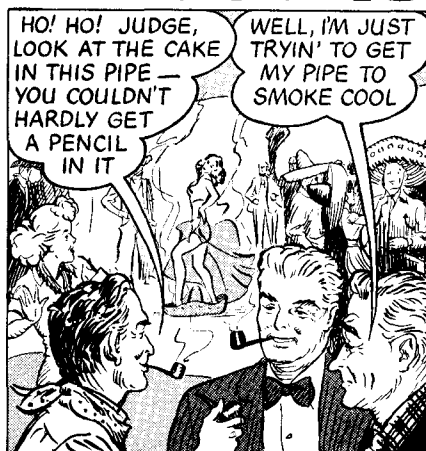


OL' JUDGE ROBBINS



AT A FIESTA
IN THE
SOUTHWEST



HO! HO! JUDGE,
LOOK AT THE CAKE
IN THIS PIPE—
YOU COULDN'T
HARDLY GET
A PENCIL
IN IT

WELL, I'M JUST
TRYIN' TO GET
MY PIPE TO
SMOKE COOL



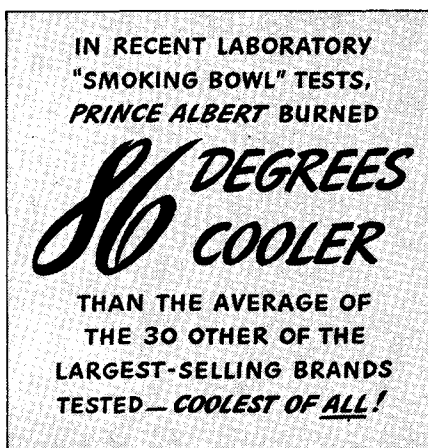
LET ME DIG THAT
PIPE OUT FOR YOU—
I'D LIKE TO SHOW YOU
SOMETHING

B-B-BUT, JUDGE,
IT TOOK ME
MONTHS TO
GET THAT
CAKE



NOW—THERE WE
ARE—IT'S ALL
LOADED AND READY
FOR YOU TO
TRY

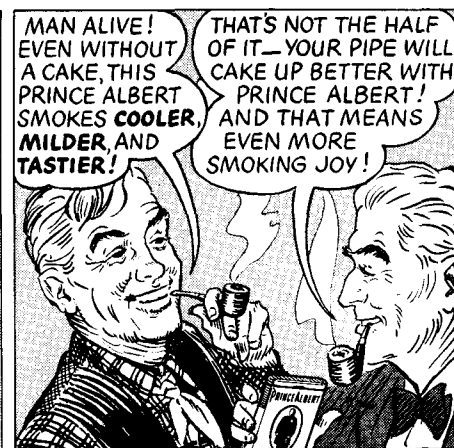
AT LAST SOMEONE IS
GETTING JOE TO TRY
PRINCE ALBERT,
THE COOL-BURNING
TOBACCO



IN RECENT LABORATORY
"SMOKING BOWL" TESTS,
PRINCE ALBERT BURNED

**86 DEGREES
COOLER**

THAN THE AVERAGE OF
THE 30 OTHER OF THE
LARGEST-SELLING BRANDS
TESTED—**COOLEST OF ALL!**



MAN ALIVE!
EVEN WITHOUT
A CAKE, THIS
PRINCE ALBERT
SMOKES COOLER,
MILDER, AND
TASTIER!

THAT'S NOT THE HALF
OF IT—YOUR PIPE WILL
CAKE UP BETTER WITH
PRINCE ALBERT!
AND THAT MEANS
EVEN MORE
SMOKING JOY!

PUFF YOUR WAY IN

TO THE CIRCLE
OF

SMOKING Joy!



PRINCE ALBERT IS
THE TOBACCO USED
TO DREAM ABOUT—
**COOLER-BURNING,
EASIER ON
THE TONGUE
—REALLY
FRAGRANT**

YOU DON'T
HAVE TO
RELIGHT P.A.
EVERY MINUTE.
IT STAYS LIT
BETTER, BURNS
EVEN, AND
DRAWS LIKE
A CHARM!

ONE TWIRL PUTS
PRINCE ALBERT OVER
FOR 'MAKIN'S' SMOKES
TOO—**FAST AND EASY
FOR FIRM,
STREAM-LINED
ROLLED SMOKES**

50 pipefuls of fragrant tobacco in
every handy tin of Prince Albert

Copyright, 1940, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.

PRINCE ALBERT

THE
NATIONAL
JOY SMOKE



KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

The tuxedo made its first appearance in the cheap dance halls on the Bowery in New York City in the early nineties.

Automobile repairmen, ambulance operators and others who listen to short-wave police broadcasts of accidents and take advantage of the situation to get business, break the law and are subject to heavy penalties.

At the Davis Cup matches, held at the West Side Tennis Club in New York in 1914, McLoughlin of the United States defeated Brookes of Australia by a score of 17 to 15, the longest singles set ever to be played in one of these completed matches.

Standing in Fairmount Park, Philadelphia, is one of the few statues in the United States that symbolize and are dedicated to religious liberty. It was given to the American people in 1876 by the B'nai B'rith, the famous international Jewish organization.

The majority of the toupees worn by the bald-headed men of this country are made from women's hair.

Probably most of the stories about the origins of the 1,500,000 cattle brands registered in the West are legends. One such outstanding tale, still told and published as a true story, is that Burk Burnett adopted the famous brand "6666" in 1900 because he won his great Texas ranch in a poker game with a hand containing four sixes.

Two new devices are an electric razor that operates on a pocket-size dry battery and a machine that separates good seeds from bad ones.

A Midwestern railroad that rewards employees for suggestions on how to improve service and methods has adopted an average of twenty-five of their new ideas a week, during the past year, and paid as much as \$750 for one of them.—By George N. Crowell, Carbondale, Illinois.

Although more than one third of New York City's population are Jews, none are ever found among the 8,500 unidentified dead that are buried in its potter's field each year, as the Hebrew Free Burial Association takes care of all such unclaimed bodies.

British Somaliland, a protectorate since 1884, with an area of 68,000 square miles and a population of 350,000, still does not have a railway, hotel, bank or European hospital.

The nutmeg tree is the only plant whose seed produces two common spices, nutmeg and mace, the latter being the dried arilode, or fibrous covering, of the nutmeg kernel.—By Donald Barr, New York, New York.

The powerful dissolving effect of digestive juices has been demonstrated by their action on various kinds of metals fed to rodents. In one case a steel ball bearing, while in the stomach of a rat for fifteen days, was reduced twenty-four per cent in weight.—By Philip G. Knapp, Rochester, New York.



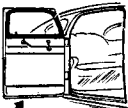
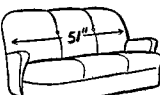


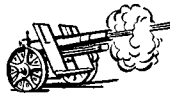


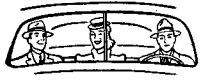

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The recent statement in this column to the effect that passengers on common carriers may not legally carry motion-picture film applies only to inflammable (nitrocellulose) film, and not to the "safety" (cellulose-acetate) film used by amateur photographers.

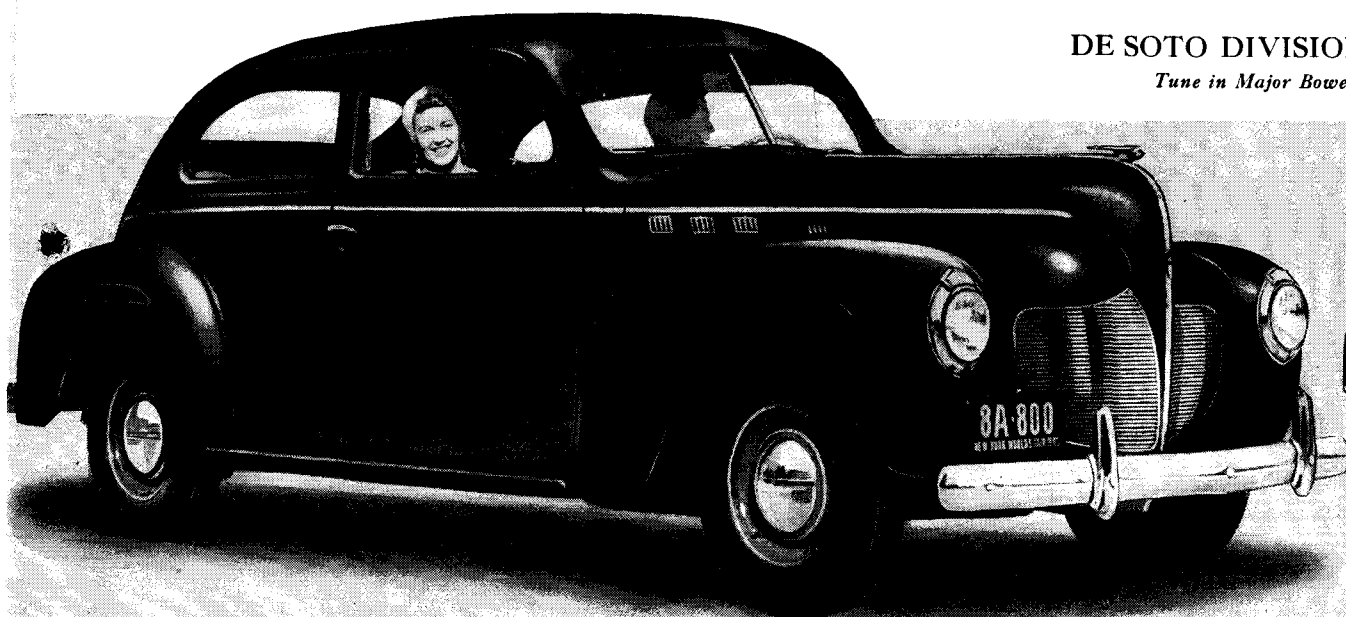
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“I Stopped, Looked and Whistled”



It was love  at first sight...and when I learned De Soto had  features not in my '37 car—that settled it. I stepped through that full-width door  ...relaxed on that 51" wide seat  ...took my first Floating Ride.  It was wonderful...no bumps, no jar. De Soto has 100 “horses”  under the hood—plenty of reserve power.  You get the jump on traffic.  Handy-Shift is up out of knees'  way—plenty of room for 3 in front.  When I discovered De Soto's made by Chrysler Corporation—priced \$20 to \$48 lower  than last year—I was sold!

DE SOTO DIVISION OF CHRYSLER CORPORATION
Tune in Major Bowes...C. B. S., Thursdays, 9-10 P. M., E. D. S. T.



"I would have to marry a Chopped Steak Fiend!"



1. How my Frank hates it when I serve him food fixed just a little fancier than usual! So, I suspected trouble the

night I tried a new recipe for chopped beef loaf. (The cook book called it "Hamburg Surprise.")



2. Goodness knows, it looked lovely on the table. There it was . . . tender, juicy meat loaf, garnished with tiny strips of pimiento and crisp parsley sprigs. And, on all sides, a fringe of well-browned potato patties. Frank looked impressed. Still, I'm never quite sure.



3. But when he'd finished eating, there was no mistaking his ear-to-ear grin. "Lady! Lady!" he blurted out. "Even in this disguise that's *real steer beef* flavor! It's wonderful! Imagine ordinary hamburger tasting like that!"



4. That got me! "There's nothing ordinary about Birds Eye Quick-Frozen Chopped Steak!" I snapped. "It's *all* beef . . . made from round steak as fine as any the butcher sells. *Always* uniform . . . never too fat or too lean. And *always* chopped by knives . . . never ground to a pulp!"

5. "So . . ." Frank began. But I broke in. "So, Mr. Know-Nothing . . . not one bit of steak flavor is squeezed out! And not one jot *leaks* out either. Because *Quick-Freezing* seals the juicy goodness in till the chopped steak is ready for the table."



6. "Gosh!" Frank said, "I'm afraid to ask how much it costs!" That riled me all over again. "Look!" I said, "Birds Eye costs no more'n the best chopped steak you can buy anywhere. Besides, if you ever ran this kitchen, you'd *know* all Birds Eye Foods *save* us money!" (Frank never did get over this chopped steak. If he ran the house, he'd eat it every day and twice on Sunday!)



7. Where can you buy these luscious foods? . . . You may not always find a Birds Eye dealer right around the corner. For all stores do not yet have these grand foods. But it will be worth your while to look for one. Finding it, can bring you the food thrill of your life. Remember, Birds Eye represents only the *top* quality in Quick-Frozen foods. Therefore, be *sure* you look for the Birds Eye in the window, and the Birds Eye on the package.



RAIN BEFORE SEVEN

By John August

ILLUSTRATED BY C. C. BEALL

"Say this for me," he said, "when I'm a damned fool I go all the way." He picked her up and started across the grass

Beginning a story of love and war—the great secret war now being waged on this side of the Atlantic

THE beginning was a careless good time in the gusty spring weather. Looking back, Hope Shaler was to remember with awed disbelief how innocent, how ignorantly carefree she had been on the brink of disaster.

That winter and spring the European war crowded steadily closer to Wallisport, Massachusetts. Since this was a neutral country, you were supposed to ignore the airplane carrier that was being built at the shipyard, the marines guarding the Naval reservation on the Point, the lighters towed out to Boar

Island where the Navy had an ammunition dump, the eight Navy planes at the airport where there used to be only one, their regular flights out to sea, the searchlights that practiced crisscrossing in the night sky.

But there were things no one could ignore. The Gabriel Machine Tool Company was working three shifts a day—making machines for the makers of munitions. John Gabriel, the heir apparent, was in Washington so much and was so overworked when home that Hope Shaler was startled when he began to be aware of her. There were guards at the Gabriel mills, guards at the Wallisport Chemical Company, guards and a high wire fence which was said to be electrified at the transoceanic radio station on Sachem Head.

Wallisport was gay, hysterically gay. Everyone was always giving parties. People drank more, laughed louder, played games more intensely, drove

farther to find more dangerous skiing in upper New England, got their boats into the water earlier. They worked so hard to have a good time, to forget the war, that you knew they couldn't forget it. Aunt Elinor said it had been like this when 1916 grew into 1917 and that other spring came on.

AND this winter and spring, for the first time in history, a lot of men were finding Hope Shaler attractive. That was the oddest war phenomenon of all, and Hope wasn't the only one who found it odd. "But the boyish figure hasn't had charm since 1926," Natalie Gabriel, John's widowed sister-in-law, protested. "You're an anachronism and men don't really like the long ago. Heavens! How a hip or two would improve you! And it would be wistful optimism if you put on a brassière."

Hope said, "Darling, no one would expect you to understand subtlety," but

she agreed with Natalie. Subtlety was not the word for what her mirror showed. The lines of the long legs were creditable but the boyish waist and hips were dull, and black hair went badly with the blue eyes which, Caleb Thatcher said, proved there was an Irish scandal somewhere in the Shaler ancestry. Hope was honest, Grade-B Yankee stuff, serviceable but unesthetic—with a reputation for being erratic and a tongue like a file, and so full of character that it amounted to a calamity. She had a gift for excitement, not for exciting. The mirror knew why men had always thought of her as a testimonial for tweeds, brogues and outdoor exercise.

Natalie Gabriel found other things to say: "Men admire the girl who can work up an honest sweat at tennis; they admire the girl who's eager about politics; but there's no pulse beat in admiration. Frank friendship is pathological, dear; what's worse, it's suicidal."