EW YORK DAY by DAY

By O. O. McINTYRE

ary: Retinoes and a forlorn Hollywood letter n the stricken Eva Tanguay sighing for ast with former friends. Also an autographed f of gentle David Grayson's "Adventures in entment" and a note from rg. Whalen to serve on a fair committee.

Odd McIntyre

tha Deane, the popular chatter lady, came by and a crumpet we recalled the when she was Mary Mar- t McBride, an Evening Mail rder, and I trembled in fear my job on the outer rim of a r-desk.

Elmer with my wife at Colony and talked to lphe Menjou and Verree Teasdale, the Her- t Swopes, Byron Foy and Clare Booth, the ywright. Then through the park so the dog d barks at the bronze tiger on a rock he has ently discovered. Home finishing the profile Lucious Lochs, the gorgeous gazetteer.

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dany of us somehow always associate Fanny e with the plaintive song she sang in the Mid- ht Frolic, called "My Man." A shawled Niobe, leaned against the post holding a dull blob of light that revealed a mean Paris street. While sang, a nation wide man-hunt for her hus- d, the notorious Mickey Arnstein, was in prog- ss and naturally added to the poignancy of her ong. The theme of that song—no matter what ppens, the maid still loves her man—has eaded Miss Brice's life. Her most recent head- e flare-up concerned the intention of her second band, Billy Rose, to ask her to divorce him so he could marry another. The show must-go-on and the Pagliacci touch are not press agent imaginings in her unhappy career. She is a true and beloved trouper.

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Add thespis art in the Ozarks: A street car- nival show bills itself as The Jigfield Follies.

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Harry Evans, New York's typical man about town via Jacksonville, Fla., might appear one of the frivolous social butterflies of the cafes and night clubs. He seems omnipresent where lights are brightest. Yet he is the alert editor and spon- sor of a free circulating magazine that is the talk of the publication field. He began his New York career as a movie critic on old Life and five years ago launched a periodical called The Family Circle, devoted to the grocery and allied trades. It clicked from the kick-off.

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Willard Huntington Wright is regarded as the most versatile of the writing folk. And one who salvaged happiness, fame and wealth from almost complete despair. He was seeking relief from the tedium of a complete nervous breakdown when he decided to write detective stories merely to divert the agony of his travail. Thus, under the pseudo- nym S. S. Van Dine, he created the Philo Vance tales that became constant best sellers. Before his illness he had been a high blown authority on art, philosophy and Egyptology. Now that he can roam the world, live in his choice of several country estates, his diversion is breeding fine dogs, es- pecially the Scottie. He is also an authority on tropical fish. O, yes, he sports a Van Dyke.—Copyright 1937.

RIN AND BEAR IT

By Lichty

That last payment on the car puts us completely out of debt—we don't owe a thing except the doctor and dentist!"

Under Your Hat

by K.D.R.

POME

You thought I was a lady.
I thought I was, too.
But we both found out different
When I got mad at you.
You acted like a gentleman.
How was I to know
You had a wife and seven kids?
That's why I hate you so.
—R. G. C.

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ADD IMPOSSIBILITIES — A night spot where the orches- tra doesn't get at least one re- quest per night to play "Happy Birthday to You" . . . which, for no reason at all, reminds the Mad Matter of the character- ization thunk up by Eddie Strauss: "He's the kind of guy who'd toss lighted cigaret stubs to chickens at feeding time."

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WITH ALL THE OTHER emphasis put on the vari- ous duties of Christmas, 8-year-old Janet McLeland, daugh- ter of L. K. McLeland, and N. States Power man, hasn't lost sight of the day's significance. . . . . do her Santa list of requests made up the other day was a bible. . . . Eugene Reichel and Frances Johnson, two Minneapolis shelters, are making good as members of the touring Marfel Vinson-Karl Schaefer ice troup. . . . our Westport friend see that "When Norma married, she gave up reducing and lived happily ever after."

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When Madame Galli-Curci gave her recent concert in Wadena, she wanted to do something special for the girls who had served her in her hotel there . . . so she called 'em up to her room and sang an all-request program, just for them.

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CHAMPION SO FAR IN THE list of rhyming names sent in by you folks is that of the West high student named Mabel Sabel Gable. . . . then Mrs. H.H.P. at Waubun adds the name of Leo Keogh . . . and she postscripts that a former teacher in a rural school near Waubun was named Drinkwine, and one of the pupils was named Casebeer . . . which must have fomented quite a few wise- cracks . . . or was that pretty terrible?

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NEVER HAD AN IDEA WE had so many historians in our midst when we popped that "first pre sident" stuff. . . . Hugo L. Thorene, 3139 Twenty- first ave ue S., sides in with the portion John Hanson was ...by first president in 1781. ...nolet for ye... the goat who sez he is ...We've ...d Whangdoodle sent ...

There's One in Every Family

Another Page of Comics Inside

DICK TRACY — "Crime Does Not Pay" — By Chester Gould

ETTA KETT — Music to His Ears — By Paul Robinson

DIXIE DUGAN — She Isn't Through Yet! — By J. P. McEvoy and J. H. Striebel

BIG SISTER — The Boys Are Being Watched — By Les Forgrave

BRINGING UP FATHER — Peaceful Home! — By George McManus

GASOLINE ALLEY — Bequeathed — By King

HAROLD TEEN — A Troubador in Trouble — By Carl Ed