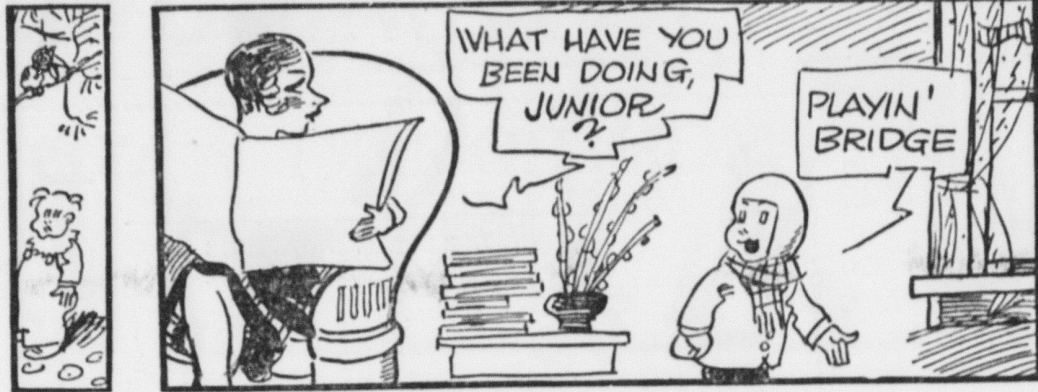


SUCH IS LIFE—Another Bridge Fiend!

By Charles Sughroe



John's Mother Praises Doctor

There isn't a mother living who won't agree that no half-sick child should be the subject for an experiment with medicines of uncertain merit. When your child is bilious, headachy, half-sick, feverish, restless, with coated tongue, bad breath, no appetite or energy, you know that nine times out of ten it's a sign his little stomach and bowels need purging. And when you know that for over fifty years leading physicians have endorsed one preparation for this condition, there doesn't seem to be any reason for "trying" things.

Rich, fruity California Fig Syrup clears the little stomach and bowels gently, harmlessly and in a hurry. It regulates the bowels, gives tone and strength to them and to the stomach; and helps to give your child new strength, energy and vitality. Thousands of Western mothers praise it. Mrs. Joseph W. Hill, 4306 Bedford Ave., Omaha, Nebraska, says: "I'll never forget the doctor who got me to give my baby boy, John, California Fig Syrup. Nothing else seemed to help his weak bowels. That was when he was just a baby. He suffered a good deal before I gave him Fig Syrup, but it stopped his trouble quick. I have used it with him for colds and little upset spells ever since. I consider him a Fig Syrup boy."



Insist on the genuine article. See that the carton bears the word "California." Over four million bottles used a year.

MAD ARCTIC TRAPPER IS SLAIN BY POLICE

"Mounties" Spectacular Man Hunt Comes to End.

Winnipeg. — The Royal Canadian mounted police came to the end of a two months trail in the frozen wastes of the northwest territory when they killed Albert Johnson, mad man of the Arctic. The end to one of Canada's most spectacular man hunts came in a battle in which the demented trapper and miner fell in a hail of bullets from nearly a dozen rifles.

But the groggy Johnson, before he dropped, steadied a wavering hand and seriously wounded Staff Sergeant Hersey, his third "mountie" victim. The posse of twelve which had been tracking Johnson for weeks over the Arctic snow and through blizzards in temperatures ranging from 20 to 50 degrees below zero came upon him doubling back. He started to run from the trail when he saw Sergeant Hersey's and Noel Verville's dog team. Hiding behind a mound he opened the fighting.

Twelve Rifles Blazed. As Sergeant Hersey knelt to shoot, Johnson's rifle blazed. Two bullets caught Hersey in the knee and chest. The other members of the party, by this time, had surrounded Johnson and he soon dropped into the snow dead.

When Johnson's last battle began, Capt. W. R. (Wop) May, who had added his airplane to the wild chase, equipped with dynamite bombs and tear gas, was too close for May to use the bombs.

He landed after the policemen had killed their man, placed Sergeant Hersey in his plane and raced with him to the Aklavik hospital. Doctors despaired of his life.

Johnson, struggling desperately with

cold and hunger, was heading for at least a temporary safety in Alaska. When the mounties fulfilled their vow to "get their man" he was in the Porcupine valley, about 100 miles from Aklavik, in the northwest territory. It was last fall that Johnson came into the northwestern "bad lands" to hunt gold with only a pair of snowshoes and two automatic pistols. Reports are that he made a big "strike."

Outboard Queen



Miss Loretta Turnbull, who has driven an outboard motorboat faster than any other woman in the world, and faster than most men pilots, is caught by the camera at an unusual angle as she speeds over the course at Long Beach, Calif. Miss Turnbull will represent America at the European outboard classic on Lake Garda in Italy, where she was victorious in the international races last year.

and that if he had been able to retain his sanity, he would have returned a rich man.

Hunted for Weeks.

Johnson was a hunted man since the day eight weeks ago when he wounded Constable A. E. King, who had tried to arrest him as a trap thief. Three weeks ago he killed Constable E. Millen.

The police realized then that they were dealing with the cunning of madness and redoubled their efforts. It was not an easy task. Time after time he fought pitched battles with them and escaped, aided by expert use of all the craft of the northland.

On January 10 a posse surrounded his cabin and laid siege to it for 10 hours. He fought them back, an automatic in each hand. Finally three men stayed to guard the cabin while messengers went for reinforcements. They found after their return on January 25 that Johnson had slipped away. He was tracked into a valley near Aklavik. At bay, he faced his pursuers again. This was the time he killed Constable Millen. And Johnson once again escaped.

How he managed to elude so one knows. Blizzards and the 40 below zero temperature apparently did not faze him. He kept mulling on with but scant sleep. Where he got his food was a mystery.

A few days ago, however, the mounties detected signs of exhaustion. The trail began to zigzag and the steps grew shorter. It was the beginning of the end. Early in the morning the mounties closed in on Johnson and the end was inevitable.

GREAT SALT DESERT WILL BECOME A LAKE

Spectacular Phenomena Long Mecca for Tourists.

Tulsa, Okla.—Oklahoma's great salt desert, for years one of the most spectacular phenomena of the Southwest and mecca for thousands of tourists, has completed its last season as a "show place."

Called one of the seven wonders of the world by Capt. Nathan Boone (son of Daniel of Kentucky), who led a body of United States troops on the first official exploration of the gleaming white expanse, the 40,000 acres of salt plains will soon be transformed into a salt lake, the third largest in the United States and one of the federal government's proposed projects of 15 lakes as migratory wild fowl refuges.

Beautiful to gaze upon, but as barren as the Arctic wastes which it resembles, the Cherokee salt plain, in western Oklahoma, has for years proved an enigma to scientists and a thing of wonder to wide eyed travelers.

On its more than forty square miles of sun blistered salt only four forms of life exist—two insects and two plants.

For years tourists have visited the region, riding in automobiles across the brittle white surface of the unnatural "desert," shading their eyes from the intense glare of the light reflected from the salty carpet and gazing off at mirages produced by the combination of sun and salt. For years, too, residents of the little town of Cherokee, Okla., four miles to the west, have used the plains as picnic grounds because evenings are cool out on the salt slopes, where no buildings shut out the breeze. There it remains light long after dark. And there are no flies or mosquitoes to pester pleasure seeking folk.

The preliminary survey of the plains has been completed, and the lands have been turned over, by executive order of President Hoover, to the biological survey. The actual waterline of the salt plains lake was begun in 1930. Engineers plan to complete the final survey, after which it is probable construction will get under way.

Residents of the salt desert region look with high favor upon the proposed new lake, a salt lake that will be surpassed in size by only two others in the United States—the Great Salt Lake in Utah and the Salton sea in southern California.

Paris Plumber Is Highly Honored



France appreciates good craftsmanship. M. Verger, a plumber of Paris, is here being decorated with the medallion of the Legion of Honor by M. Pomaret, undersecretary of the French Technical Educational society, for having been named one of the eighteen best tradesmen in all of France.

WHEN COMPANY COMES

By THOMAS ARKLE CLARK
Emeritus Dean of Men,
University of Illinois.

Mrs. Jackson was using the vacuum cleaner on everything in the house from the rugs on the parlor floor to the paneling on the ceiling. There were no pussy willows in the corners or under the beds when she got through. The window curtains were being washed and everything was being meticulously dusted and put into formal order.

"Now don't throw your clothes on the bed," she called up the stairs to her husband who was taking a bath and cleaning up generally as if in preparation for an important event. "I've just put on a fresh quilt, and I don't want it mussed up."

Company was coming and the Jacksons were getting ready for it. The best table linen would be gotten out, and all Mrs. Jackson's silver, which she used only on rare occasions, would be shined up, and her finest china would appear. There would be much more formality at meals, and more appetizing and more abundant food.

"I wish you'd stay longer," young Jackson remarked quite sincerely to the departing guests when the Jacksons had last had company. "We have so much better things to eat when we have company than we do when there is no one here."

Isn't it so? We are likely, also, to assume quite regularly company manners when there are guests at the house. Mr. Jackson seats the lady at his right with a good deal of flourish and formality. When they are alone Mrs. Jackson may step or fall into her chair at the table as much as she pleases.

I'm not finding fault with all this. I'm just wondering if it might not make life a trifle less dull and uninteresting if we should not wait always for company to come before we put on our nicest clothes and served the most tempting meals.

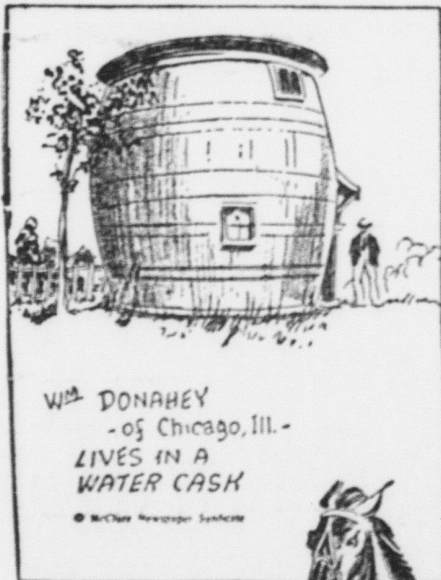
Why should we have to wait until company comes before we get out our prettiest china, put on our attractive clothes, and show our finest manners? Aren't the home folks after all just as good as company?

(© 1932, Western Newspaper Union.)

Biblical Plays

Halleck, in his "English Literature," says that "a miracle play is the dramatic representation of the life of a saint and of the miracles connected with him. A mystery play deals with Gospel events which are concerned with any phase of the life of Christ, or with any Biblical event that remotely foreshadows Christ or indicates the necessity of a redeemer."

ODD THINGS AND NEW—By Lane Bode



W. DONAHEY - of Chicago, Ill. - LIVES IN A WATER CASK



W.C. SMITH of Chickasha, Okla. CAN BEND A HALF INCH BOLT INTO A "U" WITH HIS BARE HANDS

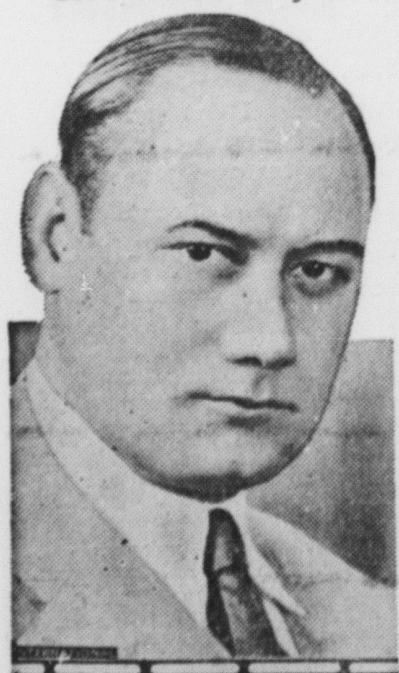
A WINDMILL IS USED AS A CHURCH - AT VELTENHOFF GERMANY



GOLDSMITH MAID GREATEST MONEY WINNER OF ALL TIME (\$36,035 MORE THAN GALLANT FOX) WAS A FARM ANIMAL FOR 6 YEARS ... RAN HER FIRST RACE AT 8 ... AND WON HER LAST AT 20!

(WNU Service.)

Cleveland's Mayor



For the first time in seventeen years Cleveland, Ohio, has a Democratic mayor, the recent election resulting in victory for Ray T. Miller, seen above. Mr. Miller was once a star football player on the same team with Rockne.

All Around the House

Bury a yeast cake in salt and it will keep for sometime.

Left-over vegetables can be combined and served as an escalloped food or they can be used in soups.

Turnips and beets are improved by adding one or two tablespoonfuls of sugar when cooking.

If the bottom layer of pie crust is covered with cracker crumbs the juice from fruit fillings will not ooze out.

The secret of preparing cereal foods is long, slow cooking, to render the cellulose content more digestible. Cereal jellies are just strained gruel, served cold with cream.

A piece of cheese the size of a walnut added to potato or onion soup gives it a nice creamy taste.

Fish will fry a rich brown if lightly brushed with salad oil before being rolled in cracker crumbs or meal.

Military and Civilian



Although the fetching evening dress of opaque crepe, shown at the left, is conventionally civilian in its theme, the jaunty evening jacket at the right is definitely military in trend, owing, perhaps to the hostilities in China. The jacket is of blue rubicon and is trimmed with brass buttons.

Virginia Boy Has Twelve Living Grandparents

Appalachia, Va.—George Morgan Farrell, twenty-months-old son of Mr. and Mrs. Roy L. Ferrell, has 12 living grandparents, or, rather, eight great-grandparents and four grandparents. A great-uncle of the child is fifteen years old and an aunt is four.

Should Be Wisely Used

The tongue is, at the same time, the best part of man, and his worst. With wisdom, none is more useful; and without it, none more mischievous.

GABBY GERTIE



"If you're inclined toward worry it's good exercise to bend in the opposite direction."

Father Sage Says:

It isn't altogether romantic, but though a man marries for the sake of the dimple, it may be the frying pan that more securely anchors him, afterward.

Quickest Way to Darken Gray Hair Naturally

Don't dye hair. Science has discovered a quick, simple way to darken gray hair naturally—so nobody can tell—restore its original shade safely and as easily as brushing. It makes the hair healthy. Finest way known to get rid of gray hair, as thousands testify. Try it. Pay druggist only 75c for a bottle of WYETH'S SAGE & SULPHUR and follow easy directions. Results will delight you.

Polynesians Were Travelers

America in ancient times was not completely undiscovered as it is sometimes pictured. At least, the Indians of the South American coast had contacts with islanders of far-off Polynesia, according to Dr. R. B. Dixon, of Harvard university. An American plant, the sweet potato, found its way to Polynesia in pre-Columbian times, Doctor Dixon stated. Theories that Polynesians natives made voyages of extreme length in their big boats must be discounted after careful study of documentary evidence, said Doctor Dixon. He added, however, that the islanders did make voyages of 1,500 miles, which would have carried them to the American coast.

A Second Cousin

"That's a nice pup, son," said the caller. "Police dog, isn't it?" "No, sir," replied the little boy. "A fireman gave it to me."

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription makes weak women strong. No alcohol. Sold by druggists in tablets or liquid.—Adv.

Ask the average man where he got his umbrella and he will hesitate before replying.

Stiff, Aching, Sore!

Get quick relief this simple way

Here's the way to relieve painful lumbago without blistering or burning. Rub on good old St. Jacobs Oil. Quickly it draws out inflammation and pain. Wonderful relief comes—in a minute! St. Jacobs Oil is just the remedy for aches and pains of Rheumatism, Neuritis, Lumbago, Backache, Neuralgia and sore, swollen joints. Get a small bottle from your druggist.