How To Start A Writing Career

Deginners Must Be Willing To Take Any Job for Experience

Beginners must be willing to accept for their first jobs anything that will provide experience, according to Helen M. Patterson, professor of journalism at the University of Wisconsin. Women succeed best in placing themselves in those jobs which do not interest men or for which men do not qualify, Miss Patterson said. She also pointed out the need for organized groups of writers to interest the schools of journalism in offering courses of practical value to women writers.

What Journalism Schools Do At present journalism schools centre their activities around technical training for newspaper reporting. Yet the demand for women writers in the newspaper field is decidedly meagre compared to the great demand for women journalists in the magazine, editorial, and the promotional fields. Reporting and publicizing within the food, cosmetic, and apparel industries is largely woman's exclusive field, as is writing on such specialized topics as home decoration, child care, public welfare, and certain phases of education. Although women students make up a large part of the student body of the journalism schols, recognition of the special opportunities open to women, or a survey of the field in which they may work, is not generally included in the service of the schools.

The Proper Time To Take Exercise

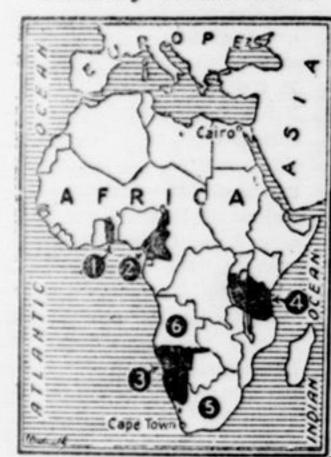
Is in the Late Afternoon A Half Hour or So Before the Evening Meal

What is the ideal time for the average business or professional man to take exercise?

If he has (as most do) caten a light breakfast and a light lunch he should eat a piece of candy or an orange or a banana, or bread or biscuit at 4 or 5 o'clock, and then take his exercise-golf, riding, gymnasium, walking, tennis (if young). He should have his exercise finished a half to an hour before his evening meal so that his appetite and digestive forces will be at their best. Eating the large evening meal when tired is the cause of many stomach and intestinal upsets.

Light exercise-stretching and bending-is helpful before retiring as it draws the blood away from the brain.

Cermany Wants Them



Germany has made it clear to France and England that the Reich's colonial empire will have to be restored before a general European peace can be guaranteed. Of the former German possessions in Africa, shown in black, France holds a mandate over Togoland (1) and Cameroons (2) with a minor interest allowed to Britain in both; South Africa (5) holds a mandate for Southwest Africa (3) and Britain a mandate for Tanganvika

Quints Were Born In Canada Before

Professor of Biology at Toronto University Cites A Case of Quintuplet Birth Here in 1880

Although Yvonne, Annette, Cecile, Emilie and Marie Dionne are the only living quintuplets they are not the first quints born in Canada. Dr. Norma Ford, assistant professor in human biology, at the University of Toronto, claims.

Knows 47 Cases Dr. Ford has for some months been investigating record of multiple births and has added two authenticated cases of quintuplet births to the 45 cases already known. Of these two new cases, the Canadian quints were born Feb. 15, 1880, to Mrs. Adam Murray at Egypt. N.S., near New Glasgow. The babies, three girls and two boys, did not long survive. The other case was in Italy in 1914.

"Sportsman Flies High"

by Lawrence Keating

Synopsis Detective Dan Colwell of the Graber - Vael private detective agency is assigned the job of shadowing lawyer Arthur McDonald whose wife fears gangster enemies are plotting to murder him. McDonald is murdered in spite of Colwell's watchfulness. Dan is hot on their trail and suspects a sinister plot. . . .

Neither Quillen nor Bradshaw was in the lobby. Colwell turned back the way he had come and slowly became aware that people hurried past him with an air of excitement and curiosity. Then a squad car siren whined and the vehicle twisted in a sharp right angle to plunge down the alley. Dan moved faster.

Sure enough, deep in the alley was a close-packed knot of people. By standing on tiptoe Colwell could see over the heads of his neighbors two uniformed men who rose and stood aside for the squadmen. "Soup Catterby," one growled.

"Somebody jammed a knife right through that pretty striped tie. Say, that's the niftiest tie I seen today, and it's my birthday. Thirty-nine. I got two swell ties from Clara, and from-

"What the hell-Catterby?" "How come Soup went out from a knife? Who did it?"

One of the policemen shrugged. "Where's the quick? I told Sarg. to shoot over one of them doctors. Not that he could do much: Soup was plenty dead when we found

Another Knife

Straining to see better, Colwell did at last attain a partial view. Bradshaw, alias Soup Catterby, huddled grotesquely in alley filth, his shoulders against the brick wall of a skyscraper. A look of unspeakable agony etched lines from his twisted nose to his mouth. from the corners of his mouth downward, and in parallel grooves in his gaunt cheeks. He had the same terrible expression McDonald had worn.

A knife, its handle slimy with blood, was sunk to the very hilt in

"Betcha it's his own?" one of the policemen exclaimed. "Look, he's wearin' the scabbard under his pants, and it's empty!"

Colwell threaded his way out of the crowd. It appeared that Quillen thought his pal had tried to doublecross him-that he figured Bradshaw, alias Catterby, had obtained that package from the newsstand by the magic name Sweeney, and had sent it to some hiding place by a confederate.

Dan felt genuinely sorry for Soup Catterby. It was his fault that he had been murdered by the revengeful Quillen jumping at conclusions. Although the dead man himself had participated in a murder an hour or so ago; he was

"I am very sorry, Mrs. McDonald," Dan reported over the telephone later. "I have some very bad news and I don't know how to tell you. Brace yourself. Mrs. McDonald. It's very bad indeed.

"If you want it stranght out then, something has happened to your husband. I thought perhaps the police had been there? Something very serious. I'm sorry, Mrs. McDonald, but your husband was murdered an hour or so ago."

He waited. Several gasps came to his ears and a wailing "Oh dear! Oh dear!" She went through her act, but it did not strike Colwell as a very good act. She never could earn a living in the smallest stage part that required emotion. Of course, when one poses as the wife of a man who lived and died a bachelor. . . .

No "Mrs. McDonald" There was no Mrs. McDonald and never had been. Colwell had been aware of that from the first.

He listened attentively, putting in a word here and there. Gradually the lawyer's imposter wife calmed her tumultuous grief that should, to be convincing, have been a trifle less tumultuous and a bit more hysterical.

"I know who the murderers are, Mrs. McDonald." That stirred her! Colwell had thought it would. She was breath-

less an instant. "You do?" "Yes. But I haven't informed the police yet. We'll have to, soon, of course, but your instructions in Mr. Graber's office- Yes, there were two. It was with a knife, in a taxi-cab during a traffic tieup.

Corner of Broadway and Alton. "What's that? No, but I'd know them. Later, one killed the other with his own knife. Both desperate characters." Dan'e eyes roved to the corners. That jarred her too! "I thought there might be some little thing, unimportant, of course, which you might not care

to have get out?" Mrs. McDonald was very disturbed that he knew the remaining killer. . . . Colwell had the

impression she paused to confer with someone at her elbow, although he could not be certain. "I have your 'phone number but haven't looked up Mr. McDonald's home address yet; will you give it to me? Oh, I see." Colwell nodded to the mouthpiece.

Dan hung up and stepped out of the booth. He fished a cigarette from his pack and lighted it. The thing grew more complicated. But thinking back he could detect no error on his part. He had that package, and that was okay! Colwell thought it was working all right. This case ought to be profitable.

His taxicab drew up to the somewhat tattered canvas canopy whose begrimed white letters spelled Kennebec Hotel. Dan paid off the dri-

the way, has a Mr. Quillen, a man in a dark suit, rather wide mouth. big shoulders, come in to see her?" "No, sir, not today, sir, that I noticed."

He strove for a Don Juan grin. "You know how it is when a man can't break away from a woman?" Chuckling, he poked a square fist

His chuckle was infectious. The young fellow's black pompadour twitched forward as he grinned. He folded the five-spot and tucked it safely away. "I'll do that, mister. Who should I ask for?"

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PATTERN 1848

Women's Paradise

The island of Zanzibar, off the

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ver and paused on the sidewalk to gaze about him. The Kennebec was a ten-story affair of tan brick in a neighborhood that once had been fashionable as attested by the few sprawling mansions which still had evaded the wreckers. Mostly there were other lower middle class apartments about, and delicatessens with smoked windows. A balloon man waited glumly on the far corner, a few automobiles rolled past, and there were several young women pushing baby carriages that contained the small sons and

daughters of two-hundred-a-month

clerks watching clocks downtown. Colwell did not relish the visit he was going to pay. He drew a deep breath of reluctance and forced his steps toward the revolving door. But it seemed absolutely necessary to put his head into the lion's mouth this once. He had to learn the exact application of those numbers on the slip of paper found on the running board of McDonald's taxi. They were of great value, he suspected with a thrill warming his breast. Enough to put a man on

Easy Street for life! Because a quarter of a million dollars more in snow soon was due, Arthur McDonald, brains of the ring, had received the thirty thousand dollar package merely as a try-out of the smuggling scheme. Quillen wanted that, but more, he wanted the big shipment. That was why he had killed the lawyer, to get it all for himself. Probably Mc-Donald had tried to hold out on the small package, arousing Quillen's hate and greed and the decision to get McDonald out of the way. That two hundred and fifty thousand in narcotics would put this small capture Dan had lucked into, in the

shade! When, exactly, was the big stuff due and how was it coming? If he was clever enough he might learn that in the apartment of Miss Helen Fane. But he would have to run the gantlet up there and it wasn't

going to be fun! The small hotel lobby panelled in dark wood was indirectly lighted to give a sort of garishly modern version of an old English inn. Dan kept thinking the next few minutes would be risky. He stopped at the

"Miss Fane's apartment 707? By

Issue 46—'38

It's Urgent"

Lefty was known here, then. Had been giving the girl a play. Dan happened to know. The clerk looked in surprise at the five-spot Colwell passed him. "Say, did you ever visit people and wish you had an excuse to leave? Do a favour for me. You ring me up in 707 just thirty minutes from now. I'll do the talking; the point is, you are a friend who knew I'd be there, and you insist on seeing me. It's very urgent."

into the clerk's chest.

(CONTINUED NEXT ISSUE)

to Women Keaders

PREPARING FOR WINTER Sick-Room Diets Should Include

Custards We don't like to be pessimisticbut we do like to be prepared. Winter seems to bring with it an increase in illness and various physical disorders which make double trouble for the housewife. Besides all the nursing that has to be done, there are special diets that have to be prepared. Meals which would be eaten with gusto at any other time, make an invalid shudder with disgust. A patient's appetite is a delicate one and food suitable to the occasion is one of the best roads to recovery. Pamper a patient's appetite but try to include, subtly of course, all the nourishing foods which they need to build up health. Eggs and milk come high in this category and there is no better way of insinuating them into a diet than in desserts. These custard recipes will find a place in al most any sick-room diet.

COCONUT CUP CUSTARD 3 eggs, or 6 egg yolks, slightly

beaten 6 tablespoons sugar 14 teaspoon salt

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3 cups milk, scalded 34 cups coconu', premium shred 1/8 teaspoon nutmeg

Combine eggs, sugar, salt, nutmeg, and coconut. Add milk gradually, stirring vigorously. Pour into custard cups, place in pan of hot water, and bake in slow even (325° F.) 35 to 40 minutes, or until knife inserted comes out clean. Chill. Serves 6.

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Quaker Corn Flakes

GOLDEN RIVER CUSTARD 4 eggs or 8 egg yolks, slightly

beaten 1/2 cup sugar

4 teaspoon salt 4 cups milk, scalded

1/2 cup maple-flavoured syrup Combine eggs, sugar, and salt. Add mill: gradually, stirring vigorously. Place 1 tablespoon syrup in bottom of each well-greased custard cup. Fill cups carefully with milk and egg mixture, pouring slowly against a spoon held over syrup

to avoid its mixing with syrup.

Place custard caps in pan of hot

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spreads over and around it. Serves

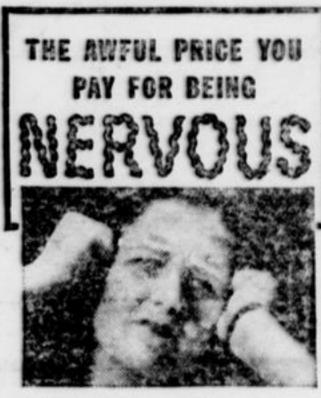


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