

Feathered Fighters for U. S.

Falconry, one of the oldest of the world's sports, is to be given a try-out as a military weapon of the United States. There is little doubt that peregrine falcons, properly trained, could be used as ideal interceptors for carrier pigeons used by the enemy. To handle these feathered draftees a number of soldiers are being trained as falconers, under Lieut. Thos. MacClure. These photos were made during a falconry demonstration at the Bronx Zoo, New York.



Picture Parade

Lieut. MacClure "gentles" (gets it accustomed to being handled) "Thunderbolt," the first falcon to join the U. S. army signal corps. Falcons are found in big cities roosting on ledges.



A keeper at the Bronx zoo is about to hood a golden eagle. The leather hood is to keep it from seeing until the falconer wants it to see. Then it is taken off. Each day the falconer must spend an hour or so with the hooded bird on his wrist. Stout leather thongs called "jesses" are attached to the bird's legs.



Above: Hood removed, the zoo eagle is shown in flight here. The bird is returning to the keeper's wrist. The light rope attached to the "jesses" is to keep the bird from going after pigeons and sea gulls. Right: A closeup view of the hooded eagle. The plume in front is just an ornament.



The eagle has made his perch and is about to rest. It would be difficult to train enough eagles, even if there were enough.



STORY OF THE WEEK

He Understood Women

By RICHARD HILL WILKINSON
(Associated Newspapers—WNU Service.)

AT TWENTY-FOUR Rance Fiske was a handsome lad and very much aware of the fact. He knew women and understood them. He delighted in conquests, prided himself on the long list of broken hearts for which he was responsible, possessed no scruples and believed himself infallible. In brief, Rance was a maker of love par excellence.

That was why Lorna Simms puzzled him. Lorna was the belle of Holbrook where Rance had gone to recuperate from a slight nervous breakdown. He met her the day after he arrived, and the forlorn, unhappy look left his eyes. It wasn't going to be so bad having to spend a month in this hick town, after all. In fact, he was rather glad he'd come, because Lorna looked as though she would be worth the effort of conquest.

Still she puzzled him. She didn't rise to his bait, didn't display any more interest in him than she did in the local youths, didn't seem at all flattered by his attentions. At first he was amused. He'd seen 'em act this way before, and knew exactly the system to use to bring 'em to terms.

And so Rance bided his time, waited two days, in fact, before making another try—and discovered she'd practically forgotten him in the interval. This was annoying. For a moment or two he was actually upset. No girl he'd ever known had reacted quite in this manner before. He analyzed the situation, assured himself that pretty Lorna was, after all, only a woman, de-

packed his bags and walked around by Lorna's house a good hour before train time, to say good-by. Much to his disgust Lorna took his hand warmly. "It's really been nice knowing you, Rance I—I hope you don't think that my interest was wholly out of—" She broke off, laughing and Rance felt a wave of contempt surge through him. She was, after all, pretty crude about it. Telling him in such a sloppy manner that she really did care! As if he didn't know that! Well, she had gone a little too far. There was a limit to what a man could stand. He decided in that moment to go through with his plan, actually leave town for awhile and let her suffer.

"It's been nice knowing you, too," he told her with nicely gauged sarcasm. "Perhaps we'll meet again sometime."

"Oh, I hope so. I'd love to have you come up for the wedding."

"Wedding?"

"Mine and Gerald's. We're to be married next month, you know."

"No," said Rance. "I didn't know. But I think that's splendid. Just dandy!"

He turned and left her and during the five minutes it took to reach the station, a host of thoughts paraded through his mind. He couldn't settle on anything definite, however, couldn't convince himself of the reality of the facts that kept pounding against his brain.

The station platform, save for a solitary figure, was deserted, because it was still 45 minutes before train time. The solitary figure approached Rance and blocked his path.

"I guess," said the figure, "you know me. Well, I'm Gerald Niles, and ever since the day you arrived I've wanted to punch your nose. In fact, I promised myself I wouldn't let you get out of town without doing it. Only reason I haven't is because of Lorna. Sometimes she makes me mad with that kind heart of hers. Just because everyone else thought you were a conceited, ignorant fool, Lorna took pity and thought it was her duty to befriend you. Well, that's O.K., except that I don't like the way you've been treating her. Why, damn it, you've acted as though you were doing her a favor, letting her ride around with you like that. And I maintain that a guy like you needs his nose punched, if he ever wants to learn anything, and in view of the fact that Lorna and I are to be married next month, I feel that it's my duty."

Whereupon Mr. Niles swung into action and presently Rance Fiske found himself sitting on the station platform with blood spurting from his nose and a dazed expression in his eyes. Presently his distorted vision cleared and he saw Gerald Niles shuffling disinterestedly out toward the village. He felt tenderly of his injuries and a smirk appeared on his face. The facts which had been pounding at his brain suddenly gained admission and asserted themselves. And Rance Fiske, maker of love par excellence, was for the first time in his life abruptly convinced of something besides his own ability in his chosen profession.



She didn't rise to his bait, didn't seem at all flattered by his attentions.

spite her background, hence human, and sure-fire methods of approach.

He buckled down in dead earnest to the business of making a success of this new conquest and succeeded, much to the annoyance of one Gerald Niles, a local youth who had designs on the gorgeous Lorna, in causing her to display toward him what he identified as keen interest. But the keen interest was, as far as Lorna was concerned, nothing more than an amused attraction. She accepted an occasional invitation to attend a movie and go for a drive with him, but she never encouraged his attentions, never laughed more than was politely necessary at his wisecracks.

After two weeks, Rance took account of stock. There was only one explanation: Lorna wasn't the yokel he'd supposed. She was smart and she was playing the game as subtly and as cleverly as he. Well, all right. If that were her attitude he had a means of frustrating any female when it came to matters of the heart.

And so the next time Lorna accompanied him on a drive into the country he said casually: "Well, it looks as though I'll have to cut my visit short. Had a telephone call from New York last night and I guess I'll have to pull up stakes early tomorrow morning."

"It doesn't pay," said Lorna indifferently, "to stay away from your work too long in these times."

Rance coughed and looked away over the hills. "I don't suppose," he mused, "I'll be missed a great deal."

"That," said Lorna, "is because you haven't made many friends here. Folks think you're cold and hard and distant." She laughed apologetically. "I can understand why you feel you won't be missed. Though, frankly, I think it's your own fault."

"And I suppose," he said icily, "the interest you've displayed in me was out of pity?"

She looked at him in grave concern. "Oh, I didn't want you to feel that way! You mustn't!"

Rance stepped on the starter of his hired car and headed it for town. He was grimly silent and annoyed. So she was still playing the game, eh? She thought he would swallow that line like these local apple knockers. So she knew that that telephone call business had been a gag and she wanted to impress him with the fact. Well, he'd show her she was wrong! He'd actually pack up and leave, and see how she liked that! He'd give her three days before he came back and if she weren't ready to come to terms by then—well, the system had never failed him yet.

And so the next day Rance

History in the News

By ELMO SCOTT WATSON
(Released by Western Newspaper Union.)

Camp Cavalcade

SHADOWY figures in a cavalcade of American history—such are the men behind the names of the great army cantonments scattered all over the United States, where young Americans are learning to be soldiers in order to defend their country when the need arises.

Camp Toombs, near Toccoa, Ga., is named for one of the most remarkable men ever produced by that state—Robert Toombs (1810-1885), soldier and statesman. His first military experience was as a captain of volunteers against the Alabama Indians in the 30s, followed by a political career that took him to the United States senate from which he was expelled in 1861 because of his advocacy of secession. He could have been president of the new Confederate States of America, but he declined that honor, just as he had declined the offer of cabinet offices under President Taylor and Fillmore. He did consent to serve briefly as secretary of state under President Jefferson Davis, then was commissioned a brigadier-general in the Confederate army in which he served throughout the war. At the close of the conflict he fled to Cuba, lived for a time in England, France and Canada before returning to the United States. His last years were spent near his birthplace, Washington, Ga.

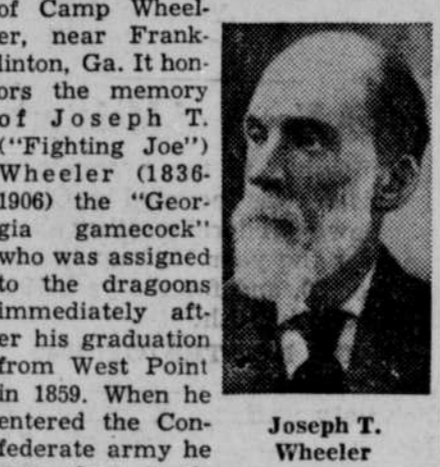


Robert Toombs

Not long after David Sloan Stanley (1828-1902), a native of Ohio, was graduated from West Point, he was sent to the Western Plains as a lieutenant of dragons and started on the career which made him one of the best-known Indian fighters of his day. But before that, there were four years of service in the Union army during which he rose from captain to major-general, and rendered conspicuous service at the battles of New Madrid, Island No. 10, Corinth, Iuka, Jonesboro, Nashville, Spring Hill, Stone River, Resaca, Ruffs Station and Franklin, where he was desperately wounded but refused to leave the field until the battle was won. After the war, he served against the Indians in the Dakotas, led the famous Yellowstone expedition of 1873, fought the redskins in Kansas, Oklahoma, New Mexico and brought peace to the Texas frontier by suppressing Indian raids in the Lone Star state. That's why he is remembered gratefully in Texas and why the camp near Leon Springs bears his name.

The name of another great cavalry leader is preserved in the name of Camp Wheeler, near Franklinton, Ga. It honors the memory of Joseph T. Wheeler (1836-1906) the "Georgia gamecock" who was assigned to the dragons immediately after his graduation from West Point in 1859. When he entered the Confederate army he was first made colonel of an infantry regiment and commanded a brigade at the Battle of Shiloh. But the next year he was transferred to the cavalry and from that time on he was one of the South's most daring and successful raiders. After the death of "Jeb" Stuart in 1864, he was the senior cavalry general of the Confederate armies and rose to the rank of lieutenant-general. After the war, he studied law and was repeatedly elected to congress. At the outbreak of the Spanish-American war, "Fighting Joe" was again in the saddle as a general of cavalry sent to Cuba to fight the Spaniards.

Camp Haan near Riverside, Calif., is also named for a veteran of the Cuban and Philippine campaigns—Brig. Gen. William George Haan, a native of Indiana and a West Point graduate in the class of 1889, who was three times recommended for brevets for "conspicuous conduct in action" from 1898 to 1901.



Joseph T. Wheeler

Police Orders Beyond Law

Magistrate Solomon ruled not long ago in New York city that the public need not obey police orders that go beyond the law.

Believe it or not, you don't really have to move on when a policeman orders you.

A Brooklyn man watching a sidewalk dice game dared to tell a policeman that he was a free country and that he was not going to move on until he was told the reason why. The magistrate upheld him, saying that he was well within his rights and not subject to such a dictatorial order.

Taps

"Taps" was originally a signal for retiring in military camps and was played on the drums. Later it was sounded on the bugle, the commonest tune, "The Last Post," being introduced into this country by the British army during the Revolution. The melody of the present "Taps" was composed by Daniel Butterworth, a brigadier-general in the Union army. It was first sounded on the bugle by Oliver W. Norton, brigade bugler, at Harrison's Landing, Va., in July, 1862.

PATTERNS SEWING CIRCLE



8999

material. For a collar (separately sketched) allow 1/2 yard contrast fabric. For this attractive pattern, send your order to:

SEWING CIRCLE PATTERN DEPT.
Room 1324
311 W. Wacker Dr. Chicago
Enclose 15 cents in coins for
Pattern No. Size.....
Name
Address



In Doubtful Joy
"Tis safer to be that which we destroy than by destruction dwell in doubtful joy.—Macbeth.

Pull the Trigger on Lazy Bowels, with Ease for Stomach, too

When constipation brings on acid indigestion, stomach upset, bloating, dizzy spells, gas, coated tongue, sour taste and bad breath, your stomach is probably "crying the blues" because your bowels don't move. It calls for Laxative-Senna to pull the trigger on those lazy bowels, combined with Syrup Pepsin for perfect ease to your stomach in taking. For years, many Doctors have given pepsin preparations in their prescriptions to make medicine more agreeable to a touchy stomach. So be sure your laxative contains Syrup Pepsin. Insist on Dr. Caldwell's Laxative-Senna combined with Syrup Pepsin. See how wonderfully the Laxative-Senna wakes up lacy nerves and muscles in your intestines to bring welcome relief from constipation. And the good old Syrup Pepsin makes this laxative so comfortable and easy on your stomach. Even finicky children love the taste of this pleasant family laxative. Buy Dr. Caldwell's Laxative-Senna at your druggist today. Try one laxative combined with Syrup Pepsin for ease to your stomach, too.

Self-Love
In jealousy there is more self-love than love.—La Rochefoucauld.

TO RELIEVE MISERY OF COLDS quickly use 666 LIQUID TABLETS SALVE NOSE DROPS COUGH DROPS

THIS frock, having a longer top with skirt attached at a low waistline, is a new silhouette which you will see again and again in fall fashions. Our version has a simple front buttoning, open neckline top tapered with darts to fit closely through the natural waistline. The skirt features front and back fullness. Start your sewing for the new season with this popular style.

Pattern No. 8999 is in sizes 12 to 20. Size 14 dress, open neckline, 4 1/2 yards 39-inch

Road of Merit

There is but one straight road to success, and that is merit. The man who is successful is the man who is useful. Capacity never lacks opportunity. It can not remain undiscovered, because it is sought by too many anxious to use it.—Bourke Cockran.

If you have a relative or friend in the service and have any doubts about what to send him as gifts, your problems are over. The service men have solved it for you by naming tobacco as their first choice in gifts. Actual sales records show the favorite cigarette with men in the Army, Navy, Marine Corps, and Coast Guard is Camel. Prince Albert is the popular smoking tobacco. With these preferences in mind, local tobacco dealers feature Camels by the carton and Prince Albert in the pound tin as ideal gifts to the men in the service from the folks back home.—Adv.

THEY'RE Milder WITH LESS NICOTINE IN THE SMOKE. THAT'S ONE REASON I SMOKE CAMELS

I FIND CAMELS MORE ENJOYABLE IN EVERY WAY. THEY ALWAYS TASTE SO GOOD

THE SMOKE OF SLOWER-BURNING CAMELS CONTAINS 28% LESS NICOTINE than the average of the 4 other largest-selling cigarettes tested—less than any of them—according to independent scientific tests of the smoke itself!

CAMEL THE CIGARETTE OF COSTLIER TOBACCOS