

BROADWAY AND MAIN STREET

Ibsen, Shmibsen, She Said; Confide With Me Everything

By BILLY ROSE

I recently read a magazine piece entitled, "What's Wrong with Modern Marriage," in which the author opined that the divorce rate would drop like an over-ripe apple if the average wife showed more interest in her husband's business and hobbies.

Well, mebbe so, but you can't prove it by my Uncle Charlie and my Aunt Frieda....

Charlie and Frieda are a couple of oldsters who have been living in a four-room flat on the East Side almost as long as magazines have been printing articles entitled, "What's Wrong with Modern Marriage." Ever since their nuptials, they've had at least one argument a day, and when they stop scrapping that's when I'll start worrying about them.

I remember an evening back in the days when I was knee-high to the

Allen Street curbstone when Aunt Frieda came home from the movies with an air of unwavering nobility.

"Charlie," she said tensely, "how is business at the shop, good, bad or fair to the middle?"

"Eh - peh," answered my uncle. ("Eh - peh," I hasten to translate, means that things being what they are, if a man breaks even he can consider himself a runaway success.)

"Eh-peh" is no answer," said Frieda. "I am sick of living in a doll's house."

"I see," said Charlie. "Tonight in the nickelodeon was showing Nazimova in 'A Doll's House' by Hymie Ibsen."

"Ibsen, Shmibsen," said Frieda. "You can't push me out of your life. Confide in me everything, come thick or thin."

"This I'll confide," said Charlie. "When I come home from the shop I'm tired out like a dog. Bad enough I live through the day without it should repeat on me like radishes."

However, with my Aunt Frieda, like Columbus, there was no turning back. She kept picking away until Charlie itemized the day's doings—everything from punch-in to punch-out.

BUT THAT WAS only the beginning. The payoff came a few weeks later when Charlie was fixing to attend his weekly pinochle session.

"I want you should teach me how to play," said Frieda.

"Pinochle!" said Charlie. "Al-

ways you are saying pinochle is for loafers and no-goods."

"I ain't saying different," said Frieda, but pinochle is your passion and I don't want it should take my place in your life."

Now, my uncle was a broad-minded man. When women began to bob their hair, his comment was, "They want to ventilate their necks, so let them." But pinochle—well, that was another matter. Nevertheless, he knew better than to balk his wife outright and, as he explained the game to Frieda, all the while thinking bitterly of the coffeehouse session he was missing, a plot began to hatch in his head.

Next evening he was home early with a bag of wool and knitting needles. "Frieda," he said, "how you make a cable stitch?"

Half an hour later he was in the kitchen tasting the soup. "It needs a pinch paprika," he said.

"You're giving me point-outs how to make soup?"

"Who's teaching? A woman cooks and shops, a husband should similar cook and shop. How much you pay for cabbage?"

"Five cents a head."

"At Fuzarri's on Avenue A, is four cents."

FRIEDA DROPPED a handful of cutlery in the sink. "Fuzarri's is six blocks away."

"So what? The exercise will do you good."

That Saturday night, Charlie persuaded a couple of his cronies to come over for a pinochle session and put up with his wife's playing. At 12 o'clock Frieda said, "I can't keep my eyes apart. Maybe you could play three-

The Answering Voice

WE KNEEL to pray, we voice our desperate need
For quick release and comfort then arise,
Not tarrying a moment there to heed
The answer to our eager clamoring cries:
The answer that will come, though soon or late,
If we would only listen, only wait.

God is not deaf to any earnest prayer.
He hears, he heeds, he answers every one
Who gives a burden over to his care,
And humbly yielded, prays, "Thy will be done."
God grant us patient grace to wait thy word,
After our earnest, sincere prayer is heard.

GRACE NOLL CROWELL



banded."

"What kind pinochle player stops so early?" said Charlie. "Deal!" And at 3 a.m., Frieda was dealing them as if they were bricks.

Sunday, Charlie put on his best tie. "Today I go with you to see Theda Bara," he said.

"Is not necessary to go with," said Frieda. "I got a date with the ladies."

"Where you go, I go," said Charlie.

Frieda, afraid Charlie would laugh at Theda's amatory exercises and humiliate her in front of her friends, pulled down the flag. "Marriage is not simple a ball and chain," she said. "You go your way and I'll go to Loew's."

Charlie moved in for the kill. "No more schmoose about the shop?"

"If no more cable stitches." "No more pinochle?" "If no more tasting the soup." "You got an agreement," said my uncle.

And they've been fighting happily ever since.

Star Dust

STAGE SCREEN RADIO

BY INEZ GERHARD

A SINGER has to be something more than just wonderful to make her professional debut on "The Telephone Hour." 20-year-old Barbara Gibson did it September 12, and will be heard again on the program in February. Gladys Swartout promptly phoned her praise; Lily Pons, who had missed



BARBARA GIBSON

the broadcast, asked for recordings. Like Lily, Barbara is a coloratura soprano. Unlike her, she's a young American girl—likes to swim and ski, makes her own clothes. Walter Magill, producer of "The Telephone Hour," was at CBS the day she auditioned, heard executives raving about her voice; after hearing her sing he gave her her big chance.

Columbia will release "All the King's Men" some time near Christmas, to get maximum consideration for Academy Award nomination. Paramount is banking on "The Heiress"; 20th Century-Fox has "Pinky"; Eagle-Lion, "Passport to Pimlico."

Before designing "Mortimer Snerd," CBS' Edgar Bergen spent months in research on phrenology. He made a complete list of all physical characteristics associated with stupidity, then combined them all in "Mortimer."

The University of Denver has adopted Paramount's "My Friend Irma" as the basis of a course in film production and appreciation. The script, still, production and publicity photos and a number of miniature sets used in the picture are being used as visual aids, and sets created by Hans Dreier and Henry Bumstead are on display in the college library.

Lucille Ball is back at RKO, the first time in six years, to make "Easy Living," with Victor Mature. It was at RKO that she met her husband, Desi Arnaz, eight years back, when they were the principals of "Too Many Girls."

Florence Freeman expected to be home awaiting the stork's arrival the last week of September, and the script of "Wendy Warren and the News" was written so as to give the star a vacation. But her son didn't know that in radio everything has to be done right on time. He put off greeting his parents and two sisters until October 6.

The Fiction ★ RANGE RIDER ★ By Richard H. Wilkinson

CHUCK HANSON and Baldy Davis, range riders for the Circle H cattle outfit, were pretty disgusted the day young Johnny Howard rode into their camp and handed them a note signed by Old Man Hadley, the Circle H's owner. The note read in part:

"This will introduce Johnny Howard from New York, the son of an old friend of mine."

He wants to be a real cowboy and I'm sending him out to you boys. Show him the ropes, Jim."

Summoning Baldy, Chuck led the way out of earshot.

"Ain't the boss cute?" he said sarcastically. "Handin' us this nurse maid's job. By Gad, one day Jim Hadley will go too far."

"The way I figure it," said Baldy, "the boss is passin' the buck. Since this fashion-plate is the son of a friend he can't just give him the works and send him home, so he puts it up to us."

Chuck spat and scratched his head. "By gum, mebbe you're right. Shucks, that's it exactly! Come on, we gotta do like he asks. We'll make a cow hand out of this dude or die tryin'."

They returned to the camp where waited Johnny. "O. K., feller," Baldy said. "The boss allows we gotta make a cow hand out of yuh. Your first lesson is to get down off that flea-bitten nag you're a straddle and learn to stick on a real hoss."

"Well," said Johnny, "I was wondering if I was going to have to ride this old crow bait."

Chuck and Baldy exchanged meaning looks. Baldy went out to the corral and returned leading a sleek-looking black that kept his ears laid back permanently just to show folks how he felt about any one who thought he could ride him.

Confidently Johnny swung aboard while the two range riders climbed to the top rail of the corral fence. Baldy was a little nervous.

The black, with Johnny astride him, suddenly galvanized into action. It shot straight into the air and came down with all four legs as solid as gate posts. It sunfished and buckled and bucked. It got down and rolled over, brushed against the fence, reared on all fours, plunged and bucked some more. And presently, sweating and blowing, it stood docile and Johnny Howard was still on its back. Johnny grinned at the open-mouthed spectators.

THE RANGE RIDERS rubbed their eyes. The thing that had happened was like an hallucination.

They weren't convinced. Chuck slid down off the corral.

"We'll now go into lesson number two," he remarked, "which includes bulldozing. Ever bulldog a steer, mister?"

Without waiting for the dude's reply, Chuck, who had won laurels as a bulldogger, galloped after a steer, threw and roped him in record time. Pleased and swaggering he returned. "See how it's done?" he asked.

"Yes," said Johnny. "I see. Mind if I try it on that big steer?"

He tried it. He threw and roped the big steer in three seconds less time than Chuck.

After a roping exhibition Johnny, without being challenged, produced a six-gun and demonstrated some fast and accurate shooting. In fact, it was so fast and so accurate that Baldy and Chuck didn't

offer to exploit their own prowess.

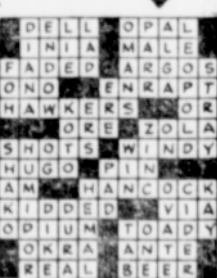
When the shooting was over the range riders went into a huddle. Presently they returned to Johnny. Chuck stuck out his hand. "Mister, we hereby apologize. We know when we're licked."

Johnny grinned. "Well," he said, "I reckon that was Uncle Jim's idea. At first. Then when he found out I was a circus performer he saw a chance to play a joke on you boys. I learned all my stuff in a circus. I got to be pretty good, because I liked the work. In fact, I liked it so well I decided to become a real cowboy. The truth is, I don't know a darned thing about cow-punching and I'd appreciate it if a heap if you boys would let me stay and teach me a few things."

"Teach you!" declared Chuck. "Ha! Mister, consider yourself t'home."

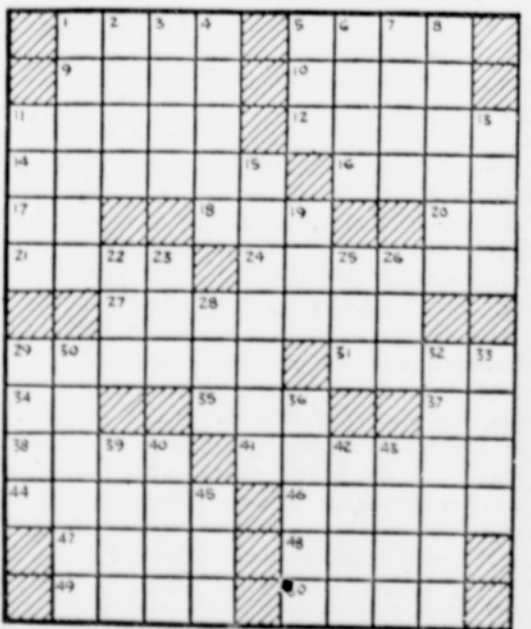
CROSSWORD PUZZLE

LAST WEEK'S ANSWER



- ACROSS**
- Butts
 - Buddies
 - Affirm
 - Leave out
 - Steps over
 - A fence
 - Women of station
 - Concealed
 - Long-eared rodent
 - Hawaiian bird
 - Pull
 - Neon (sym.)
 - At one time
 - A great artist
 - One of the Great Lakes
 - Bantered with
 - A game played on horseback
 - At home
 - 1/1000 of an inch
 - Hypothetical force
 - Kind of dog
 - A wax taper
 - Glory (colloq.)
 - Points aimed at
 - Additional amount
 - Girl's name
 - Sea eagle
 - Require

- DOWN**
- An allowance
 - Greedy
 - Form
 - A confession
 - A seed vessel
 - A nurse (Orient)
 - Capital (Peru)
 - English novelist
 - Begone!
 - Prophet
 - Wandering
 - Conflict
 - Food fish
 - Conclude
 - A slight taste
 - Also
 - Evening sun god (Egypt)
 - Strike with the foot
 - Bury
 - Dangled
 - Poems
 - Goods sunk at sea with a buoy
 - Smell
 - Exhausted
 - Not any
 - Native of Denmark
 - Diocesan center



PUZZLE NO. 23

Household Hints

Avoiding Spillage

To avoid the spillage that usually occurs in carrying a freshly-filled ice tray from the sink to the refrigerator, place an empty glass upside down on the center of the tray.

Roach Control

Any of the home controls for ants, including borax, sugar, or plaster of paris can be used against roaches; they will be just as effective.

Spilled Grease

If milk or grease is spilled on a hot part of the stove and starts to burn, sprinkle salt on it immediately to prevent an unpleasant odor.

Fruit Pies

When you bake a fruit pie or some other dish that's likely to run over, put a cookie sheet under it. The cookie sheet will be lots easier to clean than the inside of the oven.

WHEN SLEEP WON'T COME AND YOU FEEL GLUM

Try This Delicious Chewing-Gum Laxative

• When you roll and toss all night—feel headachy and just awful because you need a laxative—do this...
Chew FEEN-A-MINT—delicious chewing-gum laxative. The action of FEEN-A-MINT's special medicine "terroves" the stomach. That is, it doesn't act while in the stomach, but only when farther along in the lower digestive tract...where you want it to act. You feel fine again quickly!
And scientists say chewing makes FEEN-A-MINT's fine medicine more effective—"readies" it so it flows gently into the system. Get FEEN-A-MINT at any drug counter—25¢, 50¢ or only... 10¢

FEEN-A-MINT
FAMOUS CHEWING-GUM LAXATIVE

You need more than a 'salve' for ACHING CHEST COLDS

to relieve coughs and sore muscles
You need to rub on stimulating, pain-relieving Musterole. It not only brings fast, long-lasting relief but actually helps check the infection and break up local congestion. Buy Musterole!

MUSTEROLE

FOR WOMEN (WHO BAKE AT HOME) ONLY

What makes women happy



NO MORE WORRIES ABOUT YEAST SPOILING



RISES FAST—YOU CAN DEPEND ON IT



STAYS ACTIVE FOR MONTHS ON THE PANTRY SHELF



FITS ALL MY FAVORITE RECIPES, TOO

WHEN DISSOLVED 1 PACKAGE EQUALS 1 COMPRESSED YEAST CAKE



HEY—Buy 3 packages at a time. Extra-active... always handy!

3 times as many women prefer FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST

"COLD DEMONS" GOT HIM?



Don't give in to the "Cold Demons"—get Mentholatum! Fast, safe Mentholatum soothes smarting nostrils, helps open stuffed-up passages so you can breathe again in comfort. Eases painful chest congestion and coughing, too. In jars, tubes.

Quick Relief with MENTHOLATUM

Relieve dry, cracked, chapped lips!

Lips all rough from chapping? You need new Mentholatum Medicated Stick—Mentholatum medication in pocket-size stick. Quick relief for sore, chapped lips. Only 35¢. NEW! MENTHOLATUM medicated STICK



Here's Your CHECK CHART for FINE CAKE

Uniform Shape	Yes
Slightly Rounded Top	Yes
Evenly Browned Crust	Yes
Tender Crust	Yes
Tender Crumb	Yes
Velvety Even Grain	Yes
Good Flavor	Yes



"Yes" on every count when you bake the Clabber Girl way with Clabber Girl, the baking powder with balanced double action... Ask Mother, She Knows.

CLABBER GIRL
Baking Powder

