

**AMBITIOUS MEN**

Ambitious men, if they be checked in their desires, become strictly discontented and look upon men and matters with an evil eye.—Bacon.

**KEEP YOUR EYES Clean and Clear**  
USE **MURINE** FOR YOUR EYES  
ASK YOUR DRUGGIST

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Don't experiment! This is the way to instant relief from pain and quick, safe, easy removal of your calluses. Sold everywhere.

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Portland's newest and finest hotels... located in the hub of the shopping and recreational district... are the unquestioned choice of experienced travelers.

530 ROOMS from \$2.25 up



**PORTLAND OREGON**

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**No Need to Suffer "Morning Sickness"**

"Morning sickness"—is caused by an acid condition. To avoid it, acid must be offset by *alkalis*—such as magnesia.

**Why Physicians Recommend Milnesia Wafers**

These mint-flavored, candy-like wafers are pure milk of magnesia in solid form—the most pleasant way to take it. Each wafer is approximately equal to a full adult dose of liquid milk of magnesia. Chewed thoroughly, then swallowed, they correct acidity in the mouth and throughout the digestive system and insure quick, complete elimination of the waste matters that cause gas, headaches, bloated feelings and a dozen other discomforts.

Milnesia Wafers come in bottles of 20 and 48, at 35c and 60c respectively, and in convenient tins for your handbag containing 12 at 20c. Each wafer is approximately one adult dose of milk of magnesia. All good drug stores sell and recommend them.

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The Original Milk of Magnesia Wafers

**HEROES OF AMERICAN HISTORY**



FROM PLOWBOY TO PRESIDENT  
**ULYSSES S. GRANT**

AT 39—A TANNER'S CLERK—A FAILURE  
AT 40—A MAJOR-GENERAL!  
AT 47—PRESIDENT OF THE U. S.!

Grant was a plowboy on his father's farm. Against his will, he was sent to West Point. In 1854, his drinking habits forced him to resign from the army. He tried farming and real estate, failed at both and went back to his father's tanning shop. When the Civil War broke out in 1861, he could not even get back into the army. Finally, he received a commission and his sensational victories rapidly promoted him to the position of Commander-in-Chief of the Armies.

Grant was a splendid horseman—the best at West Point. During the Mexican War, in 1848, he fought side by side with Robert E. Lee, who later opposed him as Commander of the Confederate forces.



After the terrible Battle of the Wilderness, he said: "I propose to fight it out on this line if it takes all summer!"

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Log Book of the Skipper Who Sailed 1,298,810 Miles.

M. S. CHICHIBU MARU, PACIFIC OCEAN, JAPAN BOUND.

OUT of San Francisco, headed for the Orient, weather of the best, I proceed, in conformity with my invariable custom, to wangle a human interest chapter from the captain of this ship.

Not so easy! Penetrating to the forward cabin was simple enough, but tapping the well-springs of his memory was something else again. "One stirring story from your life before the mast or on the bridge will satisfy," I said, lifting my egg-shell teacup in salute.

His smile collapsed. "Nothing has occurred," he said, "nothing that is worth retelling. You shall see. At twenty I became a cadet on the government ship Taisei Maru, ran the gauntlet of official promotion, became captain of the Matsuyama Maru, Nippon Yusen Kaisha line, April 28, 1918, and have sailed under the N. Y. K. ever since, with one year of World war service."

**One Torpedo Adventure.**

Commander S. Oya glanced into the depths of his teacup.

"No adventures at sea, no wrecks, no mutinies, no typhoons, no romance, nothing out of your recollections to offer me?" I asked.

"Nothing so far, but there is yet time. The future may have something to offer; who can say?"

"Possibly there is a detail or two that you have forgotten."

His eyeballs seemed suddenly to invert themselves, as though striving to look backward. The expression of inscrutability deepened.

"No, there is nothing—yes, there was an incident that now comes back to me. Just a moment, I will look at the log of my life and give you the date." The seadog reached into a drawer of his desk and brought forth a small leather-covered book.

Thought I, this begins to look more like the real thing. "Here it is," he continued; "June 15, 1907, 5:30 p. m., off Plymouth during the war; heavy seas running. From the main deck, astern, scanning the water, I saw a dark outline sit-

ting toward the starboard quarter, perhaps a hundred yards distant... seventy-five years, fifty yards, twenty-five yards, moving like a shadow. I leaned over the rail, certain that the time had come. The ship lifted in the tide, fell away; rose again from the trough, while the torpedo—and such it was—hesitated for a brief instant and then lunged onward. The way of a ship at sea is indeed a mystery. Gathering herself like some living thing, she plowed ahead, just as the torpedo, fired from an invisible submarine at close quarters, slipped by ten feet astern and disappeared."

**Commanded 27 Ships.**

"There must be something else in the crisp leaves of this volume," I said, wondering why it contained column after column of Arabic figures, interspersed with notations in Japanese.

"Recording the number of miles sailed, names of the ships under my command and a few statistical notes," he volunteered.

"How many miles and how many ships, Commander?"

"Up to January 1, 1936, the grand total reached 1,289,810 nautical miles on twenty-seven vessels, none of which was lost while under my command. The first million miles were completed 11:40 p. m. March 2, 1931, off Sokotia Island on a voyage to Suez via Colombo. Approximately 3,000 officers and men served on ships that I have had the honor to captain. During all of that period of time not a single man had to be put in irons. The furthest point north reached during my travels is Hamburg, Germany, and the furthest south is Adelaide, Australia."

"Have you, throughout your voyaging ever observed a phenomenon at sea that could not be scientifically accounted for? Are there any insoluble mysteries hinted at in the log book? Have you developed any superstitions?"

"None. There is a reason for everything that may arise in human affairs. If there are sea serpents in the deep it has not been my privilege to behold them. Superstitions?..." With an expansive gesture, he tossed the whole theory into space.

"Married, of course?"

Again this realist, this methodical man who has logged his sea life with such meticulous care, turned the pages of the record. Presently his almond eyes sparkling, the mask of inscrutability swept from his face to make way for actual mirth, he placed an index finger on a single line.

"Yes, married... Kobe, Japan, May 28, 1914. One child, a daughter, also married, 1935. No grandchildren—as yet."

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**Roomy Beach Pajamas With Yoke, Sleeves, Front Panel in One to Facilitate Making**



Plenty of room is included for active arms and legs in this exceedingly smart and youthful beach pajamas. Yoke, sleeves, and front panel are all one piece cleverly combined to minimize your sewing time and eliminate complicating tricks.

Large unusual buttons down the center front panel, a demure Peter Pan collar plus a wide self-fabric belt and the blouse is complete. The waist is gathered to the yoke in front and back, giving a flattering fullness and smooth appearance. Make this lovely tailored model in silk crepe, voile, or percale for lounging and gingham, pique, or linen for the beach.

Barbara Bell Pattern No. 1791-B is available in sizes 14, 16, 18, 20; 40

and 42. Corresponding bust measurements 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42. Size 16 (34) requires 4 3/4 yards of 39 inch material. Send fifteen cents for the pattern.

Send your order to The Sewing Circle Pattern Dept., 149 New Montgomery Ave., San Francisco, Calif.  
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Read the offer made by the Postum Company in another part of this paper. They will send a full week's supply of health giving Postum free to anyone who writes for it.—Adv.

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Best spent part of life is the time devoted to finding out what it is for.

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with the **GENUINE INSTANT LIGHTING**  
**Coleman**  
SELF-HEATING **IRON**

The Coleman is a genuine instant lighting iron. All you have to do is turn a valve, strike a match and it lights instantly. You don't have to insert the match inside the iron—no burned fingers.

The Coleman heats in a jiffy; is quickly ready for use. Entire ironing surface is heated with point the hottest. Maintains its heat even for the fast worker. Entirely self-heating. Operates for 1/2 an hour. You do your ironing with less effort, in one-third less time. Be sure your next iron is the genuine Instant-Lighting Coleman. It's the iron every woman wants. It's a wonderful time and labor saver—nothing like it. The Coleman is the easy way to iron.

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**In PORTLAND**



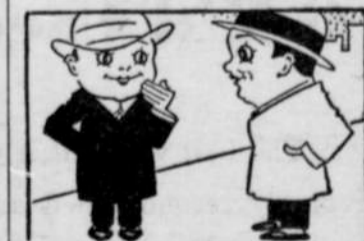
enjoy the homelike comfort of the Multnomah, at rates no higher than you would pay elsewhere. All rooms have outside exposure. Excellent food at popular prices in the coffee shop, or beautiful dining room.

**HOTEL MULTNOMAH**

**Ask Us Another**  
Teacher—What tense is, "I am beautiful?"  
Class (in unison)—Past tense.

**Just Like Hare Soup**  
A scientist says that eating lion meat will cure timidity. The complete recipe probably begins, "First, catch your lion."

**WANTS ACTION**



"Wouldn't you like to see the lion and the lamb lying down together?"  
"Me for the bear and the bull."

**Smiles**

**Bitter Truth**

"Yes," said the small boy regretfully, "money talks, but it never gives itself away!"

**Properly Placed**

Wife—Who is that?  
Husband—Er—hardly anybody, dear.



**WRIGLEY'S SPEARMINT**  
THE PERFECT GUM

THE FLAVOR LASTS

**INEXPENSIVE - SATISFYING**