

Lasting Finish
Acid-resisting enamel on cast iron provides a finish of lasting beauty and long service for kitchen sinks.

Residue Problem
The use of DDT as a spray creates a residue problem similar to that created by the use of lead arsenate.

\$1180 CASH!

No rent to pay, no food to buy, no laundry, no work clothes to pay for! A hospital attendant starts work at \$1180 a year with regular raises. Two weeks vacation with pay, sick leave and retirement benefits. Opportunity to become a Licensed Practical Nurse.

Men and Women, write immediately to
MARYLAND EMPLOYMENT COMMISSION
22 Light Street, Baltimore 7, Md.

Relief At Last For Your Cough

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

CREMOLONE

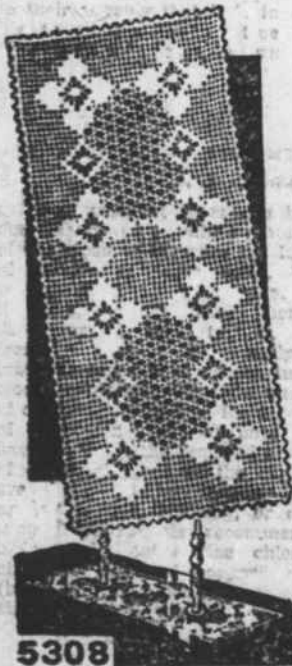
for Coughs, Chest Colds, Bronchitis

U. S. Savings Bonds To Have and to Hold!

This Home-Mixed Cough Relief Is Truly Surprising

No Honey. No Cooking. Big Saving. You may not know it, but, in your own kitchen, you can easily prepare a really surprising relief for coughs due to colds. It's old-fashioned—your mother probably used it—but for real results, it's hard to beat. First, make a syrup by stirring 3 cups granulated sugar and one cup of water a few moments, until dissolved. No cooking needed. It's no trouble. Or you can use corn syrup or liquid honey, instead of sugar syrup. Then get 2 1/2 ounces of Plack from any druggist. This is a special compound of proven ingredients, in concentrated form, well known for quick action in throat and bronchial irritations. Put the Plack into a pint bottle, and fill up with your syrup. Thus you make a full pint of splendid cough syrup, and you get about four times as much for your money. It never spoils. Children love its pleasant taste. And for quick relief, it's a wonder. It loosens the phlegm, soothes the irritated membranes, eases the nervous, makes breathing easy, and lets you get restful sleep. Just try it, and if not pleased, your money will be refunded.

The Prize-Winning Crocheted Runner



5308

This exquisite crocheted runner was made in Louisville, Kentucky, and won the prize in a nation-wide crochet contest. It's 20 by 9 inches and can be used as a dining table runner, buffet runner or on a bedroom dresser.

We obtain complete crocheting instructions for the Prize-Winning Runner (Pattern No. 5308) only in our own store. You cannot obtain the pattern number. Due to an unusually large demand and current conditions, slightly more time is required in filling orders for a few of the most popular patterns.

SEWING CIRCLE NEEDLEWORK
528 South Wells St. Chicago 7, Ill.
Enclose 25 cents for Pattern.



CROSS TOWN
By Roland Coe

"Shall we call their bluff?"



BOBBY SOX
By Marty Links

"She says he's not much fun, but he represents security!"



NANCY

By Ernie Bushmiller



MUTT AND JEFF

By Bud Fisher



LITTLE REGGIE

By Margarita



JITTER

By Arthur Pointer



REG'LAR FELLERS

By Gene Byrnes



VIRGIL

By Len Kleis



SILENT SAM

By Jeff Hayes

3 MINUTE FICTION
Secret Cache
By Maude Norman

Ma Ferguson hurried in from the kitchen at the first sound of the phone. She felt guilty everytime she thought of the extra expense it entailed, but she knew Ralph felt better knowing she had it and she had been glad many times he had insisted on having it put in before he went overseas. She did not feel so alone and cut off from everyone.

An excited voice came over the wire as she put the receiver to her ear.

"Hello, Ma Ferguson, this is Bill Paige. Now, don't get frightened, but be sure and lock all your doors and windows. Two of the prisoners have escaped from the penitentiary and the police think they are headed this way. Don't answer the door if anyone comes until you find out who it is. One of the boys from the village is coming to stay with you until they're caught."

The obese bulldog, Jefferson, blinked his eyes, then clambered to his feet, growling.

"Land's sake, Jefferson, now don't you start making a fuss..." Her breath caught in her throat as



"What do you want here? I have nothing for you."

a man appeared in the doorway, a tall man with a bleak grey face. Behind him stood another man.

Jefferson's hoarse growls filled the room as he crouched to spring. The second man advanced toward him, seizing the heavy iron poker as he passed the stove.

Ma seized the dog around the neck and held him tightly.

"Don't you dare hurt him," she cried, "he's only trying to protect me. You," she turned to the first man, "you're the escaped prisoners, aren't you? What do you want here? I have nothing for you."

"We want money and clothes," snarled the toad-eyed man, "and if you don't shut that dog up I'll bash his head in."

"I have no money," Ma faltered, "I am really quite poor. I do a little sewing to buy enough to eat, but that is all the income I have."

The bleak-faced man shrugged. "I hate to contradict a lady, but we were told you had a son overseas and he sent you money to save for him, and you also have your allotment check, so don't give us that story."

Ma sank back resignedly. "I can't stop you from tearing my house apart," she said, "but if you will get me that box of dog biscuits from the cupboard, I'll give my dog one, since his growling annoys you."

The man tossed the box in her lap. She gave the dog a biscuit, then sat holding it, silently watching the two men as they went into Ralph's room. She cried out when they came out, both dressed in his clothes.

"Those are my sons," she whispered.

"They're not quite as conspicuous as the suits we were wearing," grinned the bleak-eyed one. "Where is your money?"

"I tell you I have no money," Ma cried desperately. "Just what is in that teapot in the cupboard. Take that and go."

"Aw, quit stalling around," growled Shorty. "We've wasted too much time with you already. If I twist your arm a few times you'll be glad to tell us."

An exclamation of delight interrupted him. The other man held up an oiled silk package he had found in the bottom drawer of an old chest standing in the corner.

"Here it is," he cried, "Look at those knots. Come on, we'll open it when we get away from here. We haven't time now."

Ma waited until the sound of their footsteps had died away, then she tiptoed to the door and locked it. Coming back to her chair, she carefully removed the dog biscuits from the box, revealing a layer of crisp green bills.

"I'd have just died," she confided to the dog, "if they had found the money Ralph has been sending home. As soon as someone comes from the village I'm going back with them so I can put this in the bank." Then she started to chuckle.

"Wish I could be around when those fellows open that package and find that Confederate money of Grandfather's I've been saving all these years."

Footlights
of GRANTLAND RICE

The college football season is over—on football fields. But it really should be only beginning on the part of those who believe that true college football is a great game and should be saved. We mean saved from too much outright professionalism and a degree of semi-professionalism that is just as bad. It may be that we have harped on this subject too often. But it is still a vital matter to those who love college football as it should be run and played.

There are four leading organizations who should have a hand in this checking up.

1. The college presidents—who are supposed to be the heads of their institutions. These men control student obligations, classroom ability.
2. The graduate managers.
3. The football coaches, who have much at stake and who have taken a big part of the beating.
4. The alumni who are interested in something more than winning teams at any cost. Those could be major factors.

Southern Situation

Here is a letter that might interest you:

"Dear Sir:

"I happen to be from the South where I know that the football situation, from a student or an amateur angle, is pretty bad. But it is just about as bad, although better covered up, in many other sections. Down here we pay and take care of a lot of football players who in too many cases are poor students. But I have found the same thing is true pretty well around the map. I don't believe any reformers are going to stop this. I believe it will fall of its own weight from the feeling I have found developing among the students themselves and the alumni. They are getting sick of seeing their colleges represented too often by physical education and other soft-course players who are interested in football only for pay, and a professional job later on.

"Many of these students can just about read and write, and they improve little even in this respect. Don't think the real students don't know this. Most of them know the ones that have been brought in, are being paid and what soft courses they are taking. They know how professional the game has grown in many places. And I've also run across a number of coaches who are getting fed up with their jobs of recruiting or taking care of the paid men brought in.

—Southerner."

We put this problem up to a veteran football coach in the East who knows most of the inside answers.

"I doubt," he told me, "that you can prevent certain forms of payment that can be so easily covered up. There will be no real improvement until entrance tests are made much stiffer, until college classroom requirements are lifted many degrees. I am referring to physical education players, for whom football is a good part of their college work. There are several other soft courses I might mention where big, fast and valuable football players are taken care of. These boys are getting nothing out of college except football. After all, you are supposed to go to college largely for an education. Why not have each college print on its football programs the courses its football players are taking?"

Harm to Character

"Of course poor boys deserve their chance for an education. Thousands, possibly hundreds of thousands, who never kicked or threw a football do get that chance. Football is too great a game to be wrecked by the modern desire to win, no matter what the ethics, no matter what the cost. These forget the great harm they also are doing to young players from the side of building character. They know who is cheating."

As a player and a coach and a man of high character this man's name stands high in football.

Oddly enough, Frank Butterworth, one of Yale's most famous stars, and John Kieran, the philosopher and thinking machine, had the same answer—"Abolish all gate receipts, as Army and Notre Dame did for years."

"You can't have amateur sport with big gate receipts," Kieran says.

Illiterate Athletes

I already can hear one indignant war cry. "Our college standards are high. We meet every particular in this respect." Certainly the Big Nine and the Ivy league are among the leaders. But how did one of the college stars from one big conference, who had starred on a team for two years, misspell 41 out of 56 words in a certain brief examination (some of these a 14-year-old high school boy wouldn't have missed) and still be eligible for football?