

DOMESTICATED WOLVES

The Moscow zoo boasts of two wolves which apparently are as tame and trustworthy as dogs. They were captured when they were puppies and ever since have been given kind and patient training. Their utter lack of viciousness and desire to return to their native element seems to indicate the fallacy of the belief that grown wolves become dangerous even though they have been trained from puppyhood.—Pathfinder Magazine.



IT'S NOT IN MANY CEREALS

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IN VITAMIN B FOR KEEPING FIT... 1c worth of Quaker Oats equals 3 cakes of Fresh Yeast



Quaker and Mother's Oats are the same

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Freedom does not consist in doing what I like, it consists in liking to do what I ought.

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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.

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Floyd Gibbons ADVENTURERS' CLUB Hello, Everybody!



"Battle for Life"

By FLOYD GIBBONS Famous Headline Hunter.

WELL, I hope you boys and girls know how to handle a pair of chop sticks, because today we're going to China.

We're going with the United States marine corps, but don't think that's going to be any special protection, because China's a big country, and Shanghai is a big city. And the marines can't be everywhere.

To tell you the bare and unvarnished truth about it, they didn't even do a very good job of protecting Marvin W. Atchison, who told me about it. And Marv, I'll have you know, was one of their own boys—a Marine himself.

All his life, Marv Atchison had wanted to look over China. Maybe he had that idea in the back of his mind when he joined the Marine corps.

Well, if he did, the Marines sure did right by him, because they took him there and gave him plenty of chances to see all he wanted of the doggone country.

Marv Wanted to See China—and Did!

And if Marv saw just a little more of China—well—that was his own mistake and not any fault of the outfit.

Marv was on the U. S. S. Marblehead, one of Uncle Sam's 7,500-ton cruisers, when orders came to get out on the water and do a bit of sailing.

The Marblehead hit several ports in the West Indies, went through the Panama canal to Hawaii, and then, to Marv's entire satisfaction, continued on across the Pacific, bound for China.

Most of the men aboard had never seen China, and, like Marv, were all eager to set foot on shore. Marv and a shipmate were among the first to get shore liberty.

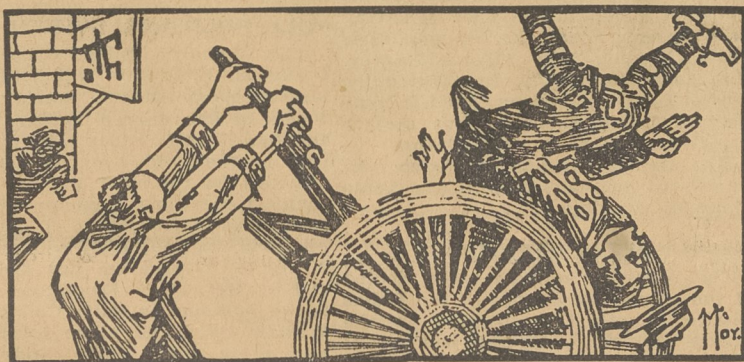
They piled into a sampan and headed for the docks of the International settlement, and the first thing they saw on those docks were about a hundred rickshaws, all lined up waiting for them.

Marv and his shipmate each grabbed themselves a rickshaw and started to ride around. Everything was all right until they decided to leave the International settlement and go over into the native section of the city. Then, somehow or other, the two rickshaws got separated and Marv lost his buddy.

With his pal gone, Marv's first thought was to get back to the International settlement. He had heard stories of the things that happened to lone Marines prowling around in Chinese cities.

It's Not Easy to Make a Chinaman Understand.

He tried to make his rickshaw coolie understand what he wanted, but the coolie, although he had comprehended all the other orders that had been given



The Chinaman Dumped Him Out Onto the Ground.

to him, suddenly decided that he didn't know what Marv was talking about.

Marv had to yell pretty loud, and shake his fist a couple of times before the coolie was convinced that the dodge wouldn't work.

Then he said, "Me go back," and headed for the International settlement.

Marv watched the coolie pretty closely on the way back—determined that if there was going to be any monkey business, he was going to know about it first.

But the coolie didn't try any tricks until they were safely back in the International settlement. Then, suddenly, he turned the rickshaw into a dark alley.

Marv tensed his body and got ready for a scrap, but he was wholly unprepared for what happened next.

The Chinaman, raising the handles of the rickshaw high in the air, dumped him out backward onto the ground. Marv landed on the back of his head, and for a minute the blow sort of stunned him.

Then, before he could get to his feet again, the coolie let out a war whoop, and slinking, yellow-faced figures came pouring into that alley from all directions.

It was a situation which, to Marv's mind, called for football tactics. He made a flying tackle for the nearest pair of his assailants, and they went down.

Life Is Cheap and Murder Easy in China.

But at the same time, Marv felt the weight of a dozen others as they piled on top of him, kicking, scratching, clawing.

Flat on the ground, held down by the weight of 10 or 15 Chinese, Marv couldn't move. He felt hands reaching into his pockets—searching for his money—but he couldn't do a thing about it.

At last he felt a skinny claw groping in the right pocket—coming out with his money. What would those babies do now? Would they leave him alone, now that they had what they wanted?

Or would they kill him, to keep him quiet, or—well—just on general principles. Life is cheap in China!

But what these coolies would have done is a question that was never answered. For suddenly the Chinese were on their feet again, scrambling for the nearest exits.

A Sikh policeman—one of the guardians of the law in the International settlement—had appeared at the mouth of the alley, slashing right and left with his wooden truncheon.

The Sikh had caught one of the coolies, and Marv grabbed another. They took them back to the police station, and Marv, his clothes almost torn off his back, returned to his ship, his head full of good advice about watching your step with Shanghai rickshaw coolies.

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Albanians Oldest People in Southeastern Europe

The Albanians are an old people, the oldest it is said in southeastern Europe. Their ancestors occupied the country along the eastern shore of the Adriatic, called Illyrium by the Romans and Epiros by the Greeks, before the beginnings of Rome or Greece; and, although in the succeeding centuries they have at different times been subject to the Macedonians, Romans, Goths, Slavs, Normans, Venetians and finally the Turks, they have on account of their strong nationalistic character been able to maintain themselves practically unmixed with other peoples.

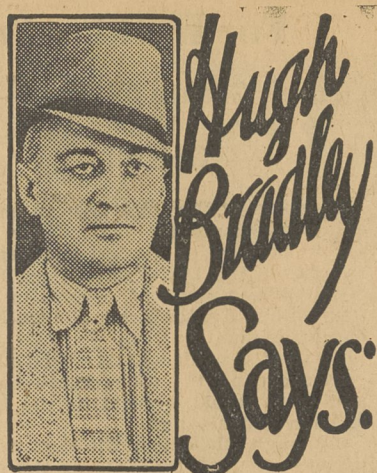
About the most that can be said, notes a writer in the New York Herald Tribune, is that their various overlords have here and there added a few words to their otherwise unique language. Like the Scotch and the Welsh, their mountain homes defied complete subjugation.

While the Albanians are one of the

oldest of European peoples, they are also one of the most primitive. Their seclusion arrested their development centuries ago with the result that their mode of living more resembles that of medieval than modern times. The interrelation of society is almost that of feudal Europe, the large landholders exercising great power within their own domain and collectively being the governing force in the country. The principal occupation is stock raising. Agriculture, where it exists at all, is performed in the crudest manner. Nor has any advantage been taken of a climate where many fruits, including mulberries and grapes, could be grown.

Trait and Quality

A trait is any distinguishing feature or quality, especially of mind or character, or anything produced by them. Quality is the element, form or mode of being or action of anything which seems to make it distinct from other things; distinguishing character, etc.



Hugh Bradley Says:

© New York Post—WNU Service.

Box Score Silent on Chapman Yen to Join Senators

THINGS the box score never told me:

Although he probably squabbles more with the Senators than with any other club, Ben Chapman wants to be traded to Washington if the Yankees decide to dispose of him. . . . In the Pine Tree league, a Maine semi-pro baseball circuit, they pay the two umpires \$25 but the visiting team gets only \$15. . . . Mike Phipps of Carnegie Steel and the Guest brothers of Woolworth's will not play polo in Argentine this winter "because they were not offered enough dough." . . . The most successful dog track in the country probably is at Revere, Mass., where the mutual handle often exceeds \$100,000 a night. One night it hit \$200,000.

Maerial, a two-year-old that has earned \$17,165 this season, cost \$550 as a yearling. . . . Teddy Boy, bought for \$11,500 at the same time, is unknown to those who are familiar with juvenile runners. . . . That feud between the Dodgers and the Giants does not stop with the hired help on the field. John Gorman and Eddie Branick, the rival traveling secretaries, never speak to one another if conversation possibly can be avoided. . . . While a member of the Hakoahs in Vienna Ernie Schwartz, now manager of the New York Americans, played soccer in 20 countries.

Bookmakers will tell you that one of the nation's most eminent political bosses has lost \$200,000 a year betting on the races during the past 20 years. . . . He will, they say, invest \$1,000 on almost any kind of tip and is keeping up his average at the New York meetings. . . . The province of Quebec long has known how to handle the vexing problem of what to do with wrestlers. . . . On Sundays and holidays up there they perform along the roads as come-ons to attract business to the hot dog and beverage stands. . . . Kostka, Minnesota's All-America back, who will play for the Brooklyn pros this fall, was a flop as a baseball player at Dayton. Jim Bowdoin, who will appear at tackle for the Dodgers, was a very good umpire in the Middle Atlantic league.

It's Patrick You Fans Can Thank

Lester Patrick, coach of the New York Rangers, started the custom of numbering players so that the fans might recognize them more readily. That was during the season of 1911-12, when he operated the Pacific Coast Hockey league. . . . A few months later the first college team was adorned with numbers, Old Man Stagg doing the job for his University of Chicago eleven. . . . City college (N. Y.) football players bruise easily and no wonder. The ground upon which they must practice and play is so bare of grass and packed so hard that if one of them was to be tossed upon a concrete floor he probably would think he was landing in a feather bed.

Shrewd horsemen are whispering that heroin won't show in a saliva test no matter what track doctors may say about it—They also are whispering that—but perhaps it would be a shame to disturb the hard working racing commissioners with such news, so let it go. . . . Although his ankles will not hold up under steady work, Woody English of the Cubs is rated as the best utility infielder in the National league. . . . Lloyd Greenamyre, who



sells tickets for a Ringling Brothers side show, also acts as golf pro for the circus performers. He has 75 pupils. . . . Although the present tennis scoring system has been in use for centuries no one of the game's historians has ever been able to discover how it originated.

Because the lights make everything seem faster baseball scouts claim that it is impossible to get a line on a player by watching him in a night game. . . . Jack Doyle, the veteran Cubs scout, says that he must see a player in at least three day-time games before forwarding a recommendation. . . . Tom Laird, the San Francisco sports editor, is telling all comers that Di Maggio, the Pacific coast outfielder purchased by the Yankees, is one of the greatest players to come along in recent years. . . . It took 17 1/2 miles of tape and gauze to keep the Cubs in shape this season, according to Andy Lotshaw, their trainer.

SINCE it has been pretty well established by sob sisters, people who pay \$100 for 30 cents' worth of cardboard entitling them to perch in the twenty-sixth row, and by other kindred boxing experts that Joe Louis is the greatest fighter of all time, perhaps the subject could very sensibly be ducked today. Yet, since the same well-informed proclaimers of pugilistic gospel seek to prove their omnipotence by advancing the delightful contention that Max Baer quit cold at Yankee stadium, it is possible that some mature consideration will do the whole business no harm.

Obviously Louis is one of the most gifted young men ever to receive a \$200,000 reward in this racket that sometimes is known as sport. Also he has been magnificently trained and the financiers who handle his affairs have done so with rare skill.

He is a talented boxer, perhaps as superior in this line today as Jack Johnson was 25 years ago. He hits hard and accurately with either hand. That the Baers, Carneras, Birkies, Pirrones, Browns and Levinskys he has battered were not laid out cold as were various stalwarts upon whom Sam Langford and Peter Jackson practiced is not a matter of particular moment. Although Louis seems to have more love of, and instinct for, fighting than did the ex-marine, his ring tactics more closely resemble those of Gene Tunney than of any other modern champion. And, for all his eminence, Tunney also was a fighter who bruised and dazed his opponents when a man of lesser skill but greater power might have finished them with one blow that needed no referee's count to prove its worth and efficiency.

Such are the facts that have been made plain about him while he has, in such a short space and with such consummate ease, been triumphing over Baer, Carnera and Levinsky. That the three of them, two former champions and a man who once was the sturdiest of also rans, could not land a total of six punches on him is another previously unconsidered fact that may very well be acclaimed as an extremely artful boxer.



Joe Louis

Not Louis' Fault Talent Is Scarce

That Floyd Johnson, Soldier Bob Martin, Bob Fitzsimmons, Jr., and Jack McAuliffe, Second, were young men of rare ability who received high ballyhoo and then collapsed when least expected need not be advanced as an argument that some day he may also blow up suddenly. Neither is it necessary to point out that probably all of these young men beat better opponents than he has yet faced. It is not Joe Louis' fault that heavyweight contenders are a dime a dozen now. Like Dempsey, Sullivan and those other masters who preceded him he has met the best that have so far been available and has beaten them all. A man can do no more.

What will happen when he has out-boxed, outsmarted and quickly bowled over one or two more opponents and eventually gets around to Jim Braddock is something that no one can decide at this distance. I make only two predictions. One of them is that Joe then will very well prove that he can take it and return it after taking it. The other is that he will be meeting a man as cold as himself, as unafraid and, possibly, as well informed as to the value of a left hand in winning prize fights.

Certainly Louis met no such man upon his most recent outing. Baer seemed dazed even before he was first slapped upon the lug. He performed as a wide open target, made no effort to pick punches out of the air save with his chin, seemed determined from the start to do as many wrong things as possible.

That one of the wrong things he did was to quit deliberately on his knees instead of going out swinging is not suggested here, though. I leave that charge to the boys along Broadway who know so much about so many things. . . .

Those who saw Carl Morris, Tom Heeney and Jess Willard stand up until their faces were crushed into pulpy black and blue masses perhaps are judges as to how long a man can withstand fists that slash at him relentlessly. It may even be that those who watched Terry Mitchell, a preliminary fighter who went round after round while a discolored mass hid one of his eyes, have their own opinions.

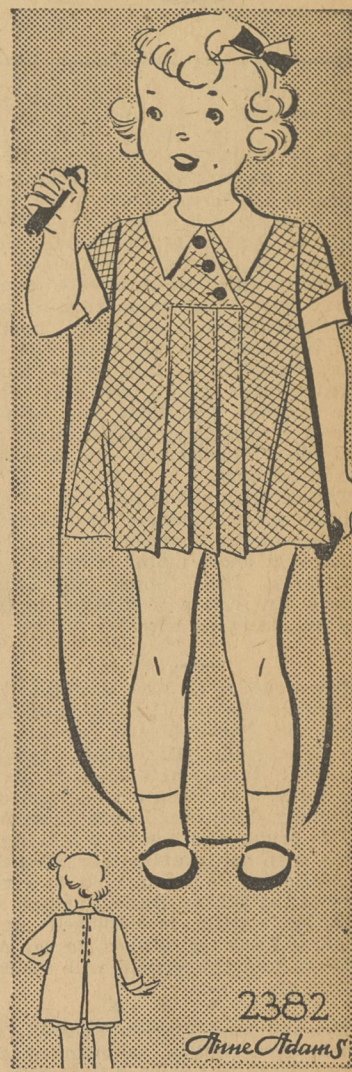
Yet such opinions can only be thoughts without authority. No outsider is qualified to say what goes on in the heads and hearts of those who are inside the ropes.

That Baer probably knew he was ill qualified to face a strong young opponent though is something else again. Indeed the gloves that he wore still provide mute evidence of that.

Most gloves that have gone through a fight are wadded here and there, often soggy from the water bucket or from sweat, occasionally stained with the blacker dye that is blood. The gloves worn by the former champion still are brown and new. There is no dent or mark on the left one. That is as should be, for he never landed more than a fluttering blow with it. The right one is only slightly marked and stained. That also is as should be. He landed with it only three times.

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SMILES

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"My dear," said Miss Cayenne, "a desire to be agreeable has spoiled my disposition. You can't be agreeable to some people without saying sharp things about others."

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The Optimist—By the way, Mary, did you put my cooking outfit in the bag? I'll want to fry some of the fish for lunch.

His Wife—Yes, dear, and you'll find a tin of sardines there, too.—Sydney Bulletin.

His Status

"Were you a bull or a bear in Wall Street?"

"I wasn't either. I was the man who has to run for a tree when the menagerie breaks loose."—Washington Star.

Ostentation

"Money talks," remarked Mr. Dustin Stax.

"Yes," replied Miss Cayenne, "and sometimes it makes its audience suffer."

