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Editorial Correspondence

LOS ANGELES, Feb. 20.—For real entertainment and drama, we would recommend the criminal courts building over any movie theatre in town.

BUT come along to the Criminal Courts building. How many courts there are we wouldn't attempt to say—just open a door at random, and take a seat, it won't cost you even a penny for sales tax.

A movie actress is the defendant—(all pretty girls in Los Angeles who get into trouble are movie actresses—past, present or future!)

Her name is Miss Beverly Granger of Beverley Hills but not we believe of the Beverly GRANGE. She is very good looking but presumably not as good as she looks.

For a policeman is describing the incident which placed her in her present predicament.

"This girl here was sitting in her easy chair, and her boy friend was lying on the bed with a bullet in his shoulder, and one in his leg. I said 'what's the trouble?' and she said, 'Well he just got what was coming to him. I shot him, knocked him down with the first bullet and as he lay there I fired at him five times and you give me your gun copper—mine's empty—and I'll shoot him again!' Yep, she wanted to shoot him again. I sent the man to the hospital and arrested the girl. I guess it's what you call a lovers quarrel. But the man wouldn't say a word—wouldn't swear out a complaint even—said he had no hard feelings."

The court asked the girl if SHE had anything to say. After consulting with her attorney she said she had not.

Whereupon the judge ordered Miss Granger held for trial on a charge of assault with a deadly weapon and fixed her bail at \$1500.

The name of the girl's attorney was Moses.

Now that's a very interesting glimpse through one of Walter Winchell's keyholes—gives one a graphic idea of romantic life in the great city of Los Angeles.

TRY another door, at the further end of the hall. An extremely black and fashionably dressed negro is in the witness chair. He belongs to the white collar class—a very high and shiny one—his kinky hair is glistening like the coat of a water-soaked seal—his suit is black, ditto his tie and shoes—he would be practically invisible were it not for the white of his eyes, and his spats which are of a cutout oyster tone. His name is William Wilson.

His attorney, a negro as large as Jack Johnson, but far better looking, is questioning him.

"Where you born Mr. Wilson?"

"I was bo'n in Africa."

"How long has you lived in this country?"

"Twenty-nine years."

"Now you tell your story to the coht please."

"Well, sah, it was this way. I met Miss Berkeewritz at a dance and she led me to believe she was a creole. She looked white to me, but she told me different. And I thought she ought to know. Well I made a good lot o' money then and I marries her and then after we wuz married she done told me one day, she was a Jew. I sez 'I thought you said you was a creole.' She said 'I is a creole and I is a Jew too.' But I tol' her that couldn't be, as a Jew is no NATIONALITY at all. And that's all."

IT DEVELOPED later that this colored gentleman wished his marriage with this Jewish girl annulled (shades of Herr Hitler) which certainly was better comic relief to the preceding drama than could be supplied even by a Stepin Fetchit.

The girl was there with her father, she was an extremely respectable looking person, as was he—and the father on the stand admitted he was a Polish Jew, but that was all they asked him—which added mystery to it all. In FACT, the entire case is a mystery to date as far as we are concerned. For the court room was crowded, the case was suddenly adjourned and the principals vanished before we could reach even the legalistic Jack Johnson. We have searched the papers for any mention of the case but in vain. As we are leaving for Pasadena tomorrow it looks as though the matter will never be solved. But there it was—only a fragment—yet how diverting and intriguing—one is left with such a desire to KNOW...

A GAIN the Kaleidoscope turns! Three defendants this time—young men, rather stolid, hard-boiled, trying to look unconcerned but not quite succeeding. The district attorney is selecting a jury and is going to demand the death penalty. For these young men are charged with kidnaping Mr. and Mrs. H. G. Bodkin, torturing them with lighted matches and getting away with \$1700 in cash and jewelry. The new kidnaping law in this state exacts capital punishment where the victims are harmed—only life where they are not. Real drama here—a life and death struggle—a cross section of modern crime before your eyes—if it bores you, you can leave; if it doesn't you can stay—and it doesn't cost YOU a dime!

One of these days some smart legislator will solve the tax problem, by enlarging our court houses and charging admission!

—R. W. R.

Personal Health Service

By William Brady, M.D.

Signed letters pertaining to personal health and hygiene not to disease diagnosis or treatment will be answered by Dr. Brady if a stamped self-addressed envelope is enclosed. Letters should be brief and written in ink. Owing to the large number of letters received only a few can be answered. No reply can be made to queries not conforming to instructions. Address Dr. William Brady, 265 El Camino, Beverly Hills, Cal.

WE STRIVE TO PLEASE BUT THERE ARE TRICKS IN ALL TRADES

A young woman writes:

I am 26, have a good heart, normal weight, sound health with the exception of bad teeth and bad tonsils. My dentist is taking care of my teeth. I must have the tonsils attended to right away. I had thought of having Dr. (here the lady names a physician) attend to them. I have a good standing with you. I engage in general practice but like to do his own surgery, and that, I think, stamps him as a desirable type of family physician. He uses both surgery and diathermy. Most doctors offer both methods but advocate surgery, in my experience. Their prices are the same. Is there any good reason for this preference for the operation? I have as much fear of surgery as I have of crude diathermy by an inexperienced operator. Now there is a sensible inquiry.

In my experience—I refer to it with some diffidence in the presence of the correspondent, for I had only 18 or 20 years of practice before I began to tell the world how to keep tolerably well and not monkey so much with symptoms and regulators and the like—I always found it a good scheme to wobble a bit when I was not certain just what we should do, and mention several possible courses we might pursue. This sort of stummed patient and the decision was left dangling—which gave me a little more time to try to make up my mind. I just couldn't afford to be honest and say to the patient: 'I don't know whether it would be better for you to have the operation or not.' A doctor who has to depend on his practice for his living can't tell patients the truth like that. They'll all go across the street to a good doctor who knows how to lie to 'em in the way they've been accustomed to.

Trouble with the diathermy method

Does not the addition of chloroform or carbolic acid make your corn remedy better? (T. S. A.)

Answer—I do not think so. The plain solution of 30 grains of salicylic acid in one-half ounce of flexible collodion, painted on corn or callus each day for a week or so, accomplishes all that the more beautiful concoctions can.

Ed. Note: Readers wishing to communicate with Dr. Brady should send letters direct to Dr. William Brady, M. D., 265 El Camino, Beverly Hills, Cal.

Why Fuss? Literature states that the milk should contain at least 100,000,000 viable organisms. (G. B.)

Answer—Why bring that up? In my opinion it has no virtues which are not obtainable in ordinary buttermilk or sour milk.

Scenery. Does not the addition of chloroform or carbolic acid make your corn remedy better? (T. S. A.)

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Comment on the Day's News

By FRANK JENKINS

ALBERT, King of the Belgians, indulging in his favorite sport of mountain climbing, seizes a bit of frost-crumbled rock. It breaks, and the king is precipitated down a cliff, to be found ten hours later—stone dead.

His skull, mercifully, had been fractured. Death, apparently, was instantaneous—no suffering.

ON the night of the day when Albert falls to his death, Leopold, his 32-year-old son, vacationing in Switzerland with his 28-year-old wife, the former Princess Astrid of Sweden, retires to his bed, wearied by a day of skiing.

He is hardly asleep when he is summoned to the telephone to be informed of his father's death, which means that he is king.

ONE hour a plain prince enjoying life. The next, thanks to the hand of death, head of a great nation, with all the crushing responsibility that rulership brings.

Things can happen swiftly in this world, can't they?

HOW do you suppose Leopold feels about it? Is he pleased with the new power that is his?

Or is he somewhat appalled by his new responsibilities?

How would YOU feel about it?

HERE is an interesting paragraph, culled from the news of yesterday:

HOLLY THEATRE Phone 255

4-DAYS—STARTS Tomorrow, Saturday

The Power of a Great Love Story—Plus the Charm of Glorious Music!



Never before has the screen presented such a thoroughly ENJOYABLE picture!... You'll thrill to its stirring music!... You'll soar to its sweeping of action as you warm to its glowing romance!... You'll respond to its inspiring drama as you lift to its inspiring songs!... You will hear John Boles sing its songs!... You, too, will say that at last the screen has come into its own!

BELOVED JOHN BOLES and GLORIA STUART in BELOVED With Morgan Fairley, Ruth Hall, Albert Conti, Lucille Gleason, Mae Busch, Jimmie Butler and many others. Story by Paul Gangelin. A B.F. Zeiden Production. Directed by Victor Scheringer. Released by P.M.A. DOORS OPEN at 1:45 P.M. AGAIN at 6:45 P.M.

FLORSHEIM FRIENDLY FORTUNE MANN'S Last Times Today IT'S A JAMBOREE OF PHONE-Y FUN SHE'LL R-R-RING YOUR HEART JOAN BLONDELL I've got your number PAT O'BRIEN • GEORGE FARRELL MATINEE 25c EVENING 35c KIDDIES 10c

FORBID CATHOLICS SEEING FAN DANCE

OMAHA, Neb., Feb. 23.—(AP)—Local Catholics, in a pastoral letter read at Lenten services in the various churches last night, are forbidden to attend performances at a local theater featuring Sally Rand, the fan dancer. Her appearance opens tomorrow. Directing that his letter be read at services tomorrow night also, Bishop Rummel wrote to pastors advising them "that our Catholic people are forbidden under pain of grievous sin to attend the performance in question."

Eight Are Aged 617

SHELBYVILLE, Ind.—(UP)—Eight surviving members of the E. F. Thompson family here boast a total age of 617 years. Thompson moved here in 1828 and he and his wife reared 14 children. Of the children still living the oldest is 88 and the youngest 69.

Shoes for MEN

Watch for our ad announcing the opening of our new Shoe Department for Men... FLORSHEIM FRIENDLY FORTUNE MANN'S

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Watch for our ad announcing the opening of our new Shoe Department for Men... FLORSHEIM FRIENDLY FORTUNE MANN'S