

CHARLIE'S "MOTHER"



A new "bos" for Charlie McCarthy was revealed with disclosure of the marriage of ventriloquist Edgar Bergen, 40, Frances Weston, 24, former model, in Ensenada, Mexico, last June 23. The newbos are pictured above, in a night club. It was the first marriage for both.

'SHORT' ATTIRE FOR MEN



Bare facts of the men's clothing shortage are revealed in this photo of a fashion show put on by Washington Post. There just isn't enough rayon to fill demands for suit linings as well as tire fabrics, and clothing is getting the shorts end of the deal.

NEW YORK—Men's clothing racks are empty because automobile tire racks are filling up. So men who need both new suits and new tires must take their choice—they can't have both.

Rayon, used to line men's suits and overcoats, also is in great demand as a fabric for the linings of new synthetic tires. Natural rubber tires need cotton cords, but the synthetics give increased durability with rayon, producers claim.

For that reason the tire industry has become an important rayon buyer, and Akron is ordering tremendous quantities of the yarn.

Clothing manufacturers say there is no feasible substitute for rayon linings. Silk is equally scarce, and alpaca, a high grade mixture using cotton, has been discontinued by mills. Clothiers need approximately three yards of rayon lining for very four yards of suiting. The rayon demand of the clothing industry will be doubled. The supply has been cut in half.

RAYON FOR TIRES

So, severe is the shortage of men's wear, manufacturers say, that not even the veterans' demands can be met. Satisfying normal civilian requirements is an impossibility under present conditions, they declare. Since veterans get no priority in the clothing market, the inevitable scramble may make the clothing problems of ex-servicemen nothing short of desperate.

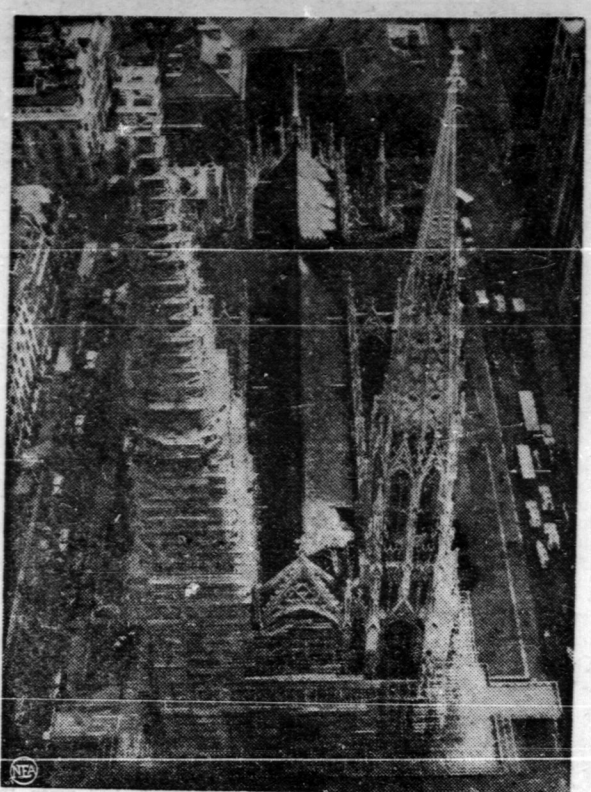
Clothing circles estimate that on the basis of two suits per veteran 24,000,000 garments must be produced. Civilian demand is estimated at 10,000,000 suits. This total of 34,000,000 compares with a peak production of 25,000,000 in 1941. The story in topsuits and overcoats is almost as bad.

FIRST IN TOKYO BAY



Mount Fujiyama was a fitting backdrop for the Pacific Fleet as it gathered in Tokyo Bay, marking the sunset of Japan's dream of a world conquest. The cruiser San Diego, flagship of the Tokyo task force, was first of the "big boys" to anchor here, but tars of the minesweeper fleet say they cleared the harbor.

STEEPLEJACKS RENOVATE N.Y. CATHEDRAL



One of the twin spires of magnificent St. Patrick's Cathedral is already shrouded in scaffolding as workers begin repairs which will take a year to complete.

NEW YORK—Bill Inglis is 63 years old, but he says he enjoys climbing around on one of the biggest tinker toy assemblies ever put together.

It covers the 230-foot steeple of St. Patrick's Cathedral, fronting New York's famous Fifth Avenue. Ninety thousand feet of pipe have been used and it is expected that more than 100,000 feet will be needed to complete the scaffolding required by workmen who are repairing the cathedral.

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Putting all this pipe together will require approximately 25,000 workers. It takes 10,000 to hold together the scaffolding on the church now.

It takes a lot of hustling to climb around the 34-floor-high tinker toy, but the average age of the workers is near 50. Some of them mope the climb twice a day and foreman Bill got quite a chuckle out of the poor office workers when the New York elevator operators went on strike not so long ago.

"When we get up there we see lots and lots of taxicabs and lots and lots of people but some mornings it's so misty you don't see a thing," he said.

German Farm Split

The 5,000-acre estate of the descendants of Prince Otto Bismarck, famous German Chancellor, has been divided among the families of 102 agricultural laborers.

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DARK LIGHTNING
By HELEN TOPPING MILLER

CHAPTER VIII

He grumbled and stamped and then he said: "Not specially." Adelaide set her small teeth into a scrap of toast.

"I saw a show—and the place was full of noisy little boys and cowards—so we drove around a little—and then came home."

Gary made a wild and vicious stab at a piece of bacon and it skidded and flew into the air, landing on the rug.

"By the way," he announced firmly, not looking at her, "I'm leaving in the morning. Early."

Adelaide face changed a little, withdrew, and somehow shut him out. "Well—if you've made up your mind, I suppose there's no use arguing about it. But you did get Dad into this oil thing—and if he needs you . . ."

"He won't need me. He can hire the people he needs. But I hope you can persuade him to lease and not involve himself."

"Nobody," said Adelaide a little stiffly, "has ever been able to persuade Dad against his will."

"Think I'll stroll into town after a little—ought to see about trains."

"I need a little exercise . . . I moved toward the door, but not too quickly. He was indignant. "I'm going for Mother at twelve— you may as well ride." She was very casual too. "Unless you go to the walk—"

"I need the walk—I'm too soft. Got to get the old muscles in shape."

"Oh, very well." She turned back to the society page.

With his hands jammed in the pockets of his khaki trousers, Gary slogged along the sun-washed road to town. Before he had gone far he realized that his physical strength was still far below par, but his moody anger at life drove him on. And then a car, driven to a stop in the dust, came to his elbow, and Adelaide said briskly, "Get in silly. Unless you feel that you're simply got to post some more."

Gary was too tired to argue. He got in.

"You could have telephoned from the house, you know, and found out all about the trains in five minutes," she went on, looking straight ahead from under the brim of the new sports hat. "That is—if you have to find out about trains."

"Listen, my girl," Gary's jaw was so stiff that the words clipped off like lengths of wire. "Can't I make you understand that I can't be under obligations to your family any longer?"

"Oh," she said flatly. "That's the reason, is it?"

"That's the reason." Equally flat, knowing that he was telling only half the truth—less than half to be mathematical about it. Knowing that the other half—the other three-fourths—could not be told. Not till he owned more worldly goods than could be carried in one battered suitcase.

(To be Continued)

It was an odd evening. They walked about like wooden people, they spoke very little. Gary packed his suitcase again. He had packed it twice already. But now he got up and before he went he would make a note of every cent he owed the Mason family, for the doctor and the nurse and everything, and he would pay it back if it took him years to do it. Then, perhaps, when his conscience was clear and he could hold up his head and look them all in the eye, he would come back. And that, he told himself warily, would probably be a fool's errand.

Adelaide dressed herself in the new chiffon frock and high-heeled sandals, and Gary heard her dialing the telephone in the upper hall and talking to Bob Ferguson.

"For goodness' sake, Bob, come out and take me somewhere! We've struck oil and this house is full of people with faces like doom. I want to go some place and raise the roof—in ready now. All right, I'll be waiting."

A flick of skirts, a breath of lilac and she was gone, flying down the stairs.

And then it was Sunday morning, and because he had lain a long time awake, Gary slept late. He woke to a chirp of sunlight and winking birds singing hysterically in the hackberry trees around the house, and went downstairs apologetically, intending to promote a cup of coffee from Maria in the kitchen.

But, as he passed through the hall, Adelaide looked up from the breakfast table and the Sunday paper and smiled at him.

"Hello, Gary. Come on in. The scrambled eggs are fine."

"I'm very late—I thought everyone would be gone—to church or somewhere," Gary began.

"Mother went. Dad's out—down in that gulch, probably, wandering around picking rocks. Sit down . . . Maria!" She raised her voice in a youthful yelp. "Bring this hungry man some hot coffee."

"Here's a good time last night!"

Protect Your Baby

Death from diphtheria of four Ottawa children in the past few weeks emphasizes the vital need of parents having their pre-school age boys and girls—as well as the others—given immunization treatment, says the Ottawa Journal City records show that not a single case of diphtheria has been reported in a child who has been given toxoid. Doctors tell us that in most instances babies should be immunized when nine months old.

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CHRONICLES of GINGER FARM

By Gwendoline P. Clark

We have been celebrating Father's birthday this week—and I might say it has had additional significance for us this year after the worry and uncertainty regarding him during the last six months.

Of course Daughter and her friend were her with son Bob already home from Europe. It meant we were a united family once again—something we had hardly dared to hope for. That, in itself, was sufficient reason for rejoicing—and we rejoiced.

There will be still more rejoicing this week, but it will not be on account of birthdays or family reunions—in fact some folk might not consider it a reason for jubilation at all. Bob thinks otherwise. To cut a long story short: He is expecting the delivery of a long-tracked truck. Do I hear more news about it? "Huh—a truck—that is about all a lot of these young fellows can think about!" he said.

"By the way," he announced firmly, not looking at her, "I'm leaving in the morning. Early."

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(To be Continued)

Why VICKS Is So Good For Relieving Miseries of Childrens Colds

More than two generations ago—grandfather's day—mothers first discovered Vicks VapoRub. Today it is the most widely used home-remedy for relieving miseries of children's colds. And here is the reason . . .

The moment you rub VapoRub on the throat, chest and back at bedtime it starts to work two ways at once—

Also in those early days we had health and strength, the buoyancy of youth, a generous intolerance of ailments, faith in the future and our ability to cope with it, and two small children to share the best we could give them.

Now we have health and strength comparable to that of the "old grey mare," experience that we have gained throughout the years; ambitions that have been only partly realized; and in place of our little ones we have two grown children, and in them we stake our hope and faith in the future our own again, praying that for them and their kind, national and international problems will be solved so that their generation may not be victims of another depression nor another world war.

I am sure the comparisons I have given you are by no means uncommensurate and will apply to a good many homes other than Ginger Farm.

In lighter vein: Last night I was awakened by chickens cackling. "Now what on earth is happening—surely pullets don't lay eggs in the middle of the night?" I said to myself. I tried to ignore the noise but it was no use—I had to get up. I looked outside and found the moonlight was almost as bright as day, so bright it had wakened those crazy pullets perched up high in the chestnut tree and they were cackling in surprise and protest. I went back to bed and left them to cackle.

Sunday School Lesson

December 2

The Christian and His Economic Relations

Deu. 8:17, 18; Luke 12: 13-21

Golden Text

For a man's life consists not in the abundance of the things which he possesses. Luke 12:15.

Health is From God

Deu. 8:17.—When prosperity comes, a man is tempted to become proud and boastful, and to take all glory unto himself. He forgets his indebtedness to God; he attributes his success to his own wisdom, skill and energy.

18.—Israel was to remember when prosperity came that it was because God had been faithful to His Covenant, and not because of their own effort or ability.

A Covetous Brother

Luke 12:13.—This man was not a disciple of Christ but one who wished to make use of His influence to improve his worldly position.

14:15.—When a man becomes covetous, whatever form it may take, it means that his heart becomes set on that particular object rather than God and thus takes the place of God, and this amounts to idolatry. By having abundance of wealth a man cannot sustain life. When life is ebbing away all the wealth in the world cannot save him from death.

God Giveth Increase

16.—This farmer could have

ADDRESSES CONGRESS

Declaring that civilization can survive the atom bomb only if the nations accept the Christian principle of man's brotherhood, Prime Minister of England Clement Attlee is shown as he addressed a joint session of the United States Congress in Washington.

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Parrot pals are Polly and Snooks, pets of Elliot E. Simpson of Carroll, N.Y., and the talkative parrot's favorite perch is a rambler near position atop her Boston Bull friend, whose only reaction seems to be a slight cough when the photographer's flash bulb.

blessed the poor with his surplus wheat and brought blessing to his own soul. But he delighted to possess things and to glory in them. Being a "fool" his prosperity would eventually destroy him.

17:18.—This man speaks as though all were his very own, with no thought of his indebtedness to God. He is entirely unmindful of the fact that it is God who gives the increase.

Rich Toward God

19:20.—Some men live as though they had no soul, as though there is no life beyond the present, and as though they can count on a good old age and enjoy themselves to the full. In a moment of time all our bright dreams of the future may be shattered and another will possess and enjoy what we have prepared for our pleasure.

21.—Thus does the Lord apply this parable to all who are laying up treasures on earth and neglecting Heavenly treasure. The great thing is to have the heart set on the riches that are spiritual and eternal to be "rich toward God."

TABLE TALKS..

Desserts

Desert is something which we all anticipate at the end of a meal. It is the climax or special treat. A dessert must complement the meal. If the main course is substantial, then choose a simple dessert, but if the main course is light, then round out the meal with a nice rich steamed pudding.

Chocolate Pudding

1 tablespoon gelatine
2 cups milk
3 tablespoons or 1 1/2 squares grated unsweetened chocolate
2 eggs yolks
3 tablespoons sugar
1/4 teaspoon salt
2 eggs whites
2 tablespoons sugar
Few drops peppermint flavoring

Soak gelatine for 5 minutes in 1/4 cup milk. Place remaining milk in top of double boiler and scald. Add soaked gelatine, grated chocolate and stir until chocolate melts. Beat egg yolks with 3 tablespoons sugar and salt. Pour hot chocolate mixture gradually over egg yolks, stirring constantly. Return to double boiler and continue cooking until mixture coats a spoon. Chill until stiff and add the remaining 2 tablespoons sugar and flavoring. Fold into chocolate mixture and pour into a moistened mould. Chill until set, and serve with cream. Six servings.

Orange Bread Pudding

4 slices white bread
2 tablespoons butter
1/4 cup orange sections or slices
3 egg whites
1/4 teaspoon salt
1/4 cup sugar
2 tablespoons grated orange rind
3 egg yolks
1/4 cup milk

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