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WEEK  
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OCT. 24, 1931

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# Liberty

*A Weekly for Everybody*

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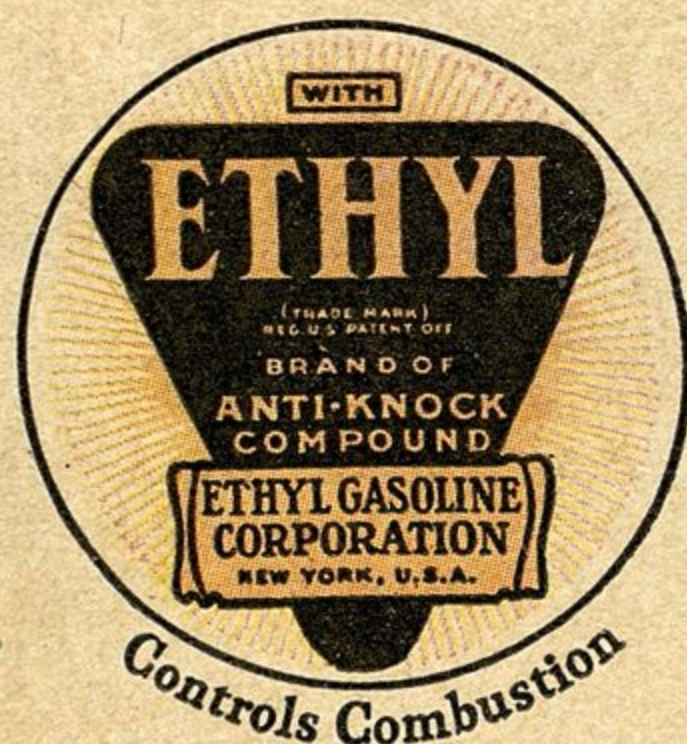
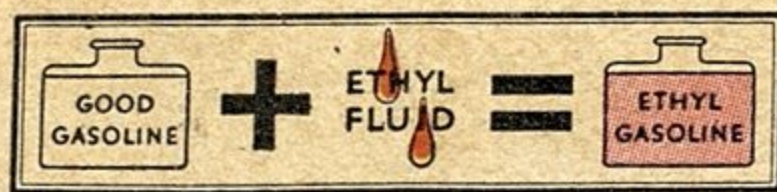


GEORGE S. ELLA A. GEORGE M. EDWARD LAWSON  
**BROOKS ~ BOOLE ~ COHAN ~ DOHERTY ~ ROBERTSON**





The antelope is the fastest animal on earth. Nature taught him to *control* the power in those perfect legs. But nature was not so kind to gasoline. Inside the engine, it wastes power in uneven explosions that cause harmful knock and overheating. That is why leading oil refiners add Ethyl fluid to their *good* gasoline. It *controls combustion*; delivers power with a smoothly increasing pressure that brings out the best performance of *any* car. Try it! Ethyl Gasoline Corporation, New York City.



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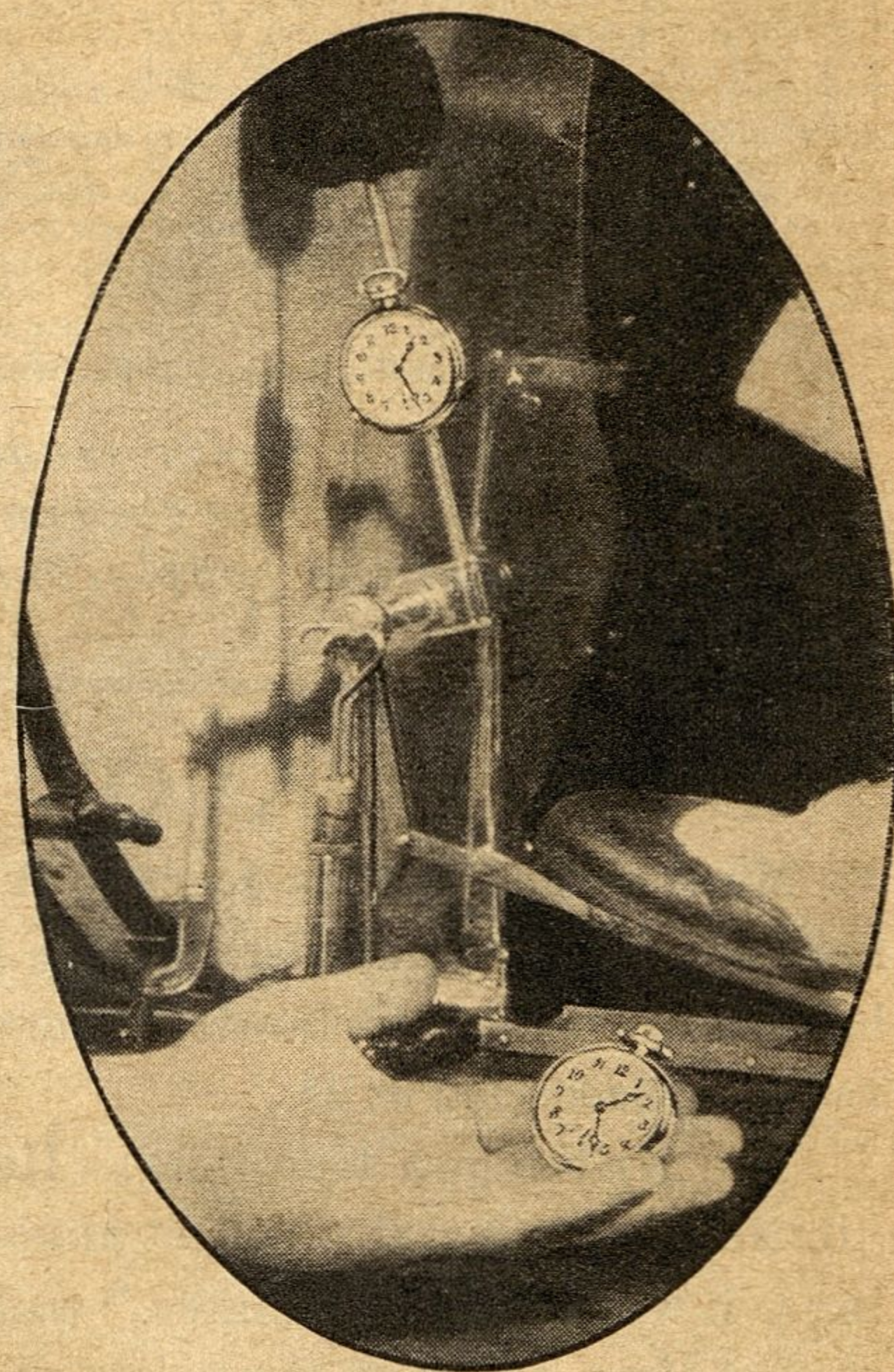
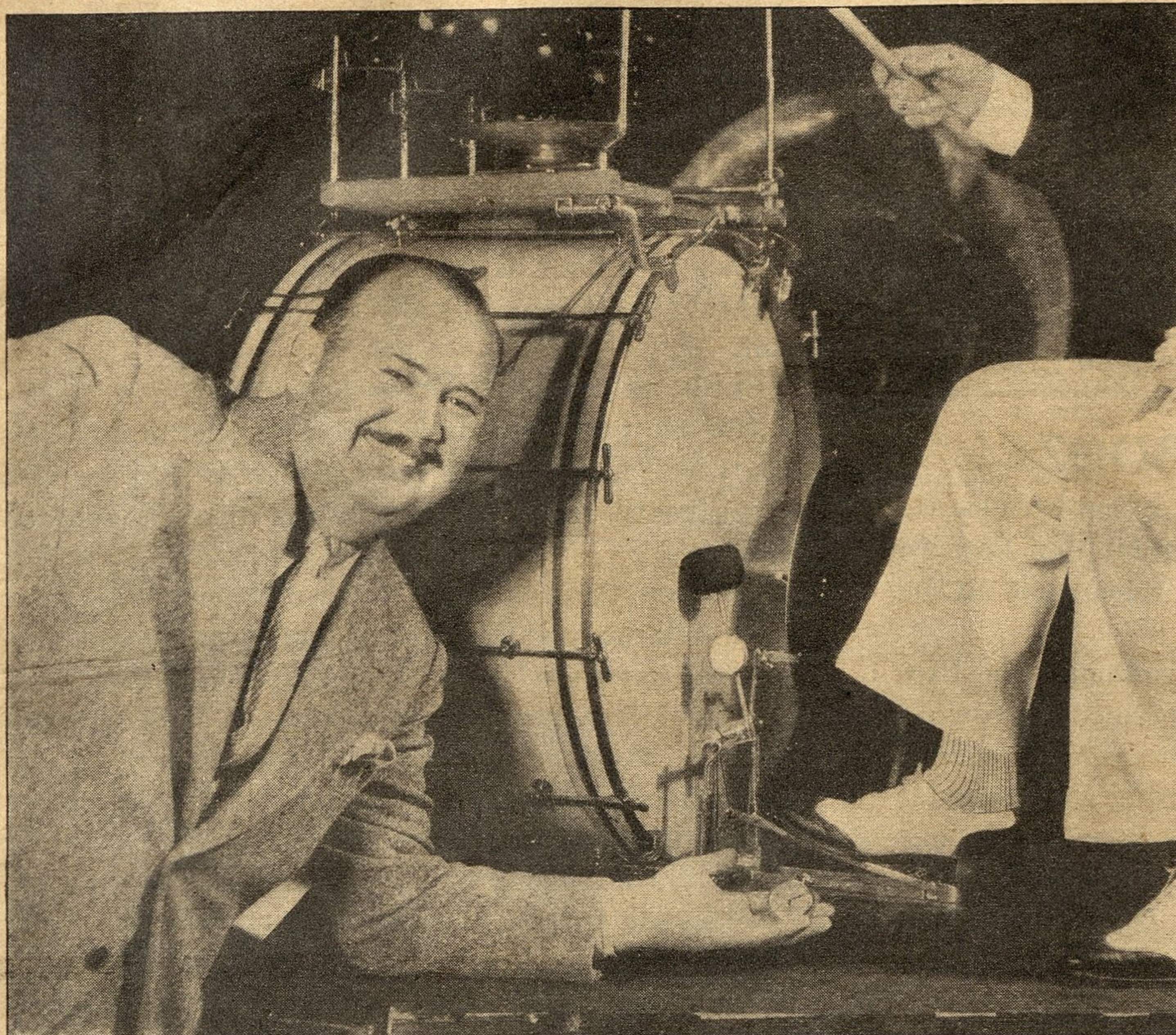
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# ETHYL GASOLINE

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# POCKET BEN JOINS PAUL WHITEMAN'S ORCHESTRA



*Paul Whiteman finds Pocket Ben on time to the dot—after riding on trigger-arm of bass drum in famous orchestra for more than 10,000 beats!*

## TAKES 3-HOUR "BEATING" ON BASS DRUM TRIGGER-ARM

*Still Keeps Accurate Time*

CHICAGO; ILL.—(Special)—Br-r-r-r BANG! And Pocket Ben—clamped to the trigger-arm of the bass drum in Paul Whiteman's orchestra—crashed into the first number of a program of lively tunes. Pocket Ben took a "beating" for a good three hours in this newest stunt—yet again came through ticking away as merrily as the day he was born.

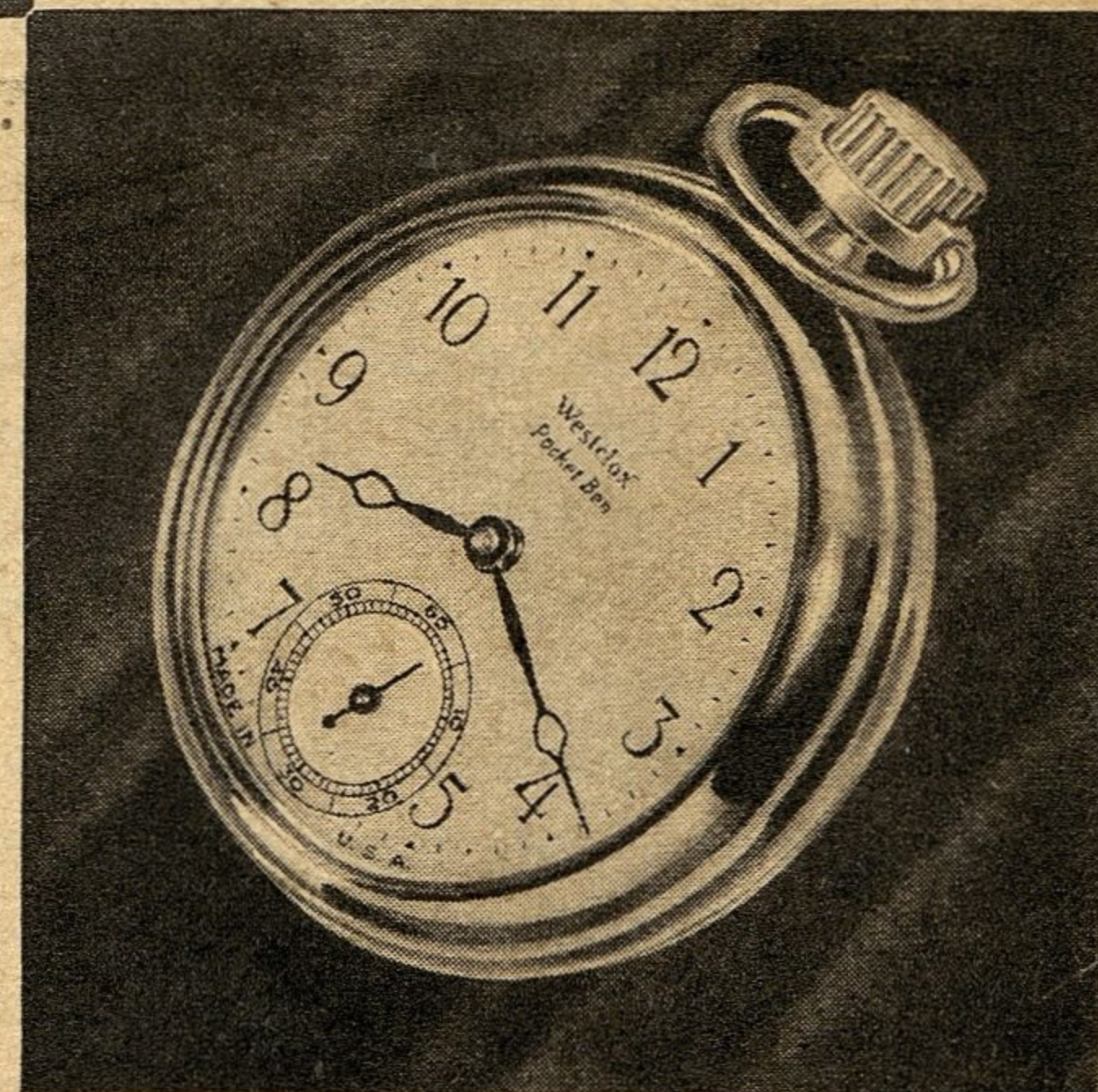
For this thrill, Pocket Ben enlisted Paul Whiteman's aid at the National Broadcasting Company Studio in Chicago. Here, at 10:27 a. m. he was clamped to the trigger-arm of the bass drum.

With a crash of the cymbals and a thundering "boom, boom" from the drum, the orchestra opened its program with "Happy Days Are Here Again." No

mercy was shown Pocket Ben. Each time the hammer thumped the drum, Pocket Ben suffered a sudden, jarring shock.

Three hours later the famous leader brought his program to a close with a medley of popular songs. Members of the orchestra slipped from their places and clustered around the "traps"—only to find Pocket Ben ticking calmly along, and on time to the dot—1:28 p.m. *Even 10,752 jolting drum beats failed to interrupt the faithful timekeeping of Pocket Ben.*

"The shock-proof watch"—that's what he's called! Although handsome enough to carry in the most polite circles, Pocket Ben is equally at home roughing it on the job where a little punishment is just a part of the day's work.



Thinner, smaller, and as faithful and dependable as the day is long. Pocket Ben comes in lustrous nickel, with silvered metal dial, attractive pierced hands, antique bow and crown. Convenient pull-out set. He's fully guaranteed and a member of the famous Westclox family of La Salle, Illinois.

### POCKET BEN

*Made by the makers of Big Ben*

**\$1.50**

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OCT. 24,  
1931

# Liberty

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*"That this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth."*  
—Abraham Lincoln.

## DO WE FAVOR BOOZE?

Many of our friends seem to think that because we have so caustically condemned the Prohibition Law we believe in the flowing bowl, the open saloon, and all the various associated evils.

The writer is a teetotaler. He welcomed the Prohibition Law when it was first announced. "The drinking evil will now be eliminated," was the natural thought at that time, although the policy of using governmental force in this manner was questioned.

Previous to the passing of the Prohibition Law the country was gradually going dry. Drunkenness was everywhere in disfavor. Big Business had definitely put out the drunkard. It recognized the drinking habit as a generally devitalizing, destructive influence. The drinking man was not dependable; the worker who went on a drunk occasionally soon found himself out of a job.

The liquor habit gradually steals away the best there is in human character. It slowly but surely saps the vitality. The statistics of insurance companies clearly indicate that even temperate drinking lessens one's span of life by a few years.

But the principle of forcing people to be good by law is never successful, especially when there is a great difference of opinion on the subject. And more especially, as is the case in this instance, when the liquor can be so easily manufactured in one's own home.

Fruit juice of any kind, if allowed to ferment, be-

comes a beverage with alcoholic content. Almost any food product that is fermented, with the proper amount of water added, will also make an alcoholic drink. And when we simply deny people the privilege of using alcoholic beverages, and make no effort to educate them as to the harmful influence, their defiant attitude should naturally be expected.

Then there are the social activities that accompany drinking. A certain amount of spirituous liquors are usually required on such occasions. The average individual seems to need a stimulant to awaken his social proclivities. The aliveness, the fervor, the spirit of appreciation of association with others seem to be lacking without alcoholic stimulation.

That idea may be a perversion, and we should be thankful that it is not by any means a universal viewpoint.

But booze we have! Unlimited quantities of it!

The one great idea of prohibition was to do away with the saloons, and they were all closed. But we have the speakeasy, which is worse by far than saloons ever were.

Previous to prohibition wine and beer were consumed in large quantities. Now hard liquor is popular—one can get more "kick" into a hip-pocket flask.

Innumerable people have lost their lives through drinking the poisonous dope now sold for liquor, and how anyone with an atom of respect for his stomach can run the risk of using the questionable stuff supplied by bootleggers is beyond intelligent comprehension.

When the human race is truly civilized the liquor question will solve itself. With the proper educational system we will be taught as children the baneful effects of this beverage. But with the young people at present there is a universal curiosity to know something about liquor, and the tendency of the youth of today is to go after that which is forbidden them.

Then, too, this fiery liquid arouses a semblance of hilarity. It often makes one talkative and sociable. One's natural modesty or reserve is removed, and young people thus affected get the idea that they are having a good time. They are making "whoopie," and life momentarily becomes one grand swirl of gayety.

But booze is a gay deceiver. Its true character is brought to light when one awakens in the morning after a drunken brawl.

What we need is education and more education as to the baneful effects of tippling—and less prohibition.

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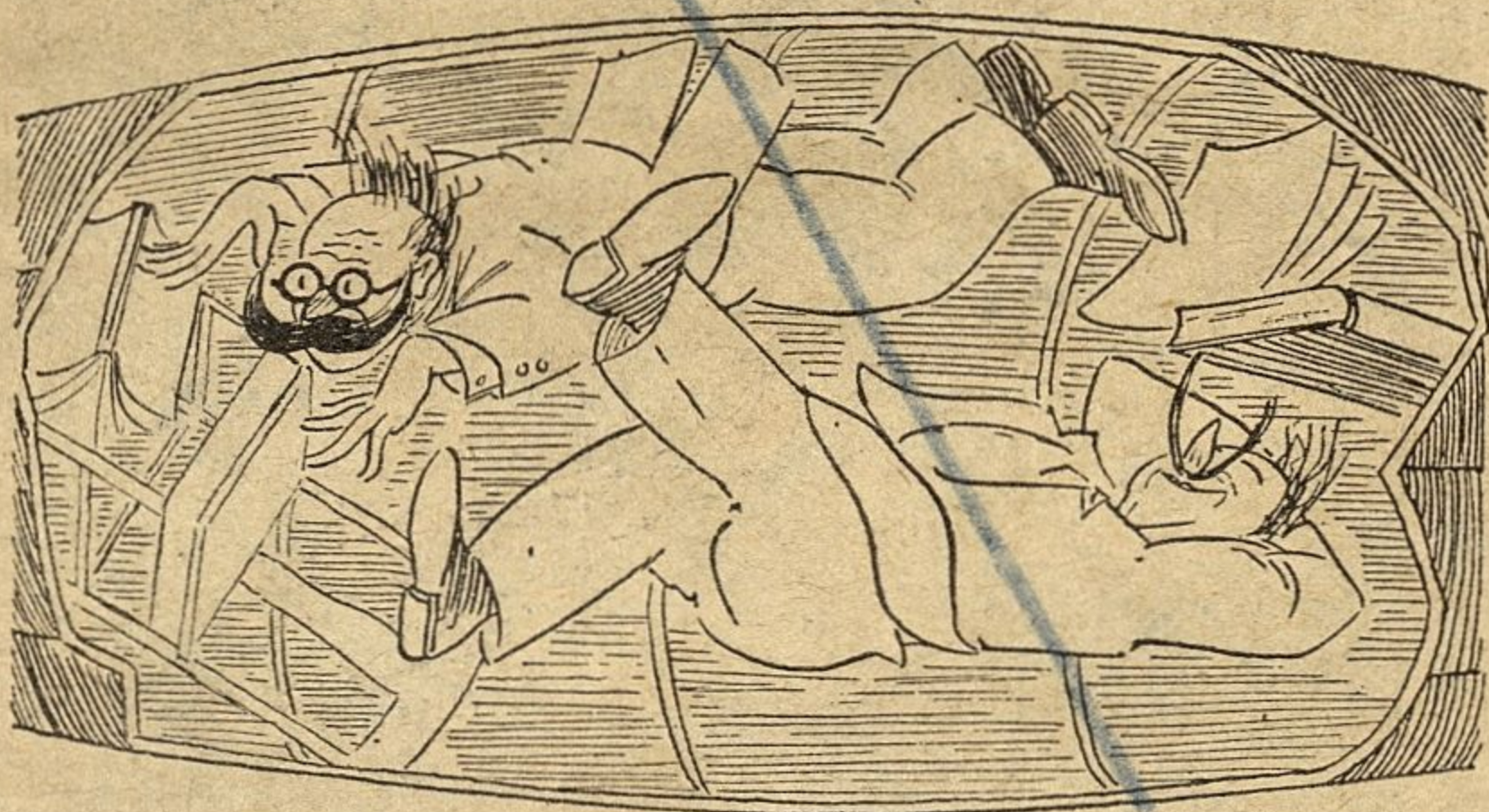
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# Pop

## Good Old Gravity!

VANCOUVER, B. C., CAN.—I've just come to the end of Rutherford Mac-Mechen's article, "Rockets—the New Monsters of Doom." In his Earth-to-Mars rocket, when the pull of gravity ceases the scientists and everything in the rocket will be lighter than feathers.



If one scientist addresses another he will blow him away and fall backwards himself.

If anyone takes a step the pressure of his foot will make him float to the ceiling, just as a shove will send an inexperienced skater sliding helplessly over the ice. If a glass of water is lifted the liquid will float out like smoke, only more quickly. Knives, forks, papers, chairs, and tables, on being moved, will keep on slowly ricocheting about in straight lines until arrested in mid-air by friction.

If the scientists wish to do things they will have to crawl about like apes or swim in the air like fish.

Their muscles, lungs, hearts, stomachs and brains will act very peculiarly and their mathematical calculations will certainly bear checking. Their hair will stand on end and their eyes and features will be distorted. Somebody should write a nightmare thriller about it.

Mr. MacMechen says to watch for this—that it is coming! You can count me out!—D. H. S.

## An Authority Cracks Sylvia's Egg Knowledge

TARRYTOWN, N. Y.—An old friend of mine, and former President of the American Poultry Association, calls my attention to Sylvia's parting shot at the American egg, in "A Masseuse Looks at the Stars." Sylvia stated that an egg is O. K. when less than twenty-four hours old, but that any egg over twenty-four hours old isn't there any more. She further added that it is "practically impossible to obtain an egg that has not lain in cold storage anywhere from ten weeks to ten years."

Sylvia may know her racket, so let her persuade the Hollywood Indians to establish private chicken farms with trained hens that will come into the master's gold-lined breakfast room and

lay an egg in his egg cup while he is saying grace.

But the rest of us 120-odd million Americans will continue to eat eggs as is, without regard to what Sylvia knows about eggs and eggonomics. Take, for instance, that invariable ten weeks of minimum storage. How come, when for about half of each year the price of eggs is on the upgrade and any producer or dealer who didn't rush his eggs to market as fast as he could would be as dumb as a child who swaps a dime for a nickel because the nickel is bigger?

That debunks half of Sylvia's eggology. As for the ten years' maximum storage, it happens to cost money to keep cold storages cold, to say nothing of interest on the investment and depreciation of the eggs.

Eggs are never stored longer than from the spring season of low price to the fall and early winter season of higher price simply because it is economic suicide to attempt it.

No one claims that a storage egg is as good as a fresh one, but even without cold storage it happens that an egg will keep from two to three weeks and can then be put into an incubator and hatch out a healthy chicken.

Nature's processes of producing life are a lot more susceptible to any bio-chemic deterioration of food nutrients than even a Hollywood actor's stomach. So Sylvia's nutritional science is too bad to even make good bunk.

In defense of my authority to debunk Sylvia's eggology, may I state that I am Food Editor of Physical Culture Magazine and that, when I was formerly employed as a scientist in the Department of Agriculture at Washington, I made a survey of the nation's egg trade for Uncle Sam.—Milo Hastings.

## College Husbands and College Wives

CHICAGO, ILL.—I have just finished reading "The College Wife," by Judge Ben B. Lindsey. It's a dandy. The Judge sure knows his stuff when it comes to marriage. Good stuff! Let's have more, more, more like it.—Doc.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.—Just a few lines on "The College Wife," by Judge Lindsey. Most of the students in colleges are too young to think seriously about matrimony. For another large group it is an economic impossibility.

Many others are not even interested. Quite a few are waiting for the right person to turn up. Most girls will marry in college if they can find a man who is wealthy, but, unfortunately, there are not enough of these to go around.

The social life as it exists in colleges

today has no place for married students. Unfortunately they suffer from this ostracism and miss a great many things. Wrong, perhaps, but just try and change an established convention of that sort. Among those that married while going to school the majority agreed that it was not the thing to do.—J. A. M.

ST. LOUIS, MO.—Speaking from experience, I know every word Judge Ben B. Lindsey wrote is the truth. Being married while attending college, I was able to put into, and get out of, my studies values that my classmates had not time to enjoy. While they were worried and excited about dates, clothes, and week-ends, I was able to study and work hard and accomplish things in the serene knowledge that the mad rush for popularity was over; and that I was working hard for someone who was working hard for me.

It is high time parents awoke to the fact that college students are no longer immature children, but healthy men and women, and that only harmful results can come from the stifling of the sex forces.—Ex-College Wife.

## The Boiled Shirt Makes the Man, but Not the Woman

SHREVEPORT, LA.—In "To the Ladies!" Princess Alexandra Kropotkin advises the ladies to waste no pity on men because of the discomfort of their formal evening clothes, adding that men won't wear anything different even when they get the chance, and that men are "'fraid cats" when it comes to being conspicuous.

We men do not want any pity from the ladies, and, what's more, I have yet



to hear a man say he was uncomfortable in evening clothes. And, on top of that, I have heard several ladies say they wished they could wear men's clothes. They try to do so literally, but don't have any luck where a he-man is concerned.

It is the ladies who are to be pitied. Mere man is not troubled with the fear of "nothing to wear" when a social occasion presents itself.—Nate Mehl.



# DOG ROBBER

*The Story of a  
Soldier's Farewell*

By  
**LOUIS ADAMIC**

*Pictures by* EDGAR MCGRAW

*(Reading time: 13 minutes 45 seconds.)*

SOMEHOW, every time I think of Hicks a shudder runs through me, and frequently I can't help thinking of him. Sometimes I suddenly awake at night and find myself trembling, with recollections of Hicks—and especially of his last act—throbbing in my brain. But for him, I and eight other men, most of whom, I think, are also still living, would probably have been dead thirteen years ago.

Hicks—Eddie Hicks—was a private in Company M, —th Infantry, the outfit of which I was a member through most of the war. In appearance he was the most unsoldierly man in the regiment, possibly in the entire A. E. F. He had enlisted for the duration of emergency a few weeks after the United States entered the war, when the recruiting officers, as the phrase went, "took in almost anything." How he passed the examination for overseas service, however, is more than I can explain. By rights, when the outfit went over in the summer of 1918, he should have been transferred to some noncombatant group and retained in the United States.

He was a sort of caricature of a soldier: small, thin, misshapen, painfully inadequate—or at least inadequate-seeming. Most of the men in the company considered him ridiculous and funny. They openly laughed at him. Men from other companies in the regiment would ask us: "Who's that goof you got in your outfit?"

Hicks' right leg was fairly straight, while his left one was definitely knock-kneed, which made it difficult for him to bring his heels together—a most serious fault in a soldier. He could not walk straight. He had an oblique amble, which invariably provoked a smile on the face of anyone who saw him for the first time.

He was the object of the drill sergeant's most elaborate and fiercest profanity. Marching at attention in close-order drills, he seemed unable to carry his rifle at the prescribed angle. Hiking at route step, he appeared to be in ceaseless danger of walking into the ditch on the left-hand side of the road. In bayonet drills, charging a dummy, when he was required to look ferocious and blood-thirsty, he provoked loud guffaws on the part of the rest of the company.

His hips were wider than his shoulders, and more of his chest was under his shoulder blades than in front. He had a long, veiny neck with an extremely active Adam's apple. When idle, his big hands and thin long arms did not seem to belong to him. He was always painfully self-conscious and awkward, except when he was doing something. He loved to work, and at some



*Two of our men were killed and one wounded.*

of the ordinary laboring tasks he was very efficient.

His usual manner was that of a half-sared mongrel dog eager to please and be friendly. One could easily imagine him wagging a tail. Oppressed as he was by a terrible feeling of inadequacy and inferiority, he seemed constantly to be trying to apologize for his existence. He was happiest when everybody left him alone—which was not often. He was the butt of more jokes and wise cracks than any other man in the outfit. He endured all the laughter at his expense the best he knew how: by grinning and pretending not to hear it.

He had a longish, unsymmetrical face, with a narrow, pointed chin; loose, rather thick lips, which failed to conceal his uneven yellow teeth; large ears, one of which seemed bigger than the other; and nice, mild blue-gray eyes, which on occasions when someone was friendly and halfway decent to him illumined his whole face and made it almost attractive. His narrow, tallish forehead sloped





*That Hicks wasn't either killed or wounded seemed a miracle to me. He did more work than anyone else.*

gently upward from the bushy, uneven eyebrows. His thinning, stiff hair would not stay combed, no matter how much he greased it.

As company clerk, I learned from Hicks' service record that he hailed from Newark, New Jersey, and was thirty years of age. At the recruiting depot he had given "janitor" as his trade, and when once I asked him where he had been a janitor, he explained, in his shy, stuttering way, that for many years he had made his living, in the summertime, by watering and mowing lawns in a residential section of Newark, and in the winter by tending furnaces in a number of homes.

He had no relatives or dependents anywhere. On enlisting he had given, for entry in the service record, a name and address in Newark which he claimed were those of a friend whom he wanted to be notified in case he died in the service; but both the name and the address, I believe, were fictitious—for when, after his death, the

company commander wrote there, the letter was returned, "Unclaimed."

Of his early life I know nothing save that he was born in Newark and graduated from a public school there; which information I also found in his service record. When he first came to the company I asked him a few personal questions, but after a while I recognized that it was hard for him to talk of himself. One's curiosity bewildered him, and he began to blush and stutter and stammer.

Shortly before the outfit went overseas, the first sergeant recommended to the company commander that he make Hicks his striker, or "dog-robber," as a striker or officer's servant is more or less contemptuously called by other soldiers. "The man is not fit for regular duty, sir," he said.

The captain said all right, and Hicks became a "dog-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]



[ DOG-ROBBER  
Continued from page forty-three ]

robber." Later the lieutenants in the company asked him to be their striker too.

He made an excellent dog-robber. As such he was excused from most military duties. We made him also a sort of orderly for the company headquarters. When not busy taking care of the personal needs of the three officers, he hung around the company office tent or dugout (depending on whether we were behind the lines or at the front), holding himself in readiness to be of service to anyone who might tell him to do something. I saw a great deal of him—an infinitely good pathetic soul.

MOST of us in the headquarters group, including the officers, treated him rather decently, and he developed toward all of us a simple, doglike devotion. I believe he was happy trying to anticipate our needs and wishes. He almost made himself a dog-robber to me and the top sergeant. I had to discourage him from this servility. "Oh, that's all right, corporal," he would say. "I like to do it."

In France, some of the men in the company—the more ignorant and thoughtless ones—began to make fun of Hicks because of his palpable inexperience with girls. They urged him to go on a pass and make love to some French girl, and even proposed to help him date one up. I know that in the few months that we spent in the drill area, preparatory to going to the front, Hicks was immensely miserable on this account. The first sergeant and I tried to stop some of this cruel kidding, but with little success.

Later, however, when we finally got into the trenches toward the middle of the fall in 1918, the fun-making at Hicks' expense immediately diminished. We were given to occupy a comparatively quiet section on the Meuse-Argonne front; but even so we were shelled every few days. And Hicks stood the first bombardment that the outfit experienced as well as any of us, perhaps better than most of us. He doubtless was scared to an unmentionable point, but kept his fear well under control. Which gained him considerable respect both among the noncoms and the privates. The company commander appointed him a first-class private.

After Hicks got used to life in the trenches he would ask me every few days: "Did you hear anything, corporal?"

"What do you mean?"

"Are we going over soon? D'you think we'll see some action?"

"I don't know," I said. "I hardly think so. Why?"

Then he would usually blush and get too flustered to say anything else.

Thinking about him, I imagined he was anxious to get into action and either excel himself in fighting or get killed or wounded, or both excel himself as a soldier in war and become a casualty. I began to feel that life meant very little to him.

One night, after we had been at the front for about a week, another noncom and I were detailed to take half a dozen men each and repair the wire entanglements along our line of trenches which had been torn up by German shells early that morning. We could pick the men.

When Hicks heard of the detail, he came to me and, in his timorous way, begged me to take him along. "You won't be disappointed, corporal," he said.

To repair the entanglements was no great job in itself, but it took us most of the night. We were all frightfully green, and then, too, every few minutes the area would be swept by enemy machine-gun fire.

Two of our men were killed and one was wounded. That

Hicks wasn't either killed or wounded seemed a miracle to me. He did more work than anyone else, and when the machine guns began to rattle he usually ducked into a shell hole or threw himself prone upon the ground only when I hissed at him or pulled him down bodily. He suffered only a few scratches on his hands from the wires.

Thereafter, of course, Hicks was no longer kidded by anybody. Even the crudest and the most unthinking of the men in the company began to respect him, almost defer to him, although he still continued to be the officers' dog-robber, and turned red from the roots of his straggly hair to his collar bone when a Salvation Army woman came into the trenches and gave us each a few doughnuts. They no longer called him by the comical nicknames they had given him back in the United States.

Hicks deeply appreciated my taking him along on the wire-entanglement detail.

It had given him a chance to show that he was no mere dog-robber, unfit for other duty; indeed, that he probably could be as useful in warfare as anyone. His devotion to me during the ensuing week often embarrassed me, and to keep him from making a nuisance of himself with his eagerness to do things for me, I had to be almost rude to him.

"I hope I can do something for you some day," he said on one occasion. "Oh, forget it, will you?" I said, annoyed.

We were in those trenches for two weeks.

The day before we were relieved, the line was quiet for miles on either side of us. In the afternoon, eight of us were in our company headquarters dugout. We were the company headquarters group, waiting for the captain to return from the company commanders' meeting at the regimental dugout, which was somewhere behind the line. Several candles and a lantern burned in the place.

Two of the men were officers. The first lieutenant sat at the improvised desk in the corner near the entrance. I think he was writing a letter. The second lieutenant leaned against a wall near him, leisurely rolling a cigarette.

The other six were enlisted men. The top sergeant and I sat on the bunk nearest the desk. The "top" had a pad on his knee, making out a detail. I was typing a report on the small portable machine which I had on my knees. On another bunk, across the dugout, were the supply and mess sergeants. I forget what they were doing; possibly playing cards.

On the third bunk sat Hicks, alertly watching for an opportunity to be of some service or assistance to someone. And not far from him, toward the center of the dugout, was the company bugler, a lad in his later teens, tying up his pack on the floor.

AS the second lieutenant finished rolling his cigarette, Hicks jumped up from his bunk and, striking a match, lit the cigarette for him.

"Thanks, Hicks," said the lieutenant.

I looked up from my typewriter just as Hicks put out the match, but I had been vaguely aware of the whole scene around me for several minutes before.

Then the captain entered.

"Well, we'll be out of here at six in the morning," he said. Then he turned to Hicks. "Hicks—" he began. I imagined he was going to send him on an errand.

"Yes, sir," said Hicks. He was on his feet to take the captain's order.

But before the captain could say another word, the young bugler, who was kneeling on the floor busy with his equipment, let out a yell. I looked at him. I suppose everybody else looked at him.

Then he jumped up and stood in the middle of the dug-





out with a large service grenade—a “pineapple,” as we were beginning to call them—in his right hand. He was terror-stricken.

As it appeared later, in getting together his equipment, the boy—a mere recruit with scarcely any instruction in handling grenades—had taken the thing from its safety container and at the same time accidentally withdrawn the little safety pin.

As little as he knew about grenades, he knew that with the safety pin removed the grenade would explode within seven seconds!

Now, in his terror, instead of tossing it out of the dugout, which he conceivably could have done, he let out another scream and dropped the grenade on the floor.

All this occurred, perhaps, in less than three seconds.

Then someone else, realizing the danger, let out a shout. But before I could even turn around I was knocked back and across the bunk by a terrific explosion.

The first thing that I thought of, lying in that smoke-filled, stinking hole, and with that awful din ringing in my ears, was how funny it was that it hadn't killed us all. Instead, here was a man (who turned out to be the top sergeant), apparently alive, on top of me, and I heard voices and groans all over the place.

Those of us who weren't hurt or stunned ran out and saw that, although without a cut, we were spattered with blood all over.

ALL the lights in the dugout had, of course, been extinguished by the explosion. By and by we went back into the dugout and relit a few candles.

None of the men, it turned out, was seriously injured—except Hicks: and he was blown to pieces.

It was some time before we fully realized just what had happened. And it was, briefly, this: As soon as the bugler had dropped the “pineapple,”

Hicks yanked the steel helmet off his head and quickly threw it on the grenade, simultaneously hurling himself on the helmet. Then, a second later—or perhaps only a fraction of a second—the thing went off!

With his body and his helmet Hicks had partly muffled and restrained the explosion, and in all probability saved our lives.

For several minutes none of us could talk. I remember that I shook all over, as did most of the others. The second lieutenant, unlike the first, had not been stunned by the explosion, but now he suddenly swooned into the arms of the supply sergeant. For a moment I thought that I would pass out myself.

THEN someone said, “Jesus!” in a low, gasping voice. Then again, louder: “Jesus!” It was the young bugler whose inexperience and carelessness had caused the explosion.

He sat on his rolled pack on the floor, the upper part of his body swaying in a sort of desperation.

Then there was another long silence. Other men who had not been in the dugout when the explosion occurred began to come in.

“Poor Hicks!” said the captain, finally, wiping Hicks' blood off his face with a handkerchief. “He's all over the place!”

Whereupon the first sergeant burst out in hysterical laughter.

“Dog-robber!” he began to shout. “We made 'im a dog-robber! Hicks, by God . . . a dog-robber!” And then he swooned, too. The captain caught him in his arms.

We were all so new to the actualities of war.

I shook for days after we had been relieved and were billeted in a quiet village many miles away from the line. . . . And, as I have said, I still shudder whenever I think of Hicks and what he did.

THE END



LOUIS  
ADAMIC

*the author of this story, was born in Yugoslavia thirty-two years ago and came to the United States in 1913. He served in the American army during the war, and has been writing since 1927.*

## Bright Sayings of Children

Liberty will pay \$5 for every published original bright saying of a child. Contributions cannot be acknowledged or returned if unavailable. Address Bright Sayings, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

### *That Grain of Salt*

Little John, whose father was a preacher, attended an Epworth League meeting with his parents.

During the meeting his father was called upon to make a short talk. On the way home after the meeting John said to his mother:

“Mother, was daddy telling the truth or just preaching?”—Margaret Williamson, 821 N. Bloodworth St., Raleigh, N. C.

\* \* \*

### *The Next Move*

After catching our little boy, who had almost fallen off his chair, I was thinking that if I hadn't caught him, he would

now be crying. I said to him, “What would you be doing now, sonny, if mother hadn't caught you?”

He quickly replied, “I would be getting up.”—Mrs. Forest Clarke, Hamburg, Mo.

\* \* \*

### *Hadn't Failed Yet*

My small son brought home a paper almost every day with a mark under average in arithmetic.

The other day he announced, with a broad grin on his face, that he was doing better, with this explanation: “I know I'm doing better, because teacher says I'm doubtful now.”—Nelson Huntley, 29 Wolcott St., Portland, Me.



TOUGH  
BEARD?

Quick! HAND ME  
MENNEN

IF NATURE has given you a tougher-than-average beard, you need a shaving cream that is *specially made* for tougher-than-average work.

The shaving cream that's “made for tough beards” is Mennen. It contains specially processed tristearin:  $(C_{18}H_{35}O_2)_3C_3H_5$ . That ingredient builds “tough beard” lather . . . It's a lather which wilts *any* beard quickly and completely. That's the point: the hair is *completely limp* when the razor starts to cut. Therefore, your blade just sails through. No yank. No pull. No scratch. You get a smooth, clean shave—in COMFORT.

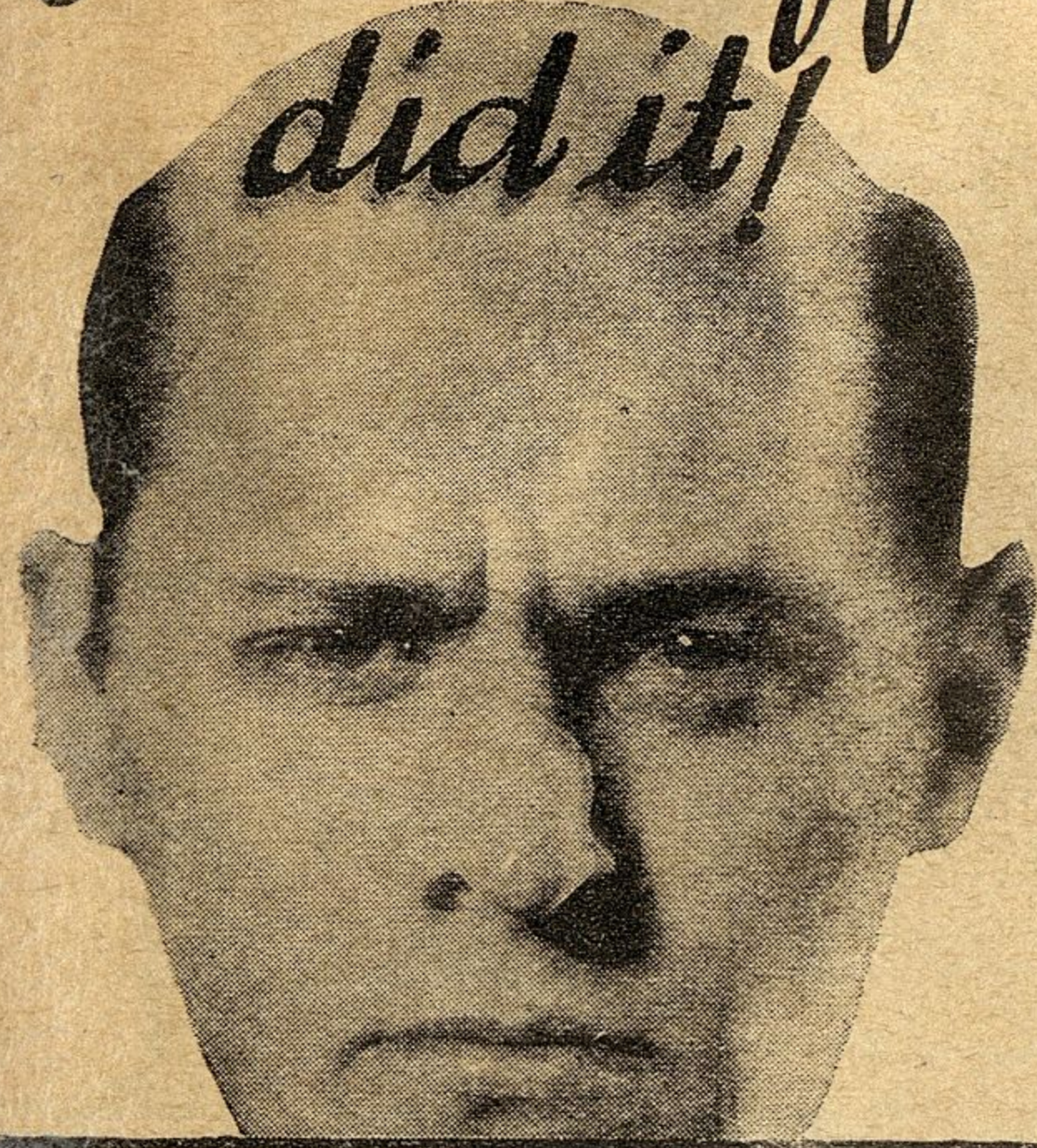
### MENNEN FOR MEN

Mennen Shaving Creams • 2 kinds: Original and Menthol-Iced. Now in two sizes: 35c & 50c • Mennen Talcum for Men • Mennen Skin Bracer—the new after-shave lotion with a refreshing, masculine scent.





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End dandruff before dandruff ends your hair. Remove every speck of it easily, quickly, with a single application of Fitch's Dandruff Remover Shampoo. If you don't believe you have dandruff, try the finger-tip test: gently scratch your scalp and look at your finger-nails.

Fitch's Dandruff Remover Shampoo has never failed in 37 years of increasing sales. As good for women as for men. Rinses clean in hard or soft water. No acid rinse needed.

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Stop earache with Earakine. Applied in outer ear it—

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- (2) Relieves congestion—helps running ears,
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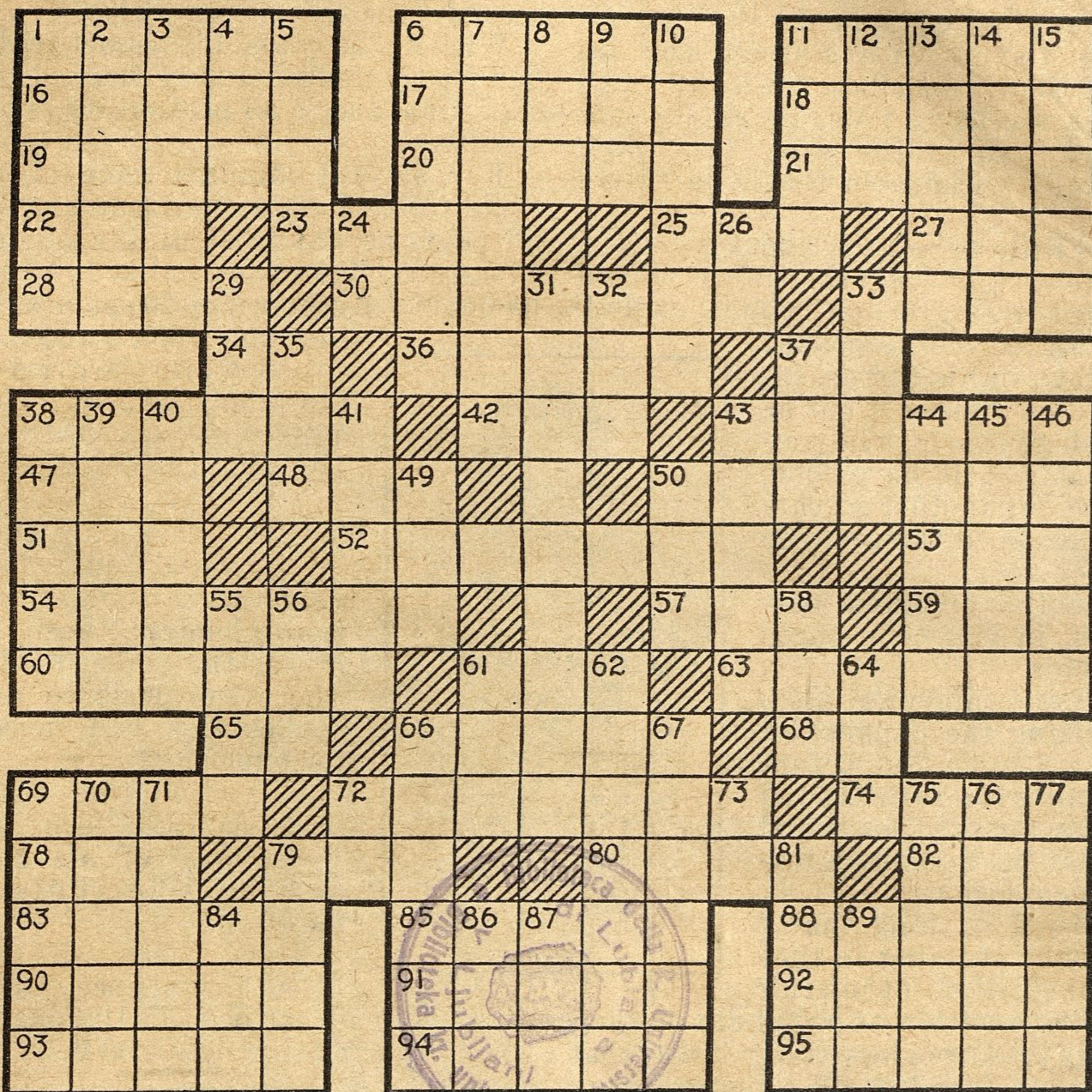
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# Two Puzzles for



### HORIZONTAL

- 1 Student in training for naval service
- 6 Chief genus of the dog family
- 11 American writer
- 16 Over
- 17 Woman's name
- 18 Mountain nymph
- 19 Acted irrationally
- 20 Saltpeter
- 21 Vapid from age
- 22 Character in Peer Gynt
- 23 Glut
- 25 Witty saying
- 27 Put on
- 28 Trial
- 30 Species of lizard
- 33 Part of a camera
- 34 While
- 36 City in Kansas
- 37 Partake of reality
- 38 Vassals
- 42 German numeral
- 43 Cremation formerly practiced by Hindus
- 47 Label
- 48 Greek letter
- 50 Heavy coats
- 51 Corroded
- 52 Monk
- 53 No
- 54 Stinging or prickling sensation (plural)
- 57 Lamprey
- 59 Compass point
- 60 To impose as a necessary accompaniment
- 61 And so forth
- 63 Walk unsteadily
- 65 Pronoun
- 66 Begins a water voyage

- 68 Depart
- 69 Substance used in brewing
- 72 Cotton fabric
- 74 Conflicts
- 78 Woman's name
- 79 A cereal grain
- 80 Supplies with a complement or crew
- 82 Regret
- 83 Wanderer
- 85 One of the children of Uranus and Gaea (Greek mythology)
- 88 Oar fulcrum
- 90 Eradicate
- 91 An occurrence or happening
- 92 Pointed
- 93 Articles of furniture
- 94 Torn places
- 95 Peruses

### VERTICAL

- 1 Unit of weight
- 2 Degrade
- 3 Pigeons
- 4 Woman's name
- 5 Spreads for drying
- 6 Division of a poem (plural)
- 7 One to whom title to property is transferred
- 8 Insect's egg
- 9 To frost
- 10 Discourse
- 11 Multitude
- 12 Craftsmanship
- 13 English writer
- 14 Claw
- 15 Paradise (plural)
- 24 Exist
- 26 Conjunction

- 29 A letter of the Hebrew alphabet
- 31 Pertaining to the cast of a language
- 32 Color shade
- 33 Native of Latvia
- 35 Comprehend
- 37 Conveyance
- 38 Declare
- 39 Ancient language
- 40 Deputy
- 41 Make obdurate
- 43 Fine driving icy particles
- 44 Doctrine; belief
- 45 Irregular, as if eaten away
- 46 Ethereal salt
- 49 Measures of area
- 50 American Indian
- 55 Mode of moving on foot
- 56 Alighted
- 58 Ship's diary
- 61 Attention
- 62 Clamorous
- 64 Towline
- 66 Kind of dog
- 67 Slopes
- 69 Having a mane
- 70 Worship
- 71 Tibetan monks
- 72 Parent
- 73 Type measure
- 75 Scent
- 76 Governed
- 77 Ovules
- 79 Poems
- 81 Outstanding performer
- 84 Inquire
- 86 I have (contraction)
- 87 Cardinal number
- 89 To rouse into quick action

If you MUST know the answer, you will find it on page sixty-two



October 24, 1931

Liberty

**Do you  
CHAIN-SMOKE  
INTO  
THE "WEE SMA"  
HOURS?**

**Keep that  
Clean Taste  
with  
Cooler Smoke!**

When home-work keeps you busy far into the night, don't you often light a fresh cigarette on the butt of the old one? There's no better time to try Spud's cooler smoke and cleaner taste... you've earned it! It doesn't matter how long or how concentrated your work-and-smoke session may be... Spuds always leave your mouth moist cool and comfortably clean. Occasional smoker or 2-pack-a-day smoker... you'll find Spud's lusty, cool tobacco flavor keeps you "mouth-happy" and gives you that "grand new freedom in old-fashioned tobacco enjoyment." Try Spud and see for yourself.



**SPUD**  
MENTHOL-COOLED  
**CIGARETTES**

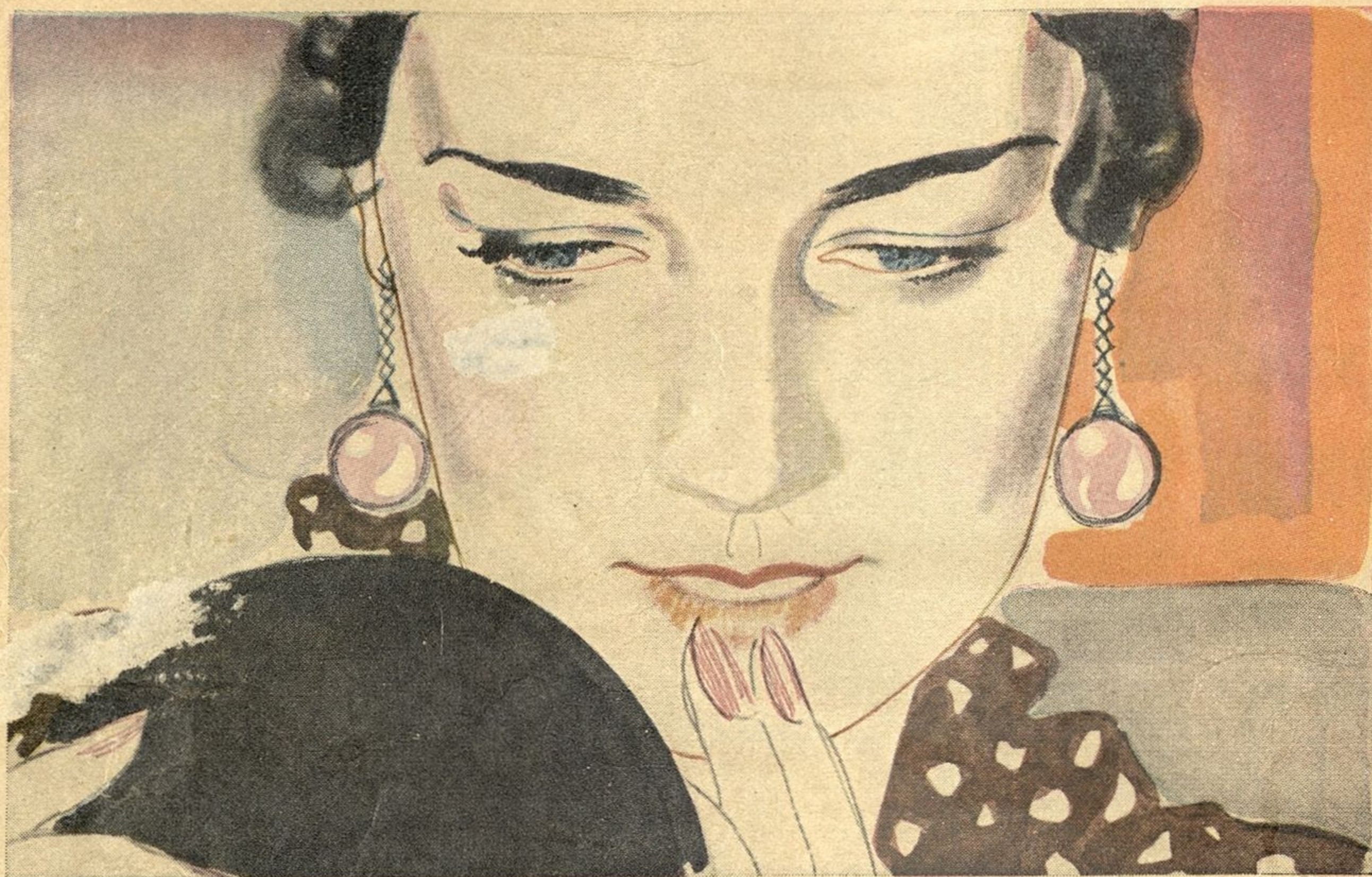
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# MASSAGE - IPANA

will firm those flabby gums!



NO MORE

pink

TOOTH BRUSH

YOur gums are logy and dull? No surprise in that! They get no exercise . . . there's a tinge of "pink" upon your tooth brush? No wonder, for the food you eat and the hasty way you eat it give no stimulation at all . . .

Small wonder, then, that with modern foods and hurried eating, your gums grow lazier and lazier and that, at last, "pink tooth brush" is, for you, a fact!

Talk to your dentist first. Probably he'll answer you like this, for this is the summary of the best dental opinion.

"Weak gums are the result of hasty eating and soft foods. Like all modern people of 1931, you have little choice in

the matter of diet. You eat—and have eaten for years—easy-going foods that rob your gums of the exercise they need for healthy hardness. Sooner or later you'll probably discover 'pink tooth brush'! Don't get panicky about it, but don't neglect that touch of 'pink' on your tooth brush!

"True, you can probably clear it up with massage and a good agent like Ipana. But you ignore it, many serious troubles—such as gingivitis, Vincent's disease, and the happily much rarer pyorrhea—can follow in its train.

"And 'pink tooth brush'—neglected too long—can lead to a loss of lustre of

the teeth, and an infection at their roots. And *that* threatens teeth which today are sound and white."

Get Ipana, clean your teeth with it in the regular way. Then, after you've done that, put a little bit of fresh Ipana on your brush and massage those lazy, inactive gums of yours. Wake them up! Give them the stimulation that modern food fails to provide. Firm their walls, increase their resistance.

Keep on, for 30 days, using Ipana and massage . . . Your teeth will be brilliantly white, your gums firm and healthy. And you'll see mighty little of "pink tooth brush" in the future.



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