

When Your "Innards" are Crying the Blues

WHEN CONSTIPATION makes you feel punk as the dickens, brings on stomach upset, sour taste, gassy discomfort, take Dr. Caldwell's famous medicine to quickly pull the trigger on lax "innards", and help you feel bright and chipper again.

DR. CALDWELL'S is the wonderful sense-laxative contained in good old Syrup Pepsin to make it so easy to take.

MANY DOCTORS use pepsin preparations in prescriptions to make the medicine more palatable and agreeable to take. So be sure your laxative is contained in Syrup Pepsin.

INSIST ON DR. CALDWELL'S—the favorite of millions for 50 years, and feel that wholesome relief from constipation. Even finicky children love it.

CAUTION: Use only as directed.

DR. CALDWELL'S SENNA LAXATIVE

CONTAINED IN SYRUP PEPSIN

change to CALOX for the tonic effect on your smile

Efficient Calox works two ways:

1. Helps remove film... bring out all the natural lustre of your smile.
2. A special ingredient in Calox encourages regular massage... which has a tonic effect on gums... helps make them firm and easy. Tune up your smile... with Calox!

Made in famous McKesson Laboratories, 115 years of pharmaceutical know-how.

SLEEP

You don't appreciate how wonderful sleep is until you have had one or two wakeful nights. When occasionally nervous tension keeps you awake half the night, or when you are nervous, keyed up, jittery.

Try Miles NERVINE

It has been making good for more than sixty years. CAUTION—use only as directed. Get Miles Nervine at your drug store. Effervescent tablets, 35c and 75c—Liquid, 25c and \$1.00. Miles Laboratories, Inc., Elkhart, Indiana.

MILES NERVINE

ASSURANCE

The buyer's assurance is the advertising he or she reads in the newspaper. That is the buyer's guide. It tells the prices one must expect to pay. Let the seller who tries to charge more beware!

When Your Back Hurts -

And Your Strength and Energy Is Below Par

It may be caused by disorder of kidney function that permits poisonous waste to accumulate. For truly many people feel tired, weak and miserable when the kidneys fail to remove excess acids and other waste matter from the blood.

You may suffer burning backache, rheumatic pains, bladder irritation, swelling up nights, leg pain, swelling, hemorrhoids, frequent and scanty urination, with itching and burning is another sign that something is wrong with the kidneys or bladder.

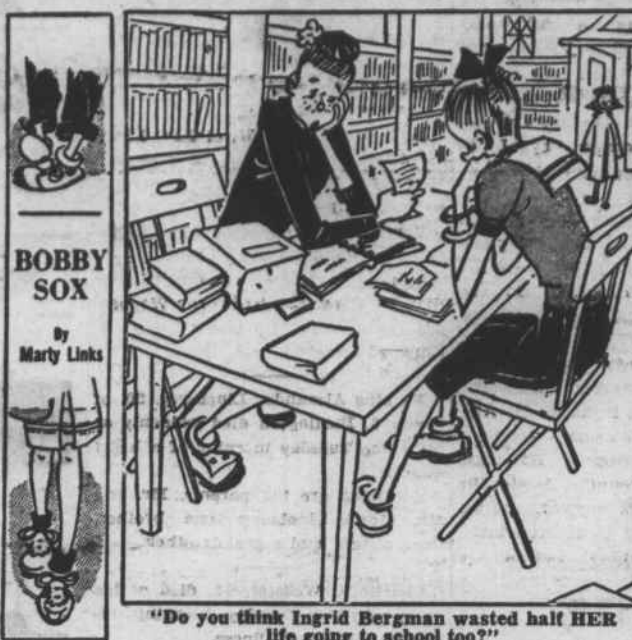
There should be no doubt that prompt treatment is wise than neglect. Use Doan's Pills. It is better to rely on a medicine that has won country-wide approval than on something less favorably known. Doan's have been tried and tested many years. Ask at all drug stores. Get Doan's today.

DOAN'S PILLS



CROSS TOWN
By Roland Coe

"It isn't the initial cost, it's the upkeep!"



BOBBY SOX
By Marty Links

"Do you think Ingrid Bergman wasted half HER life going to school too?"

NANCY

OH, BOY--- THEY'RE GETTING READY TO BLAST IN THAT FIELD AGAIN



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

Hope Eternal

By Gwynn Jones

WNU Features.

EPITAPH JONES closed the door of the crazy old cabin with a resounding bang. He gave the house a malignant look before he turned and stamped noisily off the sagging porch.

Though he looked a carefree figure, Epitaph's thoughts were acutely painful. "A weepin' woman. Always a-weepin'. Livin' in lux'y, a lovin' man, all the work she can do and still she weeps. No sooner she stops weepin' for one thing she begins weepin' for somethin' else. Weep and cry—cry and weep, till I gotta find me some real sunshine somewhere, quick."

As though drawn by a magnet, his feet climbed a steep street, passed a pool hall, a fruit market, a barber shop, a pawn shop. He turned through a white-washed gate into a neat yard where red tubs set on great gray stumps waited their summer cargo of flowers.

Epitaph's knock was answered by a trim young woman who greeted him with a pleased laugh.

"Why, how-de-do, Mr. Jones. I was jest sayin' to myself I wish that nice Mr. Jones would drop along and here you come promenadin' in. Do have this easy chair, Mr. Jones, and lemme take your hat."

Tearful spring had drifted into gracious summer and summer had faded into frost-tinted autumn when Epitaph again crossed the black and gray ash heaps where grimy children and bony goats still swarmed. He did not swaggar now. His raiment was as natty as ever and his cap still clung at a rakish angle but there was a chastened air about him. He had a look of one who has suffered a grievous disillusionment.



"Why, how-de-do, Mr. Jones. I was jest sayin' to myself I wish that nice Mr. Jones would come along."

Pausing before the crazy old cabin, he surveyed it fondly. Then he tip-toed across the sagging porch and slowly pushed open the protesting door.

A TALL thin woman in a dejected black dress appeared from an inner room. She saw Mr. Jones and began to laugh. "Mr. Jones felt the universe reeling. Sissy laughing! 'Why, Sissy, I thought you was such a weepin' woman. You sick Sissy?'"

"No indeedy. Never felt better in my life. Come right in, Epitaph."

Sissy thrilled merrily.

"How come you to change so, Sissy?"

Sissy chuckled. "Well, when you went off with that gigglin' Cyrene I took a thought to myself. If that no-account Cyrene can laugh another girl's man away from her, I says, I better learn me some laughs too, so I did."

Epitaph shuddered as at a prickling memory.

"But Sissy, I don't like laughin' women. Can't you weep jest a little, Sissy?"

"No, I'll weep no more. How come you stayed at Cyrene's so long if you don't like laughin' women, Epitaph?"

"This mornin' she got a—a kind of laughin' fit and throwed a hammer at me. So I took it was kind of a hint and I jest hatchelly snuck out and left. Hammer hit me, too."

"Ain't that a shame. Cyrene didn't ought to act so. Now me when I have laughin' fits I jest hurl flatirons," and Sissy caught up one that stood on a near-by table and advanced on her guest in a perfect gale of merriment.

THE west was still bright when Epitaph beached his boat on the sandy shore. A crooked path led him to a small clearing in a wood. On a ragged blanket before a ramshackle hut built mostly of packing cases and tin strips, sprawled a man, idle, relaxed, half-drowned in a haze of rank tobacco smoke. A scrawny hound, equally relaxed, dozed beside him. As Epitaph Jones gazed on that peaceful scene a sense of relief, of security, swept over him.

The man on the blanket looked up. He spoke with a rare economy of effort.

"Hi, Epitaph. Make y'self t'home. Meet m' sis 'Vang'line. He closed his eyes, exhausted.

Epitaph shivered—half turned to flee. Then he made an about-face.

Said Mr. Jones most politely, "How-de-do, Miss 'Vangeline. I jest dropped in to see would you like me for a steady boarder. I need me a change of climate, bad, and with you I could dwell forever in one apex of glorious delightfulness," concluded Mr. Jones in an ecstatic burst of poetic fervor.

Footlight

RECORD crowds set new marks at the turnstiles last season in practically every sport. But what has become of the color that the games once knew? There is probably, or possibly, greater skill and ability around than sport ever has known. But it is quite possible that the big gates and the bigger pay, for pros and college alike, have throttled a vital quality of competition. I think it has. The pay check now dominates the scene.

You might ask me just what color is. Here's one answer—Babe Ruth, Jack Dempsey, Bobby Jones, Bill Tilden, Man o'War, Tommy Hitchcock, Earl Sande, Dixie Dean (in capital letters), Walter Hagen, Exterminator, Knute Rockne, (also in capital letters), George Gipp, Hurry-up Yost, Bob Zuppke, Pepper Martin and Frank Frisch. Each one of these was a champion, but something more than a champion. For each one had a crowd appeal that is sadly lacking today.

For example, Leo Durocher of the Dodgers has drawn more comment than any five managers. Leo is a great manager. But a large flock of this publicity has come from details far apart from baseball. Ted Williams drew more words, favorable and unfavorable, than any other ball player last year. So Ted must have had a type of color. They at least knew he was around, liking him or hating him.

Joe Louis has the color of ring perfection—one of the greatest fighters of all time. But outside of this Joe is an extremely quiet fellow who doesn't like the great bright spotlight.

'Just Business Men'

In Ben Hogan and Byron Nelson, golf has two of the greatest golfers the ancient Scottish game has ever sent to the fairways. But who could say they were in the same class with Bobby Jones and Walter Hagen or Gene Sarazen for crowd appeal? They are two prominent business men who can break 70, collect their dough and move along.

Stan Musial, one of the nicest people you ever met, a great ball player, the top of the year, isn't colorful in any sense of the word. Stan is just a great ball player. He wants to be nothing else. Neither is Eddie Dyer, an able manager and a great fellow. Sport today has become big business. There is plenty in the way of sport left, but with the billions, not the millions, involved, a lot of color has seeped out.

I was talking about this color angle with Frank Frisch, the New Rochelle flower expert.

"Just what is color?" I asked Frisch, as Johnny Kieran cocked an attentive ear, a Kieran habit when any information is coming along.

"The basis of all color," Frisch said, "is always ability first. No punks get by. Many have tried to use color, or so-called color, in the place of ability. It won't work. Color means Dempsey, Jones, Hitchcock, Grango, etc., all stars. Color is also a natural quality. It can't be faked. Two of the most colorful ball players of all time were Babe Ruth and Dixie Dean. They were naturals. They always were exactly what they were. Human and likable, but great artists. But they were real—not phonies. How that mob can spot a phony."

Game's the Thing Now

"The game doesn't need color today," Frisch said. "You can start a dog fight between two terriers and draw 10,000 people. Ball clubs that were far down in the second division drew from 800,000 to 1,000,000. Football games that meant nothing except another football game were sellouts. Today it is the spectacle, the contest, that fills a stadium or a park, not any outstanding star. It's the game, the show today, not an individual star."

This is all true. It all may be for the general good of sport. After all, only the game counts. But despite this any writer hanging around for human copy misses Hagen, Waddell, Yost, Zuppke and many others who had a certain human appeal that so few have today. Sport competitors are serious people working at a big job now. Most of them have outstanding ability. But with too many it is more big business than sport. The pressure is heavy. The big idea is winning.

Today we have only a few left—and I can't even remember their names. Joe Louis? The top champion of them all—who limits his publicity to ring efficiency. In baseball we have Ted Williams—who is still a big story when he flops. Stan Musial, the best ball player in the game today, is just the best ball player. He has no interest in any outside headlines. Football coaches—able business men with a big job to do. No particular color. No Rockne, no Zuppke, no Yost. It may be better this way. But it's duller.