

**She Didn't Kill Him**



**MRS. ELEANOR JOHNSON**  
An Augusta, Maine, jury decided that she didn't kill Abraham Levine, her Jewish employer. Abraham objected to his brother's hotly to say love affairs with the housekeeper.

**Drowned Man Not Victim**

**of Foul Play as Said**  
ANNAPOLIS, Md.—After an autopsy performed by coroners on the body of Isaac Bennett, 27, which was found on the shore of the Severn River Saturday, a verdict of accidental drowning was given. The lungs were found to be full of water; foul play was at first suspected.

**LOVE ANSWERS**

Dear Aunt Dilsey: The boy I love said he was too sleepy to see me the other night. What shall I do?  
A. J. K.

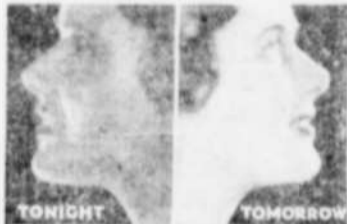
Perhaps he was too sleepy and again it may just be that that's his feeling about you.

**Careless that Way**

Herbert—Thirty-eight did you say? Then she carries her years badly.  
Horace—She does. She's always dropping a few.—Stray Stories.

**Cause of Waves**

She— Doesn't this pavement look look wavy to you?  
He—It's laid with flagstones, my dear.



**Whitens While You Sleep**

**Freckles, Blackheads, Blisters Vanish too!**

Oh what a difference a lovely white skin makes! You can have it. No matter how dark your skin now, no matter how many other creams have failed, this famous Golden Peacock Bleach Cream will lighten it one shade a night... or your money back! Gentlest, faintest of all bleaches that work. Perfected by 30 great specialists... absolutely guaranteed. More economical, because it acts so fast... you use so little. Try Golden Peacock Bleach Cream tonight. At all drug stores and toilet goods counters.



**LOOKING AT THE STARS**

By **MATT HUGHES**

**FROM THE LADIES.**

Edna Deaver Shipley, an ex-Baltimore girl now in Harlem, writes that she's a member of N.Y.U. (New York's Unemployed).  
Mrs. Cab Calloway complains that they keep her husband so busy that she thinks they're trying to keep her marriage a secret from her.  
Since her hubby has become a radio announcer on the Negro Business Hour over WCBM (Baltimore), Mrs. Joe Boetic complains that what's not worth saying is sung by crooners.  
Gertrude Gardine, one of Harlem's niftier chorus girls, says that the hardest job a girl has in these times of depression is to make her sweetie stop, look and LOOSEN.  
When Alline Poyas heard that newspaper columnists were getting scandal on actors by buying them a drink, she thought that that was DIRT cheap.  
When Nina Mae McKinney wrote her mother that she was going to act in some shorts for the New Lincoln Motion Picture Corporation, her mama warned her to wear more than that.

**DANCE HALL CHARACTERS.**

Baltimore boasts of a strange assortment of dance hall characters. Strangest of these, perhaps, is Freddy Brown, a one legged dancer, who hasn't missed a drag in ten years. He has an improvised wooden leg and can do all the latest steps as fast as they are invented. He is a perfect waltzer and the girls never refuse him.  
oe Gresham, a four-foot midget with slick black hair, a slick mustache that covers a broad grin, and a pair of banty legs that are educated, makes them all stop dancing and watch his capers whenever he takes the floor.  
Wallace Craig is a peculiar type of dance hall animal in that he is a fadist. When Louie Armstrong came to town he became an Armstrong fiend and changed his voice to that deep throaty tone of the cornetist and even had his head shaved bald with a peak on the front like the dizzy Louie. He actually pretended to smoke reefers and threw fits on the dance floor for atmosphere. He inaugurated the reefer fad among dance hall fans and it wasn't until after he had collected plenty of quarters from the saps that they discovered he was selling them homemade cigarettes made out of tea.  
Amos, a blind boy, never misses a dance or a basketball game and cheers louder than anybody else although he can't see a thing. He also goes to the movies regularly.  
Joe Dirty is the right hand man of Ike Dixon. I don't know where he got his last name or whether it is his right name, but he makes his sweeties come clean with him. When Joe gives an order it is carried out.  
Louise Reid is the little mither of the local dance hall youths. She of the plesant smile and long curls has organized about 100 clubs in the younger set and makes it possible for them to charge as low as 15 cents admission and still make money. She was once a school teacher. She maintains strict supervision over her young charges and contends that they are safer at the dances than they would be at house parties.

**THOSE RUSSIANS.**

Russia is having a lot of fun at America's expense. A film titled "Black Skin," is a story of an American colored man and would make Americans mad. Another film called "Prosperity" would also make Americans sore. It's satire.  
And the fact that the Moscow Museum of Western Art purchased a bust of a colored artist to place in its hall of fame would also give America nerts.

**THE HARLEM RAMBLER HAS A BIRTHDAY.**

Stand by, ladies and gentlemen, we will now switch you by remote control to the courthouse yard of the township of Towson, Md., where the proud villagers have turned out en masse to pay homage to one of their own favorite sons who went to the big city and made good. The streets of this staid old hamlet are gaudy with bunting and the municipal band, all five pieces, under the direction of the town's venerable old tuba player, Uncle Hank Carruthers, is waiting at the street car track for the homecoming of the man who has brought fame to the place of his nativity. This, ladies and gentlemen, is the thirty-second birthday anniversary of George Daniel Tyler, theatrical critic, commentator of the stage and screen and better known as the Harlem Rambler. He is the only hometown boy to get his name in the papers without the qualifying clause "He was given ten years." The town has a right to be proud, but wait, the cheers you hear are from the admiring populace. Listen to those enthusiastic outbursts of acclaim:  
"Boo! Boo! Scram!! Give him the raspberry! Get a rope. I'll furnish the tar, who'll get the horse feathers? Where's the sheriff? Boo!"  
That just gives you an idea of the esteem in which Mr. Tyler is held by his many admirers. But now the speakers are mounting the platform. The mayor is speaking:  
"Ladies and gentlemen! I really shouldn't call you ladies and gentlemen. I know you all far too well for that. This is a red letter day in the township of Towson, and likewise a red-ink day if you bozos don't hurry up with your taxes. We are gathered here to do honor to one of our own.  
February is behind us and we have spent our substance honoring the men whom that month produced—Washington, Lincoln and Douglass. March is upon us and with it comes the anniversary of the natal day of one who has outstripped these in achievement; one whose name is on everybody's lips; one whose name has made an indelible impression on the American commonwealth; a name that has become a household fixture. We feel proud in honoring (looks at slip of paper) George Daniel Tyler.  
In the year 1900 there was born in this township a boy child, at least after some investigation by scientists, it was discovered that it was a boy child. Little did we think at that time that he would amount to much, and many of us today are still dubious about the matter, but here he is before your eyes a full grown man in the flesh and not a moving picture.  
At the age of 10 he began selling AFRO-AMERICANS, but he was not content to merely sell AFROS. He decided he wanted to write for the paper and so for the past 22 years he has been a contributor to the columns of that paper, sticking of course to the same style that he used at the age of ten, a remarkable achievement. I assure you.  
But let us skip the years we find him a bit of everything, a railway dining car inspector, an actor, a writer, an editor and a politician. In 1930 he was candidate for county prosecutor in Cleveland, Ohio, on the Communist ticket. He lost because they caught him with 15 cents in his pocket and branded him a capitalist. After traveling throughout the west impersonating a hobo, he returned to Harlem where he has been an undesirable alien ever since.  
In all these years he has not failed to send some sort of a yarn to this paper. Towson is proud of the record that he has made.  
It is not customary for us to honor the great until after they are dead, but because we do not want to rob our constituents of the pleasure they will get out of such a celebration in this particular case we are a little premature.

**Early Spring Designs Stripped**

Designs for the early spring styles which Paris shows for the modish modern, have stripped them of mid-Victorian fripperies.

Hoops, bustles, and muttonleg sleeves are gone. Today's street silhouette is slim, moderately short skirted, and suited to the active life of the twentieth century woman.

Colors, too, reflect the demand for practicality. Navy blue is the primary color on fashion's palette, while a new bright blue, akin to royal, champagne, and pinky beiges, gray and black are outstanding in the picture. Bright tints such as red and green are saved for accessory notes.

**Belts Are Individual**

Belts of the most varied design and construction ever seen in the style world accent early spring models.

Belts seen on spring coats are uniformly narrow and neat, but those worn on frocks vary in size from a finger's width to the breadth of two hands, while materials include fabric and leather. Buttons up the front like a dress, six inches wide in front and two inches wide in the back another of black enamel is no thicker than a little finger, and a third of black patent leather stitched in herringbone pattern has a uniform width of six inches.

The new belts may either match or contrast with the color of the frock.

A black belt on a pearl gray frock worn with black hat and shoes, a green belt and cuffs on a brown dress worn with brown hat and gloves and a Delft blue belt on a dark blue frock worn with a dark blue hat and a Delft blue bag are among the combinations seen.

**Mrs. C. J. Calloway Buried at Tuskegee**

TUSKEGEE INSTITUTE, Ala.—Mrs. C. J. Calloway, wife of C. J. Calloway, head of rural school extension here, died recently after a stroke of paralysis which followed an attack of acute indigestion. Funeral services were held in the institute chapel.

**Depression Stew**

The "repression" has forced at least one Washington clubwoman to dispense with her servant. But to share her outside interests between meetings and movies, she has a colored girl mind her house and dog one day each week.

Shortly after this plan went into effect, the clubwoman was approached by an acquaintance. "I was so sorry you were out when I called," gushed the other. Then, as an afterthought: "You certainly have a sterling maid. It was such a cold day and she fixed me up the most delicious stew!"

The repressed one was puzzled but said nothing. Upon the maid's re-appearance, however, she made discreet inquiry. "The stew was already prepared in the icebox, ma'am," explained that worthy.

Horrors! The visitor had dined on Buster's prepared dog meat!  
—Exchange.



**How To Have Lighter Skin**

The great beauty secret of famous actresses and other women who attract men is their light, clear, soft skin. Of all known methods of clearing the complexion of ruinous, unnatural impurities, blackheads, pimples, freckles and other blotches, Nadinola Cream is the simplest, quickest and most satisfactory—just apply this white fragrant cream at bedtime—no massaging, no rubbing. Nadinola quickly brings fresh, youthful beauty to your skin; restoring a soft textured, smooth, radiant, flawless complexion; closing up large, ugly pores and leaving the skin ivory-white, lovely. Don't risk your face, neck, arms and hands to cheap bleaching creams, ointments or lotions, but be sure to use real Nadinola Bleaching Cream with its DOUBLE ACTING qualities found in no other product. Get a big 50c jar of Nadinola Bleaching Cream at any toilet counter; begin using it tonight, and tomorrow you will see a hint of the wonderful results to expect. Money-back guarantee in every package.



**Nadinola BLEACHING CREAM**

Manufactured by National Toilet Co., Paris, Tenn.

**BUILD UP HEALTH AND PAINS GO AWAY**

By building up the general system to normal, or to an improved condition of health, women have overcome "painful times" in a wholesome manner, and in thousands of cases Cardui is given the credit. When in a weakened condition after a severe illness, or from an ordinary run-down state of health, women who have taken Cardui have found it to be of great benefit as a general tonic. If you are weak, run-down, suffering monthly, try Cardui. Take it for a reasonable length of time and try it thoroughly. It is suitable for women of any age—its use cannot hurt any one. Cardui has benefited thousands.



Sold at drug stores.

**MAKE UP YOUR MIND TO BE A HEALTHY WOMAN**

Thousands of women everywhere who were weak, thin, run-down and discouraged through overwork, loss of sleep and physical neglect are taking St. Joseph's G.F.P. to invigorate and strengthen them. If you could just hear how these grateful women praise this wonderful tonic you would go right down to your druggist and get a bottle today. Make up your mind that you are going to get every pleasure out of life that it offers, that you are going to banish those petty ailments so common to women and that you are going to be strong, healthy

and robust. You can be—easily. Just let St. Joseph's G.F.P. help you. This rich, vegetable tonic contains Nature's own roots and herbs which have been used for over a century to stimulate, invigorate and strengthen weak, run-down, ailing women. Your druggist will sell you the big dollar bottle of G.F.P. on an absolute money-back guarantee.

**St. Joseph's G.F.P. The Woman's Tonic**