

PERSONS WHO WEAR GLASS SLIPPERS . . .

Cinderella Is Wooed by a Devaluated Prince

. . . SHOULD NEVER THROW THEIR SHOES

By H. I. PHILLIPS

ONCE UPON A TIME there was a man who married for his second wife one of the haughtiest women in the world. She had two daughters of her own who were a pair of fine meanies. She had a stepdaughter of unparalleled goodness and beauty. She was called Cinderella. Her stepsisters kept her at the meanest work. They made her sleep in an old aban-

doned thirty-room showplace which nobody wanted while they had things easy in a \$25,000 four-room ranch house, with no garage.

The king gave a great ball to which he invited everybody of prominence, including the two sourpuss sisters. They got themselves up like Mrs. Astor's pet ponies and paraded before Cinderella, who, after

they flounced off, said, "I wish I could go to a great ball." Instantly her fairy godmother appeared.

"These great balls are not what they used to be," she said. "Before you get in you will have to take chances on a couple of automobiles and maybe a dream house. And there will be be-bop music. Still, if you wish to go . . ."

"Oh, I do," said Cinderella. "Fetch me a pumpkin, then," said the fairy godmother. Pumpkins were pretty high, as the government had under-written them, or something, but she got one.

"Get me a mousetrap, a rat and six lizards," said the fairy godmother.

"I wanna go to a ball, not an animal show," warned Cinderella.

The fairy godmother had a wand, a book on economics by Sir Stafford Cripps and several speeches by government experts, so she was able to convert the pumpkin, mice, etc., into a coach with white horses, a coachman and six attendants. Whisk! And Cinderella was off to the ball before anybody could arrive to demand that she pay luxury taxes on the whole business.

She was the most ravishing dish at the ball. The king's son went for her in a big way at once, much to Cinderella's discomfiture. She was a smart cookie. (This could get serious. A prince would have loads of money, and she knew what that meant these days. He would have to spend all his days figuring out how he stood and all his nights checking to see if there had been anything new from Sir Stafford Cripps.)

Suddenly the great clock struck. "Twelve," said Cinderella. "Eleven," said the prince. "Ten," said the king. "My goodness, one can't figure anything these days," said Cinderella, taking it on the lam. (She had to take a taxi. The coachman, the big rat, had struck for more

money and all the lizards had walked out in sympathy.)

Well, to make a long story worse, she was not through with the prince and the problems of having everything. She had left a glass slipper.

The prince searched the whole land until he found that the slipper fitted Cinderella, and was glad when he discovered she was really a working girl and hadn't a thin dime! It meant less bookkeeping. He proposed and Cinderella accepted, saying, "I suppose I could have done worse. Look at all those girls who win givaway programs!"

So she married the prince, who got back to the palace just in time to find the pound had been devaluated again and he wasn't worth very much which meant, after all, a life of comparative tranquillity.

"The outer burlap covering of the Peruvian mummy was swipped away by Dr. Carrion and Dr. Bird while 60 scientists watched."—News item.

Carrion and Bird didja say, or is somebody sneezing?

Gov. Dewey has come out with a letter indorsing vaudeville. "I remember it fondly as a popular form of entertainment," he says. Come, come, Thomas, you can't top Harry's vaudeville statement with anything as cool and general as that. What knock-about acts do you recall? Did you ever usher in a theater?

YE GOTHAM BUGLE AND BANNER

You can't tell Ben Whitaker, whose *My Request* and *Miss Request* won two big handicaps in succession, that 13 is an unlucky number. . . . He bought one of the parents, *Requested*, for \$1300 on the 13th of the month and on Saturday *Miss Request's* weight was 113 pounds . . . He's gonna name the next colt *Thirteen* and hope that the unlucky number happens to pay off.

Fewer Pedestrians Figure In 1948 Traffic Deaths

CHICAGO.—Fewer pedestrians walked themselves to death during 1948 than the year before.

There were 9,850 pedestrian traffic deaths last year, according to the 1949 edition of "Accident Facts," statistical yearbook of the National Safety Council. This was 6 per cent below the 1947 total of 10,450.

The yearbook points out that last year was the first since motor vehicle deaths have been tabulated by type of accident that pedestrian deaths were fewer than deaths from two-vehicle collisions.

Beware Coughs From Common Colds That HANG ON

Creomulsion relieves promptly because it goes right to the seat of the trouble to help loosen and expel germ laden phlegm and aid nature to soothe and heal raw, tender, inflamed bronchial mucous membranes. Tell your druggist to sell you a bottle of Creomulsion with the understanding you must like the way it quickly allays the cough or you are to have your money back.

CREOMULSION for Coughs, Chest Colds, Bronchitis

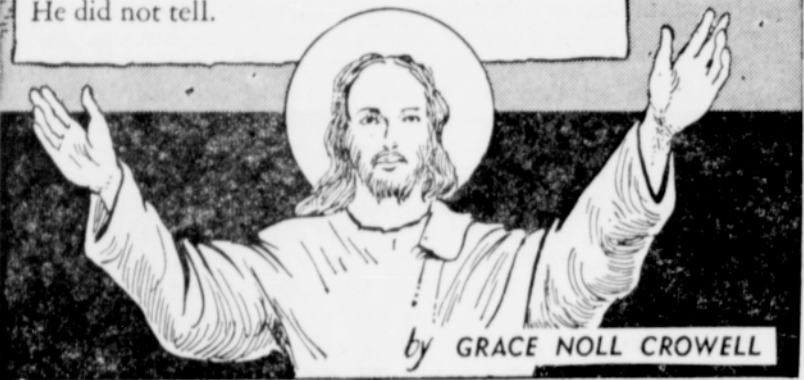
CHRISTLIKE

THIS is a Christlike thing: to bear a grief Unspoken and unshared, yet go one's way

Not feverishly seeking for relief, But day by day Doing the tasks at hand to cheer and bless, That others may find greater happiness.

This is a Christlike thing: through wearing pain To keep quite still, that watching, none may see The weariness, the harrowing stress and strain, The agony, But wearing always something of Christ's grace And infinite patience written on one's face.

For the Master bore His agony alone, And bore it well, And the greatest grief a heart has ever known, He did not tell.



by GRACE NOLL CROWELL

Star Dust STAGE-SCREEN-RADIO

BY INEZ GERHARD

JEANNE CRAIN and her husband, Paul Brinkman, (handsomer than many movie stars,) visited New York to help promote "Pinky," her new picture, a 20th Century-Fox production. Michael, aged eight months, and Paul, two, stayed home. Darryl Zanuck did a



JEANNE CRAIN

daring thing in making "Pinky," the story of a colored girl who passed for white; equally daring was his choice of Miss Crain for the sort of role usually reserved for actresses like Bette Davis. But Jeanne Crain's talent has been obvious ever since she and June Haver made their debuts in "Back Home in Indiana"; as usual, Zanuck knew exactly what he was doing.

The cast of "Pinky" is star-studded. Ethel Barrymore, Ethel Waters and William Lundigan share honors with Miss Crain, and Ella Kazan, one of the best directors of stage and screen, directed this one.

Johnny Weissmuller weighed 199 pounds when he reported for his new "Jungle Jim" picture, thereby saving some \$38,000. Weighing 238 when the deal was signed, he said he'd pay \$1000 for every pound he didn't lose by starting time.

Lauren Bacall made no money by losing the five pounds she gained after Stephen Humphrey Bogart was born, but at 118 she looked better when she went to work in "Young Man with a Horn," with Kirk Douglas and Doris Day.

Nancy Olson, who stepped from undergraduate status at UCLA into the leads of two top pictures, will be Bing Crosby's romantic interest in Paramount's "Mr. Music." In her first film, "Canadian Pacific," she appeared with Randolph Scott; she recently completed a featured role in "Sunset Boulevard," with William Holden and Gloria Swanson.

The Fiction Corner THE CAPTURE

By Richard H. Wilkinson

SHERIFF Sol Rock cautiously approached the cabin and knocked three times. A bolt slid back into its socket. The door swung open and a voice came out into the night. "That you, Sol?"

Sol sighed in relief. "Hello, Baldy," he said, stepping inside. "What luck?"

"None." Sol heard Baldy fishing for a match, and he said. "Wait a minute, Baldy. I got a scheme I want to work out."

"They've seen me," Sol went on. "Joe and Slim. They've been trailing me all day. I just kept far enough to avoid trouble."

"Avoid trouble? You?" Baldy's voice sounded incredulous. And Sol chuckled. "Listen, Baldy, we've been chasing these two bad men for more than a week now. I'm sick of

it. And now that we've found them, I don't aim to let 'em get away."

"So that's why you ran away from them?" sarcastically.

"Don't be a fool. I wanted 'em to follow me. They'll be along any time now. I made sure they saw me ride down in here by silhouetting myself against the skyline 15 minutes ago. Now here's the point: They don't know about you, yet. They think there's only me to contend with. And unless I miss my guess, they aim to get me out of the way tonight."

"Unless I stop 'em," said Baldy. "Right. Now get this; I'm leaving you here alone, see? Cover the windows and then light up. They'll think it's me inside here, all unsuspecting."

"Fine," said Baldy. "But what's wrong with me being on the outside and you on the inside?"

Sol laughed shortly. "A lot, you little squirt. Now pipe down and obey orders. I'm going."

Instantly he grew tense. Every muscle and nerve and fibre became alert. He half crouched, half stood in his hiding place. And as he watched the cabin a dim figure took shape and became a man. Another appeared beside the first.

They lingered only a moment, then began stealthily to approach the door. Sol stepped silently from his hiding place. At the very instant that one of the figures crouched to thrust his weight against the door, he spoke out of the darkness.

"Reach toward the sky, boys! Drop those guns, and turn around. The jig's up. We got the drop on you!"

SOL QUICKENED his footsteps. In the darkness he stumbled, regained his feet and came on. At the moment he went down an orange lance of flame streamed out of the

blackness near the cabin. It was followed by another.

But before the two bandits could shoot again, the two six-guns in Sol's hands thundered.

Answering shots came from the cabin. Sol felt a searing pain in his left shoulder. His senses began to reel. And suddenly he realized that the renegades had accomplished what he had been unable to do because of his stumble. They had fired at the flash from his guns—high—hoping for a kill.

This was Sol's last thought.

When Sol returned to consciousness he found himself lying on a bunk in the cabin. Baldy, grinning broadly, was standing over him. "What the hell did you blow out that light for?" Sol wanted to know. "It spoiled my aim, made me stumble and nearly got me killed."

"Thought it would," Baldy grinned. "Wanted it to. You didn't think I was going to be fool enough to open the door and stand in the light so those birds could take pot shots at me?"

"Well what happened, anyway?" For answer Baldy pointed across the room. Sol looked and saw two men lying there, both bound securely.

"Wing 'em?" Sol asked.

"Winged nothing. I whacked 'em over the head from the doorway while they were shooting at you. By the way, you almost hit me with your own wild shooting."

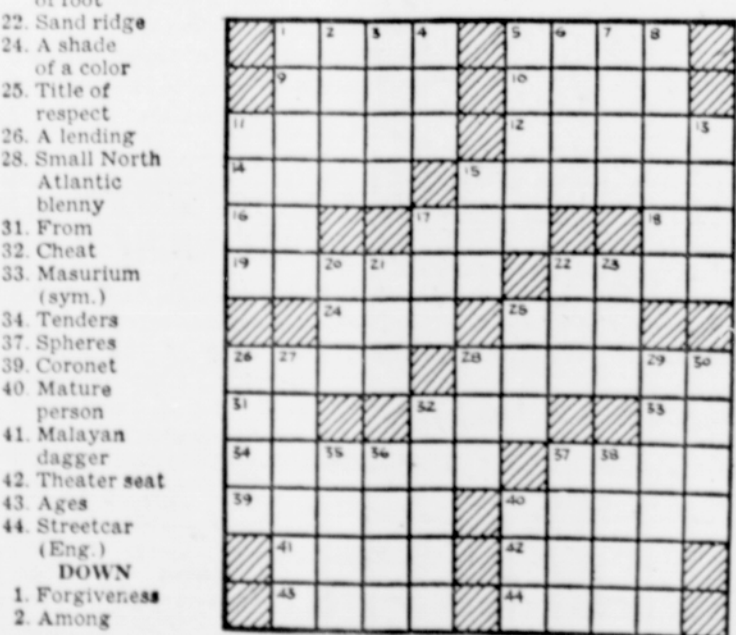
"Wish I had," Sol grinned. "Say, squirt, you ain't so dumb as you look!"

"And I ain't so much of a squirt, either," Baldy replied indignantly. "Fact is I blew out that light just so's I could show you what a big feller I was."

CROSSWORD PUZZLE

LAST WEEK'S ANSWER

- | | | |
|---------------------------------|-----------------------------|---------------------------------------|
| ACROSS | 3. Wyoming city | 20. Chinese silk |
| 1. Rodent (So. Am.) | 4. Part of "to be" | 21. Large cask |
| 5. Not living | 5. Low spirits | 22. Clamor |
| 9. Cupid | 6. Silkworm | 23. Receptacle for coffee |
| 10. Incite | 7. Bacteriologist's culture | 25. Total amount |
| 11. Vanity | 8. Degrade | 26. Plunder |
| 12. City (Fla.) | 9. Fairy (Moh. paradise) | 27. Place for transaction of business |
| 14. Whirlpool | 10. International language | 28. Fuel |
| 15. Showed mercy | 11. Not working | 29. Symbol |
| 16. International language | 12. A small drink | 30. Final |
| 17. Little girl | 13. Observe | 32. An alloy of copper and zinc |
| 18. Mulberry | | 35. A card game |
| 19. Forward, upper part of foot | | |
| 22. Sand ridge | | |
| 24. A shade of a color | | |
| 25. Title of respect | | |
| 26. A lending | | |
| 28. Small North Atlantic blenny | | |
| 31. From | | |
| 32. Cheat | | |
| 33. Masurium (sym.) | | |
| 34. Tenders | | |
| 37. Spheres | | |
| 39. Coronet | | |
| 40. Mature person | | |
| 41. Malayan dagger | | |
| 42. Theater seat | | |
| 43. Ages | | |
| 44. Streetcar (Eng.) | | |



PUZZLE NO. 21

MMMMMMM! FRESH! GOOD!

Crisp! Quick! Nourishing!

Kellogg's CORN FLAKES

IF PETER PAIN SHOTS YOU FULL OF

Head Cold

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 RHEUMATISM, MUSCULAR ACHES, HEADACHES and STRAINS. Ask for Mild Ben-Gay for Children.

QUICK! RUB IN Ben-Gay

THE ORIGINAL BAUME ANALGESIQUE

"TRAPPED in a wind that screamed our doom!"

A TRUE EXPERIENCE OF JAMES F. BRADSHAW IN AN ARKANSAS TORNADO

1 "Near midnight, we heard it! A sighing whisper . . . a lull . . . a whining gust of wind . . . a deadly silence . . . a shrieking blast! And the full fury of the tornado struck! My wife screamed! My child whimpered! I grabbed my flashlight. Suddenly . . . the whole house churned . . . lifted . . . spun in air. Everything crashed into blackness.

2 "I came to. I had been flung from the house into a ditch. My flashlight still burned. Frantically, I followed its steady beam along the ditch until I saw the white faces of my injured wife and child!

3 "With the help of our flashlight, we reached shelter. I thank those flashlight batteries for saving three lives that night. Now I know why 'Eveready' batteries are 'The Batteries With 'Nine Lives'!"

THE FLASHLIGHT BATTERY WITH

"NINE LIVES"!

Just as an active cat . . . takes a cat nap . . . and bounces back with new pep . . . so "Eveready" flashlight batteries recover power* between uses and bounce back for extra life!

*Technical explanation: due to the electro-chemical regeneration of the depolarizer.

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