

**Outstanding Qualities**

IT IS strange and mournful truth, that the qualities which enable men to shine are exactly those which minister to the worst ruin. God's highest gifts—talent, beauty, feeling, imagination, power; they carry with them the possibility of the highest heaven and the lowest hell. The shallow fishing-boat glides safely over the reefs where the noble barque stands; it is the very might and majesty of her career that bury the sharp rock deeper in her bosom.—F. W. Robertson.

Talent is long patience.

**Literature a Key**

The wealth of beauty to which literature is the key is absolutely illimitable. It unlocks the storehouse of all known human wisdom and gives the reader freedom to choose what he desires.

If his choice is wise, it broadens his thought, intensifies his love of the beautiful, teaches him sympathy, makes him capable of enjoying the pleasures of others, allows him to feel emotions which inspire noble deeds, gives him higher ambition in life, with a sense of duty and a desire to fulfill it.

**When You Want to Alkalize Stomach Fast**



Try This Amazing Fast Way—The "Phillips" Way  
Millions Are Adopting

On every side today people are being urged to alkalize their stomach. And thus ease symptoms of "acid indigestion," nausea and stomach upsets.

To gain quick alkalization, just do this: Take two teaspoons of PHILLIPS' MILK OF MAGNESIA 30 minutes after eating. OR—take two Phillips' Milk of Magnesia Tablets. Relief comes almost at once—usually in a few minutes. Nausea, "gas"—fullness after eating and "acid indigestion" pains leave. You feel like a new person.

Try this way. Get either the liquid "Phillips" or the remarkable, new Phillips' Milk of Magnesia Tablets. Each one equals a teaspoon of the liquid. Only 25¢ a box at all drug stores.

**ALSO IN TABLET FORM:**

Each tiny tablet is the equivalent of a teaspoonful of genuine Phillips' Milk of Magnesia.



**PHILLIPS' MILK OF MAGNESIA**

**Silence Is a Remedy**

We all make many mistakes—most of them in what we say.

GET RELIEF FROM MISERABLE HEAD COLDS

TRY THIS 2-DROP TREATMENT

**PENETRO NOSE DROPS**

25c, 50c, \$1 BOTTLES

**Miserable with backache?**

WHEN kidneys function badly and you suffer a nagging backache, with dizziness, burning, scanty or too frequent urination and getting up at night when you feel tired, nervous, all upset... use Doan's Pills. Doan's are especially for poorly working kidneys. Millions of boxes are used every year. They are recommended the country over. Ask your neighbor!

**DOAN'S PILLS**

**Floyd Gibbons**  
**Adventurers' Club**  
**Hello Everybody!**



"Darkness Means Death"

By FLOYD GIBBONS,  
Famous Headline Hunter

CIRCUS day! The hot, sun-baked city of Phoenix, Ariz., is all agog. Christy Brothers' big five-ring show is in town. See the parade. Count the elephants. Then climb up on the board seats under the big top and watch the clowns. See the performing bears; see the aerial gymnasts from Hungary and the acrobatic tumblers from Japan. Hot dogs—red lemonade—peanuts five a bag. And above all, don't miss Captain Bob Baillie and his dangerous, death-defying feat of bearding eight untamed African lions in their cage.

It's half an hour before show time, and here comes Joe Foley, one of the aerial gymnasts from Hungary, in his spangled tights, over to where Captain Bob is inspecting the steel arena in which he is to put his big cats through their paces before long.

Joe wants to know if he can string his trapeze over Captain Bob's arena for an act that goes on later in the show. Captain Bob says it will be O. K. with him, as long as Joe sees to it that his rigging is pulled up out of his way while he works his cats. Joe nods his head, but that isn't the end of it. You'll remember that trapeze later on in the story.

**Captain Bob and His Big Cats.**

And now we're all ready for the big thrill of the day—the big excitement in which Capt. Robert J. Baillie of Flushing, N. Y., earns himself the degree of Distinguished Adventurer to add to the other laurels he has won in a lifetime of daring deeds in the circus.

The big cats are in the open cage in the middle of the steel arena. So is Captain Bob. It's a hot day and cat animals get lazy in hot weather. They don't want to work, and when Captain Bob tries to make them, they get sulky. They're sulky now. See how they snarl and switch their tails as Captain Bob tries to herd them into their



Sultan Was Springing at Captain Bob.

corners. Sultan—the largest and ugliest of them all—crouches and tries to spring. Captain Bob pushes him back with his steel prod. The cats are all in their places now, but it's going to be a tough performance.

The act goes on. The cats paw at one another and balk at the jumps. The tension in that cage is terrific. Now—look, quick! Sultan has kicked over his pedestal. He's SPRINGING AT CAPTAIN BOB, and his deep-throated, ominous snarl shows that he means business. Captain Bob knows what's coming. He whips up his long, sharp, metal-tipped prod—gets it between himself and the lion. He checks the leap. Sultan is back on his haunches, ripping at the prod with both forepaws, trying to get past it and at Captain Bob.

**All Right If He Kept on His Feet.**

Let's go inside the cage with Captain Bob and see how he's feeling about all this. He's keeping his head—he knows he'll be all right as long as he can stay on his feet, and provided none of the other cats join in the fray. Luckily, the other cats are still keeping their distance—milling back and forth at the other side of the cage, growling in sullen rage. If they'll only keep away another minute—if only Captain Bob can KEEP HIS FEET—he'll get the situation back in hand again.

It begins to look as if he's going to do it, too. Sultan is getting tired of trying to chew off the iron tip of the prod. Slowly, Captain Bob's snapping whip is forcing him back on the pedestal.

Lord! What was that? Something has ripped across Captain Bob's eyes—both of them. He's blinded by agonizing pain. Spots dance before them—THEN BLACKNESS. The whip drops to the floor as he covers his face with his hand. What was it? He feels no blood—no torn flesh. It couldn't have been the lions. They were too far away. But—no time to speculate now! No time to yield to the unbearable pains that are shooting across his eyes! Snap out of it, Captain Bob, you're in a fine fix. Your whip is gone. Your prod is hanging useless in your hand.

**At the Mercy of Eight Lions.**

YOU'RE ABSOLUTELY BLIND, IN AN ARENA WITH EIGHT UGLY LIONS, AND ONE OF THEM JUST WAITING FOR A CHANCE TO NAIL YOU!

Sultan's growls bring him back to his senses. Blind though he is, his mind pictures Sultan getting ready to spring. He holds the prod up in front of him—reaches for his revolver. It's loaded with blanks, but the lions are afraid of it. He starts firing slowly on either side of him. That will keep them away for a minute, but six shots is all he has.

Captain Bob starts backing toward the side of the cage. It's the best he can do. Blinded, he can't find the door. His eyes still feel as though a red-hot iron has been drawn across them. He fires his last shot—and waits to be torn to pieces. Outside he hears the shouts of the cage men—the rasp of a gate being pulled up. He feels something rub against his side and strikes out at it with his prod. The thing is hard; it gives out a wooden sound. He hears one of the cage men yelling to him to stay as he is. Then he realizes what's happening. Two of his men have gotten behind him. They're sliding prods through the bars to keep the cats away.

Other men are running the cats out of the arena. There's a stir in the seats. Spectators who have been holding their breath are letting it out now in a big, rippling sigh of relief. Someone helps Captain Bob out of the cage—into a car—off to the hospital. Half an hour later he can see again, although his eyes still hurt like the devil when he opens them.

One of the cage men tells him what happened. It was Joe Foley's trapeze. It had slipped down on its rigging—just low enough to be in the way of the whip when Captain Bob cracked it. It sent the whip lash bouncing back, right into Captain Bob's eyes. "It all happened a long time ago," says Captain Bob, "but I still remember—too clearly—how it feels to find yourself suddenly blind in a cage with a bunch of pretty tough cats."

©—WNU Service.

**Comfort of Sleep**

SLEEP! to the homeless, thou art home;  
The friendless find in thee a friend;  
And well is he, where'er he roam,  
Who meets thee at his journey's end.  
—Ebenezer Elliott.

**Great Deeds**

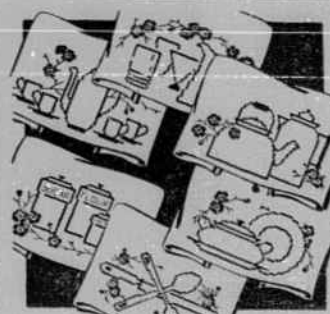
GREAT deeds cannot die;  
They with the sun and moon renew their light  
For ever, blessing those that look on them.  
—Tennyson.

**Tailor Put Chesterton's Practical Joke to Profit**

On one occasion the late G. K. Chesterton came upon a sign in a humble tailor's window which read: "This style made to measure, 45s." Now Chesterton weighed 224 pounds and looked every ounce. Thinking to embarrass the tradesman, he went in. The enterprising tailor took his measure without a murmur. He was told to come back in two weeks. Out of curiosity, he did so.

In the window he saw his suit adorning an elephantine and improvised dummy, and under it the legend, "We made this suit for Mr. Chesterton for 45s. No order too big for us."—Morning Post.

**Cross-Stitch Towels**



Pattern 1302

You'll enjoy doing these—they go so fast! You'll enjoy owning them—they're so effective! The simple cross stitch dishes contrast so well with the dainty flowers. Any bride-to-be would be delighted with a set of these—they'd certainly make an effective Fair donation. Lose no time, for you'll want to make a number of sets. Pattern 1302 contains a transfer

**Ingenious Nawab**

About 30 years ago in Rajkot, India, the Nawab of Junagadh held a reception during which, for the first time, he never moved from his throne. The guests were suspicious, yet he constantly smiled at them and seemed to be enjoying himself. And he was. He was asleep. Having had too much opium before the reception, he had had his court artist paint a gay, happy smile on his face so he could be present and still take his much-needed nap. — Collier's Weekly.

**300 CANDLEPOWER**  
EYE-**SAVING**  
**LIGHT**  
with  
**Coleman**  
AIR-PRESSURE  
**Mantle LAMPS**

Protect your sight with this eye-saving Coleman Light! Kerosene and Gasoline Pressure Mantle Lamps provide up to 300 candlepower of live light... nearest like natural daylight... kind to your eyes.

You can enjoy the finest light for only 1¢ a night. No home can afford to be without a Coleman. Buy it from your local Coleman dealer. **FREE Folders**—Send Postcard Now!

THE COLEMAN LAMP AND STOVE CO.  
Dept. WU175, Wichita, Kans.; Chicago, Ill.; Philadelphia, Pa.; Los Angeles, Calif.

**WANTED-WOMEN-GIRLS**  
EARN GOOD MONEY  
Mail our Catalog from home. Everything supplied by us including stamps. No selling. Write, enclosing stamped, addressed envelope for details. NATIONAL DISTRIBUTORS, 401 Broadway, Dept. WU, N. Y. C.

**LOOK QUICK! \$35.00 WEEKLY SALARY**  
TO MAN or WOMAN—with Auto, sell EGG PRODUCE in Farmers' Six Month Contract. EUREKA MFG. CO., Dept. 6, East St. Louis, Ill.

**TODAY THE DIONNE QUINS HAD QUAKER OATS**

Famous doctors prove how to make children thrive



Young and Old, Alike, Need Vitamin B for Keeping Fit.\* Supplied in Quaker Oats

• Nervousness, constipation, poor appetite. Know no one limits. They prey upon the energy of thousands when diets lack a sufficient amount of the precious Vitamin B so richly supplied by a Quaker Oats breakfast. So serve the whole family a bowl of Quaker Oats every morning.

\*Where poor condition is due to lack of Vitamin B



**QUAKER OATS**

**DIFFICULT DECISIONS**

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



IN TRYING TO HELP A SMALL BOY AFTER A FALL BY PICKING UP HIS VELOPEDE, YOU REALIZE THAT IF YOU LET GO OF IT NOW, HE'LL TUMBLE OVER BACKWARDS INTO THE BUTTER, AND IF YOU DON'T LET GO THE WHOLE NEIGHBORHOOD WILL SOON BE ON HAND, PROBABLY SHARING THE SMALL BOY'S OPINION THAT YOU'RE TRYING TO STEAL IT

GLUYAS WILLIAMS