

EVERY DAME, SICKLY AND UNSOUND . . . Of Pinkham's, a Snifter Was Quite a Lifter . . . SANG GLORY OF LYDIA'S COMPOUND

By H. I. PHILLIPS

A book by Jean Burton on Lydia Pinkham brings back memories of a day when the prim face of that lady stared from billboard, magazine and newspaper. That was away back when Old Mr. Munyon, Father Duffy, Bigelow & Healy's Kickapoo Indian Sagwa, Cascarets, Alcott's Kidney Plasters, Payne's Celery Compound and Sloane's Lin-

iment were apt to be in every medicine chest.

Mother Sill's Seasickness Pills, Swamproot, Frog-in-Your-Throat and Glover's Hair Restorer were in every drug store, too. It was the era when they were pioneer advertisers. Back when the "Bear" in the "Bear

In Mind" slogan made an old-time cereal famous, when the Winchester calendars were a must in thousands of homes and when the folks went for stick licorice, Old Battleaxe cut plug, snake oil, bay rum, Sweet Caporal cigarettes, snuff and flaxseed poultices. It was the period when mom gave the kids pumpkin seeds for "worms," tied an old sock around their necks for sore throat and put an "onion bag" on their chests for croup.

The age of medical specialists hadn't set in. Doctors were general practice boys who did everything for \$2, win, lose or draw. But \$2 could be an extravagance in those days if the patient was still conscious, and the folks depended a lot on herbs, potions, oils and patent medicines. As a child we got rubbed with so many things before the doctor was called that we were liniment-logged when he got there.

Lydia Pinkham was for the women-folks. But we remember it in the advertisements and on the labels. It seemed the only medicine nobody rubbed or dosed us with. We often wondered about Lydia. There were songs about her. One ran: Feeling low and wanna feel giddia? Lady, take a slug of Lydia!

Lydia Pinkham, the new book recalls, was a Lynn, Mass., gal, beautiful and with a perfect figure in the hour-glass mode. She was one of the pioneers in the equal-rights-and-votes-for-women campaign. She was a student of medicine and for years gave her compound free. It was not until her husband went broke that she decided to sell it.

Her four children peddled it from door to door first, and it didn't bring home the bacon until one son put a \$60 ad on the first page of a Boston paper. From that time Lydia

Pinkham's Remedy became one of the greatest newspaper advertisers in history. And what a believer in advertising Lydia was!

Out of \$3,800,000 gross for years she poured \$3,000,000 back into advertising.

Jean Burton gives the recipe for the compound, telling how the various herbs and powders were "percolated in fine spirits," giving an 18 per cent alcoholic content to the "remedy." A few shots of the compound and any woman felt better.

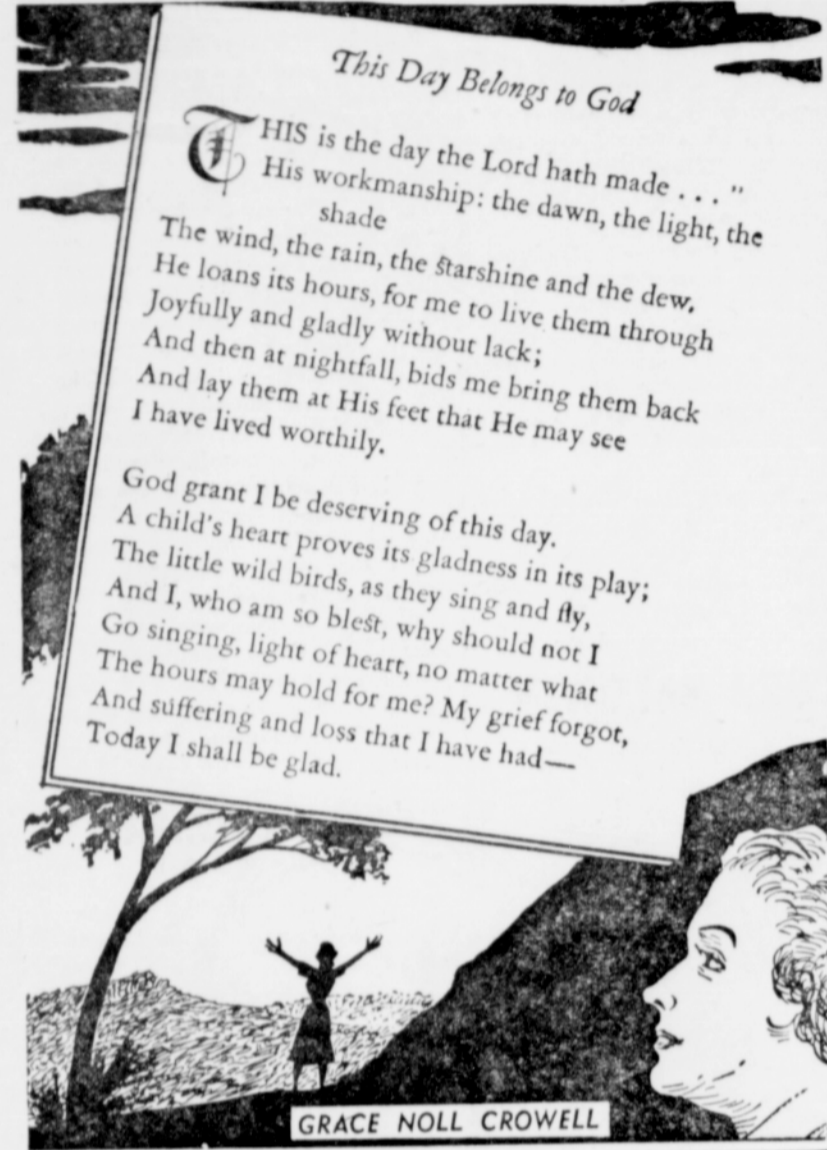
They were all familiar up around New England in our boyhood. We can still in fancy catch the aroma of Kickapoo Indian Sagwa, Florida Water, Witch Hazel (still going strong from a base at Essex, Conn.), Porto Rico Bay Rum, Bur-goment, Payne's Celery Compound and Sloane's Liniment, "good for man or beast."

ODE FOR SEPTEMBER

September time is here anew—
I'll take a bowl of oyster stew;
Again I'll ask and ask, "How do
The crackers always seem so few?"

It has been a perfect summer for oysters, the oystermen report. It seems that they thrive in a season when there are few storms and little rough water. Still, we are firm believers in environment, and we think a summer like this has cost the oysters considerable character. We prefer an oyster with a rugged upbringing and with a suggestion of defiance in its nature. These 1949 bivalves may be such sissies it will seem cruel to squirt lemon on 'em.

A Japanese industrialist has been arrested for picking pockets. He explained that collections had been slow and that he had to meet a payroll. A lot of American businessmen, knowing how it is, think he may just be a little ahead of his time.



GRACE NOLL CROWELL

This Day Belongs to God
THIS is the day the Lord hath made . . .
His workmanship: the dawn, the light, the shade
The wind, the rain, the starshine and the dew,
He loans its hours, for me to live them through
Joyfully and gladly without lack;
And then at nightfall, bids me bring them back
And lay them at His feet that He may see
I have lived worthily.

God grant I be deserving of this day.
A child's heart proves its gladness in its play;
The little wild birds, as they sing and fly,
And I, who am so blest, why should not I
Go singing, light of heart, no matter what
The hours may hold for me? My grief forgot,
And suffering and loss that I have had—
Today I shall be glad.

Star Dust

STAGE • SCREEN • RADIO

BY INEZ GERHARD

HUMPHREY BOGART is still clinging to the battered felt hat which has become his symbol of good luck. He first wore it in "Treasure of Sierra Madre," and hasn't been without it in a picture since. It will next be seen in Colum-



HUMPHREY BOGART

bia's "Tokyo Joe." And by the way, don't leap from your seats when you see a 24 by 18 feet cricket filling the screen in that picture. Just an ordinary cricket, it was magnified 26,184 times to fill the screen, to herald "menace" scenes between Bogart and Hayakawa.

Eleanor Parker, who lost some five pounds worrying about Bogart in "Chain Lightning," and another four as a convict in Warners' "Locked In," then headed for a ranch to sleep for weeks and weeks, she said.

"Mr. Deeds Goes to Town" added the words "doodler" and "pixilated" to every-day vocabularies. In "Return of October" Terry Moore called Glenn Ford a "schmookie," and it caught on. Now Columbia has done it again. In "Miss Grant Takes Richmond," Lucille Ball coins the word "doofer"—a stenographic symbol that will "doofer" symbols she can't remember.

Barbara Stanwyck has made it a policy not to make screen tests with other actors, but broke her rule for the first time in 10 years to test opposite Lyle Bettger. He got the contract; they're teamed in Paramount's "The Lie."

Montgomery Clift, of "Red River" and "The Heiress," is the No. 1 Star of Tomorrow, according to Motion Picture Herald's annual poll of theatre operators. Kirk Douglas came in second, Betty Garrett third.

The Fiction Corner

ON PROPOSING

By Richard H. Wilkinson

VIDA knew all the tricks. You see, she read a lot. Books on every conceivable subject.

Unfortunately Vida's facial beauty was next to nil. When, at the age of 18, she came to a 'full realization of this, and an understanding of its possible consequences, she was at first unhappy. But being a sensible person, sensible enough to look at the thing squarely, she sought for other means to achieve her end. The end was a man: love, romance.

The other means presented themselves in the form of books, learning how to put yourself across when you weren't particularly attractive; resorting to devices and technique that good looking girls didn't have to employ.

The results were exceedingly gratifying. Even now, at the age of 22, the man of her dreams was practically within her grasp. Give her another month, two at the most, and he would speak the words that would make her happiness and triumph complete.

The man's name was Glen Lamphier. He was one of those fine, good looking, upstanding specimens of young manhood. Intelligent, gracious, and with a promising career ahead of him. The type who appealed by exerting only a minimum of effort. Vida had aimed high when selecting him as the object of her acquired charms, but the thought of failure had never once entered her head.

She had aroused his interest by heeding the dictates of her fiction heroines. And Glen had seen the light. He had come to realize that behind the plain features of this girl were quality, intelligence, breeding.

In a word, Vida had been successful in her enterprise—up to a point. Unhappily, it appeared now as if that point might prove a stumbling block, an unsurmountable obstacle.

Coming into the living room one evening she found him waiting for her, comfortably ensconced before the fireplace, a volume of Oscar Wilde open in his lap. The fact that her entrance did not distract his attention, piqued her no end. She hesitated a moment before making known her presence, and in that moment the feeling of being piqued gave way to torment. Suddenly she realized that something had happened, that she was losing her hold, that Glen's interest was on the wane. Always before, he had awaited her coming with eager anticipation glowing in his eyes.

The thought made Vida unhappy. A WEEK LATER, sitting before the living room fire, Vida aban-

doned seeking an answer to her problem and, for lack of something better to do, picked up the copy of Oscar Wilde and opened it. Her eye chanced to fall on a paragraph, which had been lightly checked with a pencil. She read through it with a rapidly increasing pulse. "—I really don't see anything romantic in proposing. It is very romantic to be sure, but a definite proposal . . . the excitement is all over. The very essence of romance is uncertainty."

Vida stood up, and there was a wild look in her eyes. Glen had read that paragraph. He had checked it with his pencil. He had remembered that her faith in books, in the printed word was profound . . .

She made her way to the book head in acquiescence . . .

case behind the fireplace. Her eyes scanned the volumes contained therein. She removed a copy of O'Brien's short stories, leafed it through, found the passage she sought, and underscored it heavily.

Glen called an hour later. If he was annoyed at the long interval in the living room before Vida's appearance, he did not betray that fact. Instead, he seemed deeply interested in reading a paragraph from a volume of O'Brien's short stories, which he found lying upon the table. He read it through twice before Vida's voice disturbed him.

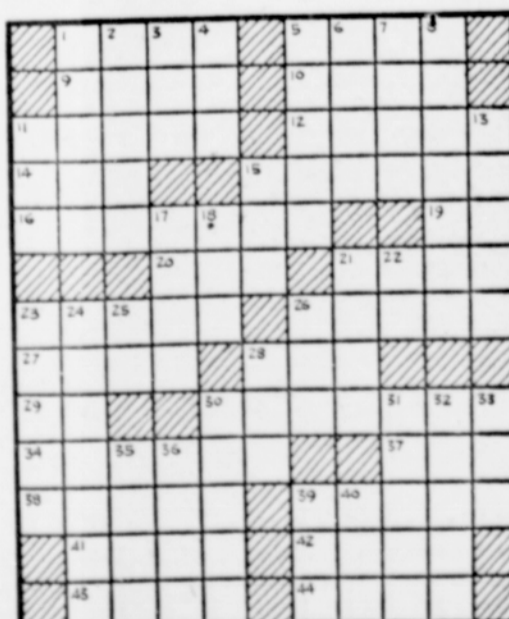
He was glad she had come. He welcomed her eagerly. He had something to say, something that could not wait. He said it incoherently, babblingly, but plain enough for Vida to understand and nod her

CROSSWORD PUZZLE

LAST WEEK'S ANSWER



- ACROSS**
- Harvest
 - Butts
 - City (Nev.)
 - River (Russ.)
 - Made into a large package
 - Storms
 - Topaz humming-bird
 - Keel-like part (Bot.)
 - Being on the right side
 - Twofold (prefix)
 - Retired
 - Rind
 - Map
 - Looks slyly
 - Search for
 - Mountain pass
 - Gold (Her.)
 - City (N. Y.)
 - A tie
 - Humble
 - British airforce men who do not fly
 - Arrange in a line
 - Sea eagle
 - Body of water
 - Colors
 - Organs of sight
- DOWN**
- Long for
 - Take ease
 - Undivided
 - Stolen property
 - Electrical Engineer (abbr.)
 - A block or wedge
 - Hastened
 - Indefinite article
 - Russian measure
 - Slice
 - Foundations
 - Similar
 - Theater seats
 - Possess
 - Crooked
 - Climbing plant
 - Malt beverage
 - Place



PUZZLE NO. 20

MEN — WOMEN WANTED AT ONCE
Full or part time, just send name, address for free copy of Specialty Salesman Magazine giving hundreds of immediate openings with reliable firms. Sales experience unnecessary. We send free 42-page book telling how. SPECIALTY SALES MAGAZINE 8th Floor Bell Building Chicago.



CRISP!

Toasty and Tasty! Get 'em!

Crispness that speaks for itself! Hear Rice Krispies snap! crackle! pop! in milk! Delicious energy food. America's favorite ready-to-eat rice cereal.

MOTHER KNOWS A BEST!

Kellogg's RICE KRISPIES

IF PETER PAIN CLUBS YOU WITH RHEUMATIC PAIN

FOR FAST RELIEF, rub in Ben-Gay. Contains up to 2½ times more of those two famous pain-relieving agents, methyl salicylate and menthol, than five other widely offered rub-ins! Also for Pain due to COLDS, MUSCULAR ACES, HEADACHES and STRAINS. Ask for Mild Ben-Gay for Children.

QUICK! RUB IN Ben-Gay

THE ORIGINAL BAUME ANALGESIQUE

2 WAYS RIGHT!

Right in pipes—right in papers! That's why more and more men are smoking choice, crimp cut Prince Albert—America's largest-selling smoking tobacco.

"YES, SIR! PRINCE ALBERT IS RIGHT FOR MY PIPE! P.A. SMOKES COOL AND MILD—AND HAS A GRAND, RICH TASTE, TOO!"

"AND P.A. IS RIGHT FOR 'MAKIN'S' SMOKES, TOO! IT'S A CINCH TO ROLL EXTRA-MILD, EXTRA-TASTY CIGARETTES WITH EASY-TO-SHAPE, CRIMP CUT PRINCE ALBERT!"

Bruce Manley FARM MANAGER

Our Parkins FARM HAND

THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE

The choice, naturally mild tobacco selected for use in Prince Albert is specially treated to insure against tongue bite for extra smoking comfort. And the new Humidor Top locks in crimp cut Prince Albert's freshness and flavor for greater smoking joy.

More Men Smoke **PRINCE ALBERT** than any other tobacco

TUNE IN "GRAND OLE OPRY", SATURDAY NIGHTS ON NBC