

CARRIER SWALLOW

Released by Italian soldiers in Eritrea, northeast Africa, a swallow recently flew 2,500 miles to Tortonia in northern Italy...

BOYS! GIRLS!

Read the Grape Nuts ad in another column of this paper and learn how to join the Dizzy Dean Winners and win valuable free prizes.

And Sounds Bad

Profanity is coarse; of course, it's wicked, too.



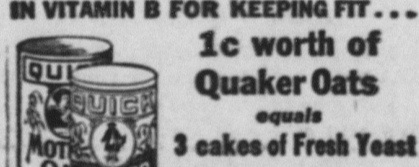
NONE OTHER COMPARES TO OATMEAL

In one of the most important things to children—precious Vitamin B for keeping fit.

Many are nervous, poor in appetite, sleep out of order, because their daily diets lack enough of the precious Vitamin B for keeping fit.

So give everyone Quaker Oats every morning. Because in addition to its generous supply of Vitamin B for keeping fit...

Start serving it tomorrow for a 2-weeks test. Quaker Oats has a wholesome, nut-like, luscious appeal to the appetite.



Quaker and Mother's Oats are the same

Soviet Silk Farms Thirty thousand acres in Russia will be devoted to silk farms.



ASK YOUR DOCTOR FIRST, MOTHER

Before You Give Your Child an Unknown Remedy to Take

Every day, unthinkingly, mothers take the advice of unqualified persons—instead of their doctor's—on remedies for their child.

If they knew what the scientists know, they would never take this chance.

Doctors Say PHILLIPS' For Your Child

When it comes to the frequently-used "milk of magnesia," doctors, for over 50 years, have said "PHILLIPS' Milk of Magnesia—the safe remedy for your child."

Remember this—And Always Say "Phillips' Milk of Magnesia." Your child deserves it; for your own peace of mind, see that you get it—Genuine Phillips' Milk of Magnesia.



PHILLIPS' Milk of Magnesia

WNU-4 41-35

Cuticura Soap For the Daily Care of Your Hands

Prolong the youthful appearance of your hands by giving them the same care you give your face. Use Cuticura Soap every time you wash your hands; it will do much to prevent redness and roughness...

SEEN and HEARD around the NATIONAL CAPITAL By Carter Field

Washington.—Typical of the sort of thing that has made the Republican party in New York state impotent since the passing of Bill Barnes from its leadership...

Most Republicans agree that Snell would make an excellent President. He has force, character, and ability. He stays put. He takes advice, but without ever yielding one inch on deep convictions, or yielding to temporary expediency...

But the whole point is that no one, least of all Mr. Hillis, who proposes to commit the New York delegation to Snell, has the slightest idea that the Republican convention will nominate the able New York representative...

It is good old Republican tradition—Democratic tradition, too, for that matter—that a group of old party wheel-horses can sit around in a room and do much better in picking a candidate than can either the voters in primaries or delegates in an untrammeled convention...

But it is a tradition which would not have a chance this time if it were not for one thing—fear that Herbert Hoover will win the nomination by pure force of lethargy...

It's an Old Feud When William Howard Taft was President, and Hillis was his secretary, Borah has frequently remarked that "Taft and Hillis wrecked the party."

Another phase of the situation is that a great many New York Republicans would prefer the nomination of former Senator James W. Wadsworth, now a member of the house...

It so happens that neither one of these outstanding New Yorkers is of the boss type. Else the story of the New York Republican fiasco in the last 15 years might be very different.

After the passing of Barnes, when New York had a Republican governor, Whitman, and two Republican senators, Calder and Wadsworth, there was a considerable G. O. P. faction which wanted Wadsworth to be boss in Barnes' place...

Woman suffrage and prohibition divided the leadership party. Calder was defeated for reelection by Doctor Copeland, and in 1926 Bob Wagner defeated Wadsworth. Then along came Roosevelt and Farley to build up the upstate Democratic organization in the country sections...

And now there is a new complication. It looks as though a new schism was about to divide the New York Republicans.

Puzzling Problem

What substitute for AAA—farm benefits and processing taxes—can the opposition to the New Deal offer?

That problem is causing furrowed brows among would-be candidates on the Republican ticket against Franklin D. Roosevelt next year. It is also worrying the wheel-horses of the party—those that are left—the men who know they can never themselves carry the standards, but who like tremendously to feel that they are powers behind the throne...

Reliable reports from the farm belt indicate that the Republicans must have some substitute—something that will satisfy the farmers—if they are

to have a chance in that part of the country. The reports are interesting for another reason. They indicate that it will not be difficult to enlist the farmers against the New Deal if they are convinced they will fare just as well without it.

Apparently the farmers are not at all satisfied that the system, which is now paying them handsome benefits in return for their crop restrictions, is sound.

What most of the farmers would really like would be to have all restrictions on production removed, and then to have prices for all crops guaranteed by the government—prices that would yield them what they regard as a decent return for their labor and the use of their land.

Appeal to Farmers

This sounds more uneconomic than even the present scheme. But it would appeal infinitely more to the farmers, and, curiously enough, it is almost precisely what was offered as a farm plank by former Gov. Frank O. Lowden of Illinois, and which was so flatly rejected by Coolidge, Hoover and Mellon. In short it amounts to the export debenture, with its equalization fee provision. The only difference is that the equalization fee part of the scheme does not appeal much to the farmers...

But the farmer is a natural gambler. He has to be. He gambles on every crop he plants—against nature. And up to now on the market price. The farm benefits for not raising crops are virtually the first sure thing the farmers of the world have ever had.

Perhaps because of the trace of gambling which seems to be in every human being, this is not the phase of AAA which appeals most to him. Or at least reports from all over the country indicate that it is not. He wants to gamble against nature—against surpluses of his crop from other countries competing in the world market. He wants the chance of an occasional killing with fat prices on a big crop on his land, even though that big price can be occasioned only by crop failures elsewhere.

But while this is what he wants, he is not going to give up the security he now has for the first time in the history of mankind for the mere privilege of gambling. And he will not vote that way.

Want Longer Hours

"Why doesn't the government work six hours a week and give us enough to live on?"

That is the complaint of worker after worker on the famous Passamaquoddy tidal project, just outside Eastport, Maine, and close to beautiful Campobello, where President Roosevelt loved to vacation years ago.

"I work eight hours a day, five days a week," one worker told the writer. "For that the government gives me \$11 a week. I have to pay \$10 a week for my board and room, so you see I have to be pretty careful with that other dollar."

"It's just crazy," said a garage worker, who was intently listening. "The government ought to work these fellows ten hours a day, and six days a week. Then they would make some money. They could buy things. Isn't that what we are supposed to be needing?"

"Don't talk to me about the men needing the time off for recreation. What do they do with their time off? Two days—they have—and they lay around the ends of the wharves and bum cigarettes from us natives. You see they can't afford to buy their own."

"But modern thought is that a man ought not to work as long as sixty hours a week," suggested the writer. "Say, mister, we used to work sixty hours a week all the time, and we got along just fine," retorted the garage worker.

"But the government wants to take care of as many men needing work as it can with the money it can afford to spend," persisted the writer. "Isn't this the best way to do it?"

Anyway, More Money

"Well, maybe it would be better not to work them sixty hours," conceded the garage man, "but certainly they ought to get \$25 a week. Why, mister, lots of these chaps have wives. I know a lot of them who have three children. What do you think a man can do for a wife and three children on \$11 a week?"

"Cold weather is coming on, and these fellows will have to buy a lot of warm clothes. That dollar a week over board money, for the single ones, won't go very far then."

Eastport looks like a boom mining town save for one thing—the money isn't jingling. Men walk around the streets in machinaws. High laced boots, sweaters and heavy fur caps give an Alaskan note to the picture. But there are no gambling halls. Cheap lunch rooms abound. They have to be cheap. Nobody has the money to support an expensive one. Which is also the answer, of course, to the lack of gambling halls.

Not all the men are bitter at Uncle Sam. Some of them are pitifully grateful to get work, even at \$11 a week. But mighty few of them understand the economic ideas behind that fight in congress last winter over the "prevailing wage" amendment. They do not realize the idea that this work is just to provide employment until private industry can absorb them—that the last thing intended is to make these jobs so attractive that men would not leave them to take private employment, even of humble varieties.

The Rogues' Gallery



The Comical Male Customers Are Given to Bantering Conversation With the Waitress.

LEAVE IT TO THE SISTERS

By GEORGE ADE

IN FLORIDA, what they call a dinner de luxe at a night-blooming noise factory may bring you a check for \$5. Anything around \$5 is a bargain price for the hurry-up repeat served with dancing by the customers and cawing cuties in a "floor show." Two bits for the food and \$4.75 for the smoke and the elbowing and the alcoholic vapors...

After many years experience with city visitors and numerous conferences with the women providers, I think I have discovered the menu which will always make a bit with the consumers. The grand motif of these songs of the production is fried chicken, taken entirely apart and served hot and moistly tender. No armor plate.

Mashed potatoes or new spuds with their jackets on, hand in hand with oodles and oodles of giblet gravy. Small, light fluffy rolls. No "sody biscuit."

For the second vegetable, corn on the cob or fresh garden peas or tender juvenile string beans, depending on the season.

Fresh beets. Always in demand. Overlooked by most caterers.

Fresh leaf lettuce "wilted" with hot bacon juice and a little vinegar. Those addicted to this old-fashioned salad simply rave about it.

For dessert, ice cream and cake, or pie a la mode. Cherry pie always makes a ten-strike. That or "punkin'" with a top story of whipped cream.

It is surprising how many people will take hot coffee if it is offered to them. Please take note that the preliminary "fruit cocktail" is omitted. The visitors want to fly at their fried chicken as soon as the bell rings. This menu, bordered with some jells and preserves, may be repeated over and over, and always goes big. Go right back to the old sure-fire items and stick to them. They cannot be served as a 25 cent plate luncheon but they are what the visitors take, if they can get them. The sisters know how to fix them up.

When people come to the country they want home-cooking and plenty of it, regardless of hard times and depression. The meals may be frugal when company is absent but the sisters never hold out on a bunch of enthusiastic eaters.

Certain undertakings, such as the feeding of a multitude, cannot be stage-managed by the men. The women are the ring-leaders in putting over ambitious plans. We have hopped many a social barrier since "Main Street" was accepted as the real picture of a country town. Every village is now the suburb of a metropolis and enjoys all the privileges of the big town, except the noise and the dust. The radio, the moving picture and the high-powered motor car have made Main Street the tail end of a boulevard. It has changed a lot since every villager was classed as a yokel and his wife was a household slave.

This is an essay about the small-town woman. She may have been a down-trodden home body in the good old days but now she is a gadabout and a mixer. She is all hooked up with "movements" and belongs to clubs and believes in going places and seeing things. She has opinions and doesn't believe everything she hears on the radio. The ancient couplet ran:

Man works from sun to sun, But woman's work is never done.

It is my candid belief, after moving back into a rural community, that women are the self-starters.

Man works from sun to sun, But woman's work is never done.

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Man works from sun to sun, But woman's work is never done.

HE'S FROM MISSOURI

James W. Stobaugh put this in a Kansas City newspaper: "Notice to wild drivers. The shine is worn off my new car. I no longer shall make my car jump sideways, backwards, do flip-flop curves, etc. to get out of the way. If you see Missouri 3-107 coming down the street, just keep in your proper place and you will have no broken headlights, smashed fenders or broken windows. My nerves are worn to a frazzle."

The Man Who Knows

Whether the Remedy You are taking for Headaches, Neuralgia or Rheumatism Pains is SAFE is Your Doctor. Ask Him

Don't Entrust Your Own or Your Family's Well-Being to Unknown Preparations

BEFORE you take any preparation you don't know all about, for the relief of leadaches; or the pains of rheumatism, neuritis or neuralgia, ask your doctor what he thinks about it—in comparison with Genuine Bayer Aspirin.

We say this because, before the discovery of Bayer Aspirin, most so-called "pain" remedies were advised against by physicians as being bad for the stomach; or, often, for the heart. And the discovery of Bayer Aspirin largely changed medical practice.

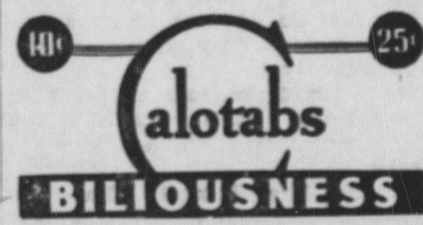
Countless thousands of people who have taken Bayer Aspirin year in and out without ill effect, have proved that the medical findings about its safety were correct.

Remember this: Genuine Bayer Aspirin is rated among the fastest methods yet discovered for the relief of headaches and all common pains... and safe for the average person to take regularly. You can get real Bayer Aspirin at any drug store—simply by never asking for it by the name "aspirin" alone, but always saying BAYER ASPIRIN when you buy.

Bayer Aspirin



Asserts Himself A shy and dignified boy often has a surprise in his make-up to spring on you when he grows up.



Contrary to Old Belief Lightning does strike twice in the same place.

FLY-TOX Kills MOSQUITOES and FLIES-SPIDERS and OTHER INSECTS. BEST BY 10,000 TESTS REFUSE SUBSTITUTES

Too Much Is Too Much A taste for nonsense is limited in most men.

LIFE LONG "FRIEND" Keeps Them Fit at 70

THEIR MEDICINE CHEST FOR 20 YEARS. This small-vegetable laxative—NR—has been a dependable family doctor during their trying "after forty" years. NR keeps them regular—year after year faithfully—with never any need to increase the dose. No wonder they "rejoice of life" is so free from complaints...

Deafness HEAD NOISES Leonard EAR OIL

FREE! This week—at your druggist's—Bentley's and Carter's Cold-1000-Calendar-Transformer with the purchase of a 25c box of NR or a 50c roll of Yarns (For Acid Indigestion).