



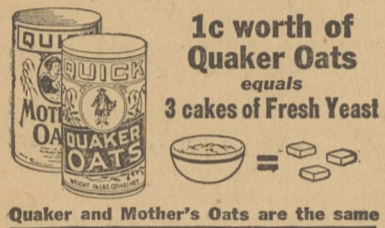
LOVES OATMEAL MORE THAN EVER

Once you learn that oatmeal is so rich in Vitamin B for keeping fit, IS IT ANY WONDER THAT THOUSANDS STICK TO OATMEAL BREAKFASTS? Many are nervous, poor in appetite, system out of order, because their daily diets lack enough of the precious Vitamin B for keeping fit.

Few things keep them back like a lack of this protective food element. So give everyone Quaker Oats every morning. Because in addition to its generous supply of Vitamin B for keeping fit, it furnishes food-energy, muscle and body-building ingredients. For about 1/2¢ per dish.

Start serving it tomorrow for a 2-weeks test. Quaker Oats has a wholesome, nut-like, luscious appeal to the appetite. Flavors, surpassingly good. All grocers supply it.

*Where poor condition is due to lack of Vitamin B IN VITAMIN B FOR KEEPING FIT...



Quaker and Mother's Oats are the same

But That'll Change
A man can start life with a shoe string and now not have even that.

MILLIONS OF WOMEN Have Discovered This Economy



Esperanto Taught
Esperanto is being taught at Liver pool university in England.

THE DOCTORS ARE RIGHT

Women should take only liquid laxatives

Many believe any laxative they might take only makes constipation worse. And that isn't true.

Do what doctors do to relieve this condition. They use a liquid



A cleansing dose today; a smaller quantity tomorrow; less each time, until 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 your laxative should be in liquid form. A liquid dose can be regulated to the drop.

The liquid laxative generally used is Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin. It contains senna and cascara—both natural laxatives that form no habit even with children. Syrup Pepsin is the nicest tasting, nicest acting laxative you ever tried.

The Daily Use of CUTICURA SOAP Helps Relieve Irritation

And assists in keeping your skin in good condition. Containing super-creamy emollient and medicinal properties, Cuticura Soap, used regularly, soothes and protects the skin.

Price 25 cents



FLOYD GIBBONS Adventurers' Club Hello, Everybody!

"Big Gun Roars"

By FLOYD GIBBONS Famous Headline Hunter.

DIG yourselves in, boys and girls. Crawl into your bombproof shelters and lay low, while I tell you the story of the big artillery maneuvers that took place five years ago in Andy Dana's back yard. It was just a little one-shot war that Andy started, but like all wars, it brought tragedy in its wake—like all wars it started with a bit of sheer, doggone foolishness.

But before we go into the story of that, let's introduce Webster Goodwin, the lad who sent the yarn to me. Web Goodwin is off firearms for life now. Once before he nearly cashed in his check when a shotgun went off behind him and took a few hairs off the crown of his head.

Guns Are Nasty Things to Monkey With.

He should have quit playing with guns then and there, he admits, but it took an even closer shave to convince him, finally, that a mixture of powder and shot is a sort of bad combination to be fooling with. It is that last narrow squeak that we're going to hear about now.

It was a beautiful day in July, and over in Andy Dana's yard was an outboard motor racing boat that some of the boys in the neighborhood were putting in shape. Web strolled over there and met Andy coming around the corner of his garage with a small, old-fashioned, cast-iron cannon in his arms.

"Want to hear some noise?" Andy asked him. And Web said, "Sure. Let's have it."

About that time Frank Stacy came over from next door, and the three of them set about loading the cannon.

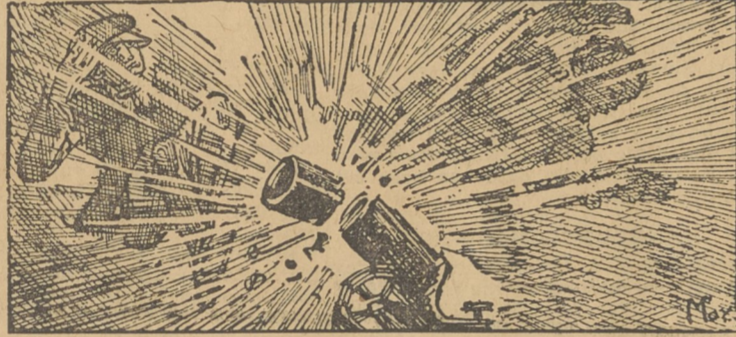
Andy had shot the cannon off once before, he told them, using the powder from three shotgun shells. Now he was going to try it with powder from five shells.

It was a small cannon, about a foot and a half long. Andy broke open five shotgun shells and tamped the powder into the muzzle.

Necessity Again Proves to Be Mother of Invention.

He didn't have any fuse, but then he hadn't had any when he set the cannon off the first time, either. Andy had an inventive turn of mind, and he had figured out a way to get along without fuses altogether.

Andy's scheme was a pretty simple one, at that. In place of a fuse he



The Cannon Went Off with a Roar That Rocked the Ground.

used a match—one of those big, old-fashioned matches of the sort that you can strike anywhere.

He put that match, head-downward in the hole of the cannon, so that its business end rested on the bottom inside part of the piece.

The idea was to tap the match with a stick, causing it to ignite and set fire to the powder inside.

When he got everything all set, Andy asked for a stick. Web started to go over to the woodpile to get a long one, but Andy picked up a piece of board about two feet long and said that would do. Somehow, Web didn't like the idea of Andy's standing that close to the cannon.

He himself stood back a ways, as Andy got ready to strike the match, and Frank Stacy was even more cautious. He went over and crawled behind the woodpile. And, as things turned out, Frank was the one who had the right idea.

All Ready for the Big Noise.

Andy raised his stick to tap the match, and Web, standing 25 feet or so behind the cannon, shut his eyes, held his hands over his ears, and opened his mouth to equalize the pressure on his ear drums.

The cannon went off with a roar that rocked the ground Web was standing on. And, at the same time, something brushed his cheek and wrist at about the spot where, with his palms covering his ears, they came together.

Web opened his eyes, then, and turned around. As he turned he saw something that looked like a baseball, going through the air like a Texas leaguer, and moving away from him. Then he looked up and saw the air full of grass and dirt clouds.

Death Will Never Come Closer to Web.

"It dawned on me then," says Web, "that the cannon had blown up and that the thing that looked like a baseball was the round knob on the back end. It had gone through between my shoulder, wrist and cheek—a space of about two and one-half inches, without even drawing blood. We found and weighed that chunk of iron later.

"It weighed just a few ounces over three pounds. I still get a creepy feeling every time I think of what would have happened if that three-pound piece of iron had moved over, just a fraction of an inch in its course, and hit me in the face.

"While all this was going through my mind, I heard a yell from Frank Stacy, over by the woodpile.

"He's hit," Frank shouted, "and I turned to look for Andy. He was lying on his back, blood gushing from his right side, and I ran over to him and made him lie still where he was while Frank ran up to his house and sent for a doctor. Fifteen minutes later they took Andy off to the hospital, where they took two big pieces of iron out of him.

"I had about as narrow an escape as anybody could have without getting hurt, but Andy had a narrower one than I did. He darned near died."

Well, sir, I don't want to get into any argument about who had the narrowest escape. I got into an argument once about who caught the biggest fish, and it doggone near ruined me socially.

But I'll print all the narrow escapes I can get hold of.

—WNU Service

London Bridge Situated at Head of Navigation

London bridge is the first or farthest down of the bridges across the Thames at London. It is situated at the head of navigation, about a half mile above the Tower of London.

But the present London bridge is not the one celebrated in the nursery song, nor in the proverb to the effect that "London bridge was made for wise men to pass over and fools to pass under." That famous old bridge, which stood for more than 600 years, was finally demolished more than a century ago.

The site has probably been the location of a bridge from very early times in London's history, notes a writer in the Cleveland Plain Dealer. But the earliest bridge in this location is not mentioned until the Eleventh century. It was a wooden structure which was destroyed by a storm and high tide November 16, 1091.

The first stone bridge, the famous bridge spoken of above, was built between 1176 and 1209 on a wooden foundation. It consisted of 20 arches. The roadway was 926 feet long, 60 feet above the water and 40 feet wide. Houses were built upon the bridge, and in the course of time it became a continuous street with three openings on each side of the river.

The buildings on the bridge were repeatedly devastated by fire, most notably in the great fire of 1666. The eleventh span from the Southward end formed a drawbridge flanked by a tower built in 1426, and on top of which were stuck the heads of persons executed for treason. All the superstructures were removed in 1757. In 1832 the old bridge itself was torn down, the new London bridge having been opened the year before.

The Irish Terrier

In appearance the Irish terrier is quite similar in outline to the wire hair fox terrier, but is larger and heavier and red in color. His head should be long and lean, his eyes small, his ears V-shaped, buttoned over and set on top of his head.



New York Post—WNU Service.

Let Guest Tell of Tribulations as Sports Ed

Ernest L. Meyer, who writes the column "As the Crow Flies," takes over Hugh Bradley's assignment today to discuss his trials and tribulations while acting as sports editor of a family journal a few—quite a few—years back.

By ERNEST L. MEYER

EVERY time I read Hugh Bradley's sparkling department I recall my own and not very scintillating career as sports editor. I recall it without difficulty, but not without pain.

It happened about 18 years ago when I was doing general assignments for the defunct Milwaukee Daily News and could be found most any hour of the day peacefully sleeping on a davenport at the Press club. It seems that our regular sports editor, after ruminating about life all evening at the Schlitz Palm Garden, was seized by a hanker for travel. He left immediately, on the midnight freight with a quart of gin, and never came back. We never heard from him again.

When I drifted into the office the following day with a yarn about the embalmers' convention, the city editor, a ruthless person named Dean Kirk, grabbed me.

"You're sports editor," he said.

"I'm not," I objected. "I don't know a boxing glove from a pneumatic bicycle seat."

"Can't help it. You've got to fill in till we make other arrangements. Dust out to the ball grounds now and phone in the dope for the sports pink."

I dusted, yearning for a nap on my favorite couch at the Press club. The wooden seats in the press box on top of the grand stand were devilishly hard.

I asked Art Schinners, who covered sports for the Evening Wisconsin, how the deuce one writes up a ball game.

"Easy," he said. "Never call a ball a ball or a home run a home run."

I got the idea. A good sports writer in those days would call a baseball a pellet, a horsehide, a globule, a pill or a spheroid. If he called it a baseball his readers wouldn't know what he was talking about.

Somehow, I struggled through a whole month without calling a home run a home run, so my stories were always lucid and readily comprehended. On one occasion, however, Dean Kirk "called" me.

"What," he said, "does this mean?"

He pointed to a sentence in my yarn which read: "Southpaw Master spat into his upholstery, wound his heftly left up like a windmill in a Missouri tornado, and then shot over a redhot Smith Brothers."

"Why that," I explained patiently, "means he threw a drop."

I had never in my life seen a boxing match. But the managers and fighters used to drop in, ask for the sports editor, and hand me large, fat cigars.

Ballet Bouncing Vs. Triphammers

"What chance has my man Wildcat Levinsky got against Kid Cuckoo?" the manager would ask me, as man to man.

And I would lean over and say confidently:

"Listen, Mr. Molloy. The kid won't have a chance once he runs into that right hand of your fighting windmill. The Kid's good at dancing, you understand, but his ballet bouncing won't help him once Kid Cuckoo connects with his triphammer."

"Sure, that's just how I got it sized up. It'll be a cinch," the manager would say, and hand me a couple more cigars, greatly pleased at my expert opinion.

Then the manager for Kid Cuckoo would breeze in and say:

"Now about this match Friday night. D'ye think Wildcat Levinsky has a look-in with my bird?"

"Listen, Mr. Solomons," I would reply seriously, "here's what I think. Wildcat won't have a chance once he runs into that right hand of your fighting windmill. Wildcat's good at toe dancing, you understand, but his ballet bouncing won't help him once Kid Cuckoo connects with his triphammer."

"Now you're talking!" Mr. Solomons would shout. Then he'd give me three or four rich, ripe stogies. It was fun being sports editor.

Everything was rosy till the big match came off. I've forgotten the details. All that I remember is that in the third round one of the fighters did make a connection with the triphammer.

I fainted.

Next day one of the fellows on another sheet had a funny feature story with the headline: "Sports Editor Knocked Out in Third."

THINGS the box score never told me:

Persons interested in keeping the Olympics out of Germany should investigate the case of Baron Gottfried von Cramm, the Davis Cup star. Originally it had been arranged that Donald Budge and Gene Mako were to play in the German tennis championships and in return the baron was to come to the United States for the nationals. Then the trade fell through and now it seems that not only will the German star be prevented from coming to this country but also he will be barred from the 1936 trophy team as Dr. Daniel Prenn was this year.

The reason? Could it be that Hitler discovered that the baroness was Jewish and that therefore the baron must be anti-Nazi and unfit to represent his native country in a sports event?

Lester Doctor, betting commissioner for the Whitneys, has handled more money than any man on the racetracks. Payne Whitney was the biggest plunger of the tribe. . . . To make sure that Art Lasky would work himself back into condition Brother-Manager Maurice put the heavy-weight on the Los Angeles water works pay roll at \$4 a day. . . .

In spite of Bill Terry's rule against Giants' talking to Dizzy Dean, Hughie Critz and Allyn Stout still bandy words with the pitcher. Stout once was a teammate of the elder Dean and so naturally cannot be prevented from saying "Howdy" now and then. Critz hits Dizzy so hard, so well and so often that it would be a crime to prevent him from crowing a bit about it. Certainly the dizzy one does more than his share of crowing.

George Throws Out Ball Players, Too
Forty-seven baseballs, with a wholesale value of \$58.75, were lost in the crowd during a St. Louis-Cincinnati night game this summer. . . . The Yankees, because the stands are so convenient that 60 balls often have disappeared during one game, spend from \$10,000 to \$11,000 for baseballs each season. . . . This is the biggest bill in the American league, the other clubs averaging about \$7,000. . . . George Moriarty says that he throws out more baseballs during a season than any other umpire. That is largely because he figures, quite correctly, that when an overhand pitcher sails the ball there must be something wrong with it. . . . He recalls one Boston game where he had to throw out only four balls, though, and Nick Altrock will tell you that he used only one ball while pitching a game for the White Sox back in 1906 or 1907.

Could it be that the Hearst charities and Jack Curley, the wrestling promoter, are planning to go in for professional tennis? Or could it be those youthful reporters who have been left out in the cold on the prize fight promoting end of the newspaper business were merely kidding when they spoke of big dough while tempting Fred Perry to perform at Yankee stadium after the national championships?

The tip-off on U. S. C.'s football prospects may be found in the fact that the Trojans have booked a game with Hawaii university at Honolulu for New Year's day. . . . Although he breeds saddle horses that win blue ribbons at national shows and although he is a trotting race devotee, Bill Brown, the boxing commissioner, never has been inside any park where the thoroughbreds run for money.

Are the Yankees sure that Joe Di Maggio, the outfielder who will come from San Francisco Seals in the spring, is not another of those athletes with trick knees a la Steve Hamas? . . . The daughter of Steve O'Neill, Cleveland manager, won a prize this year for being the best all-around athlete at a girls' school. . . . The most reckless of all fighters when driving an automobile is Paulino Uzcudun. He doesn't

think he is moving unless he is doing 75 miles per hour. . . . Danno O'Mahoney, the wrestling champion, has a brother named, of all names, Florence.

Signs posted over the Saratoga racetrack call attention to section 968 of the New York penal code concerning bookmaking and pool selling. This is the first time that the signs have appeared and it is a reminder that the game still is not quite legal here. . . . Also it may be that there is considerable tension between the Jockey club and the Racing commission, the latter group taking too much for granted by building betting booths, forbidden in the law.

K. O. Christner now operates one of Akron's most prosperous tobacco shops. . . . Shufflin' Phil Douglas is pitching semi-pro ball around Chicago. He twirls for the Mills team, which has produced such celebrated south side athletes as Jocko Conlan of the White Sox and Johnny McCarthy of the Dodgers.

Al Vanderbilt (some people call him Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt) is one of the few wealthy owners who get up early to watch their horses train.

Housewife's Idea Box



A Mid-afternoon Bite

When the kiddies come home from school in the afternoon they may feel somewhat hungry. It is better to give them an apple or a piece of some other kind of fruit than to let them have candy, cookies or cake. The fruit will not interfere with the appetite, but will have a beneficial effect. THE HOUSEWIFE. © Public Ledger, Inc.—WNU Service.

What Happened?

What makes us wonder about his tory in general is listening in traffic court to the testimony of two eyewitnesses to the same collision.—Richmond Times-Dispatch.



The Easy Way to Iron

Coleman Self Heating Instant Lighting
Iron the easy way in one-third less time with the Coleman. Iron in comfort any place. It's entirely self-heating. No cords or wires. No weary, endless trips between a hot stove and ironing board. Makes its own gas. Burns 95% air. Lights instantly—no pre-heating. Operating cost only 1/4¢ an hour. See your local dealer or write for FREE Folder. THE COLEMAN LAMP & STOVE CO. Dept. W9113, Wichita, Kansas; Los Angeles, Calif.; Chicago, Ill.; Philadelphia, Pa.

Bright North Star
The north star is brighter than the sun.



If You Eat Starches Meats, Sweets Read This

They're All Necessary Foods — But All Acid-Forming. Hence Most of Us Have "Acid Stomach" At Times. Easy Now to Relieve.

Doctors say that much of the so-called "indigestion," from which so many of us suffer, is really acid indigestion. . . . brought about by too many acid-forming foods in our modern diet. And that there is now a way to relieve this. . . . often in minutes!

Simply take Phillips' Milk of Magnesia after meals. Almost immediately this acts to neutralize the stomach acidity that brings on your trouble. You "forget you have a stomach!" Try this just once! Take either the familiar liquid "PHILLIPS'" or, now the convenient new Phillips' Milk of Magnesia Tablets. But be sure you get Genuine "PHILLIPS'".

Also in Tablet Form:
Phillips' Milk of Magnesia Tablets are now on sale at all drug stores everywhere. Each genuine Phillips' tablet is the equivalent of a teaspoonful of Genuine Phillips' Milk of Magnesia.

PHILLIPS' Milk of Magnesia

insist on KEMP'S BALSAM For that cough!

WNU-3 43-35

Watch Your Kidneys!

Be Sure They Properly Cleanse the Blood
YOUR kidneys are constantly filtering waste matter from the blood stream. But kidneys sometimes lag in their work—do not act as nature intended—fail to remove impurities that poison the system when retained. Then you may suffer nagging backache, dizziness, scanty or too frequent urination, getting up at night, swollen limbs; feel nervous, miserable—all upset. Don't delay! Use Doan's Pills. Doan's are especially for poorly functioning kidneys. They are recommended by grateful users the country over. Get them from any druggist.

DOAN'S PILLS