat down on the hard bench that ran at right angles to the receptionist's desk. There were some magazines on a table near his elbow, and he chose one called The Crime Gazetteer. He was thumbing idly through it, when he turned his head inadvertently and caught her watching him—the way a little girl looks through a store window at an unattainable doll.

She blushed, luridly, averted her eyes, and started to type. A light flashed on her intercom box then, and she flipped a toggle, looked up sheepishly. Richard pretended to not notice her embarrassment. "Mr. Thorne is off the wire now, sir. I'll tell him you're here."

Richard returned the magazine to the table. "Thank you, miss . . ."

"Compton—Evelyn Compton," she said impulsively. "And I hope you'll forgive me for ogling like that." She blushed again. "But you bear such a striking resemblance to—to someone I know — "her eyes took on a dreamy, ethereal look — "a long time ago in England — Yorkshire."

Richard soothed her with another smile. "It's all right, Miss Compton. They say that each of us has a double somewhere—like those people to resemble celebrities in those piston-ring advertisements."

"I'm glad you're not angry," she said. "I'll call Mr. Thorne now." She took hold of the toggle, but didn't throw it yet," "and, Mr. Carroll—Mr. Thorne mentioned that he was expecting the brother of that law-clerk who was killed day before yesterday."—She paused. "I— want you to know that I—that I—"she blushed again, and Richard smiled down at her. paused. "I—want you to know that I—that I—" she blushed again, and Richard smiled down at her.

"I think I understand," he said. "And thanks—thanks a lot."

"Thank you, sir!" She flipped the switch. "A Mister Richard Carroll to see you, Mr. Thorne."

Send Him Right In

Thorne's sonorous voice came through the box. "Send him right in, Evelyn." He pronounced it: Eve-lyn.

She stood there with a smoking gun in her fist.

A MYSTERY BY JAMES H. HILL

Terrence Thorne's office was a plain, utilitarian affair — a plain, green metal desk, green filing cabinet, a water-cooler, three lighter-green chairs, and a brown rug.

Thorne, himself, was just as conservative in appearance, but you could see that his banker's gray suit, his dull black shoes, and even his navy tie, with the white polka-dots, spelled money.

He was around fifty, give or take a couple of years either way, and there was the assured air of the cosmopolite about him. His eyes, behind shell-rimmed bifocals, were clear light blue, his nose Partician. He had all of his hair, but it was mostly gray and well-groomed. His hanhclasp was firm and friendly.

He motioned Richard to the chair beside his desk, then seated himself behind it. "Now, Mr. Carroll. . ." Yes, he rolled the r's.

My Brother Was Murdered

Richard settled his big frame in the chair. "I have reason to believe, Mr. Thorne, that my brother, Conrad, was murdered."

Thorne nodded politely. "So Briggs was telling me. I don't know much about the affair, really. I read the account of it, superficially, of course. Never dreamed I'd be involved."

Richard smiled. What Thorne very likely meant was that he never dreamed he'd be retained to work on a colored slaying. Such things just weren't being done. Anno Domini, 1953.

"That's understandable," Richard agreed. Then he told Thorne about Braithwaite's testimony concerning the shooting, as opposed to his and Briggs' findings at the morgue.

He mentioned the stiff forefinger. "I'm not boasting," he went on, "when I say that the three brothers of us—Conrad, Philip, myself—always had minds for detail.

Philip chose agriculture, horticulture, and, in our state is considered something of an authority; Conrad took to law, philosophy; I to chemistry. I'm an analyst at the Frederick Reagent Plant.

Fingerprints Improtant

"Maybe I'm going at this in a roundabout way, but what I'm driving at, is that I'd be interested to see which way the fingerprints slant on that jade statuette—to know if it's possible to inflict a wound like Braithwaite claims he has, with that statuette.

I'd like to know, too, how much blood he lost when he was struck—and where he lost it. Aside from that, I want a complete dossier on him, from the time he hit New York and went into partnership with Gahagan, Pomroy, and Fullister.

I want to know his habits, his marital status, his extra-marital excursions, if any."

Richard paused and took a deep breath. "Think you can handle it?"

Thorne frowned. "Can't see why not." He paused, pursed his lips. "It will cost a bit more than the usual fee, however.

Getting a dossier on a man like Braithwaite requires a lot of manipulating."

Richard reached for his wallet, counted out ten one-hundred-dollar bills. "Will that cover it."

Thorne eyed the money, looked up into Richard's expectant face. Then slowly, his long fingers gathered in the money, stacked it to gether. "You're that sure your brother was murdered, eh, Mr. Carroll?"

"Quite sure, Mr. Thorne. I knew my brother."

What's The Motive

Thorne put the fee into his own wallet, then got up and frowned. "One thing bothers me, Mr. Carroll—motive. Granting that Braithwaite did kill your brother in cold blood, what did he expect to gain by it—the three-hundred eighty-odd dollars they found near your brother's body?"

Richard got up and started to shrug into his coat. "Perhaps, Mr. Thorne, you will find tha tout.ouY knw woehte.ea eorrh 'm find that out. You know where to reach me."

Thorne's cheeks reddened just a trifle. He coughed discreetly into his fist. "Of course, Mr. Carroll. "Just musing. Just musing."

Richard took his leave, and outside in the small reception room, he bade Evelyn Compton good day. There was a wistful longing in the hooded blue eyes as she watched him go out the door.

Outside, he vascillated between going back to the hotel to see if there was any word from home, and visiting Con's apartment on Seventh ave. He chose the latter course, however, and drove uptown to the little basement apartment.

A dark little man, wearing a heavy ulster over denims, was putting out large cans of ashes when Richard drove up. He looked up inquisitively when Richard got out and started toward the basement steps.

Apartment Torn Up

"What you want?" he asked in a West Indian accent.

"I understand you have a vacant apartment here," Richard said. "You the caretaker?"

"The custodian," the little dark man said proudly. "Bad trouble in that apartment, mon. Plasterer and carpenter in there now.

"Can I look at it?"

The custodian shrugged. "Go 'head. Don't get in way, though."

There were two men inside, all right. There was a carpenter's kit on the living-room floor; plaster and lime in bags beside it, as well as two trowels.

But when Richard entered, both me were jimmying up the bedroom floor wit a crowbar. And they turned and saw hi staring at them, they looked like a coup of thieves caught red-handed in a chicke house.

They were big bruisers, and under the coveralls, you could see expensive sui hand-painted ties, and one of them wore ring that looked like the McCoy.

(Continued on Page 11)

Lonesome Hearts

By ALBERTINE ASHE

If you would like to correspond with a Lonesome Heart, write a short letter to me, giving full particulars about yourself and the person you'd like to meet. Sign your correct name and address to all mail. Enclose 50c in coin and stamped, addressed envelope for publishing, forwarding for each address wanted or general handling.

ALBERTINE ASHE
AFRO-AMERICAN
Baltimore 1, Maryland

LONELY WIDOW

I am a lonely widow 25, with one child age 2. I like church and will be true if the right one answers. I'd like meeting a man 26-32, with clean sober habits, who likes nice things and wants a devoted companion.

MRS. BAYNUM

HE'S ELIGIBLE

I am an eligible man 31, 5 feet 7, employed and needing real companionship. I'd like an attractive girl who likes church and will marry if suited, around 21-25 years old.

AARON

ENJOYS CLEAN FUN

I am a sincere woman in my 40's who likes a nice time in a nice way and I'm anxious to prove it to the right man. I'm seeking someone near my age who likes my type. Someone who enjoys going out and enjoys clean fun.

HERMOINE

MAN OF HIS WORD

I'd like meeting a young woman, light brown-skinned, 5 feet 7, age 27, I'm a man of my word 40, good habits, interested in sports and sincere.

MADISON

SEEKS COMPANIONSHIP

I'm a business woman 49. A woman of clean morals and most sincere. I'm seeking companionship near my age, an intelligent man, whose willing to work to get some place in life.

MRS. LEGROS

CHILD IS OKAY

I would like to meet a girl around my age 30, someone who enjoys sports, movies and a nice life and is interested in marriage. One well behaved, child will be okay.

WALDON

SINCERE AND LOVABLE

I am a woman of slight build, 63, Lutheran, slightly lame (and people will not hire a lame person). Would be pleased to meet a fine man my age, who is sincere, lovable and wanting a wife.

MRS. PEARL

WANTS A FINE LADY

I'm a lonely man, employed by the Government, 42 years old. I want to make life worth living for a fine lady 30-35 who is sincere, settle and ready to live.

JOHNSON

WANTS CLEAN CUT MAN

I like clean sports, church and have nice habits, I'm a widow 30 and want to settle down with a clean cut man who is employed, sincere and who wants a nice wife.

DOLLY

WILL MARRY

I'm gainfully employed, seeking companionship of a woman living in or near Jersey, someone nice, dependable true and will marry if suited.

JOE JULIUS

CHRISTIAN WIDOW

I'm a good, healthy, christian widow 47 willing to marry a christian gentleman 50-55 brown-skin able and willing to care for a devoted wife. One who is true and lonely for companionship.

MISS CAPITOL

SINCERE AND DEVOTED

I'm 47 a sincere man; self empolyed and nice looking my friends say. I want a wife, a truthful woman 30-40 sincere and devoted.

MR. BROCK

NOTICE

Be sure to enclose 50 cents with your letter.

My PET PEEVE By W. Scott Boyd

I PILED the kids into the flivver and we took off for the state high school tournament.

The game started and my team —Buzzard's Roost—got the first field goal. I came to my feet with a roar like days of old.

"Sit down," the lady behind me says. "Whatcha mean by yelling for them scrubs. Dontcha know this is the Paint Lick section."

"Madam," says I with great dignity, "this is a democracy and one 'can scream' for whom one pleases."

"Not in this section," says she and pops me on the head with her pocketbook. She apologized and explained that her team had just made a goal, too.

With three minutes to go and the score tied at 61-62 one of the boys tugs at my coat tail.

"I've got to go to the bathroom, Pop," says he.

"Can't you wait a minute?" says I.

"No," says he.

"Please," I begged.

"Not a chance, Pop. It's now or never."

I grabbed for the nearest boy, keeping one eye on the game, rest room. In almost nothing flat we were on the way back into the gym.

Then there was a might roar. The doors flew open and out poured the fans.

"Who Won?"

"Who won?" I asks the first guy that passes me.

He looked at me like I was crazy. "Who do you think," says he and marches on.

"Who won," I screams.

An hour later I found the oldest son still sitting in his seat. "Why didn't you meet me outside," says I. "Whatcha sitting here for?"

"You grabbed the wrong one, Pop," says he with a sigh. "I was the one who wanted to go to the bathroom."

"Here's your pipe and slippers . . . I want you to be happy."

Family Problems..

Dear Anne Morris:

Much too much of my time is having to be spent in the role of peace-maker between my husband and my son.

They seem to clash on every point. Looking at the two, and loving both as much as I do, I understand that it is because they are so much alike that there is no "give" between them. There is only brick wall meeting brick wall.

Their determined stubborness is as identical as their noses.

I know, and my son doesn't that for the whole of the boy's 25 years, his father has dreamed planned and worked towards building a future in which our child would not have too much trouble achieving a successful life.

But my son's dream of a successful life is not according to the plan his father has.

He says that his father is a stick-in-the-mud; that his idea of living is not tying himself down in a small town and to a mediocre business; that he wants and intends to see the world; that he is not interested in accumulating dollars and cents, and so on.

His manner of asking his father "What's so great about his respectable friends", practically brings on a heart attack to my husband. Then he goes out and cultivates friends to particularly infuriate his father.

On the other hand my husband says he has a nitwit, no-good for a son. This is not true.

How can I get each of them to see the other in true colors. How can I get my husband to see that the same independence that has been an asset to him is the characteristic that his son inherited and that makes him want to build his own life.

How can I show my husband that my son just may not be fitted to follow in his father's footseps as far as a vocation is concerned?

MRS. T. E. L.

Conflicts between father and son have been with us since time immemorial. In most cases, such family tragedies could have been easily avoided if all parties concerned would have taken time to think thing through.

Your husband is a man of good intentions and a stubborn man also. If any blame must be laid, both you and he must accept it for your son is reacting naturally to a situation over which he has no control.

His father seems to be a self-made man. That is splendid. But he seems unwilling to let his son follow his pattern. He has tried to force his ideas down the boy's throat. This is a grave injustice.

You have erred in keeping silent. When this crisis first reared its head, you should have told your husband that your son had a right to find his own way in the world just as he had himself done.

Why parents insist that their children do something for which they have no inclination has always been a source of wonder to me.

Your husband wants to have his own way. He is being extremely selfish and I think you ought to tell him. He feels that in fashioning career for the boy he is being a good father.

And the boy, quite naturally, has rebelled against this dictatorship, no matter how pure the motives behind it may seem. I suggest that you talk to your son, ask him to be more civil to his father and that you ask the father to let the boy accomplish something on his own hook.

Both parents have provided all the security and opportunity possible in the case, but both of you must be confident enough in your son to keep hands off his choice of a career.

If you love him, you will be able to let him go ahead. And if you don't encourage him to be his own man, then I am afraid you will end up with a son who will be bitter toward both of you.

For The Hot Days Ahead

IF YOU'RE SHORTER — Sew this smart, young half-sizer. It's correctly proportioned to your waist, hips, shoulders — no alteration worries! Flower-embroidery cotton lace for trimming. Pattern 7174: tissue pattern; embroidery transfer. Sizes 14½, 16, 18½, 20½, 24½. State size.

Brighten your kitchen! Make gay gifts! Fruit, vegetables and flowers for happy hours of embroidery These are your favorite easy stitches to decorate kitchen towels.

Jiffy motifs make spiffy new kitchen towels. Pattern 7179 transfer: 6 motifs 4¾ x7 inches.

Send Twenty-five cents in coin for each pattern — add 5 cents for each pattern for 1st-class mailing. Send to AFRO-American, 278 Household Arts, Dept., P. O. Box 168, Old Chelsea Station, New York. 11, N. Y. Print plainly NAME, ADDRTSS, ZONE, AND PATTERN NUMBER.

TEN COMPLETE PATTERNS, to sew, embroider, crochet—printed in the new 1953 Alice Brooks Needlecraft Book! Plus many more patterns to send for—including ideas for gifts, home accessories, toys fashions! Send 20 cents now!

Motherhood After 40

The modern woman who, enjoys good health has little to fear from pregnancy in her forties, says Dr. Fritz Kahn, noted physician-author.

Today, a woman of forty or forty-five can expect a less painful and less risky delivery than her mother experienced at the age of twenty or twenty-five, he writes in the May issue of the Journal of living magazine.

Modern medicaments will adjust the period of labor according to the expectant mother's health.

The odds of her having a healthy, normal child are greatly in favor of the mature mother-to-be, even though they are not so good as for the younger woman at the peak of the child-bearing period.

But whether the late child is to be the first or the last, the prospective mother should keep other things in mind as well as her health, Dr. Kahn declares.

She should realize that she will have to give up part of her freedom. Her husband may have added financial responsibilities at an age when he might have planned to be free of them.

On the other hand, a late child that is wanted by both parents is an enrichment of marriage and literally a rejuvenation because it brings close contact again with youth.

Provided your doctor says you are physically and emotionally in good health, concludes the article, don't be ashamed to have the child you want after 40.

Don't let gossips and jokesters make up your mind for you. If you are young enough to drive a car and go swimming, you are young enough to be a playmate to the child you love.

Looking At Life

OPTIMISTS. If there weren't so many of them, there would be fewer marriages.

DISCONTENT. More among us would be satisfied with what we have if others didn't have more.

MIND. A vacant mind is like a vacant lot, the dumping ground for a lot of trash.

FAILURE. The only thing I ever heard of at which anyone can succeed in a big way absolutely without effort is failure.

CRIME. If anyone wishes to learn whether crime pays let him go to his nearest prison and ask the inmates.

FRIENDSHIP is much like credit, and the only way to keep either is by keeping paid up. Otherwise you lose both.

LIFE. Unfortunately, it takes so long to learn how to live that when one finally masters the art of living he is too old to enjoy it.

MOUNTAINS. To those who think they are strong enough to move mountains I suggest that they first practice by moving mole-hills.

PEOPLE. People are more important than things. To live and let live is one way to get along with people, to live and help live is a better way.

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Latest In 'Battle Of Hollywood'

'CinemaScope'-It's Newer Than 3-D

A raging battle of techniques is underway in the film capital these days. Newest thing to hit the market in a bid for the movie-goers dollar is CinemaScope.

A glance at the artist's drawing on this page best illustrates just what CinemaScope is.

It features a huge curved screen which will be over two and a half times larger than the conventional screens now in use.

When installed at the Regent theatre in Baltimore, Md., the CinemaScope screen will be about 21 feet wide, as compared with the 27.6 feet screen now in use.

Image Is Squeezed

In order to project so immense an image, a new lens was created which, on photographing an object squeezes the image into a smaller space on 35 mm. film than it required on standard positives.

This enables CinemaScope to effect a wider width on the picture when run through a standard projector equipped with a device to unsqueeze the image.

In the illustration Nos. 1, 2 and 3 show the new sound technique in CinemaScope that gives a three-dimensional effect to voices on the screen. No. 4 shows how the present standard small, flat old type screen compares with the new large-curved one.

No. 5 shows how the new lens unfolds real life illusion on the new curved screen.

No Distortion

Greatest effect on the viewer of this new process is a feeling of being in the action. It makes no difference whether you are one foot or 500 feet away from the screen, there is no distortion.

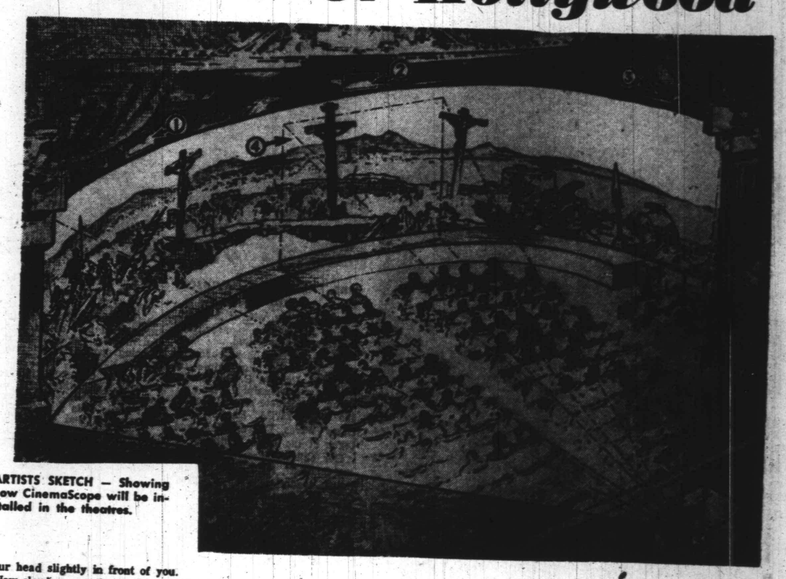
No glasses or filters of any kind are used with the CinemaScope process as is necessary to view the 3-D pictures.

The idea for CinemaScope was conceived when it was noted that the human beings are able to see "out of the corners" of their eyes.

To make a simple test — point your index finger and hold it about a foot from your head slightly in front of you.

Now slowly move the finger toward your ear — a normal person can keep the finger in view without turning his head when the finger is parallel to his ear.

This, in essence, is what the manufacturers have tried to do in CinemaScope. By using a large curved screen, they simulate the periphal vision of the human eye which produces that "you are in the action" effect.



ARTISTS SKETCH — Showing how CinemaScope will be installed in the theatres.

Your Bad Man ners Influence Your Kids

By HELEN A. GREEN
National Kindergarten Association

At a YWCA luncheon I had called a pretty girl who was serving me, "Mabel." Often had I chatted with her as she worked by the lockers after I had been swimming in the great pool.

Several days later the gentle-voiced maid smiled at me. "You forget my name's Kathryn! I didn't want to correct you before a crowd," she said.

I am still thinking of her courtesy. How delightful it is when we meet, also, among the so-called cultivated circles, persons who, like Kathryn, are thoughtful of the feelings of those whom they contact.

We talked of this and other subjects as a number of us chatted at a volunteer organization meeting.

"One of my friends, Betty Brown, heard someone call attention, before strangers, to a word I had mispronounced," remarked Edith Tanner.

"Betty's eyes didn't know whether to twinkle or snap, but when she saw I was embarrassed, she said, "Never mind, Edith, the exception proves the rule.' "

Keep Standards High

A usually reticent mother spoke up. "An acquaintance of mine took every opportunity