

CALL RECRUITS  
IN SYPHILIS WAR

Call for "recruits" in the "War Against Syphilis" by Gen. John J. Pershing and Dr. Ray Lyman Wilbur will be heard throughout the country. General Pershing is chair-



Gen. John J. Pershing.

man and Doctor Wilbur is vice chairman of the National Anti-Syphilis Committee of the American Social Hygiene Association. "Aided by state and city committees in many sectors, we expect to enlist



Ray Lyman Wilbur.

broader interest in the fight on syphilis and the conditions which favor its spread with a war fund of \$500,000 contributed by volunteers," says Doctor Wilbur, who is also president of the association.

Several Colleges Join

War to Check Syphilis

Stimulated by the national campaign to control venereal disease, a few colleges and universities are making syphilis tests a part of the routine examinations required of incoming students. Judging from a survey made by the Chicago Tribune, serological diagnosis for syphilis is not a common regulation among student health services, however.

Instruction on the sexual and social hazards of the disease is far more common. Many universities, in fact, require their freshmen men and women to take courses in health or hygiene revealing the character of the disease. Others confine this instruction to medical and sociological courses beyond the reach of most students.

University presidents, deans, and health directors questioned were unanimous in declaring that syphilis does not constitute a major health problem on American campuses.

Most of them agreed that students found to have syphilis and gonorrhea should be kept in school where they could have adequate treatment. Prep school leaders, dealing with younger boys, were just as certain that all syphilis should be barred.

The University of Chicago, University of Iowa, and Dartmouth college are schools which have elected to give Wasserman or Kahn tests to all newcomers. New York university offers free tests to all students, but does not require them.

Testing began on the Midway with the winter quarter this month, taking advantage of the Chicago board of health's program of free and secret examinations, since the university health service lacked funds for this purpose.

Dartmouth college began routine Wassermans last fall and found one case of congenital syphilis among 650 incoming students.

The University of Iowa started serological testing of freshmen in 1924 and continued until 1930, reported Dr. M. E. Barnes, head of the department of hygiene. It ceased, he said, because of many objections. The university then confined its testing to food handlers, employees, and others.

"Fid. Def." on British Coins

The title "Fideli Defensor" (Defender of the Faith) was conferred on the English King Henry VIII by Pope Leo X, in 1521. It was his recognition of Henry's reply to Martin Luther. When Henry quarreled with Rome, in 1533, the Pope then in power, Paul III, deprived him of this title. But in 1544 it was confirmed by the English parliament, and has ever since been borne by all British sovereigns. Now it refers to the Protestant faith, and not, as at first, to the Catholic religion.

Floyd Gibbons'

ADVENTURERS' CLUB

HEADLINES FROM THE LIVES OF PEOPLE LIKE YOURSELF!



"When the Volts Broke Loose"

By FLOYD GIBBONS  
Famous Headline Hunter

HELLO EVERYBODY:

You all know what happens when the lions get loose. Here's something that can be just as deadly as a full grown, man-eating lion. It's a doggone sight more common than lions, too. You've got 'em in your own house, and they travel along every street in the city you live in. It's volts I'm talking about—those little electrical sledgehammers that pack such a terrific wallop.

The more of those volts you get together in one place, the more of a wallop they pack. A hundred and ten of them—the number in your lighting circuit at home—will knock a man flat on his back if he gets in the way of them. But this story is about a lad who was fooling around with eleven thousand of those ornery things—and that's three or four times as many as they run through the electric chair up at Sing Sing.

Richard Flushing of Jamaica, N. Y., is today's Distinguished Adventurer, and he wins the honor with the story of how it feels to see the volts come hopping out of the cable eleven thousand strong. Dick is an electrician, and he says he's had plenty of close calls of one sort or another, but this one with the galloping lightning was the biggest thrill he ever had or ever expects to have.

The date was February 7, 1933. At that time Dick was working for the Long Island railroad. It takes a lot of current to run those electrified trains that run out of New York on the Long Island, and Dick's job was in the road's key sub-station, where the voltage came through in large quantities.

Thought It Was a Simple Job.

Dick came to work at four o'clock that February day. He and his partner worked the four to midnight shift. They had only been on the job for five minutes when they got an order over the telephone to put



Eleven Thousand Volts of Current.

into service an eleven thousand volt feeder that had been taken out by the day men while some tests were being made.

Both of them started for the cellar of the sub-station where the disconnecting switches are located. They took along their switch sticks, but they didn't bother about rubber gloves, for their job was a simple matter of throwing a switch and letting the juice ride on through.

At least, that's what they thought. But when they reached the cellar they discovered that something was wrong. Ground wires—high tension cables—were dangling in the air when they should have been hanging on brackets. The two men laid aside their switch sticks and proceeded to put those wires where they belonged. The wires were dead, for the switches were still open, and Dick and his partner figured there'd be no need for gloves or any such precautions.

Dick's partner put one set of wires on the brackets and in doing so he passed within a few inches of the open switch. Dick thought he went a little TOO close to it for comfort. He hung his own set of wires on the brackets and, in passing the switch, took care to be farther away from it than usual. The cable in Dick's hand was at least eight inches from the switch when, suddenly, things began to happen.

Eleven Thousand Volts Hit Them.

A back-feed was what did it. An extra load of power was suddenly shunted back from another station. It hit that switch, but couldn't get through it because it was open. If there had been no other metal in the neighborhood that current would have stayed where it was. But there was that ground wire in Dick's hand—eight inches from the switch. That current—eleven thousand volts of it—streaked out toward that wire with all the force of a thunderbolt.

Dick felt himself being picked up off his feet and hurled through the air in one direction, while his partner, standing near by, was hurled in the other. Each of them landed twenty feet away, on opposite sides of the switch. Dick's eyes had been seared by the terrific blast of the power. He felt the floor come up and hit him, and then the next thing he remembers is staggering to his feet and seeing his partner, forty feet away, doing the same thing.

His face was scorched and burned from the terrific heat. He put his hand to his head—and it was bald! Every bit of hair was burned, not only from his head, but from his arms as well. "That current," he says, "had given me a heat shave, cleaner than any barber could have done it, and all in a fraction of a second."

Dick walked back to the switch from which those deadly volts had broken loose. His partner came over and joined him. The switch was nothing but a mass of molten metal. Lumps of hot copper lay on the floor. The big insulators were gone. There wasn't so much as a sign of them. They had been blown to dust.

Lucky to Escape With Their Lives.

Says Dick: "Even the fireproof barrier had whole bricks burned out of it. Both my partner and I considered ourselves mighty lucky to get out with our lives. I don't believe either one of us had taken much of the voltage through our bodies. I escaped because I was holding the ground wire at a place that was well insulated. Had my hand been in any other place, or had there been a slight leak in the wire, I would unquestionably have gone up in a cloud of smoke."

So, if you were to give Dick a choice between a bunch of loose lions and ten or fifteen thousand loose volts, I have a hunch that he'd take the lions every time. There may not be much left of you when a crowd of lions get through looking you over, but there'd be a darned sight more than the volts would leave.

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Strength of a Lion

Naturalists have seen a lion leap over a nine-foot wall with a calf in its mouth, honeybees extinguish the flame of a candle with the breeze created by their wings, and a secretary bird, four feet high, kill a venomous snake with one blow of its foot.—Collier's Weekly.

The Dominican Republic

The Dominican Republic has both historic and scenic attractions. Ciudad Trujillo, formerly Santo Domingo, is the oldest European settlement in this hemisphere, having been founded by Bartolome, a brother of Christopher Columbus, in 1496.

Snake Rattles Don't Count

A persistent and popular notion is that the age of a rattlesnake may be told by counting the rings or buttons of the rattle, each one of which is supposed to represent a year in his life. This is entirely erroneous, says a writer in the Detroit News, because they actually take on an average of three each year. Vibration at the tip is so pronounced that very frequently a segment is broken off and lost. Some small specimens carry more buttons than some twice their size.

Indians Used China Brier

The China brier, which grows in Florida, was used by the Seminole Indians to prepare a dish called coontie, or contee, which was made from the starchy roots of the China brier. The roots were chopped up and pounded in a mortar. Then this meal was mixed with water and strained through a basket. The sediment, when dry, was a red meal. This meal was mixed with honey and warm water. It jelled as it cooled and was eaten with corn bread or cakes.

WHO'S NEWS  
THIS WEEK...  
By Lemuel F. Parton

NEW YORK.—One of this department's favorite monarchs has long been Jeff Davis, king of the hoboes of America, who now leads his following of nearly 1,000,000 in a plan to erect a national memorial to John Howard Payne, author of "Home, Sweet Home."

There is perhaps a bit of personal pride involved, as your correspondent helped establish the dynasty. That was many years ago, when a series of hobo stories in the Chicago Tribune elevated Dr. Ben Reitman to the kingship. Dr. Reitman, however, was a backslider, turning at first furtively and then brazenly to regular work, went into politics in Chicago and became a cautious and solvent citizen, too fat to ride the rods.

I saw him last at the house of the late Jack London, in Sonoma county, Calif., and, if I remember correctly, Mr. London reproached him as one recreant to his ideals and in danger of succumbing to industry and ambition.

Until a few years ago, I used to get letters from the hoboes of America, on letter-heads like those of any national bank, carrying the names of the "jungle judges," "shacks" (organizers) and "track walkers" and "supreme knights of the road."

They had to do with some misunderstanding in the organization over the lingering sovereignty of Dr. Reitman, but that is all cleared up now. Mr. Davis' rule is undisputed and his name appears on the letter-head as "Jungle Judge, King of the Hoboes, elected for Life."

Mr. Davis, now fifty-three years old, has covered his first 1,000,000 miles on the road, and plans to start his second million on an organizing trip in Europe early this year. His father, James Davis, who died in Cincinnati a year ago at the age of ninety, had been vaguely identified as a newspaper man, working on several Cincinnati newspapers, but with no news as to what department.

Young Jeff, born in Cincinnati, started rambling when he was thirteen and now fetches up with a round forty years on the road. Bald and genial, working harder at the hobo trade than do most men on their regular jobs, he campaigns for better migrating and loafing conditions for his subjects.

He wants the railroads to establish a one-cent-a-mile rate for box car passengers. He says the plan has worked fine in France. He moves about the country, fighting the bum blockades set up by various states. He denounces the "fuzzy-tails" in his following—hoboes who talk a lot but never toss anything into the jungle stew.

Correspondents on the British-Italian radio war front in Arabia report a victory in the first engagement for Abdul Wahab, the desert Rudy Vallee, crooning for Italy. The sheiks, according to news accounts, tuned out Britain's broadcast, which included news of a death sentence for an Arab found in possession of arms, and tuned in Italy's cheerful crooner.

Italy Wins Radio Duel in Desert

The Italians also were one-up on the Britons, due to the fact that the former had supplied many of the radio sets and taken precautions to rig them against Britain's thirty-one-meter wavelength.

Sir John C. W. Reith, grim, purposeful and, incidentally, Scottish, director general of the British Broadcasting corporation, led off for England, paced by Big Ben and "God Save the King." Abdul countered with "Just a Little Oasis for Two," and "Aldebaran and You," in Arabic. It was no contest after that, say the news reports.

Sir John's last appearance was at Edward's solemn valedictory. The tall, bald, frosty mogul of British Broadcasting, lord of the empire air waves, takes the microphone only when imperial interests demand it. Recently he said: "To set out to give the public what it wants, as the saying is, is a dangerous and fallacious policy."

Those who know him say he will go on giving the Arabs what he thinks they ought to want, and probably get away with it. He has been lambasted as a dictator all over the empire, but has ridden through labor and conservative administrations and keeps the B. B. C. steadily advancing.

He is the most inaccessible man in England, forty-seven years old, the son of an old-line Scotch clergyman, trained in engineering at the Royal College of Glasgow, successful as an engineer in London, before becoming general manager of the B. B. C. in 1922. His salary is \$35,000 a year.

Consolidated News Features. WNU Service.

Something for Everybody



SEW-YOUR-OWN spells

economy and a better wardrobe for all the family, as these patterns indicate. You can sew at home during brisk winter days and have a new dress for all the family in no time at all and at very little expense. When you sew, you spend only a fraction of what you would usually pay for dresses of this character. Enlist the family's enthusiasm, and you can make winter days cheery for all of you by planning something new to wear.

For Big Sister.

A charming Princess frock on trim and tailored lines. Note that it buttons from neck to hem and that the waistline is belted to add a snug line. This is a young-looking dress with plenty of swish for the most fashion-knowing college girl. Make it up for Spring in thin wool, alpaca or print crepe. You'll like its clean-cut lines.

For Little Sister.

A copy of the popular Big Apple frock with the same flaring skirt, fitted basque and short, puffed sleeves. The dress that your little girl will adore wearing, for she likes these copy-cat fashions. Make it for Spring school days of chambray, percale or cotton broadcloth. For immediate wear, try it in serge or flannel. It is a dress that has flaring, graceful lines.

For Mother.

This slenderizing coat frock is one which you will find becoming and comfortable to wear. Designed on Princess lines with long

surplice collar and two button closing at waistline, it is as easy to get into as a coat and as easy to wear. Make it up in rayon crepe, alpaca or one of the better cottons. You'll use it again and again throughout the coming season.

Pattern 1347 is designed for sizes 14 to 42 (32 to 42 bust). Size 16 requires 4 3/4 yards of 35 or 39 inch material plus 3/4 yard contrasting.

Pattern 1454 is designed for sizes 8 to 16 years. Size 10 years requires 2 1/4 yards of 35 or 39 inch material plus 1/2 yard contrasting for collar and cuffs.

Pattern 1448 is designed for sizes 36 to 52. Size 38 requires 5 1/2 yards of 35 or 39 inch material plus 3/4 yard contrasting.

Send your order to The Sewing Circle Pattern Dept., 247 W. Forty-third street, New York, N. Y. Price of patterns, 15 cents (in coins) each.

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Greatest Man

The greatest man is he who chooses the right with invincible resolution; who resists the sorest temptations from within and without; who is calmest in storms, and whose reliance on truth, on virtue, on God, is the most unfaltering.—Channing.

Calotabs Help Nature To Throw Off a 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 fourth night if needed.

How do Calotabs help nature throw off a cold? First, Calotabs are one of the most thorough and dependable of all intestinal eliminants, thus cleansing the intestinal tract of the virus-laden mucus and toxins.

Second, Calotabs are diuretic to the kidneys, promoting the elimination of cold poisons from the blood. 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.)

The Twilight  
Laughter is day; sobriety is night; and a smile is the twilight

that hovers gently between both, and more bewitching than either.—Henry Ward Beecher.



NO!



No other cough drop offers you the extra benefit that Smith Brothers Cough Drops (two kinds...Black or Menthol, 5¢) give you—Smith Bros. Cough Drops are the only drops containing VITAMIN A This is the vitamin that raises the resistance of the mucous membranes of the nose and throat to cold and cough infections.

Youth Experimental  
Youth is wholly experimental.—Robert Louis Stevenson.

Real Riches  
And his best riches, ignorance of wealth.—Goldsmith.

CHEW LONG BILL NAVY TOBACCO 5¢ PLUG

The Housewife . . .

"Research Professor of Economy"

SHE'S not a Ph.D. or an LL.D. She hasn't a diploma or a cap and gown. Her research is not done in the laboratory or the library. As a matter of fact, her findings are made, usually, in the street car, in the subway, in the suburban commuter's train.

She reads the advertisements in this paper with care and consideration. They form her research data. By means of them she makes her purchases so that she well deserves the title of "Research Professor of Economy." She discovers them after them, as the years roll on, combining high quality with low

It is clear to you at once that you . . . and all who make and keep a home . . . have the same opportunity. With the help of newspaper advertising you, too, can graduate from the school of indiscriminate buying into the faculty of fastidious purchases!