

A Closet That Fits Into Waste Space

THIS closet will fit into any waste space because it has a shade-roller door that does not swing out to conflict with other doors and furnishings. Here, a space only nine inches deep is used for a linen closet with shelves.



A handy laundry bag matches the striped material used for the door, which rolls up in back of the attractive frame of wooden scallops used to finish the front.

Pattern 256 gives an actual-size cutting guide for the scalloped frame and step-by-step illustrated directions for making the entire closet and the laundry bag. This pattern may be obtained by sending 15c with name and address direct to:

MRS. RUTH WYETH SPEARS
Bedford Hills, N. Y., Drawer 16
Enclose 15 cents for Pattern No. 256.
Name _____
Address _____

Extremes in Population

While New York County, New York, is so densely populated that there is an inhabitant for every 322 square feet, Armstrong County, South Dakota, is so sparsely populated that there is only one inhabitant for every 57.5 square miles.

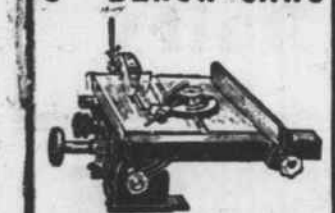
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Creomulsion relieves promptly because it goes right to the seat of the trouble to help loosen and expel sperm laden phlegm, and aid nature to soothe and heal raw, tender, inflamed bronchial mucous membranes. Tell your druggist to sell you a bottle of Creomulsion with the understanding you must like the way it quickly allays the cough or you are to have your money back.

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when nervous tension makes you jumpy, cranky, sleepless, or gives you nervous headache. Your druggist has Miles Nervine—liquid and effervescent tablets. Try them. Your money back if you are not satisfied. CAUTION—use only as directed. Effervescent tablets, 35c and 75c—Liquid, 25c and \$1.00. Miles Laboratories, Inc., Elkhart, Ind.

AT ALL DRUG STORES

MILES NERVINE

BOBBY SOX

By Marty Links

"I'll be glad to get back to the city where more than birds whistle at you!"

CROSS TOWN

By Roland Coe

"I'm gonna lay in a supply of bubble-gum before the price goes sky-high!"

The One Over by H.L. Phillips

BASEBALL FOR JOSEF

The Army and Navy journal proposes that baseball be introduced to Russia. It would equip and uniform 1,000 Russian teams in the belief this would be one sure way to create a spirit of good will and make the Russians a little less tense.

This may be the best suggestion of postwar times. A world series between Moscow and Petrograd might cure the crustiness. It might even soften up Pravda. Certainly Molotov would not be the same difficult guy if he had a season in the bleachers. And does anybody think Gromyko would be the killjoy that he is if he could get an afternoon now and then at a crucial series?

We are for baseball on the Volga. It would be O.K. up to the time when a home-run swatter got too big a public following or a star pitcher got his picture in the papers above that of Joe Stalin.

Of course baseball in Russia would present some difficulties. Would the Soviets stand for any home-run hitter being called a "king"? Will the three strikes and out rule be subject to a veto? Will the base on balls, being a democratic institution, be ruled out as capitalistic?

Isn't there a possibility that any team that licked Moscow in a series would be liquidated?

Suppose Joe Stalin likes Minsk to cop a pennant and the Pinsk club takes it?

If Joe thinks a player is safe at first and the decision is that he is out by a mile can the umpire escape being sent to the salt mines?

Could there be any hope of peace if Stalin arranged to go to Teheran for a crucial conference with Larry MacPhail and Leo Durocher?

What? No Reason For Nervousness?

"No good reason for the break in stock prices and the current nervousness could be found."—News Item.

It couldn't be that reconversion is still behind the eight ball, that there's an ultimatum in every pot and two border incidents in every garage, that strikes are in flower again, that the administration recently set a course for Newfoundland and wound up in Bahama, and that meat, shirt-tails, peace and brotherly love are to continue shorter, could it?

The uneasiness wouldn't have a thing to do with the fact that Gromyko is still talking . . . that the only industry without bottlenecks is the holdup industry . . . that the victors in the global war trust one another less than they did Hitler—that general snafu has reached a new high in America and that there are increasing signs that the American public regards the Four Freedoms as (1) freedom of the daily double; (2) freedom to mob any depraved criminal for his autograph; (3) freedom to operate a black market in choice steaks; (4) freedom to dope out a newer and screwier program with audience participation.

Nervousness? Uneasiness? A return of the jitters? Well, possibly it has something to do with the fact that the world seems on fire, brass knuckles are becoming compulsory equipment in diplomacy, peace in Europe doesn't even look like a good show bet, labor and capital are still demonstrating new wrestling grips, you can't get a new auto except on a radio quiz program, nine more well-known Americans have become newspaper columnists. Russia still has the veto power, a couple aged 86 eloped the other day, 226 more strikes threatened east of the Rockies and Fala is back in the news!

Pettigrew the Penguin says: "Jimmy byrnes promised the Germans a two car-mirage and a chicken in every potsdam."

Add similes; She was as bewildered as if she had just helped launch a ship.

Mrs. Olivia Dionne has given birth to a baby boy. Two doctors and a trained nurse were on hand. Dr. Dajof's spirits must be enjoying quite a hearty laugh.

A Miss Elaine Keenan has been chosen "Miss C.I.O." in Detroit. John L. Lewis, the former C.I.O. beauty, is now, it seems, with the A.F. of L.

Delegates from nine nations are on the way to the United Nations session in Flushing, N. Y., which has been postponed. And in view of the truck strike it is doubtful if enough ice can be hauled to keep them 30 days.

The auto industry claim that the unions haven't a leg to stand on seems pretty well blasted.

Portlight by GRANTLAND RICE

FOOTBALL is moving in the direction of its record year. I am referring here to class and talent from over 40 football states. There has been no season before that could show as many fast and powerful teams, due partly to returning G.I.s from the various battlefields of the world. Any one team that can finish this season unbeaten must call on a miracle. There are too many who are good.

For example we might as well take up the matter of All-America backs. We brought this argument up before a group of coaches recently.

"That's simple enough," one of them said. "Why not pick Blanchard, Davis, Wedemeyer and Gilmer?"

"It isn't quite that simple," we countered. "What about Fenimore, Buddy Young and Trippi? What about Tucker of Army or Justice of North Carolina? What about the best back on Michigan, Ohio State or Indiana? Or Patterson of Illinois? What about the pick from Notre Dame and Pennsylvania or Columbia, or one or two from the Southwest, including Texas and Missouri? Certainly Notre Dame should come up with a challenger from the group Frank Leahy has in tow, perhaps Johnny Lujack."

"If anyone is trying to pick the four best," another coach said, "why not put eight names in a hat and pick out the first four?"

"Which eight?" I asked.

"Well," the answer came, "here are seven anyway—Blanchard, Davis, Wedemeyer, Fenimore, Gilmer, Trippi and Buddy Young. You dig up the other."

Columbia's Backs

You can imagine how the argument will be in late November. For example, it might surprise many camp followers from the strong Midwest and the strong South to know that Lou Little at Columbia may end up with a better all-around backfield than Notre Dame, Michigan, Indiana, Ohio State, Alabama, Georgia and Texas. The line isn't there but the backs are, headed by Rossides, Kusserow and the brilliant passer Kasprzak, rated by Lou on a par with Luckman and Governalf.

With two big tackles, Columbia could give Army, Alabama or Notre Dame an even scrap. But the line is still the front wall. It is the advance post. And Columbia so far hasn't the line needed to face such a schedule.

My guess is that Army has the best first-line backfield in football, with something to spare. This backfield, in addition to Blanchard and Davis, includes a brilliant quarterback and a fine passer in young Tucker. You'll hear a lot more about Tucker this fall than you ever heard before. He can move right up with Blanchard and Davis.

Alabama, Columbia and Oklahoma A. and M. have all-around backfield strength above the normal. So has Illinois with an attack headed by Young and Patterson, two of the best.

I believe the strongest lines are at Illinois, Yale, Notre Dame and Alabama. Notre Dame may have the best of the lot, but Yale isn't far behind. Alabama has a great center in Mancha, one of the best in many years. Illinois possesses top guards and Notre Dame has the best looking tackles.

Oklahoma, Yale Lines

It might be added here that the Oklahoma A. and M. line is one of the best—a point Wally Butts of Georgia might remember for their October meeting. Yale's line is strong from end to end. Texas has all-around strength, backfield and line, and should be hard to handle in the country's major state.

The two best ends of the year should belong to Army in Barney Poole and Foldberg, veterans around 218 pounds who know what it is all about. They will have to be better than good with the tackle problem Army faces. Some squad may have two better ends than Army's big, experienced pair—but I doubt it.

Among the major teams the big guess is Navy. Capt. Tom Hamilton, undoubtedly the savior of college football through war years, is as good a coach as you'll meet anywhere. But Navy has lost more good men than any team in the country. The group of supposed stars under Swede Hagberg two years ago have either graduated, flunked or resigned.

Hamilton has little left from that old crew—Kelly, Scott, Minisi, Jenkins, Ellsworth, on and on, are all gone. Most of the Navy line is missing. But Hamilton still has good football players left, not too many, but enough to give any team a busy afternoon.

Navy took the major rap in post-war football. Where most of the others were getting their former stars back, Navy was taking a heavy deficit. Navy may lose many games. More than two or three. But these games will be fought to the last play with Tom Hamilton in charge.

NANCY

ISN'T IT SWELL TO BE UP HERE ON A FARM FOR OUR VACATION?

SURE--BUT I'M GONNA MISS TH' BIG BALL GAMES AT HOME

BALL PARK

OH, SLUGGO--THERE'S A BALL GAME GOING ON IN THE NEXT FIELD

DIS IS D' ONLY WAY I CAN ENJOY A BALL GAME

By Ernie Bushmiller

MUTT AND JEF

ALL DAY JEFF'S BEEN IN HIS ROOM! I WONDER WHAT HE'S DOING IN THERE!

NOW LET ME SEE--THERE ARE TWO WINDOWS AND TWO DOORS--

THE BACK DOOR SWINGS OUT AND THE FRONT ONE! THE STAIRWAY IS TEN FEET FROM THE BACK DOOR!

WHAT CHA' DOIN', JEFF?

I'M MAKING MYSELF ABSOLUTELY SURE OF THE LAYOUT OF MY GIRL ENCEE'S APARTMENT!

WHAT FOR?

TOMORROW I'M GONNA ASK HER OLD MAN IF I CAN MARRY HIS DAUGHTER! THE FIRE ESCAPE IS OVER HERE--

LITTLE REGGIE

HA HA HA! LOOK AT THE KID TRYING TO FISH WITH A STRING!

HA HA HA HA!

JITTER

By Arthur Pointer

REG'LAR FELLERS

I'D LOVE TO HAVE ALL OF THOSE THINGS PINHEAD, WOULDN'T YOU?

YOU'LL GET 'EM ZOO-LIE!

TELEVISION DIAMONDS MONEY TRAVEL CLOTHES HOME 99¢ NATIONAL BANK SAVINGS DEPT.

YESSIR--WHEN MY GIRL SAYS SHE WANTS, I SAY--OKAY TOOTS--YOU GET!

IT MEANS A LOT 'T ME, MISTER!

WELL, IT'S A RATHER STRANGE REQUEST, BUT I THINK WE CAN SWING IT.

IF I WANTED A POSTER I WOULD'VE TORN IT OFF TH' FENCE.

YOU DOUBLE-BARRELED HALF-WIT!

VIRGIL

WAIT FOR ME IN TH' LIVING ROOM, DONALD--I'LL BE RIGHT DOWN

GOOD MORNING

HUH?

I SAID GOOD MORNING

EVERYONE'S AFRAID OF MY DOGS

SILENT SAM

By Jeff Hayes