

Smiles

Self-Protection

"You mean to say Crimson Gulch has an anti-gambling law?"

"Yes," replied Three-Finger Sam. "We had to have some way of breaking up the game when a tenderfoot comes along and gets to winning all the money."

With Rope or Gun?

Student (to Professor in English Literature)—What subject are you going to give us tomorrow, professor?

Professor—Tomorrow we shall take the life of Robert Louis Stevenson. So come prepared.—Stray Stories.

ONE-MAN RAIN STICK



"Have you anything put away for a rainy day?"

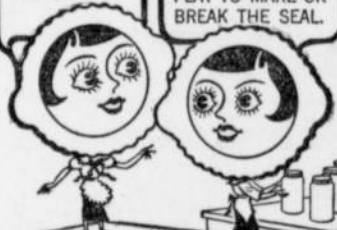
"That's all right, my boy, you can't find out in that way where I keep my umbrella."

The Last Word

Mother and father were having a few words when father said: "I don't believe in parading my virtues."

"No?" answered mother. "I don't think you could, dear. It takes a number, you know, to make a parade."

NO: AND THE THINGS THAT MAKE HOME CANNING RIGHT ARE U.S. ROYAL PE-KO EDGE JAR RUBBERS. NOTHING ELSE CAN SEAL FLAVOR IN SO TIGHT... AND THEIR TWO BIG LIPS MAKE IT CHILD'S PLAY TO MAKE OR BREAK THE SEAL.



UNITED STATES RUBBER COMPANY
United States Rubber Products, Inc.
1790 Broadway, New York, N. Y., Room 620

PE-KO EDGE JAR RUBBERS

WNU-13

28-36

Miserable with backache?

WHEN kidneys function badly and you suffer a nagging backache, with dizziness, burning, scanty or too frequent urination and getting up at night when you feel tired, nervous, all upset... use Doan's Pills.

Doan's are especially for poorly working kidneys. Millions of boxes are used every year. They are recommended the country over. Ask your neighbor!

DOAN'S PILLS

It Works Both Ways

By E. P. O'BRYAN

© McClure Newspaper Syndicate, WNU Service.

THE storm beat against the barn. At each fresh onslaught, Pop Travers wriggled a little deeper into wool-lined coat and watched Mose mix the paint.

"You sure that stuff won't rub off?" Pop inquired somewhat skeptically. "I wouldn't want that paint to start running in this rain."

"Ah knows hit won't," Mose assured his employer. "Hit's de cling-in'est paint you ever did see. Once hit dries, ain't 'nough rain in de whole world to wash hit off."

"I hope you're right," Pop said. "I want Meade to get that hoss clean out of the country before that spot on his forehead shows up. If the paint runs off—well I'll blame it all on you, see? I'll tell him you did it on purpose because you didn't want me to sell Thunderbuster. I'll just say it was a put-up job on me."

Pop Travers was about to pull one of his fast ones on Squint Meade, who had been angling for a deal on Thunderbuster, a promising two-year-old Pop had groomed for the track.

Ranger, another two-year-old, not half as promising as Thunderbuster, was the spitting image of the colt to which Pop had pinned all his hopes for a Derby winner—a spitting image, except for a white spot on the forehead. The two animals weighed within 40 pounds of each other, both were roans and stood so many hands high. You couldn't have told them apart—unless of course you happened to know that Thunderbuster carried himself like a thoroughbred, while Ranger had all the earmarks of the ordinary plug.

Meade had seen Thunderbuster in action while he was in training, and had made up his mind to have him. He had offered Pop a price that was very tempting, yet Pop had hesitated. Then Pop had hit upon the foul scheme now well under way. The spot on Ranger's forehead was to be painted over, with paint that matched the hair so closely the eye would not detect it.

Meade came the next day, paid Pop the fifteen hundred he had offered, and departed with Ranger, though the papers called for the sale of one horse, male, named Thunderbuster, possessing certain breeding pedigrees as specified in the bill of sale.

Pop sold Thunderbuster to the Miller stables, and he was to run that spring at Caliente.

Pop had another horse that spring—one he had brought in from the

desert. He was about the fastest thing on four legs, according to Pop.

Thunderbuster's name had been changed and the papers switched. Thunderbuster had become Ranger. And Ranger was really Thunderbuster.

So when Pop showed up at Caliente with his fast horse, Thunderbuster was just another plug—that is, the horse that carried Thunderbuster's name. Carbarn, Pop's horse, was plenty fast. He turned the track within two-fifths of a second of the record.

But Pop kept on eye out for Ranger—the original Thunderbuster. There had been something about that horse that Pop liked.

It was the fourth day of the meet and all three horses were entered in the Coffonwroth handicap.

But it turned out that Thunderbuster and Ranger constituted a double entry—both owned by Meade. When Pop heard this he cocked a weather ear. But when Ranger was suddenly scratched, and Meade offered to bet Pop two grand that Thunderbuster would beat Carbarn, you should have seen Pop go for his bankroll. With Ranger out of the way (Ranger being Pop's old Thunderbuster) and with Thunderbuster (really only a plug flying false colors) Pop figured he had a cinch.

I can see that horse yet, with the white spot on his forehead, rounding into the home stretch, and Pop's Carbarn a length behind. Then down the home stretch with Thunderbuster rapidly gaining. Carbarn was good, all right, but not good enough.

Pop was sweating profusely when I found him, and fanning himself with his Stetson. "It ain't possible," he said. "That plug beatin' my hoss."

Then someone slapped him on the back. "Come over here, Pop, you old buzzard! I want to show you something." It was Meade.

We followed him to the judges' stand where Thunderbuster was about to receive a wreath of roses.

"Look, you old fogey," Meade said. He rubbed a finger through the white spot on Thunderbuster's forehead and it left a brown mark. "Paint! And you can't protest the race, either. This is Thunderbuster; you see. Just wanted you to know you can paint on spots as well as you can paint 'em out, Pop."

Pop never has completely recovered.

Uncommon Sense

By JOHN BLAKE

© Bell Syndicate—WNU Service

Make up your mind that it is senseless to quarrel.

You will meet many people that you dislike.

Many of them will be quarrelsome, conceited, ill tempered. Avoid such people, but tolerate them. They may turn out to be better than you think they are.

There is plenty of room on this earth for human beings of all sorts and kind.

Some of them will differ with you in politics, others in religion. Some may be downright ugly.

But they are as they are made. Quarreling with them will make you unhappy, and you're going to need all the happiness you can find as you travel through life.

Some of them may be snobbish and "high hat". You can easily keep away from that sort.

But you will be thrown in with certain people whom you cannot avoid.

They may live next door to you, they may belong to the same church or club, they may intrude themselves upon you in many unpleasant ways.

It will do you no good to "get your back up" when they are around.

You will get only misery out of quarreling with them.

Just convince yourself that there must be that kind of people in the world with you, and that the easiest way is to be as cheerful as possible in their presence, eschew arguments with them, and let them go their own way.

You can kill mosquitoes and spiders and rattlesnakes and other creatures with which you may be thrown as you go on.

You can't kill human beings without getting into serious trouble. I do not contend that you ought to nurse odious people in your bosom, or try to reform them.

All I suggest is that if you must be with them you will not

be unhappy about it, but get along as well you can.

And now and then you are pretty sure to find that somebody you thought was a pest was a really good sort when you came to know him well, and that you lost a good deal by not getting better acquainted with him.

Dislike reacts on the person who harbors it. Better figure that wherever you go you will find men and women who are constant irritations to you.

Leave them alone if you can. If you can't, just be civil and pleasant and if they resent that keep out of their neighborhood.

The chief end of man I honestly believe is happiness.

You can't be happy when you are hating other people.

But toleration will put it out of their power to annoy you.

Try this plan for a couple of weeks. I think you will profit by it.

All Around the House



Air the bread and cake boxes frequently during the summer months. Mold is likely to form on breads and cakes kept in boxes during the warm weather.

Chamois wet in cold water and wrung dry will polish mahogany furniture that has become cloudy.

Do not remove husks from green corn until just before putting on to boil. Corn spoils quickly it should be used as soon as possible after purchasing.

When cake or bread is too brown or is burned, grate gently with a fine grater (nutmeg grater preferred) until the cake or bread is a golden brown.

Mix salads with a fork instead of a spoon or ladle.

© Bell Syndicate—WNU Service.



DOLLARS & HEALTH

The successful person is a healthy person. Don't let yourself be handicapped by sick headaches, a sluggish condition, stomach "nerves" and other dangerous signs of over-acidity.

TAKE MILNESIAS

Milnesia, the original milk of magnesia in wafer form, neutralizes stomach acid. Each wafer equals 4 teaspoonfuls of milk of magnesia. Thin, crunchy, mint-flavor, tasty. 20c, 35c & 60c at drug stores.

HEARTBURN?

It's surprising how many have heart burn. Hurried eating, overeating, heavy smoking, excessive drinking all lead to heartburn. When it comes, heed the warning. Your stomach is on a strike.



SLEEP SOUNDLY

Lack of exercise and injudicious eating make stomachs acid. You must neutralize stomach acids if you would sleep soundly all night and wake up feeling refreshed and really fit.



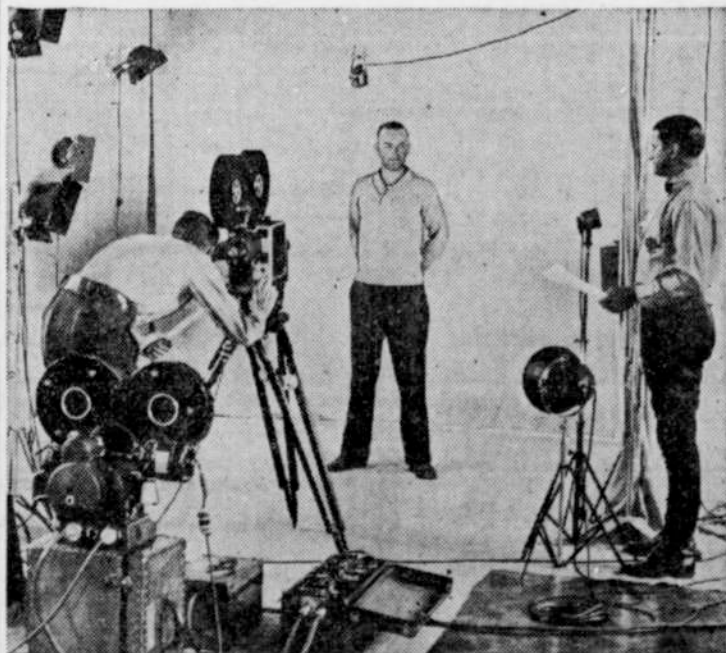
MILNESIA FOR HEALTH

Milnesia, the original milk of magnesia in wafer form, neutralizes stomach acids, gives quick, pleasant elimination. Each wafer equals 4 teaspoonfuls of milk of magnesia. Tasty, too. 20c, 35c & 60c everywhere.



The Original Milk of Magnesia Wafers

New Way to Identify Criminals



MAKING the first attempt to organize a routine procedure for the use of sound motion pictures as an aid in identifying the criminal at large, New Jersey state troopers are shown making a practical demonstration of the method perfected by Col. H. Norman Schwarzkopf, state police head. A public demonstration of the method was given in the War Memorial building at Trenton before representatives of Scotland Yard and many other public officials.