

"I Just Jibed," Says Drummer Spying on His Actress-Wife

NEW YORK.—The bedroom scene he witnessed when he walked in unexpectedly on his wife one Saturday morning, proved just a bit too much for dapper Hubby. Cowens, the drumstick wielding husband of Baby Cox, herself a mean blues crooner,

It rendered Cowens nervous and speechless. All he could do was strike a pose like the doorman in front of Wiejevski's Cafe, while Bobby Johnson, Baby Cox's "big moment," just 19 years old, got into one of those union-made suits and belted out the door just like a bat

going west. Both Baby Cox and her tender Bobby (not baby) are entertainers at Connie's Inn, while Cowens is the drummer in Doc Crawford's orchestra, now dispensing melodies for the foot pushers at Rose Danceland, 125th Street and Seventh Avenue.

Interviewed at his bachelor quarters in the Hotel Grampton while he fed his three pampered poodles German crackers in cream, Cowens said

that he had done nothing about it, but "just jibed a while" and he admitted having seen his lawyer about getting a divorce.

Baby Cox, whose fame dates back to the days when she warbled sob-wrinking blues for the purchasers of Okeh records, married Cowens in Indianapolis. Her husband said they had not lived together for a year and nine months.

She is the mother of two boys, one eight years old, by her first husband, and another which recently celebrated his first birthday. Cowens claims to be the father of the latter, but failed to explain how this could have happened after being separated from his wife for a period almost twice the child's age; while Baby Cox when a reporter sought to interview her at her home, 246 West 128th Street, said she would "explain nothing."

Best Joke

Send your best joke to the editor and it will be printed.

DRASTIC INTERPRETATION

A rookie in the cavalry was told to report to the lieutenant. "Private Rooney," said the officer, "take my horse down and have him shod."

For three hours the lieutenant waited for his horse. Then, impatiently, he sent for Rooney.

"Private Rooney," he said, "where is the horse I told you to have shod?"

"O," gasped the private, going pale around the gills, "O! Did you say 'shod'?" E. C.

Spied on by Husband



Dull, Faded Hair... Streaked with Gray is due to—



LAZY GLANDS

Don't have dull, faded hair, or ugly streaks of gray! There is a remedy. No woman under 50 need have a gray hair in her head! Her scalp still has pigment cells. Those cells are still full of color. But that color can't reach the hair if your glands are inactive.

Stimulate those lazy glands and watch those faded locks revive!

Thousands of women have actually stimulated gray hair back to its natural color. The number would be millions if more women only knew the truth—if so many had not been fooled in matters concerning the hair. Gland stimulation is the solution of just about every hair and scalp trouble we have! Yes, it makes hair grow—as you will soon discover.

If your hair is off-color or under-nourished, or your scalp is full of pore filth and there



WHEN lazy glands won't open, the hair is starved and faded. WHEN lazy glands don't close, scalp is fouled by secretion.

is dandruff, start gland stimulation tonight. All you need is your fingers, and some Danderine. Only massage will wake up the glands, and only a penetrant like Danderine will get through to the subcutaneous glands. The very first treatment will end all dandruff, but keep on with Danderine until you have promoted vigorous coloring and growth. As the hair grows, the gray will go. You'll soon have proof if you watch the color of your hair close to the roots!

Remember, though, it's thorough massage that does it, and Danderine that gets through to the glands. Just rubbing anything on the head won't do the work. Get your bottle of Danderine today. It's a medicine for sick scalps. The smallest bottle is enough to show results which will surprise you.

Josephine Baker Writes Poetry

(Paris Bureau of the AFRO)

PARIS.—Josephine Baker, star of the Casino de Paris has written for La Depeche Algerienne the following



JOE BAKER

ing prose-poem of her life:
"At the age of eight I was already working to calm the hunger of my family.
I have suffered: hunger, cold . . .
I have a family.
They said I was homely;
That I danced like an ape;
Then I was less homely . . .
Cosmetics;
Then I was hooded.
Then I was applauded . . .
The crowd . . .
I continued to dance . . . I loved jazz.
I continued to

sing . . . I loved sadness; my soul is sick;
I had an opportunity . . . Destiny
I had a mascot, a panther . . .
Ancestral superstition . . .
I made a tour of the world . . .
in third class and in Pullman;
I am moral;
They said I was the reverse,
I do not smoke . . . I love white teeth.
I do not drink . . . I am an American.
I have a religion.
I adore children.
I love flowers.
I aid the poor . . . I have suffered much.
I love the animals . . . they are the sincerest.
I sing and dance still . . . perseverance.
I earn much money . . . I do not love money.
I save my money . . . for the time when I am no longer an attraction.
Miss Baker continues to be the chief attraction at the Casino de Paris, seats for which are sold out days in advance. It is reported that she will leave next month for a London engagement.

DANDERINE

35¢