

**KENTUCKY**  
—Now Playing—  
"CONVENTION CITY"  
DICK POWELL  
—Starting Sunday—  
"NANA"  
ANNA STEIN

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**BEN ALI**  
—Now Playing—  
"HI, NELLIE"  
PAUL MUNI  
—Starting Sunday—  
"SCANDALS"  
RUDY VALLEE

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**STRAND**  
—Now Playing—  
"MEET THE BARON"  
JACK PEARL  
—Saturday—  
"HORSE PLAY"  
SLIM SUMMERVILLE  
—Sunday-Monday—  
3 ON A HONEYMOON  
SALLY EILERS

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**STATE**  
—Now Playing—  
"BY CANDLELIGHT"  
ELISSA LANDI  
—Saturday—  
PARACHUTE JUMPER  
D. FAIRBANKS, JR.  
—Sunday-Monday—  
STRAWBERRY ROAN  
KEN MAYNARD

### UNCLE WILLY TELLS BED-TIME TALE, JUST TO HELP US SLEEP

By WILLY NILLY SPOOFMORE

All right, kiddies, gather around Uncle Willy and stop your necking long enough for him to tell you a bedtime story which will send you all off to sleepy-town.

Once upon a time there was a nasty man by the name of Snakehips Pete. Snakehips Pete lived in Casper, Wyoming, but he had all his mail sent to Pawtucket because he knew the mail clerk there, and they would have lots of fun talking about dogs.

Now Pete didn't care two raps about dogs, because he was a horse thief. However, we have to get him to Pawtucket somehow, and that

and he began to snore, breaking every window in the saloon.

All of a sudden he felt a light hand on his head, and he sat up, laboring to come out of it. Through his blurred eyes he saw the vision, it seemed to him, of a beautiful girl. She was speaking, but he couldn't understand what she said until he dug some of the cantaloupe from his ears. This done, he listened.

"Are you Snakehips Pete?" she asked in a voice that seemed to quiver.

"The same, have you any horses to be stolen today?" asked Pete, from force of habit as he stood up, tripped over his spurs, and went to the floor with a crash.

"I have heard that you are one of the toughest men here in the East, being from the west, and I thought that I'd like to see what your price was for a little knife murder. When I say knife murder I mean just that, and I want a clean job. No blood on the front porch or anything. Do you understand?"

"I suppose so," said Pete, cringing before the girl's muscular breath. She was easy on the eyes until she opened her mouth. When this happened her friends left her. Pete wondered if anyone had ever told her. "My price is two bits a job," said Snakehips coming at once to the important point. How easy it was to make two bits.

"Very well, come with me," said the girl. With that she arose. No she didn't either, for she hadn't been sitting down. Anyhow, she started to walk out and Pete followed her.

She led him up a long dusty road, and then suddenly turned into a little path. I mean that when she came to the path she started walking down it.

Presently they came upon a small house, and the girl pointed to the door and said: "Buddy, there's your meat." Well it turned out to be the mail clerk's mother-in-law, and Snakehips stabbed her light-heartedly, figuring that he was doing his friend a big favor.

Now wait a minute, kiddies. Do you think that that nasty, evil, Snakehips got away with that heinous crime? Well, I guess not, for he received his punishment at the hands of the girl herself. She had a sudden revulsion of feeling, or maybe she figured on saving her two bits. Anyhow, she waited for Pete at the door of the house, and when he came out, threw a net over his body and clubbed him to death. Not satisfied with this she chopped up his body and fed his fingers and toes to the birds, leaving the rest of him a bloody mass of crushed bones.

Now night-night kiddies. Have pleasant dreams and remember to never trust a woman.

telling tall stories or singing, with the moon filtering through the trees and the glow of cigarettes here and there—that's informal; a prof that sits before his class and chats his lectures in a manner that keeps the eyes from straying out of the windows and the heads from inclining forward—that's informal; seeing people you know and singing out a friendly greeting, even if you can just recall the name, without standing on ceremony or expecting them to recognize you first—that's informal too, and it's lots more worth living when you make life interesting.

I'll wager you've never heard of nor seen so many new romances as this season has brought about. It's a funny thing that spring should get all the blame. But then, it furnishes a topic for conversation, and keeps the scandal column flourishing, which is something anyway.

Have you ever known anybody who was so chuck full of bad habits that you marveled at yourself for even bothering yourself with him? And then again, considering the person from all sides, you find that if this person would suddenly leave you so that you couldn't see him anymore, you wouldn't know exactly how to get along without him? Swell eggs like that occur periodically in a life time, blossoming forth at unexpected times and in out of the way places. Ever noticed how their connection with you is usually of the most unusual circumstances? And in contrast to that, they're often the ones whom you take the most for granted, aren't they? I can't help but feel that these friends and acquaintances are bright spots in an otherwise commonplace existence.

### Sans Wine, Sans Women; In Fact Sans Everything

By A. TEETOTALER

My parents impressed me, from the time that I was old enough to understand the English language, with the perils attending the use of spirituous liquors. They continually drilled into my feeble mind the philosophy that the troubles of an unwholesome world were brought on by immoral women and strong drink. At an early age I became acquainted with the philosophy that all wine, some women, and vulgar songs were the root of all evil. That is, therefore, the main reason why I never have indulged in the company of doubtful women, never have supported pool room phonographs at five cents a song, and never have followed the somewhat popular practice of imbibing rye, gin, or port, until the pink elephants start on their irregular strolls along the window sills.

Early home training has been, then, an important element in the development of my innocent and simple personality. I was taught also not to spend money unwisely. My disbursements for refreshments seldom exceed five cents for a coke, but occasionally I go on a splurge and invest the princely sum of ten cents in a delicious pineapple milk shake or in a toothsome strawberry sundae.

Still another reason why I never use alcohol internally is that the taste is like so much vinegar in my mouth. It simply is repugnant to my physical being. I would almost as soon have hot lead or molten steel poured down my throat as to have to drink some unpalatable booze. My entire being would be disrupted for at least 72 hours were I to drink the smallest quantity of

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### PETITE PIECE

By LORRAINE LEPERE

Three cheers for things informal! Periodically I can get enthusiastic over one little insignificant something that strikes my fancy, and when that happens I can bubble indefinitely.

What I'm trying to get at is informal everything. I have no special reference to social functions or anything like that, but I do believe that things within reason which are carried on in this vein are so much more interesting and satisfactory. For instance, a group of college students sitting around a camp fire

the least potent gin. I just can't take it (to use the vernacular!) I took a date to a popular restaurant the other day. She ordered a cocktail, while I ordered a root beer. She rounded out her cocktail with three more until she became a bit woozy, whereas I could hardly down my root beer, which was unusually strong. (We make our home-made Hires rather weak up where I live.)

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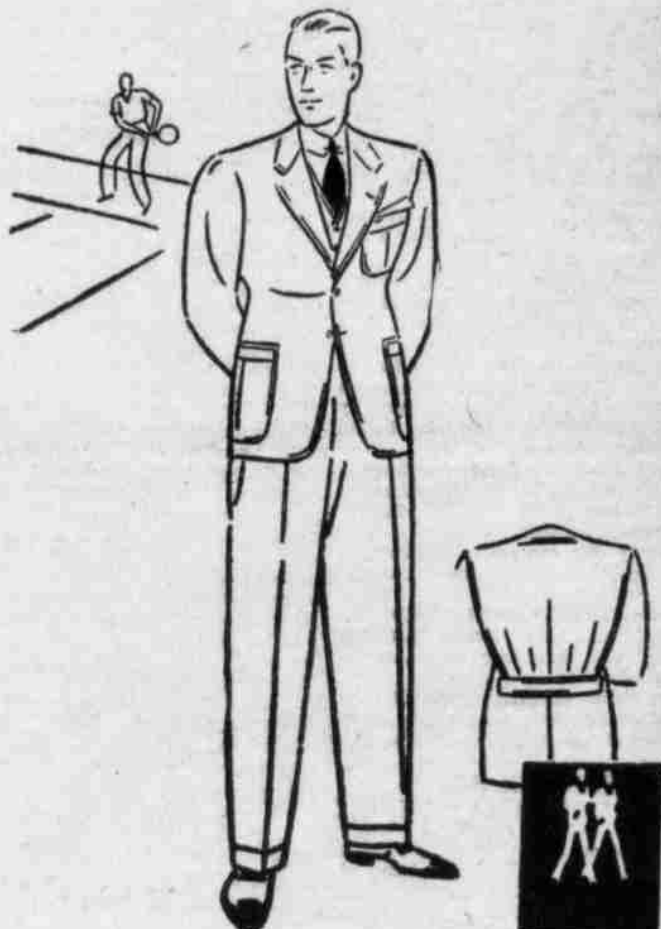
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