

BROADWAY AND MAIN STREET
Brainy 'Possum Hound Outwits
Sequatchie County Jewel Thief

By BILLY ROSE

A few days ago I got the following letter from a Mr. Jake Withers of Sequatchie county, Tennessee:

Dear Mister Billy Rose:
In some recent issues of the Nashville Tennessean I noticed the columns you wrote about educated animals—dogs that could add and subtract, and horses that could figure out cube roots—and so I figured you might be interested in hearing about the smartest four-legged critter in the history of Sequatchie county.

To begin at the beginning, there's a truck farmer down here by the name of Lem Albright who owns a 'possum hound which is as black as the inside of a tar barrel. Lem calls him "Einstein" and, to hear Lem tell it, the dog has more brains than a passel of professors—and after what happened the other night at our smoked-ham supper and square dance, most everyone in Sequatchie is inclined to agree.



Billy Rose

Here's what happened:

A COUPLE of weeks ago, Mrs. Will Purdy's mother, who lived across the line in Grundy county, passed away, and when the family gathered for the divvying up, Will's wife got a gold brooch set with eight diamonds, three of them genuine. Needless to say, she wore the brooch to the smoked-ham supper and square dance, and needless to recount, it got more attention than a team-of-four with their tails trimmed.

Everything went smooth as molasses at the social until right in the middle of a "swing your partner" when Mrs. Purdy let out a screech and fainted dead away. And when they brought her around, she began hollering for someone to lock the doors because her brooch had been stolen from right off her chest.

Fortunately, our sheriff was on hand, and after he banged the lid of the piano to get people quiet he said, "Don't nobody leave this room. I hate to say it, but there's a low-down, thievin' crook in our midst, and I'm a-goin' to search every man-jack until I find Mrs. Purdy's brooch."

"Sheriff," said Lem Albright, "I don't think that'll hardly be necessary. My hound Einstein, as you know, is the best-behaved animal in Sequatchie county, but the one thing he can't abide is to have a thief scratch his belly. So, sure as shootin', the minute he feels the fingernails of the fella we're after, he'll start in to yowl, and we'll have the thief in no time a-tall."

SOME OF US began to laugh, but the sheriff took Lem aside, talked to him a minute, and then banged the piano lid again.

"I don't rightly know whether Lem's notion is going to work," he said, "but there ain't no harm in givin' it a try. I'm goin' to ask him to take Einstein in the next room, and then I want all of you to get in single file and come in one at a time and scratch the hound's belly."

Everybody, including the fiddlers, did as told, and sure enough, 20 minutes later the sheriff pointed at a farmhand as he came out from seeing the hound and said, "It worked, like Jake said—there's the criminal!"

Listening

If I can learn some lesson through this pain,
If I can hear God's voice above the storm,
And catch His words and pass them on again
To other suffering ones, if I can warm
Some troubled heart with cheer and sympathy,
And help it find a haven of release,
And help it find a haven of release,
If I can speak the words God speaks to me
To one soul that has lost its poise, its peace,
This, even this, shall not have been in vain!
God keep me quiet, keep me very still,
That through the heavy darkness and the rain,
The thunder crashing loud upon my sill,
I may discern Your voice, that I may hear
The gentle, helpful, loving words You say.
The storm runs high, God make the words quite clear,
And I shall listen carefully today.



GRACE NOLL CROWELL

When the man was grabbed and searched, the brooch was found in his pocket, and so, on top of a smoked-ham supper and square dance, there was a running-out-of-town party to top off the evening. And all in all, it was easily the most successful social in a long while.

Next day, when Lem was interviewed by the editor of our paper, he didn't brag much about his hound. "To tell the truth," he said, "the sheriff and me, we

wasn't too sure Einstein could spot the criminal, so we helped out a mite. I rubbed a little soot from the stove on the hound's underside, and every time anyone came out of the room the sheriff looked at his hands. The first person with clean hands figured to be our man, because the thief was a cinch to make believe he was scratchin' Einstein without really touchin' his belly a-tall."

Yours truly,
Jake Withers.

MIRROR
Of Your
MIND

Everyone Wants
Admiration

By Lawrence Gould



Is wanting to show off neurotic?

Answer: No more so than any other natural instinct—but your way of trying to gratify it may be. Everyone instinctively wants admiration and approval, and accordingly the desire to show off is universal even though in many people it has been so sternly repressed that they are not conscious of it. But to give way to the desire is neurotic when you don't consider whether what you have to display—whether it is beauty, wit, or talent—will be pleasing to your audience. Mature people show off only when they have something to show.

dulged but also had been expected to be models of behavior. Stammering is basically the result of a conflict between what we wish to say and what we think we're expected to say, so that the more afraid a child is to express himself spontaneously, the more likely he will be to stutter.



Does a psychoanalyst give advice?

Answer: Not if he adheres to the strict psychoanalytic technique. For the object of this technique is not to remodel you according to somebody else's pattern but to help you find out what you are and make up your own mind what you want to do about it. A person who told you that you should—or should not—get a divorce, for example, would be untrue to the psychoanalytic method. By the time that you have recognized the unconscious reasons why you've been unhappy in your marriage you'll know what you want and ask advice from no one.



Do pampered children tend to stammer?

Answer: Yes, says Dr. Philip J. Glasner of John Hopkins Hospital, Baltimore. From the study of a group of seventy stammering children under five years of age, he concluded that their typical background was a home in which they had been sheltered and in-

The
Fiction
Corner

THE THREESOME

By
Richard H. Wilkinson

"THAT MAN," Janice thought as she brought her roadster to a halt, "has possibilities. It can't be that he lives here."
He stood just inside the picket fence—six feet of tall leaness. Fair hair. Blue eyes. Bespeaking the easy arrogance of youth. He wore a blue cotton shirt and blue denim jeans.

"You're not Janice Burdon?" he said. And then at her expression: "Heavens, you are! Why couldn't Aunt Bertha have warned me?"
"Is Aunt Bertha your aunt, too?"
"My real aunt. You only call her auntie because she's a close friend of your mother."

That makes us not cousins," he added with frank relief.

Janice rescued her suitcase from the rumble seat. "This is like one of those things you read about," he grinned, taking it from her. He studied her with honest approval. "And I thought my vacation was going to be one of those dull, uninteresting things."

Minutes later Janice faced her Aunt Bertha in the bed chamber over the front parlor.

"Oh, Auntie, why didn't you tell me he was going to be here? I didn't bring a thing. Not a thing, except my shorts, two cotton dresses and a bathing suit."

"Who?" Aunt Bertha asked innocently. "Phil? Land sakes, don't worry about him. He dropped in unexpectedly yesterday and announced he was here for two weeks. He's a dear boy. You'll like him."

The next day Janice accompanied Phil up to the north pasture and watched him prune apple trees. "I thought this was your vacation," she said after awhile.

"It is," he told her. "I like working on my vacations—out doors."



She wondered about Phil.

He pointed away over the fields. "Some day I'd like to see all those fields set out to apple trees."

Two days ago she wouldn't have believed him. She was city born and city bred. To her a farm had always symbolized hard work and a poor living, bugs and snakes and

hot days in the sun, long lonely evenings. Even the thought of a farm had made her shudder.
She wondered about Phil. He claimed to be a law firm member on vacation. It occurred to her that for a lawyer he was mighty skillful handling pruning clippers. And his knowledge of farming was profound.

THE SECOND DAY of their vacation they knocked off early and went for a swim. The third day they played tennis. The fourth Aunt Bertha packed them a lunch and they drove to Mount Carter, climbed to its summit and watched a glorious sunset while nibbling delicious sandwiches.

On the second Saturday following her arrival she was with Phil. They had climbed Mount Carter again, had sat for long, silent moments watching the afterglow of a blood-red sunset.

Unexpectedly Phil said: "Well it's gone. And our vacation has gone. Tonight winds up the two weeks."

"There's always an end to nice things," she told him evasively.

"There doesn't have to be. Ever. Listen." He went on eagerly. "I gave you the wrong impression about myself. I'm not a successful lawyer. I never should have tried to be a lawyer. Thank heavens I realized the mistake before it was too late."

"You mean you're not leaving? You're staying here?"

He nodded. "I'm going to try and raise apples. Auntie and I are going to be partners. This fall I'll sell what we have and next spring set out new trees. He picked up her hand. "Honey, let's make it a threesome. I know it's a lot to ask," he added wistfully. "A city girl like you. It'll be dull. But eventually—"

"I could chip in my roadster," Janice cried excitedly. "It's all I have, but it ought to bring \$500. How many apple trees can you buy with \$500, darling?"

"Enough," said Phil, reading her eyes, "to keep from being lonesome—I guess."

Star
Dust
STAGE-SCREEN-RADIO

By INEZ GERHARD

SALLY FORREST and Keefe Brasselle are so enthusiastic about Ida Lupino that they had to be prodded into talking about themselves at our interview. Both got their big breaks in Ida's "Not Wanted" and "Never Fear." (Eagle Lion), thanks to her preference for casting her films without in-



SALLY FORREST

sisting on big names. Sally, now 20, had three years as assistant director at Metro, playing small parts; Keefe had more picture experience and plenty of heartbreaks. Following "Never Fear" he was given a supporting role in Paramount's "An American Tragedy." But Sally and Keefe were really celebrating in New York—both had been signed to long contracts by M-G-M.

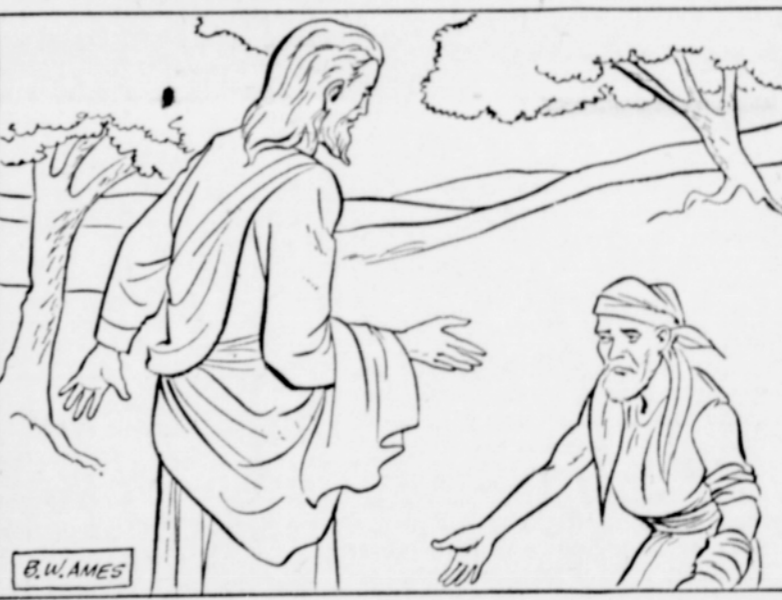
Jane Greer wanted an operatic career until, in her teens, she saw her twin brother, Donn, play the lead in a little theatre play. She switched to the movies, and he became a commercial artist. But either Jane's success or a liking for acting made him swing over to her side; he makes his film debut in RKO's "The Wall Outside," in which she co-stars with Elizabeth Scott.

James Stewart is really playing a supporting role in "Winchester 73," with the historic Winchester, often described as the "rifle that won the West," as the star. He wins it in a shooting match; it's stolen, lost at poker, stolen again, with Stewart after it all the way. Shelly Winters is the girl involved with Stewart in this super-western. But the gun is more important.

Rick Jason was considered for the starring role of "Luis Bello" in Robert Rossen's "The Brave Bulls," for Columbia, but lost out because he was too young. Now appearing with Frederic March on Broadway, he got a Columbia contract anyway.

Surplus U.S. army air forces breastplates, made to turn anti-aircraft shrapnel, were converted by Columbia armorers into medieval breastplates; they're worn by men-at-arms in the John Derek-Diana Lynn "Rogues of Sherwood Forest."

LOOKING AT RELIGION



THERE IS AN ASTONISHING NUMBER OF WAYS IN WHICH CHRIST IS SPOKEN OF IN THE NEW TESTAMENT: HE IS TEACHER AND HEALER; SACRIFICE; HE IS PROPITIATION, THE RECONCILER OF MEN TO GOD. HE IS MASTER AND LORD, HE IS THE WORD, HE IS THE SON OF GOD, HE SITS ON THE THRONE OF THE UNIVERSE AND WILL JUDGE EVERY MAN.

KEEPING HEALTHY

Cancer of Lip, Diagnosis and Care

By Dr. James W. Barton

LIKE MALIGNANT growth elsewhere, cancer of the lip is a grave disease. It is carried to lymph nodes near by and will eventually kill the patient unless it is treated adequately and at an early stage.

Fortunately an ulcer or growth on the lip continually reminds the patient of its presence. It can usually be easily recognized by the physician. Because it can be easily reached it can be treated in a number of ways.

I am quoting freely Dr. C. C. Burkell, Saskatoon cancer clinic, Saskatoon, Sask., in "Canadian Medical Association Journal."

Dr. Burkell presents a review of some 534 cases of cancer of the lip treated in Saskatoon cancer clinics at Regina and Saskatoon, 97 per cent of which were on the lower lip. In one group of 131 cases the cancers had been present from nine months to as long as 20 years, the average being about four years.

While some cases of cancer of

the lip, particularly where the adjoining lymph nodes are involved, require surgical operation, where-ever radium can be administered in any of its various forms—the results are much to be preferred to surgical operation which in so many cases leaves disfiguring scars.

The result of treating 534 consecutive cases of cancer of the lip by radium showed that the overall survival of life was 89.5 per cent (about nine in every 10 cases) for five years after treatment.

Dr. Burkell from his review of these cases states:

1. Cancer of the lip can be cured by radium treatment in a very high percentage of cases provided treatment is given early.

2. The choice of method in use of radium is not important provided careful care and planning are used.

3. Radium is not the treatment of choice where neighboring glands are involved.

HEALTH NOTES

If your youngster is not progressing at school, remember that 80 per cent of his school work depends on his vision.

Generally speaking we make as much money with our feet as with our heads.

Tuberculosis is spread almost entirely by adults.

One treatment for epilepsy is a diet of more fat and less starch foods.

Alcoholism is now being fought just as if it were a disease like polio, tuberculosis and cancer.

Home care for some patients is not only as good as hospital care—it is infinitely better.

Household
Hints

When preparing both the yolks and whites of eggs for a recipe, time, work, water and egg may be saved by beating the whites first and then, with the unwashed beater, the yolks.

Brown spots that inevitably show up on glass baking dishes may be removed by sprinkling baking soda in the dish, filling it with hot water and letting soak for about 10 minutes.

With cut glass back in vogue, here's a cleaning tip: Tackle the dust that's collected in all the crevices with a baking-soda paste and a stiff brush.

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