

IRON DOG GROWLS

The use to which the phototube, popularly known as the electric eye, is put are literally numberless. One of the most peculiar is used by a practical joker to give voice to an iron dog on his lawn. When a visitor approaches he is startled by growls, for on his approach he interrupts a beam of light focused on an electric eye and that sets off the vocal mechanism—a big, raucous buzzer.—Oll Power.

IT WORKED FOR ME

Women should take only liquid laxatives



MORE people could feel fine, be fit and regular, if they would only follow the rule of doctors and hospitals in relieving constipation. Never take any laxative that is harsh in action. Or one, the dose of which can't be exactly measured. Doctors know the danger if this rule is violated. They use liquid laxatives, and keep reducing the dose until the bowels need no help at all.

Reduced dosage is the secret of aiding Nature in restoring regularity. You must use a little less laxative each time, and that's why it should be a liquid like Syrup Pepsin. Ask your druggist for a bottle of Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin, and if it doesn't give you absolute relief, if it isn't a joy and comfort in the way it overcomes biliousness due to constipation, your money back.

Gloom Is Seasoning

Gloom is the seasoning which gives joy its savor, just as failure is the salt which provokes the appetite for success.

Quick, Safe Relief For Eyes Irritated By Exposure To Sun, Wind and Dust —

MURINE FOR YOUR EYES

Hollywood Stars Do So Can You

Wear a Hollywood Beauty Helmet while dressing and save hair-dressing and cleaning bills. Send P. O. money order \$1.98 to

BOROTHY YOUNG
P. O. Box 1484, Hollywood, Calif.

But the Man Didn't
Indians were once fond of scalping a man, but they had to get over it.

Laxative combination folks know is trustworthy

The confidence thousands of parents have in good, old reliable, powdered Theodor's Black-Draught has prompted them to get the new Syrup of Black-Draught for their children. The grown folks stick to the powdered Black-Draught; the youngsters probably will prefer it when they outgrow their childish love of sweets. . . Mrs. C. W. Adams, of Murray, Ky., writes: "I have used Theodor's Black-Draught (powder) about thirteen years, taking it for biliousness. Black-Draught acts well and I am always pleased with the results. I wanted a good, reliable laxative for my children. I have found Syrup of Black-Draught to be just that."

BLACK-DRAUGHT

CLASSIFIED ADS

Increase Wearing Quality of Hose. Treat eight pair 25c delivered in U. S. Money back guarantee. Agents wanted. Specialty Supply Co., Box 289, Glendale, Calif.

BUILD YOUR OWN BUSINESS
We train you to establish your own organization. Write to PERIODIC REVUE CO., 770-772 ELM ST., PERTH AMBOY, N. J.

Win \$150 Working Crossword Puzzles. Send 2c for our illustrated crossword folder. PUZZLE CO., Box 81, Midland, Mich.

Beautiful Silk Hosiery, 5 Pcs. \$1. Sample 25c. Director, B.V. 221 W. Broad, Savannah, Ga.

Rid Yourself of Kidney Poisons

Do you suffer burning, scanty or too frequent urination, backache, headache, dizziness, loss of energy, leg pains, swellings and puffiness under the eyes? Are you tired, nervous—feel all unstrung and don't know what is wrong?

Then give some thought to your kidneys. Be sure they function properly for functional kidney disorder permits excess waste to stay in the blood, and to poison and upset the whole system.

Use Doan's Pills. Doan's are for the kidneys only. They are recommended the world over. You can get the genuine, time-tested Doan's at any drug store.

DOAN'S PILLS

The Rogues' Gallery



Naturally, Back in the Early Nineties Every Young Man Presently "Got Crazy" Over a Girl and Then He Got Engaged to Her and He Went Out With Her All the Time—Floating Round in a Canoe Under a Shadowed Riverbank, and Picking Flowers, and Crooning—in Short, Quite Crazy.

SEX, SEX, SEX—I'M SICK OF IT

By STEPHEN LEACOCK
IMAGINE that if all the world went crazy—just a little bit crazy, all in the same way—nobody would know it.

I think that is what is happening now. All the generations of today are going—no, they've gone—"sex crazy."

In the old Victorian days, now passing out of memory women had quite a different place from what they have now. The men did everything and ran everything, and women represented just the ornamental side of life and the household side.

The only serious job given over to women was that of the care of sick. They didn't really know anything about it—had never seen a clinical thermometer; but they filled the sick-room with flowers (carbonic acid gas) and sat and did needle work beside the bed. It wasn't bad. People often got well.

Then things began to change. Women began to get educated, to break into the colleges, to vote, to carry on professions. Everybody knows all that. It wouldn't have mattered so much if the ornamental stuff had dropped off with it: women dressed like ash barrels would have sat on committees with men in overalls.

But instead of that there arose all the new "sex-stuff" that has transformed the world since the days of the early nineties that some of us still remember as the days of our youth.

From the magazines the girl's face, as the emblem of the present sex enslavement, spread everywhere. A grocery firm wants to order a Christmas calendar for their customers:—What design do they put on it?—a ham? a cheese? a Bologna sausage? That's what they used to do, in the early nineties, and a skilled artist of those days could combine those three things with a charm that made your mouth water.

But now, oh no!—just a great, girl's face—or at most a girl's face eating a Bologna sausage and saying, "How do you like my Bologna?"

They put girls' faces now on calendars, on book jackets, on posters and placards; next year they are going on bills, invoices and government blue books.

The worst of it is that presently people began inventing a new set of words to go along with the new sex-stuff.

The biggest and most successful was "sex-appeal." No one heard of anything of that sort in the early nineties. But all the Miss Americas are supposed to have it: and the men and all the women go round looking for it.

This "sex-appeal"—whatever the thing is,—is now supposed to be quite a qualification. Men who have it would feel flattered to be told about it. In my time back in the early nineties it would sound like telling a man that he had a skunk tied to him.

Now it is quite different. I imagine that people now-a-days would get a job on the strength of it or would lose a job for want of it.

I think that one thing that helped along all this "sex-appeal" stuff was the fact of women getting into games. Lawn tennis came first. They were in that from the start. Back in the nineties we didn't look on lawn tennis as a game in the real sense. It was just a sissy business on a lawn,—played with girls as part of an afternoon party. We could all play it of course but the real games were football and baseball and cricket. Nobody played tennis well, or wanted to. Those of us who were six and a half feet high could beat the rest of us,—by hitting the ball down at us: little short fella's height of the net got no show.

Then came golf. In the early nineties nobody played golf but a few

fluffy old Scotchmen in plaids and tartans, pink-faced and wholesome like an advertisement for whisky. We used to notice them knocking a little ball round the landscape, with a flask in their pockets. They used to play in odd corners of the parks and on sheep pastures near the city. We didn't understand that it was a game. We thought it was just their way of drinking whisky. We respected them for it. At their age, we couldn't expect them to stand up at the bar and drink as we did. They needed air with it. They could hold more.

Then the women butted in and the transformation of golf began. It moved out of the parks and the pastures: laid out vast links and built palaces and let in women.

Now it is all women. Look at any golf course today, the bright autumn landscape and the pleasant greens all spoiled by a bunch of tubby-looking women all over the place.

Can they play? Of course not. They just clutter up the course and spoil the whole thing: a few of them seem able to hit the ball, but not really. Any of us in the early nineties who played the real game could have gone out and patted their all over the lot. But they got into the clubs and started the "sex-appeal" stuff and the men went all to pieces and began to deck themselves out in silk golf shirts and imported neckties, and silly "plus-fours."

Look at a couple of these men walking out on the links, with their expensive ties and their soft new clothes, and their heads prematurely bald as egg-shells. All men are bald now. It's the price they pay for being so much with women. Back in the early nineties we considered that a bald man was either a professor or that he hadn't lived right. We expected a bald man to be a little silly over women. Now they are all bald and all silly.

So out they go to the links. Look at them! What the h—l do they think they are? Play? Oh, yes, of course the poor nuts can play. That's just the trouble. Now-a-days they go at these "half-games" like tennis and golf so desperately that they play too well. There is no fun left in it: it's effort and "sex-appeal."

Back in the nineties we looked on women as a dangerous drug. You had to be mighty careful: keep away from them all you could.

Of course there were odd times of exception—evening parties and dances, once in each blue moon—but to go round with them every night! Good Lord! The kind of fella who did that was the kind who got bald.

Naturally, back in the early nineties every young man presently "got crazy" over a girl (we called it that—we knew the right name for it), and then he got engaged to her and he went out with her all the time—floating round in a canoe under a shadowed river bank, and picking flowers, and crooning—in short quite crazy.

But we understood it: the man was just knocked out for the time being. Presently he'd either marry the girl or else she'd throw him over. Anyway he'd be all right later on—back in the bar again practically the same as ever, but anyway quite cured.

The bar, of course, we had to ourselves. There were no women there. We could stand at the rail and talk for three hours on three beers and a ham sandwich (fifteen cents the lot) and never have to think of our "sex-appeal" at all. Now if they start the bar again, the women will be right in it: they re-name everything: they'll call it a solarium, or a herbarium or a piscatorialian, or something of that sort. And the men will have to wear little bar-room shorts and drinking jumpers.

But still what's the good of talking: you can't alter things: I may as well stop writing: and anyway I have to go out with some women.

© Stephen Leacock.—WNU Service.

"OH WAD THE POWERS—"

An elegant young woman strolled down the main street of Skopje, Yugoslavia, attracting admiring glances from all she passed. Suddenly a man dashed out of a shop, lifted her off her feet, took off her shoes and set her down again to walk home in her stocking feet. The assailant, a shoemaker, explained that the shoes had not been paid for, and he was tired of seeing his clients going about in comfort while he was on the verge of bankruptcy.

How Calotabs Help Nature To Throw Off a Bad Cold

Millions have found in Calotabs a most valuable aid in the treatment of colds. They take one or two tablets the first night and repeat the third or fifth night if needed. How do Calotabs help Nature throw off a cold? First, Calotabs is one of the most thorough and dependable of all intestinal eliminants thus cleansing the intestinal tract of the germ-laden mucus and toxins. Second, Calotabs are diuretic to the kidneys, promoting the elimination of cold poisons from the system. Thus Calotabs serve the double purpose of a purgative and diuretic, both of which are needed in the treatment of colds. Calotabs are quite economical; only twenty-five cents for the family package, ten cents for the trial package. (Adv.)

"Better baking at a saving—that counts in this family!"

SAYS MRS. W. W. HICKEY, OF CHICAGO, ILL.

"I'm paying the lowest prices ever for Calumet Baking Powder!"

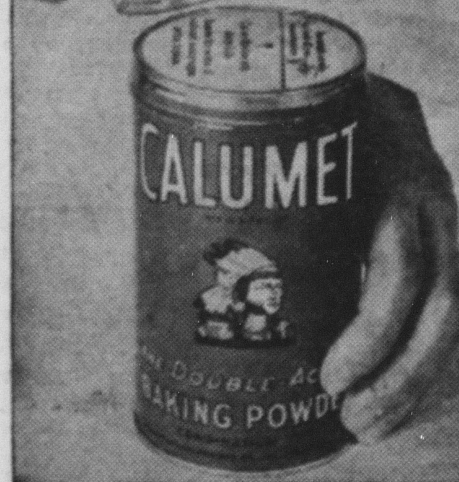
"CAKES AND COOKIES just disappear in my big family," laughs Mrs. Hickey. "So it's a big help when I can get a full-pound can of my reliable, standby baking powder, Calumet, for only 25c! As long as I bake, Calumet will be in my pantry!"

Grandfather Rommel, who was a baker for 40 years, says, "Calumet takes the guesswork out of the job nowadays."

LOOK AT THE NEW CALUMET CAN! A simple twist... and the Easy-Opening Top lifts off. No delay, no spilling, no broken fingernails!



WHAT makes Calumet so dependable? Why is it different from other baking powders? Calumet combines two distinct leavening actions. A quick action for the mixing bowl—set free by liquid. A slower action for the oven—set free by heat. This Double-Action produces perfect leavening.



New! Big 10¢ Can!

Calumet is now selling at the lowest prices in its history... The regular price of the Full-Pound Can is now only 25c! And ask to see the new 10c can—a lot of good baking for a dime—with Calumet, the Double-Acting Baking Powder. A product of General Foods.

A BULL'S EYE FOR DAD

Comic strip titled "A BULL'S EYE FOR DAD" featuring Postum coffee. The strip shows a man and a woman talking, with the man expressing frustration about his wife's coffee habit. The woman suggests Postum as a solution. The man is skeptical but eventually tries it and is impressed.

Speech bubbles include: "GEE, DAD... COME ON OUT AND SHOOT! IT'S SWELL FUN!", "SAY... WHAT RIGHT HAS HE TO ENJOY LIFE WHEN YOU FEEL SO MISERABLE?", "LISTEN, YOU! LOOK AT YOUR COAT! LOOK AT YOUR SHOES! GET INTO THE HOUSE... AND STAY THERE!", "THAT'S THE TICKET... SPOIL HIS FUN! WHY NOT GIVE HIM A GOOD LACING?", "JIM, YOU'RE MAKING LIFE MISERABLE FOR ALL OF US WITH YOUR CROSS, IRRITABLE WAYS!", "I JUST WISH YOU HAD MY HEADACHES AND INDIGESTION! YOU'D BE IRRITABLE, TOO!", "TELL HER SHE'S LUCKY YOU DON'T START ACTING AS MIGN AS YOU FEEL!", "I'LL BET ANYTHING YOU'VE GOT COFFEE-NERVES! — PERHAPS YOU'RE ONE OF THOSE WHO SHOULDN'T DRINK COFFEE! WHY DON'T YOU CHANGE TO POSTUM?", "I'LL JUST TAKE YOU UP ON THAT — TO SHOW YOU HOW WRONG YOU ARE!", "CURSES! SHE'S NOT WRONG! SHE KNOWS POSTUM ALWAYS DRIVES ME OUT!", "WHY was coffee bad for you, Dad? ... I thought it was bad just for us kids! ... Oh, no! Many grown-ups, too, find that the caffeine in coffee upsets their nerves, causes indigestion or keeps them awake nights!", "If you are bothered by headaches, or indigestion, or can't sleep soundly... try Postum for 30 days. It contains no caffeine. It is simply whole wheat and bran, roasted and slightly sweetened. It's easy to make... costs less than half a cent a cup. It's delicious, too... and may prove a real help. A product of General Foods.", "FREE! Let us send you your first week's supply of Postum free! Simply mail coupon.", "GENERAL FOODS, Battle Creek, Mich. U. S. U. 11-25. Please send me, without cost or obligation, a week's supply of Postum.", "Name: _____", "Street: _____", "City: _____", "State: _____", "Fill in completely—print name and address. (This offer expires July 1, 1935)."