

and a man was busily engaged in mopping up the floor. "They don't start coming in until lunch time," Edith explained, "but we waitresses have to be here early to get things ready."

They climbed a few steps and went through a narrow hallway which ended in a paneled door marked "Mr. Morrow." Edith knocked.

"Come in," said a pleasant voice from inside. The two entered, Susan dropping back just a little until prodded by Edith.

There were two gentlemen in the room; one large and bulky, the other tall, rather slender, fairly handsome. The large one was seated at a heavy desk, a cigar in his mouth, the morning paper in his hand.

Edith then advanced and towed the timid Susan behind her.

"What can I do for you this morning?" the man at the desk addressed her.

Edith looked at the taller, younger man before she spoke. He nodded friendly.

"This is a friend of mine," she started. "Susan Kane is her name, wish you'd take her on in place of She's from Virginia, like I am. I that Sandford girl that got married. We've been short-handed for months in the main dining room."

"Mr. Morrow, the elder, looked Susan over with eyes that seemed to penetrate into the inner recesses of her. She stood, coldly expectant, while he sized her up. Then, although he still regarded her with a kindly glint in his eyes, he shook his head slowly.

"I'm sorry, Miss Martin," he said firmly, "but owing to the depression, we had decided not to take on any

Went to N. Y. to Study Chemistry; Stayed, and is Now Radio Favorite

Fletcher Henderson a Georgia Boy, Has Interesting Career

By TREZZVANT W. ANDERSON

WASHINGTON. — What strange stories the lives of famous people of olden time and of all of them there could be none so strange as that of Fletcher Henderson, broadcasting star, recording artist, music writer, and publisher.

I strolled into the dressing room of Fletcher just after he had ended his regular midnight broadcast for the Columbia Broadcasting System, over WJSV, here, from the stage of the Howard Theatre, where he had just concluded performances to record-breaking Sunday night crowds. And here is how the widely known maestro became a figure in his present field.

Ten or fifteen years ago young Fletcher Henderson was a school boy down in Atlanta, Ga., where he was born. He was attending Atlanta University, where he was a sophomore at the time our story begins. "Fletcher" as he was called then, was studying about everything the class could study, being of an inquisitive type, and just wanting to know about things. Among his studies was music.

Now this same young Fletcher play-

ed on the varsity football team, and was informed by his music instructor that he could not play football and study music; that football made the tendons and muscles of the hands and fingers too hard for music. Now, you guess what happened? Fletcher Henderson QUIT TAKING MUSIC—and that was just twelve or thirteen years ago.

Anyway, he went on through school there, meanwhile playing both football and baseball, and starring in both sports—ask Morehouse, Clark, Morris Brown or Tuskegee of twelve years ago. Graduated in 1920 with an A.B. degree, when he had studied the complete scientific course; he wonders today, why "A.B.?" So do I.

And here comes another funny story. Straight-away to New York came young Henderson, a fresh college grad. He came for the express purpose of majoring in chemistry in which he had already done six years at Atlanta Univ. city.

He met Harry Pace, who was the founder of the first all-colored phonograph company in the country. Mr. Pace was also an Atlanta grad, and he gave Fletcher a job as manager of the recording department, at which he worked steadily, the idea being to use what money he made to bear his school expenses.

Putting around the shop soon made a change in the young manager, and he finally recorded a number himself, and that led to still other desires, and then in a maze of trails we finally find coming up on the horizon—Fletcher Henderson, the erstwhile Atlanta school kid, making records for every company in the business, he has recorded for all.

Gathering up an orchestra, after weeks of intensive study, practice, training and rehearsal, he was engaged to open up the Club Alabam' where he stayed six months, quitting the job when the club manager wanted him to fire one of his musicians, who refused to do a part in a floor show being staged.

From the Club Alabam' Henderson and his orchestra went to the Roseland Ballroom and from there to Connie's Inn, where he stayed seven years.

These are the three major engagements he has had, although he did spend a month at "The Willows," swanky white club near Pittsburgh, as the only colored orchestra ever in it.

A contract with C.B.S. for appearances over the key station, WAAC, greeted him, and he signed with a contract to record for the Victor company, ending his last recordings two months ago.

The rest of the story, all know, and so—greet the Georgia boy who came North to study chemistry, with his lab

books in hand, and ended up before the mike and on the wax, one of the most popular favorites in the musical field today. He admits that all of his

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ENGLISH

WORDS OFTEN MISUSED

Do not say "Do you believe he is on the square?" Say, "Do you believe he is honest?"

WORDS OFTEN MISPELLED

Siren; not syren.

WORDS OFTEN MISPRONOUNCED

Automaton. Pronounce both o's as in "on," accent after the m.

SYNONYMS

Furious, frantic, fierce, raging, vehement, violent, angry, mad, turbulent.

WORD STUDY

REPEL; to cause aversion in. "The sight repelled him."

Household Hints

A nail can be driven into a plastered wall without crumbling the plaster if the nail is put in hot water for a few minutes, or dipped into melted paraffin.

To prevent dandruff, dissolve one ounce of flour of sulphur in one quart of soft water. Do not use it until it is thoroughly mixed and settled. Apply it at night.

Before washing ties, beat them carefully, to prevent the lining or padding from becoming lumpy. Remove the basting before ironing—and the ties will look like new.

When preparing corn either for canning or for the table, use a small hand brush to remove the silk. It performs the work much quicker than the fingers.

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more girls, at least not this month. We have to cut down expenses, you know. People aren't eating as much these lean days, or at least our receipts don't show it." Keen distress showed in Susan's face. Edith looked appealingly across the older one's shoulder into the face of the tall, well-dressed man who had watched quietly from the corner. He looked away from Edith, and turned to survey Susan. He looked her over, and seemed pleased with what he saw. With a quick motion he stepped forward and faced the older man. "Dad," he said, "I really think we ought to take another girl on. We've been short-handed ever since the Sandford girl left. This girl will be worth what we pay her." "Sure," put in Edith, "and if you don't take her on, where else is there for her to go? I'm willing to help her out these first few days and show her the ropes. I'll see that she does the work all right. But certainly I can't support her entirely." The elder Morrow turned to his son, a little puzzled. "But you said earlier this morning that there was no need to take on any extra girls at this season," he said, his voice mildly accusing. "Why the sudden change?" "I hadn't really thought about it then, Dad," he said. "Now that I come to think the thing over, it seems that we do need another girl." He paused, and surveyed Susan, a queer smile twisting his lips. Susan forced herself to return the smile. "I'm sure," the younger man went on, "that Miss Kane's attractiveness is just what we need to stir up business here. If we could find a couple more like her..." The old man bit the end of his pencil reflectively. "Well," he said finally, "if you want her, it's all right with me, although personally I don't see any need..." "O.K., dad," the boy cut him off. Tom took a seat at one of the tables where food had been prepared for him and beckoned to Susan. "It's all right, kiddo," he said, addressing her. "You can start right away if you want to. Edith—ah—Miss Martin will show you what you're to do." Again that queer smile. There was something sinister about it that Susan didn't like. She turned quickly in confusion—turned toward Edith—and there in Edith's face she saw for just an instant a sullen scowl of jealousy. In a second it was gone, and Edith smiled. "Come on, Susan," she said. "Let's get to work." Her face smiled, but in her voice there was still a trace of bitterness. Susan was alarmed. What had she done to cause Edith to act that way? Susan, Edith, and Young Tom Morrow get into deeper complications as the days go by. Continue the life of SUSAN KANE in next week's installment.