

Billings Child Knew Just Where That Clam Went

The Billings child on her Sunday visit to the beach picked up a clamshell and regarded it meditatively. "Now I wonder where that clam has gone to?" she inquired.

Neither parent responded. Four-year-olds are always wondering something, and Billings was busy resting in the hot sand, while Mrs. Billings was busy rubbing sunburn oil on her person.

"I wonder where that clam has gone to?" repeated the Billings child. No answer being forthcoming she demanded loudly: "Mommie, do you want to know where that clam has gone to? Daddy, do you want to know where that clam has gone to?"

Both parents averred absently that they did. The Billings child tossed aside the empty shell, picked up her pail and departed and started for the water. In departing she remarked: "It's crawling into an oyster shell and is going around fooling people."

Trouble Maker

Usually a man who is worried about "the future of civilization" is going to make trouble for people.

Find Out

From Your Doctor if the "Pain" Remedy You Take Is Safe.

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 headaches, 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



Many Churches in London Greater London now has a church to every 1,810 persons.



SIMPLE SIMON MET A PIEMAN AND ORDERED THREE OR FOUR; HE NOW EATS TUMS WHEN HEARTBURN COMES . . . DON'T SUFFER ANY MORE!

Stop SAYING "NO" TO FAVORITE FOODS

It isn't only pie that disagrees with some people. Many say that even milk gives them a gassy stomach. The very best foods may bring on acid indigestion, sour stomach, gas, heartburn. Millions have found that Tums quickly relieve acid indigestion. Much 2 or 4 after meals or whenever smoking, busy eating, last night's party, or some other cause brings on acid indigestion. Tums contain no harsh alkalies, which physicians have said may increase the tendency toward acid indigestion.



FREE! This week—at your drugstore—Beautiful 4 Dini Color 1935-1936 Calendar! The monster with the purchase of a 10¢ roll of Tums or a 25¢ box of NR (The All Vegetable Laxative).

WNU-3 40-35

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM Removes Dandruff—Stops Hair Falling! Imparts Color and Beauty to Gray and Faded Hair . . . One and 50¢ at Drugstores. Hileox Chem. Works, Paterson, N.J.



"Quicker Than the Eye"

By FLOYD GIBBONS Famous Headline Hunter.

A LITTLE slow music, and up with the curtain. Hang onto your watches, boys and girls, and don't go lending anybody your silk hat unless you want it turned into a rabbit's nest, for here comes Halton, the Magician—Nat Halton with his deck of fifty-two individually trained cards, to give us a demonstration of the wonders that—

Wait a minute—what's that, Nat? I'm sorry, boys and girls, it's my mistake. Nat isn't here to give a demonstration. He's here to tell us a story—the story of a jam he got into about thirty years ago, in the town of El Oro, way down on the other side of the Mexican border—a jam that not even a magician could get out of without a little luck on the side.

Nat was visiting in Mexico City when a friend invited him out to the little mining town of El Oro to entertain some of the boys who worked in the mines. He went to El Oro, put up at a little hotel in the town, and that night put on a show that was attended by a good portion of the town's inhabitants. The show was run off in a hall in the center of the town. Nat had a good, appreciative audience and he enjoyed every minute of the two hours during which he entertained them with his card tricks and feats of sleight-of-hand.

When the show was over he went back to the hotel and went to bed. But the next morning, at 5:30, he was awakened by a loud knock on the door. When he opened it, a tough looking gent pushed his way into the room and told Nat to get dressed.

Nat didn't feel like getting dressed at 5:30 in the morning, and he told the stranger so. But the stranger pulled out a gun and stuck it in Nat's ribs, and Nat started getting into his clothes. When Nat asked the bird what he wanted of him, the stranger said: "You know." And that was every word Nat could get out of him.

Nat Is Credited With Pretty Good Magic.

After repeated questioning, though, the man finally told Nat what the trouble was. A deed to a mining claim had disappeared from his pocket the night before, and he thought Nat had stolen it. And when Nat pointed out that he hadn't even been near him all during the performance, the fellow said: "You wouldn't have to go near a man to take things out of his pocket. Didn't you make cards pass from one fellow's pocket to another?"

Well, sir, Nat was flattered that anybody should take his sleight-of-hand tricks that seriously, but it didn't help the situation any. "I noticed," he says, "that the man's eyes were dilated and bloodshot. Was he a dope fiend? If he was, I was in real danger. The one thing in my favor was that he gave me credit for more power than I possessed. It was my one advantage, so I used it to stall for time. I told him we would go out and find his deed, thinking if we got out on the street I could find some help."

But out on the street, there wasn't any help in sight. Nobody gets up early in Mexico, and at that hour there wasn't a soul awake. The man, with his gun in Nat's back, took him to a small cabin on the edge of the town. There was



Nat was Stalling. His Eye Fell on the Papers. A pile of papers on the floor in the center of the front room, and a woman was peeping through a nearby closed door. The woman's eyes, too, were dilated and bloodshot—also the eyes of a drug fiend.

Nat was still stalling for time, and his eye fell on the papers piled in the center of the floor. Realizing it would take the man ten or fifteen minutes to go through those papers, he pointed to them dramatically, and said: "Look, there, and you will find your deed."

A Magician Gets His Wits A-Working. The man objected. He said he had just looked through those papers, and that's how they happened to be there. But Nat repeated his command, and the man began his search.

"I knew then," says Nat, "that I must plan my escape quickly, and do it in some way that would be acceptable to my captor. Force wouldn't get me anywhere, for the woman in the back room had come out now, and was holding a shotgun pointed at me. Imagine my surprise when the man suddenly rose from the floor holding a document and said: 'Here it is,' and then added: 'But you put it back.'"

Nat pointed out that he hadn't been anywhere near that pile of papers on the floor, but the man reminded him again that anyone who could make cards pass from one man's pocket to another wouldn't have to. However, by this time he was disposed to be more friendly, and invited Nat to have a drink with him. Then after a few whispered words with the woman, he asked Nat if he could tell him what number would win the capital prize in the Mexican National lottery that month.

Well, sir, by this time Nat was beginning to get mad at the high-handed way this bird had treated him. "Here," he says, "was my chance to get even. So I told him that I couldn't give him the exact number, but that number thirteen was going to be very lucky in the next drawing, and advised him to buy all the tickets he could find that had thirteen in the serial number. I have never seen that man from that day to this, but I hope he sold his guns to buy lottery tickets, so that if, by any chance, we should meet again, he won't have any firearms left to greet me with."

Well, that's the first time I ever heard of a lottery doing any good for humanity. But you can do the world a lot of good by sending me that story of yours, Johnny. And don't forget to be here tomorrow, when we draw the story of Rita May Murphy, of New York city, in the big, all-time lottery of adventure.

WNU Service

Rabies, Unlike Running Fits, Not Sudden Attack

The rabid dog is not generally convulsed. Rabies, unlike running fits, does not come on suddenly, but rather gradually develops over a period of a week or ten days of abnormal actions which finally evolve into either the furious or dumb form of the disease, advises a writer in the Los Angeles Times.

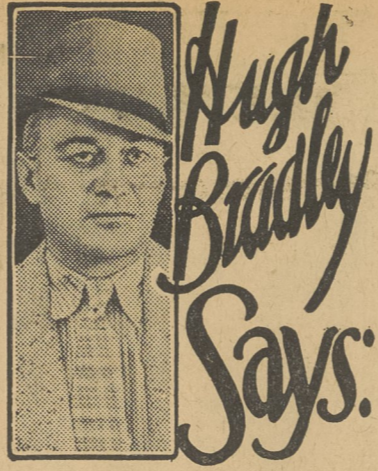
Rabies sets in with a variety of peculiar manifestations, in brief, those expressive of anxiety mingled with fear. The dog appears in a troubled state of mind and usually appeals for sympathy. He is prone to become more affectionate and to excessively lap the hands of his attendants. He wants more petting to appease his distress. Restlessness is a marked early symptom as is also the fact that he is easily startled. He continually paces about, except for an occasional pause. Refusing food, he shows a marked depressed appetite for inedible substances

such as sticks and stones, or he may chew his bedding.

It is often noted that a rabid dog will continually lap woodwork about the house, such as floors and furniture. Thirst is decidedly increased, but the dog does not swallow very much of the water. This is because he cannot swallow as his throat is becoming paralyzed, a condition which will shortly be followed by paralysis of the jaw, causing it to drop and the mouth to remain open.

"d" Abbreviation for "Penny"

The sign "d" in English money is the abbreviation for "penny." It stood originally for the Latin denarius, a coin of value equivalent to the Anglo-Saxon penny. Medieval money changers continued its use as an abbreviation for the penny and gave it a fixed place in English custom. A penny is approximately equal in value to 2 cents. The half penny is therefore about the equivalent of our cent.



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Athletes Are All Slaves to Ol' Man Jinx

THE figure "2" is all Gene Sarazen needs to keep him happy, no matter how many black cats are wandering around. He was born in 1902, became a caddy in 1912, won the P. G. A. and the national open in 1922, triumphed in the British and American opens in 1932 and believes that he cannot lose a match started on the second, twelfth or twenty-second days of the month.

The day before he met Jess Willard a gypsy fortune teller informed Jack Dempsey that he could not lose. He still believes that he had a great deal to do with his winning the title. On the other hand, Willard feels that he might have done much better if a black duck had not fallen dead at his feet while he was taking a walk that day.

Any race fan will tell you that if you tell your program you will have good luck, because the jinx has nothing on which to light.

If the weeds in a marshy area in South Jersey turn jet black in the fall, Princeton knows that it will beat Yale in football.

Gar Wood, the speedboat champion, insists that two Teddy Bears must trail at the stern of his boat during a race.

A pair of baby shoes tied to the steering wheel was all that Pete DePaola needed to convince him that he could win an automobile race.

A small ivory goat, presented to him by his godmother, must be in his pocket before Lester Stoenen can have any luck in a tennis match.

No matter how good his arm feels, Red Lucas knows that he will be knocked out of the box any day when he fails to step over the foul line right foot first.

No matter where he is, Barney Ross sends for his favorite Chicago barber to cut his hair. It's expensive, but Barney's a champion.

George Dempsey, the six-day bicycle rider, has different ideas about his hair. He will not permit it to be cut during a race or four weeks previous to one.

Whenever Pepper Martin is in a bathing slump he chases the jinx by changing room-mates.

Jockeys are like other people. They enjoy seeing their pictures in the papers but they seldom will pose for one before a race.

Horses also refuse to take chances. Monarchist, a great thoroughbred of many years ago, would not run unless his jockey wore a coat over the bright silks.

Some athletes gnash their teeth at fate, but Jim Barnes always found better use for his molars. He used them to chew a lucky sprig of purple clover, just as Johnny Dundee used to trail success in the ring by gnawing at a match stick.

When the Louisiana Lottery was running you could win a fortune if you played No. 6 after seeing a stray dog. No. 14 was the one to put your money on if you glimpsed a drunken man.

Carnegie Tech students believe that if the football coach wears a derby at games the team is sure to score plenty of touchdowns. To make sure that nothing goes wrong, they take up a collection to buy the hat.

Things Box Score Never Told Me

Travis Jackson says that Hack Wilson was the toughest slider of all the men he ever tagged. He always was thankful that Hack, who waited until he was almost on the bag before coming in feet first, did not use sharp spikes. . . . Dick Bartell's pet sliding aversion was Riggs Stephenson, the former Alabama football star, who often played football while coming into the base. . . . Both of them say that the best thing about Pepper Martin is that he usually slides head first and thus gives the base guardian some chance.

Casey Stengel's first manager told him that he never would make good because he packed too much weight around the hips. . . . The Pittsburgh dugout is the hottest in the National league, the sun shining into it all afternoon. . . . Jack Doyle, who sets the prices on most sports events, has been to the races only three times in 30 years. . . . Soldiers at Fort Hamilton claim that the ring there is the largest in the world.

FRANKIE FRISCH comes sliding into the bag while the baseman stands there, ball in hand, waiting for him. In the dugout some player yawns and turns to his team-mates.

"There goes Frankie again, making that old college try," he remarks in tones of supreme disgust.

Where the term originated I do not know, although it is obvious that it is an expression of the professional athlete's scorn for the player who does not get paid for his work. But I do know that it has become baseball's most overused term of disapproval for the player who, presumably for the sake of being theatrical, attempts to make some play that cannot be made.

Also I know that the increasing number of big timers who regard anything out of the ordinary as "the old college try" is one of the reasons why the sport lacks a very real part of its former fascination for the fans.

That Frisch lasted so long as one of the highest paid players in the game may be attributed largely to the fact that he is possessed of the spirit which drives him into making that "old college try," even though his legs may rebel against such exertions. Certainly it also is the reason why the old Orioles, who had such scant esteem for most collegiate notions, remain famous in the sporting world forty years after the days of their active glory.

Indeed this fierce impulse to lead forlorn hopes, to refuse to admit that any ghosting catch is impossible until a muscle straining effort to accomplish it has been made, is one very important reason why there are any stars to applaud today. It is a fact that makes up for the occasional athlete who may, as the dugout critics so often yell, go through the motions merely to show off.

It was the spirit which compelled him to try the impossible which made Ty Cobb the great player that he was when men of perhaps equal speed and keenness of eye were serving a dull span in the big show. In spite of the toll taken by time during his last months as a player Babe Ruth had this spirit, too. Earle Combs, so often so badly shattered in the service of a cause, had it.

Lou Gehrig, Casey Stengel, Sherry Magee, Chief Bender, Rabbit Maranville and—but there is no need to call the roll. Search through the list of all-time greats yourself. You will discover that, almost without exception, each of them was possessed of that fierce impulse to deny that anything was impossible when victory was in sight.

Obviously, I am not suggesting that a player should sacrifice all regard for life and limb merely to provide a spectacle for the customers. The memory of Johnny Grabowski diving head first into a concrete floored dugout, of Greasy Neale crashing so hard against the right field wall at the Polo grounds that he had to be rushed to the hospital, of Frank Bowerman, Christy Mathewson's old catcher, splintering a timber several inches thick by the force of his impact while chasing a foul, would prevent me from requiring murder for my 50 cents.

Yet I am wondering how many younger players and fans realize how firmly this now scornful expression "the old college try" is bound up with all that is best in baseball. I am wondering how many of them realize that, by and large, it really is the same spirit which makes a Frisch, a Combs, a Joe Moore, a Ruth, a Greenberg or a Cobb stand out far above their humdrum fellows.

I am wondering how many of them really understand that the refusal to quit chasing a fly ball until it has hit the ground and the run has been scored must still go far toward determining the winner whether among men or among teams.

Probably, though, the number is large. Indeed, the more you think about it the more you suspect that "the old college try" was given its present meaning because of somebody else's inefficiency; that lazy men, anxious to cover their own defects, endeavored thus to express their jealousy of stiffer marrowed fellows.

I recommend that thought to the next occupant of press box or dugout—I do not include the stands because the subject is far better understood there—who feels called upon to sneer when Joe Vosmik takes a nose dive in the outfield or when Pepper Martin comes swarming into a well-blocked base.

If that is the "old college try," and I have mentioned that the two things seem much the same to me, it is by far the most important contribution of any campus to any sport.

Joe Gould, manager of Jim Bradlock, has bought a new automobile and a new dog. The dog is a wire-haired fox terrier named Roxy. . . . Doc Robb, the heavyweight champion's trainer, takes the stable's new honors much more lightly. Whenever he hits a new town he asks for only one thing. That is for a tub in which to ice some beer. . . . The official name for the English Lawn Tennis association is "The Tennis association."

Unique Scratch Pad for Kitchen

By GRANDMOTHER CLARK



It can't be helped if there is money business afoot here. This little fellow makes it his business to keep a record of your household wants on the little pad he is holding. This memo pad hanger measures about 8 by 10 inches when finished.

Package No. A-7 contains the stamped and tinted unbleached muslin and the paper scratch pad, ready to be outlined, also directions how to make it up. Thread and binding are not included. Sent postpaid for 15 cents.

Address Home Craft Co., Dept. A, Nineteenth and St. Louis Ave., St. Louis, Mo. Enclose stamped addressed envelope for reply when writing for any information.

Overlook Little Things

Let not the littleness of people disturb you. Remember that if you have been made big enough to do big things in life, you have been made large enough to overlook little things.—John T. Moore.

What a Blessing

If they could only devise some way to tax talk!

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who prepare their pelts carefully and participate in Sears 7th National Fur Show. You don't even have to sell your furs through Sears. FREE new Tips to Trappers book tells how you may share in awards. Also how Sears act as your agent, getting you highest value we believe obtainable for your furs. Mail coupon below.

Mail now form with fields for Name, Postoffice, Rural Route, Street Address, etc.

Quick, Complete Pleasant ELIMINATION

Let's be frank. There's only one way for your body to rid itself of the waste matters that cause acidity, gas, headaches, bloated feelings and a dozen other discomforts—your intestines must function.

To make them move quickly, pleasantly, completely, without griping. Thousands of physicians recommend Milnesia Wafers. (Dentists recommend Milnesia wafers as an efficient remedy for mouth acidity).

These mint flavored candy-like wafers are pure milk of magnesia. Each wafer is approximately equal to a full adult dose of liquid milk of magnesia. Chewed thoroughly in accordance with the directions on the bottle or tin, then swallowed, they correct acidity, bad breath, flatulence, at their source and at the same time enable quick, complete, pleasant elimination.

Milnesia Wafers come in bottles of 20 and 48 wafers, at 35¢ and 60¢ respectively, or in convenient tins containing 12 at 20¢. Each wafer is approximately an adult dose of milk of magnesia. All good drug stores carry them. Start using these delicious, effective wafers today.

Professional samples sent free to registered physicians or dentists if request is made on professional letter head.

SELECT PRODUCTS, Incorporated 4402 23rd St., Long Island City, N. Y.

MILNESIA WAFERS The Original MILK OF MAGNESIA WAFERS

So That's Talent A talented man is one who dyes his mustache and leaves a white hair here and there.

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