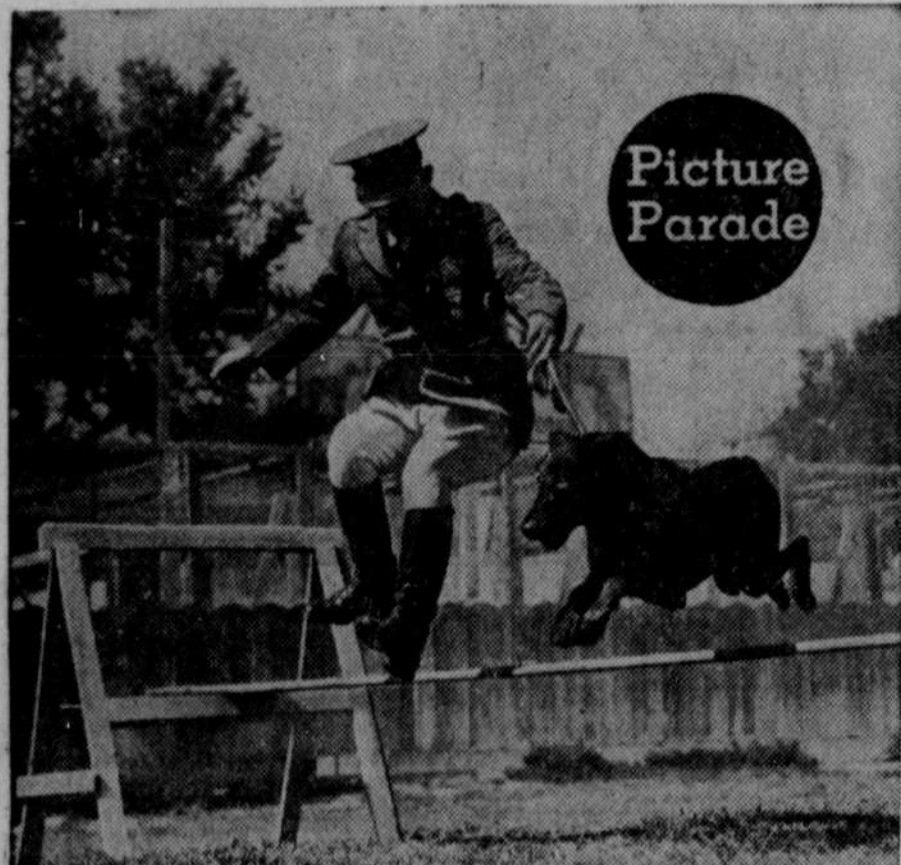


Coaching Canine Cops

Although trained dogs have been in use as assistants to police officers in European countries for many years, the idea has taken hold in the United States only recently. Berkeley, Calif., was one of the first cities in this country to put dogs on regular police duty. Their dogs are Dobermann Pinschers from the Palanka Kennels at Richmond, Calif., where Capt. C. A. Roy, former Canadian police officer, turns out canine cops. These photos show some of the most important stages in the development of dogs for this work.



Picture Parade

The captain here takes a hurdle with one of the dogs he is training for police work. The trainer always wears a uniform, the idea being to teach the dog that the man in uniform is his friend and master.



The Dobermann goes up the step ladder in pursuit of a mythical criminal. This is one of the hardest lessons for the dog.



The dog must get over the plank wall, but he does it. Height of the barrier is gradually increased.



Assigned to a radio prowl car, this Dobermann is the pal of Sgt. Coffey of the Berkeley police department.



Dogs are taught to grab for dropped pistols, and to bring them to the nearest policeman, or away from criminal.



Here the dog has grabbed a "criminal" making off with a suit case. This dog is almost completely trained.



NATIONAL AFFAIRS

Reviewed by
CARTER FIELD

U. S. Silence on Sinking of U-boats Is Explained . . . 'Little Fellow' Still Has Tough Going in Defense Program.

(Bell Syndicate—WNU Service.)

WASHINGTON.—What might be called an official explanation of why this government—and the British government—pursue the policy of not announcing the sinking of any submarine has just been made by none other than Charles Michelson. What is much more interesting than the explanation is the possibility of interpreting the explanation as admitting that our navy has sunk Nazi U-boats.

"Some comment has been made," says Mr. Michelson, "on the President's notice that, when and if German submarines are destroyed there would be no announcement of the events.

"There have been reports, originating from letters to their home folks from men of the patrol fleet, that they had caught U-boats. One referred to two subs destroyed by his vessel. Why, the question is asked, should not the American people be advised that all the losses have not been on our side?"

"It is deemed more important that the Germans should not have this information than our natural curiosity should be gratified. A raiding submarine is ordered to a particular traffic lane to intercept convoys. If that U-boat were knocked off, another would be sent to lie in wait in that ambush. Ultimately, of course, the Reich, getting no word from the raider, will surmise that she is lost, but before that information is conclusive, one or more convoys fleets may have passed the danger point in safety from attack. Even a few days or a week is of value in this situation.

"That, and the psychological effect of suspense and doubt—not an inconsiderable factor in a war of nerves—explains the riddle."

But the explanation as to why announcements of submarine sinkings are so meager is not quite adequate. Obviously the United States government is following the practice of the British in this respect. The British did the same thing in the last war, and seemed to think, then and now, that it was wise strategy.

'Little Fellow' Has Tough Going

Another blast in behalf of the "little fellows" in manufacturing has just been issued by Sen. James J. Davis, of Pennsylvania. So much has been written and spoken about the necessity of getting all the little shops of the country bound into the defense drive, and therefore kept in operation, that it might be well to point out some of the outstanding reasons why the program to do precisely that has bogged down. For "bogged down" it has, beyond the slightest doubt.

Senator Davis views the situation from many angles; not the least interesting is that ordinary business must carry the tax load. It makes very little difference, really, what the profits of the manufacturers who are producing for national defense are. If they are small, they care are disregarded. But if they are large very few "spending dollars" will find their way into the pockets of the owners.

The corporation income tax will take pretty nearly the first third, the excess profits tax will take another chunk, and the terrific personal income taxes, those already enacted and those to come, will take three-fourths or more of what is left—assuming that the gentlemen in question have sizable incomes.

One way of looking at this is that if the government pays low prices for defense products, there is nothing to worry about, but if it pays high prices it will get all the cream, or most of it, back.

So we can almost disregard what we might call the defense industries in this problem of taxation, and look at what industries are left. It is these non-defense industries which will pay most of the government's revenue. As more and more of them are being curtailed because, not being defense industries, they cannot get the materials they need, this becomes a serious problem, and obviously will force a larger and larger percentage of the total defense cost to be financed by borrowing.

Small Plants Important

The other angle is that the defense effort should be much greater, and one way to make it greater is to bring more of the small plants into defense production.

The difficulty here is a problem almost as old as human nature. Your big contractor is assailed for not subcontracting more. It is assumed that he wants to keep all the gravy for himself, instead of passing it around. This is not the main reason because the more subcontracting he can do the more total business he can do. A lot of subcontracting, instead of cutting down the amount of his earnings, might actually increase them.

SHORT STORY

Her First Sale

By KARL GRAYSON

(Associated Newspapers—WNU Service.)

A DELINE KIRBY, the famous short story writer, told me this story one day at a Writer's Guild luncheon.

"In a way," she began, smiling, "I don't blame the beginner writers for feeling that the editors to whom they submit their manuscripts are without feeling or pity. I can understand how they feel and what provokes their skepticism. I was that way myself. And then something happened that changed my opinion of editors. I guess perhaps I made it happen. Anyway, I found out they were quite human.

"I started in early, began submitting stories before I'd finished high school. You see, I always had the urge to write. And because no one had much faith in my ability, I determined at an early age to prove to everyone they were wrong and I was right.

"And so when I was fourteen I pecked off my first story on an old broken down typewriter and shipped it off. Of course it came back, and the shock of that first rejection was quite a blow. But I survived. I tucked the manuscript away in an old trunk (the trunk's filled to overflowing now) and began another story. This, too, came back. And so did the next and the next. It was pretty discouraging business and pretty disheartening, especially when the folks smiled and shook their heads sympathetically, and little brother Jerry jeered quite openly.

"After high school, at Smith, I continued to write on the average of



He looked at me and I looked at him and suddenly he began to laugh.

two stories a month. They were returned without fail, and with never a word of encouragement. I began to think of editors as grim-visaged, ugly looking people, whose lives were dedicated to the sole purpose of rejecting unknown writers' manuscripts, and in doing which they took a fiendish delight.

"Up until my junior year at college I had been going about the business in rather a hit or miss manner, writing whatever type of story that seemed best suited to my mood, and shooting it off to the magazine that paid the highest rates. But that same year I attended a lecture given by one of our foremost writers. This writer, much to my surprise, had undergone a period of apprenticeship filled with as many trials and discouragements as my own. It had occurred to him after awhile, he said, to study the types of stories that certain magazines published and to attempt to model his own stuff after their particular formula.

"This seemed to me like a wholly sensible thing to do. I decided to adopt the plan myself, and forthwith selected a half dozen of our leading magazines in which I would like to see my work. I bought them regularly and studied them diligently. Presently I had boiled the half dozen down to two, one of which became my real aim. It was called Morton's Magazine. Thereafter I modeled and designed every new story for Morton's. And I continued to do so for two years. But the results were the same. The old phobia about the inhumanity of editors began to assert itself again. It just didn't seem possible to me that any man or woman with human blood in his veins could be heartless enough to continue rejecting my yarns, especially when some of those yarns were as good if not better than stories they published every week. Or so I thought.

"At any rate, graduation came and I was still an unknown writer without a single sale to my credit. I spent that summer at home and in the fall persuaded my family to let me live in New York for a year, in the hopes of finding a job. My real purpose, of course, was to call on the editor of Morton's Magazine, and a few others, and find out for myself if they were as inhuman and pitiless as I thought. Also to ask why my stories weren't suited to their earned old publications.

"The editor of Morton's Magazine, I learned, was named Sam Jones, which to me wasn't a very romantic sounding combination of words, and served to substantiate my suspicions before I even saw the gentleman.

"It wasn't so easy getting into see Mr. Jones. He was, it appeared, a very busy man, and besides that he employed a whole staff of people

whose jobs were to talk with and console would-be writers. But being a woman and a very persistent woman I was eventually ushered into Mr. Jones' office.

"Sight of him was quite a shock, quite a come down, I might add. He was a large man, immaculately attired and possessed a very pleasant face and a gentle voice. He greeted me courteously. Actually, "Miss Kirby?" he said, as if running through the category of names in his mind. "Ah, yes, I remember. You've sent us any number of stories, Miss Kirby, all of which, I regret to say, were found unsuitable to our publication. I'm sorry."

"So am I," I said. "Tell me, Mr. Jones," I asked, voicing the grievance of most would-be writers, "do you actually read my stuff?"

"Why, of course. We read all the manuscripts—"

"Will you please read this one, then?" I thrust a manuscript toward him with a sort of vehemence that fairly made him gasp.

"Of course," he said. "In the regular course of things your story—"

"Thank you," I rose. "I'll be back next week to get your reaction."

"That," said Mr. Jones, "won't be necessary. If the story is found unsuitable, it will be returned to you."

"If you don't mind," I said, "I'll be back next week." And I went out.

"In a week I was back. The story hadn't been returned, and I was living in the hopes that by my brusqueness I had made an impression on Mr. Jones. Impressions, I thought, helped sell stories. Mr. Jones' secretary declared the great man was busy and was on the point of telling me to go home, when Sam himself came through his office door and almost bumped into me. I planted myself in front of him.

"Fancy!" I said. "You remember me, of course?"

"Mr. Jones nodded. 'Of course,' he smiled. 'And I regret to say that your story was found—'"

"Are you sure you read it?" I asked him almost savagely.

"Indeed I read it. I—"

"And you read those little poems at the beginning of each chapter?" I interrupted again.

"The little poems, too," he agreed. "But even the little poems—"

"Ha!" I thrust forward my jaw belligerently. "I knew it! I knew you weren't reading my stuff, Mr. Jones, there were no little poems at the beginning of each chapter. Now what do you think of that?"

"Mr. Jones took a nervous look around. The room was full of people, all of whom seemed to have stopped whatever they were doing to listen. Suddenly he looked down at me. "Follow me," he said, and turned back into his office.

"I followed him, actually trembling because of the horrible thing I'd done. Mr. Jones stood near his desk. He looked at me and I looked at him, and suddenly he began to laugh. He laughed till the tears rolled down his cheeks and he was forced to sit down in weakness. "That," he said, "was about the smartest thing I've ever run up against. Miss Kirby, I apologize."

"Yes, Mr. Jones apologized for telling me he'd read the story. I remained with him for more than an hour. He explained that they'd received so many stories from me and all of them had been so outstandingly poor, that two years ago they'd stopped reading them. He asked me if I blamed them, I said, no, I didn't but would he read this new yarn? He would and he did and he bought it. And that's how I got my first story published and discovered that editors were human. There's a moral to this story, which is this: If you want to write, make a business of it, study your markets and don't submit anything till you're pretty sure of your ground."

Fever From Milk Infects

Some 12,000,000 People

Some 12,000,000 people in the U. S. are infected with the germs of a strange, lingering, milk-borne disease called undulant fever (brucellosis). So wrote Health Officer Harold Jerome Harris of Westport, N. Y.

Undulant fever may smolder for years, suddenly flare up into a complex disease resembling typhoid, malaria or tuberculosis. It is caused by any of three germs of the group Brucella (named after Sir David Bruce, who discovered the strain in 1896). Brucellae infect cattle, sheep, goats and pigs, cause a disease known as contagious abortion. Between 11 and 20 per cent of all U. S. cattle are infected, causing a yearly loss to farmers of some \$80,000,000. The disease is transmitted to man through milk, butter, cheese, and through handling of infected carcasses; it is not passed from one person to another.

Anyone who lives in the country and drinks unpasteurized milk from an infected cow, or pours a spot of tainted cream in his coffee, is liable to come down with a low fever and vague pains. He may feel fine every morning, but in the afternoon his temperature soars, and he gradually loses strength.

Smart to Crochet Your Mittens



Pattern 2969 contains instructions for making mittens in small, medium and large sizes; illustrations of them and stitches; materials required; photograph of pattern stitches. Send your order to:

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Need of Patience
Patience is a necessary ingredient of genius.—Disraeli.

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Creomulsion relieves promptly because it goes right to the seat of the trouble to help loosen and expel germ 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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Wind and Opinions
Wind puffs up empty bladders; opinions fools.—Socrates.

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