

Steeds for Manhattan Mounties

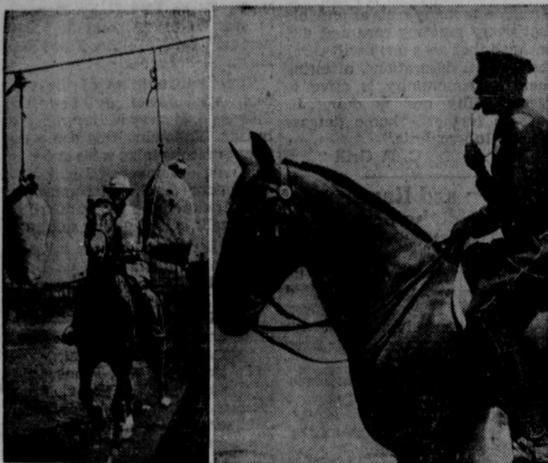
Every year the New York police department buys 28 horses to replace that number retired from the four hundred that make up the "cop cavalry." These horses are as nearly alike as the buyer can get them. Age 4 to 8 years; geldings of between 1,000 and 1,250 pounds and between 15.3 and 16.2 hands high. Color must be bay (don't ask why). These photos, made at the remount depot, show principal stages in the training of police horses.



Sergeant Gannon and an assistant are putting the rookie horse through a lesson in control here.



Taking a high barrier all on his own. Riderless horses are put through their paces to accustom them to obey the spoken command.



Sacks of sawdust represent people in a mob. At left a rookie horse is being faced into a "mob." When trained this horse will know how to nudge people out of the way without hurting them. Right: The shrill thrill of a police whistle gives the ordinary horse a turn, but the police horse is taught to disregard it.



Ready for Four Horsemen, this quartet of rookie police horses is near the end of their training grind.



CURRENT FICTION

Too Much Proof

By JAMES FREEMAN

(Associated Newspapers—WNU Service.)

OFFICER MIKE STROM had left his beat and was on his way home when the clamor of the City National bank's burglar alarm brought him up short.

It was early in the morning and the streets were almost deserted. Mike glanced toward the police alarm box a half block away and decided it was too far. He began running toward the bank, reaching for the service gun in its holster.

He was within a hundred yards of the bank when the machine gun began to rattle.

Policeman Strom crumpled up, clutching his abdomen. He gasped and rolled back to the sidewalk and suddenly lay still, a look of mortal agony on his face.

The town was suddenly still. No one seemed able to grasp exactly what was happening. The machine gun stopped its staccato patter and the bonging burglar alarm continued to shrill in the bright, still air.

Across the way a man shouted incoherently. The shout was taken up by others and added to by the hysterical scream of a woman. Someone darted into a nearby store and asked the frightened clerk to lend him a gun. The clerk stared bewilderingly and dumbly shook his head.

Outside, across the street, two men had stepped through the bank door and were descending the steps. One of them held a sub-machine gun under his arm. The other carried a heavy canvas bag. They moved quick and alert toward the black sedan which waited at the curb, with engine idling and a driver at the wheel.

Spectators shook off the spell that had held them in its grim clutches as the sedan roared down the street. They shouted and gestured and began to mill about. Some distance away the black sedan had slowed for a corner, and as it turned into a deserted side street, a policeman appeared on the curb.

A series of orange lances streamed from the sedan's interior. The policeman stumbled back against the brick wall of a building, slid slowly to the sidewalk with blood staining his jacket.

... During the week that followed the bank robbery and double murder at Colton, at least thirty suspects were taken into custody, ques-



Policeman Strom crumpled up, gasped and rolled back to the sidewalk and suddenly lay still.

tioned, placed in lineups and eventually set free. Police were harshly criticized by an enraged public. Editorial writers were frank in their comment. Bank officials all over the country held board meetings and voted to install all sorts of new and modern burglar equipment.

For nearly another week the Colton event held a prominent position on the front page of the newspapers. Then, because there were no new angles on which to comment, the story slipped to the inside pages, finally vanished entirely.

Three weeks and two days after the holdup, Inspector Frank Hayes and his chief aide, Detective Ray Wilson, entered a Lancaster hotel and approached a young man seated in a corner of the lobby. The young man was reading a newspaper, and when Hayes touched him on the arm he looked up casually and smiled.

"Hello, Nerdon," said Hayes easily. "Know me? Hayes from police headquarters. You're under arrest."

"What for?" The young man laid aside his newspaper and slowly got to his feet. The smile was still on his lips.

Hayes smiled, too, because he knew this Victor Nerdon from past experience. "Shall we go up to your room and talk, or do you want to answer my questions here?"

The young man nodded. "Let's go up. You haven't anything on me, Hayes. I'd rather these folks didn't get the idea I was under suspicion."

There was an air of total confidence about Victor Nerdon as he walked toward the elevator. His smile increased a little when two policemen joined them before they were whisked above.

Nerdon unlocked the bedroom door and one of the officers went in first. There was a man sitting near a window reading. He looked up curiously when they entered, exchanged questioning glances with Nerdon.

Hayes nodded. "Hello, Ernie. Get ready to leave. You and Victor are wanted for the Colton job."

"Don't talk foolishness, Hayes. Do you think we'd be fools enough to hang around here if we pulled that one?"

"I think you're smart enough to root right under our noses," Hayes replied sharply. "Boys, search the room."

The two officers went about the business of searching. Nerdon and Ernie Redmond reclined easily, smoked cigarettes and smiled. Their airs of assurance, Hayes knew, were designed to be upsetting, which indeed they were, though not for a single instant did he permit this fact to show in expression or word.

The search revealed, besides personal belongings, about \$2,000 in cash. No weapons were uncovered, no evidence that would connect the youths with the Colton affair other than the money. But the money, Hayes hoped, would be enough. He compared the serial numbers on the bills with those he had jotted down on a notebook.

"Looks bad, boys," he said. "These bills are some of those taken from the Colton bank."

Nerdon and Redmond arched their brows in polite surprise. "Are they?" said Redmond. "Well, that's not anything to be alarmed at. We won that money at the horse races at Morton Park. The robbers must have been up there betting."

"Yes," Hayes agreed, "they must have. You boys, I suppose, attended the races on the day of the hold-up?"

"As a matter of fact, we did," said Ernie.

"Any luck?"

"Splendid. We cleaned up \$500 each."

Hayes' heart was thumping against his ribs. But outwardly his face was serene and calm. "I suppose you can prove you were at the races?"

Nerdon and Redmond exchanged confident glances and smiled. "Yes, Inspector," said Redmond, "we can. Sorry to disappoint you like this, but I guess you're barking up the wrong tree." The youth reached into his vest pocket and produced a pair of pari-mutuel tickets, which he handed over to the officer. "Look those over. They're dated June 16, which was the day of the holdup. And if you're interested you might consult the race track officials. They'll tell you that those horses paid \$500 each. We were lucky that day, Inspector."

Inspector Hayes sighed deeply and with relief. He had been afraid that all his careful work of the past three weeks was going to prove fruitless. Even in that moment he pictured the newspaper headlines that would restore the public's faith in the police department.

He stood up, nodding to the officers. "Drape some handcuffs on 'em, boys. We'll talk this over again down at headquarters." And when Nerdon and Redmond suddenly sat erect and looked indignant, he smiled, easily, confidently. "It's all right boys. No need to get excited. I have all the evidence I need. You see," he glanced down at the pari-mutuel tickets, "these winning tickets tell the story. I should think you boys would know with all your experience, that pari-mutuel tickets have to be turned in at the track, if they're winners, in order to collect on 'em. If you boys won \$500 each on the day of the holdup and collected on it, you wouldn't have the tickets to show."

Twins Lead Hazardous

Existence During Birth

There are two kinds of twins: one-egg (identical) and two-egg (fraternal). One-egg twins are the result of the division of a single fertilized egg, are therefore perfectly identical editions of the same person. They are always of the same sex. "Two-egg twins are derived from two independent eggs fertilized by two sperms and are related to each other in exactly the same way as are ordinary brothers and sisters."

Twins lead a hazardous existence before and during birth. In the uterus they are crowded. Many are born prematurely, many are injured at birth. About one-quarter of all twins born die in the first ten days of life. "Extensive studies of twins of all ages," says Professor Newman, "have revealed a higher frequency of mental defectives among twins than among the singly born." But if they escape the hazards of infancy, twins "are as capable as are singly born pupils in the same schools."

Siamese twins are identical twins who are not completely separated. "True Siamese twins consist of two nearly complete individuals united obliquely side by side in the hip region. Internally there are two complete sets of viscera, except that there is usually a common rectum." Their organs are symmetrical, one heart slanting to the right, the other to the left. But for some mysterious reason, they are often very unlike in facial features and personality.

There have been 13 sets of Siamese twins known to medical history. The original "Siamese" were Chang and Eng (really Chinese), born in Siam in 1811.

FARM TOPICS

DIET OF LEGUME IS VITAL FACTOR

Can Detect Distress Signs When Food Is Lacking.

By E. E. DETURK
(Professor of Soil Fertility, College of Agriculture, University of Illinois.)

Legumes, like other crops, fly unmistakable distress signals when their diet lacks important plant food elements, observations made in the past cropping season indicate. Yet they frequently show these nutritional deficiencies by slow growth, rather than by any specific abnormalities of form or color. They are likely to produce undersized plants which are normal in appearance otherwise.

Ordinarily the early symptoms of plant food hunger take the form of changes in color. The most common color symptom results from chlorosis—or loss of the green color. This may be followed by the death of the affected area. The chlorosis may consist of paling of the ordinary green color, or the appearance of various shades of yellow or even white dots and patches.

In general the lack of one or more of the three major plant food elements—nitrogen, phosphorus and potash—will result in ill health for the crop.

Nitrogen deficiency results in slow growth of the legumes, a decrease in the branching of the plants and smaller plants at maturity. These may occur without the appearance of specific symptoms and have little value to the farmer or agronomist attempting a diagnosis. Severe nitrogen deficiency often causes mild chlorosis in which the leaves gradually become pale green with a yellowish tinge rather than distinctly yellow. The chlorosis usually spreads evenly over the entire leaf surface.

A lack of phosphorus manifests itself in slow growth. The legume plants remain small and undeveloped. Flowering and seed production tend to be delayed and a bluish-green tinge may develop in the leaves. But there are no specific symptoms that can be used with assurance for purposes of detecting phosphorus deficiency.

Of all the symptoms observable in legumes, those of potash hunger are probably the most outstanding and easily recognized.

Broad-leaved legumes such as the soybean show evidence of insufficient potash by irregular yellow mottling around the edges of the leaflets. The discolored areas soon merge, forming a continuous yellow border around the tip and along the sides, but rarely around the base. Death of the chlorotic area that first became mottled follows promptly along with a downward cupping of the leaf edges. Then the dead tissue falls out, giving the leaflet a ragged appearance.

Dairy Production

The "all-out" dairy production program for defense needs and higher returns to the dairymen should be tempered with careful feeding and management practices, believes C. S. Rhode, extension dairy specialist of the University of Illinois college of agriculture. Overfeeding on high protein rations, short dry periods and failure to supply adequate amounts of minerals are some of the things to be avoided. Balancing the grain mixture to fit the kind and quality of available roughage, the use of bone meal in the ration when needed and a dry period of a month to six weeks are some of the points that should receive attention.

Good Care of Soil Aids Defense Plans

Contour farming, strip cropping and terracing can help in increasing yields to meet the needs of the national food for defense program, says Lindley G. Cook, extension soil conservationist at Rutgers university. This is the time to make plans for 1942, he reminds farmers.

"American farmers will be asked to produce greater quantities of food than ever before in the history of the country," Cook reports. "Farmers are fast finding out, by means of research and experience on their own farms, that conservation practices play a definite part in increasing yields."

"This is the time to begin planning the farm program for next season in such a way that record production can be obtained without the wasteful practices of the last war."

'Lines' Bending

Swinging round the circle to see where soil conservation is working and where farmers are still losing too much of the soil that they might be saving, Dr. H. H. Bennett of the U. S. department of agriculture found that out in "the region of straight line plowing," the contour method is making progress. More than half the corn in the typical Corn Belt county of Montgomery, in Iowa, was planted on contour this year. None was continued in 1937.

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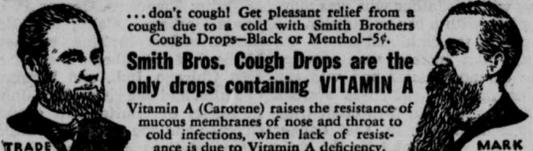
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Duty to Neighbor

There is an idea abroad among moral people that they should make their neighbors good. One person I have to make good: myself. But my duty to my neighbor is much more nearly expressed by saying that I have to make him happy if I may.—Robert Louis Stevenson.

DON'T BARK



Influence of Church The churches are the greatest influence in this world of ours to overcome the present tendency toward greed.—President Franklin D. Roosevelt.



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