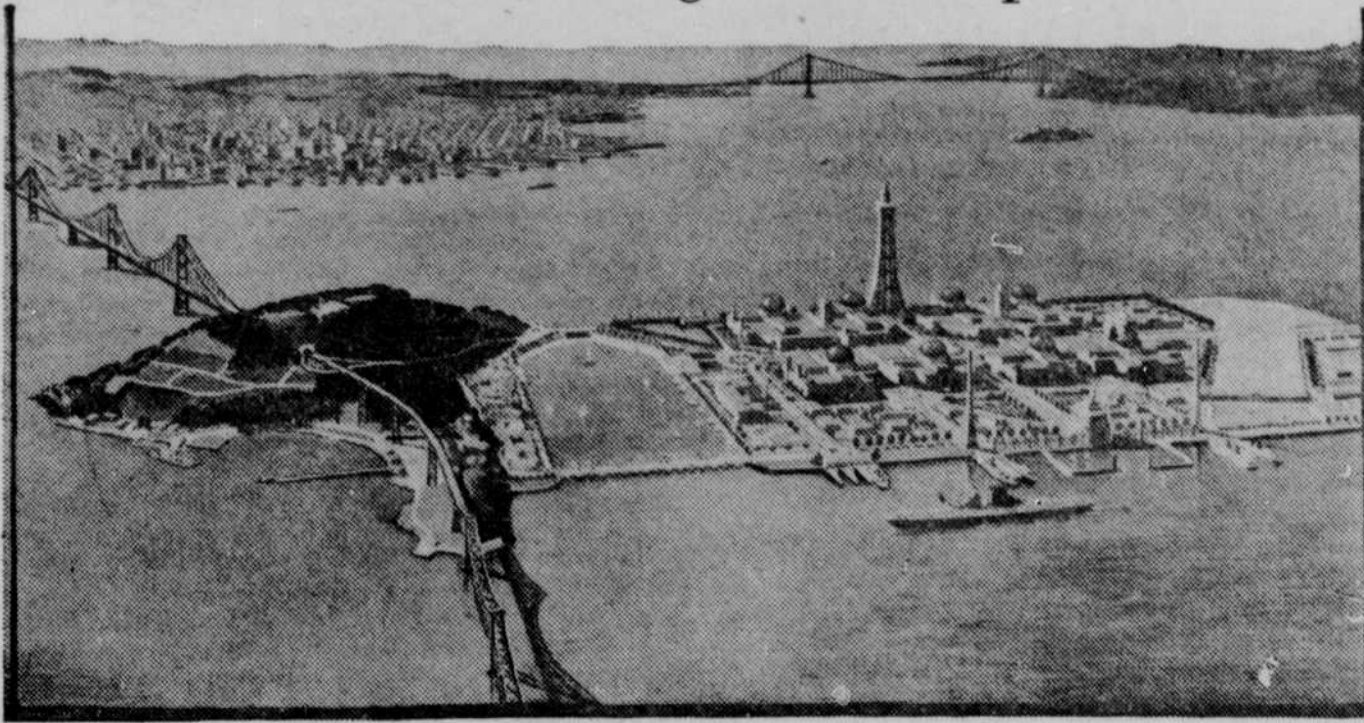


San Francisco Bridges and Exposition



The site selected for the San Francisco exposition of 1938 is a shoal lying beside Yerba Buena island in San Francisco bay. The bridge across the bay, eight and one-fourth miles long, will provide access to the exposition. The Golden Gate bridge, a little more than one mile in length, faces the exposition grounds looking toward the Pacific ocean. The picture shows an architect's drawing of the coming big fair.

White Russian Army Trains in Yugoslavia



Most of the 100,000 White Russians who found a refuge in Yugoslavia following their defeat by the Bolsheviks, now reside in Belice. Thirty thousand of them, with their old banners, drill daily as meticulously as they did in their own country in the days of the czars.

Lad Operates Own Maple Sugar Plant



Clinton Lynes, twelve years old, is shown here at work on his own maple sugar evaporator which he built out of a bed frame. He has hung his buckets on the trees along the roadside. Clinton tends his own fires, boils his sap and cans his syrup. He hopes some day to be in the business in a big way.

"Skull House" Raided by Bunko Squad



A house of mysterious happenings, where skulls gleamed in the darkness, thumping jarred the walls, and weird organ music greeted the ears of victims who paid to communicate with the "spirits," was exposed recently by the Los Angeles bunko squad. Scores of the credulous, mostly Mexicans, are alleged to have been victimized. The picture shows an attendant seated at the skull-decorated organ.

Often the Trouble

"Do you think that candidate put enough fire into his speech?"
"Oh, yes. The trouble was, he didn't put enough of his speech into the fire."

No Rehearsal Required

Head Nurse—They tell me that undertaker can sing anything at sight.
Foot Nurse—Yes, he never has to rehearse.

The Bad Dream

By GERTRUDE von BERNUTH
McClure Newspaper Syndicate,
WNU Service.

IT WAS a stormy winter night. The wind blew a gale, the rain came down in torrents, and Cynthia Blake was all alone in the Long Island home.

Cynthia didn't like being alone, and on a night such as this she hated it. Especially since it had recently been in all the papers that David had gotten a fifty thousand dollar executor's fee from the Dodge estate. That made her nervous. But she lighted a log fire and settled down beside it with her book, hoping against hope that the time would pass quickly. David would be home by 11:30 anyhow.

Eight o'clock, nine o'clock—surely that clock must be slow!—ten o'clock—and the telephone rang. Cynthia sprang to answer it.

"I'd like to speak to Mrs. David Blake." It was a man's voice, business-like, yet rather suave.

"This is Mrs. Blake," said Cynthia.

"Oh! Well, Mrs. Blake, I'm afraid I have some disturbing news for you."

"Yes?" said Cynthia, striving hard for self-control. Something had happened to David! "What is it?" she asked faintly.

"Er—Mr. Blake has had an accident." Cynthia gave one cry of anguish and then forced herself to listen.

"Mr. Blake was on his way home in a taxi, and this car skidded on Queensboro bridge. I happened to be driving by and stopped to see what had happened. Mr. Blake isn't seriously hurt, but they insisted upon taking him to Bellevue for examination and treatment. His one worry seemed to be about his wife, so I told him that I'd phone you. In fact, I told him that I'd gladly take you in to Bellevue, if you cared to go."

"Oh, would you? That's awfully kind of you!" cried Cynthia. Her one wish was to get to David, darling David. That was all that counted.

"How soon can you be ready, Mrs. Blake?" asked the voice.

"In five minutes! Oh, you're sure that my husband's not badly hurt?" she implored. "You're telling me the truth, aren't you?"

"Mr. Blake is not badly hurt. He may have a broken rib or two, but—"

"Come on, come on, cut it out," broke in a rough voice. "We ain't got much . . ." then silence, as if a hand had been suddenly placed over the mouthpiece. Then:

"That was some one who wants this booth, Mrs. Blake. I'll be there inside of fifteen minutes. Good-by."

As Cynthia put the receiver back on the hook, she was puzzled. Her fear about David seemed to have vanished. She began to be her usual self. That other voice, so rough and snarling. "Come on, come on, cut it out. We—"

Cynthia raced upstairs to the extension phone beside her bed.

"Pennsylvania G-3500," she said speaking into the mouthpiece again. "Hello, hello, is this the Bar association? Is Mr. Blake there this evening—Mr. David Blake? He was to be in conference with—"

"Yes, Mr. Blake is here. He's in room 510. I'll connect you with him if you wish."

"If you please," said Cynthia.

"Mr. Blake, please," said the voice. And then David's voice saying hello.

"Dave, is that you?"

"Certainly it's I. What's up?"

"And are you all right?"

"All right? Of course I'm all right. What's the matter with you? I'm just starting for home."

"O. K.," said Cynthia, and hung up the receiver.

"Operator, I want the police," she said, taking down the receiver again.

"I'll connect you," said the operator. Her voice sounded excited.

"Police station, One Hundred and Ninth precinct. What is it?" asked a man's voice.

"Officer," said Cynthia. "This is Mrs. David Blake, at 20 Weybridge roadside, Bayside, Long Island. I have just had a phone call from a stranger who tells me that my husband has had an automobile accident and wants me to come to him in Bellevue hospital. The man said he would be here in fifteen minutes to take me to my husband. I have since located my husband by telephoning and he's perfectly all right. But I thought if the man comes, I'd like to have the police."

"Humph! A snatch! We'll have some one there inside of three minutes, lady. Don't be scared. Take it easy."

Suddenly Cynthia heard a commotion outside, and a shot rang out. "S all right, I dropped him," shouted a voice. "Where's the other one? Did he get away?"

"He won't get far. I blew his front tire, and the other boys are just coming up the road. They'll get him."

"Cynthia!" shouted David. "Is anything the matter? You're acting awfully queer. Why did you call me at the Bar association?"

"Oh, I fell asleep by the fire and had a bad dream," said Cynthia. "Tell you about it when you get home."

AND THAT, GLADLY
The only thing some people will share with you is trouble.

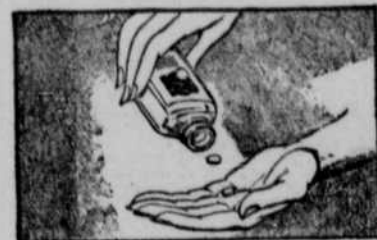
Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets are the original little liver pills put up 60 years ago. They regulate liver and bowels.—Adv.

An' That's That
Bert—Can I marry on \$28 a week?
Frances.—Not me.

Week's Supply of Postum Free
Read the offer made by the Postum Company in another part of this paper. They will send a full week's supply of health giving Postum free to anyone who writes for it.—Adv.

Grocers' Standby
Grocery bills are small if there are no men in the family.

Now Relieve Your Cold "Quick as You Caught It"



1. Take 2 BAYER Aspirin Tablets. Make sure you get the BAYER Tablets you ask for.



2. Drink a full glass of water. Repeat treatment in 2 hours.



3. If throat is sore, crush and stir 3 BAYER Aspirin Tablets in a third of a glass of water. Gargle twice. This eases throat soreness almost instantly.

For Amazingly Fast Results Remember Directions in These Simple Pictures

The simple method pictured here is the way many doctors now treat colds and the aches and pains colds bring with them!

It is recognized as a safe, sure, QUICK way. For it will relieve an ordinary cold as fast as you caught it.

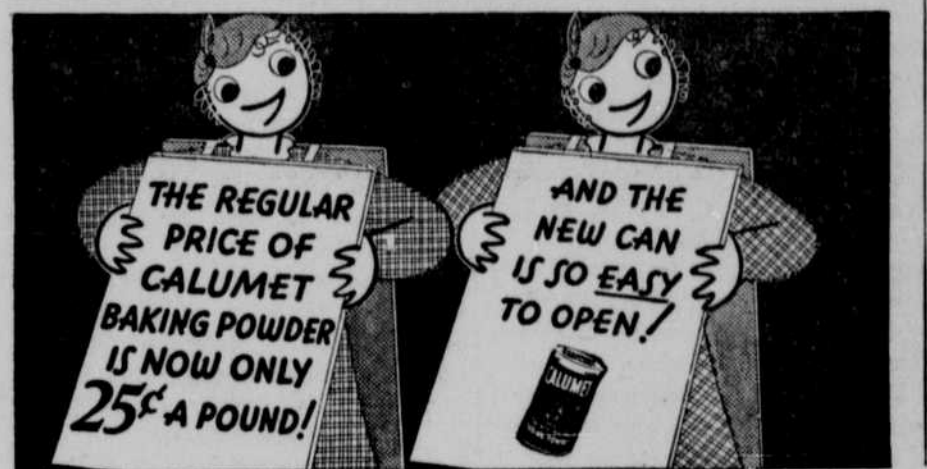
Ask your doctor about this. And when you buy, be sure that you get the real BAYER Aspirin Tablets. They dissolve (disintegrate) almost instantly. And thus work almost instantly when you take them. And for a gargle, Genuine Bayer Aspirin Tablets disintegrate with speed and completeness, leaving no irritating particles or grittiness.

BAYER Aspirin prices have been decisively reduced on all sizes, so there's no point now in accepting other than the real Bayer article you want.

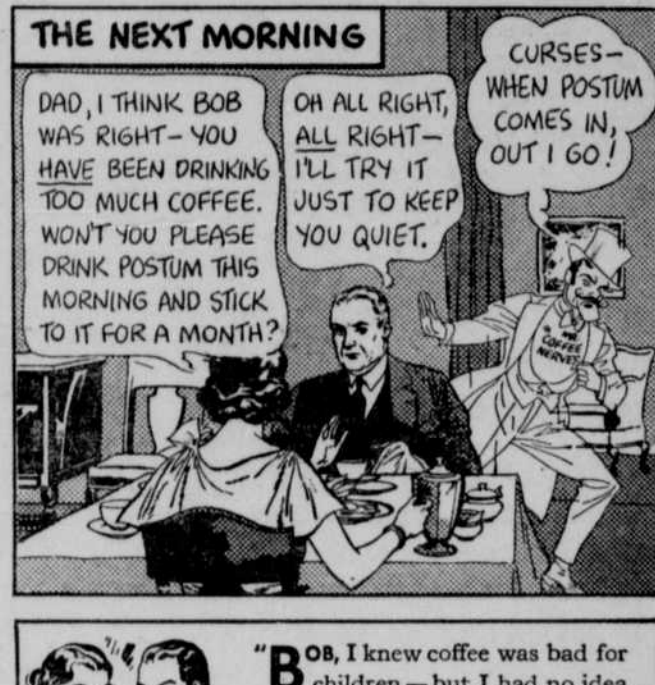
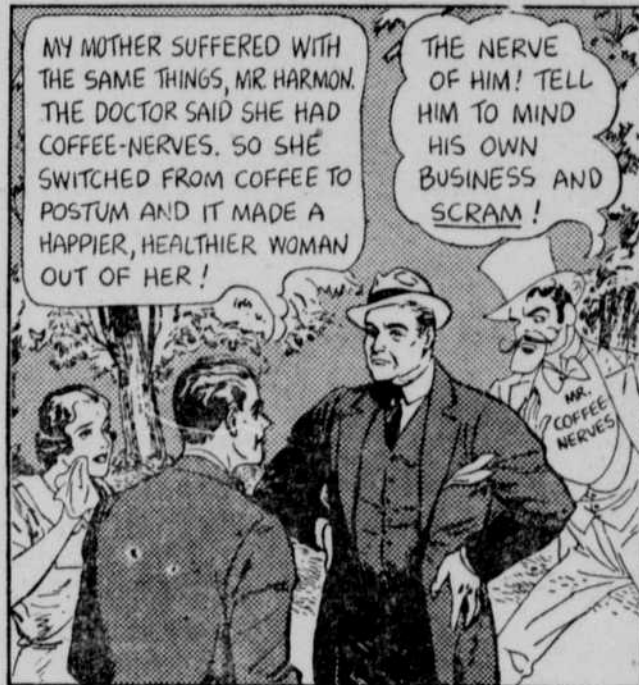
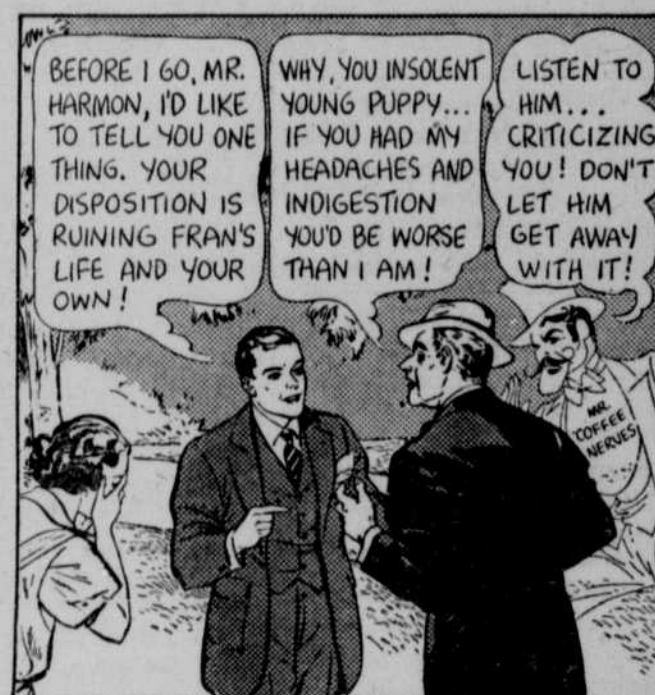
NOW 15¢



PRICES on Genuine Bayer Aspirin Radically Reduced on All Sizes



BOB TALKS BACK



"Bob, I knew coffee was bad for children—but I had no idea it could have such an effect on Dad!"

"Certainly—it bothers lots of grown-ups that way, Fran. The caffeine in coffee sets their nerves on edge, keeps them from sleeping, gives them headaches or indigestion."

If you suspect that coffee disagrees with you... try Postum for 30 days. Postum contains no caffeine. It is simply whole wheat and bran, roasted and slightly sweetened. It's easy to make, and costs less than one-half cent a cup. It's a delicious drink... may prove a real help. A product of General Foods.

FREE! Let us send you your first week's supply of Postum free! Simply mail the coupon.

GENERAL FOODS, Battle Creek, Mich. W. H. U.—220-38
Send me, without obligation, a week's supply of Postum.
Name _____
Street _____
City _____ State _____
Fill in completely—print name and address
This offer expires December 31, 1935



Have You Indigestion?

Mrs. Park Brown of 1111-2nd Ave. N. W., Rochester, Minn., said: "At times I would have indigestion and belched gas frequently. I had no appetite and felt tired and weary all the while. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery built me up, gave me a fine appetite, and I could eat without fear of distress."
New size, tablets 50 cts., 1/2 quart \$1.00. Large size, tabs. or liquid, \$1.35. All druggists.

Suffered From Tetter on Hands

Relieved by Cuticura
"I suffered for two or three years with tetter on my hands. If I did any work they would bleed and become irritated, and I could not bear to put them in water. They were dirty-looking all the time.
"I tried different remedies, but they failed, so I sent for a free sample of Cuticura Soap and Ointment. I purchased more and after using one cake of Cuticura Soap and one box of Cuticura Ointment my hands were entirely relieved."
(Signed) Miss Mary Pratt, R. 8, New Market, Tenn.
Soap 25c, Ointment 25c and 50c. Talcum 25c. Sold everywhere. One sample each free. Address: "Cuticura Laboratories, Dept. R, Malden, Mass."—Adv.

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING

Have you anything around the house you would like to trade or sell? Try a classified ad. The cost is only a few cents and there are probably a lot of folks looking for just whatever it is you no longer have use for.

Classified ADS get Results