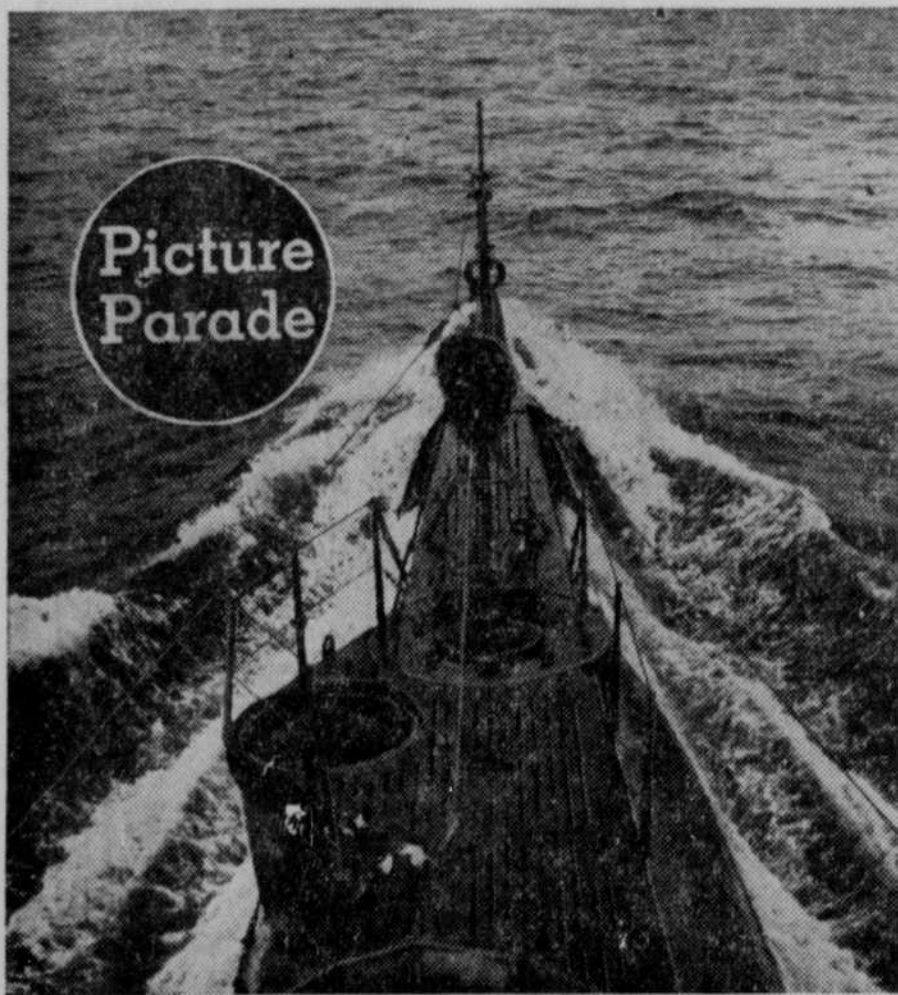


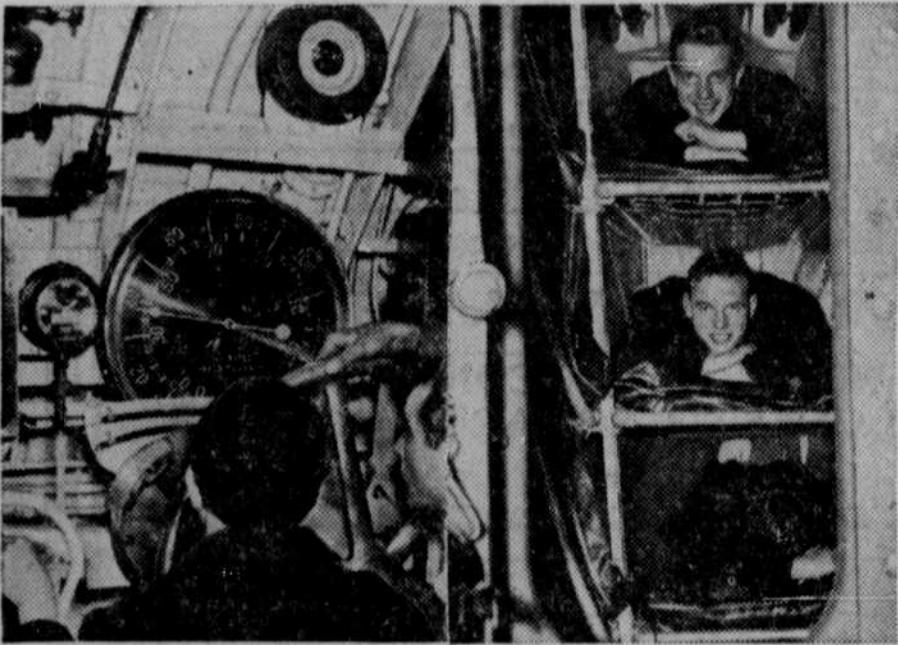
Short Cruise on a U. S. Sub

Let's go for a bit of a cruise on one of Uncle Sam's submarines and see what it's like in these compact little vessels that pack such a big wallop. Watching the crew makes even the landlubber forget to be scared on his first trip to Davey Jones' locker.



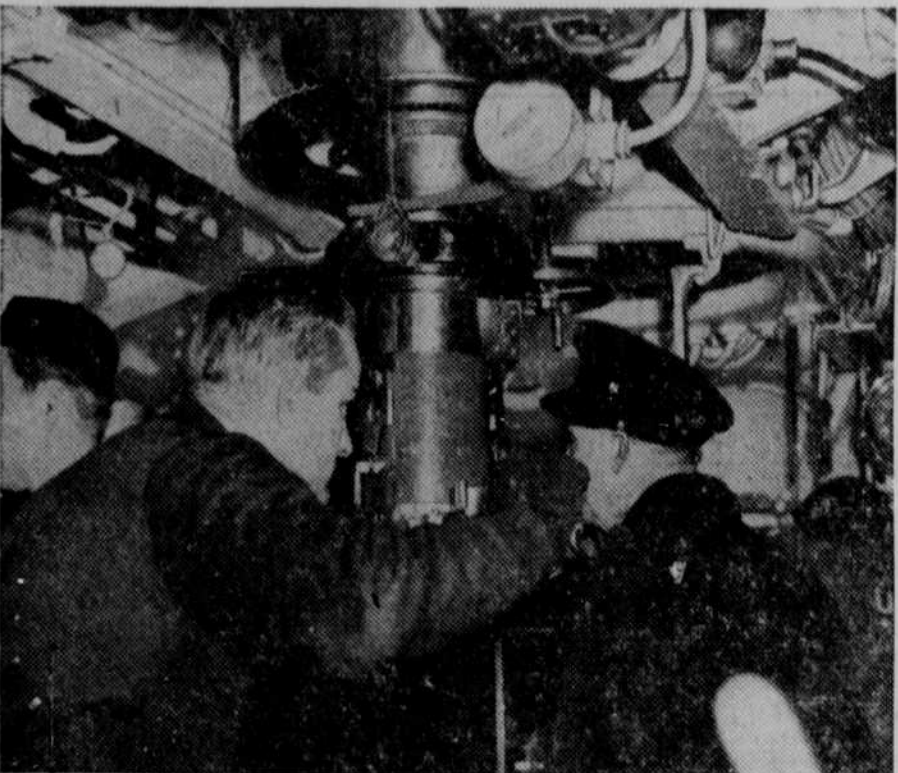
Picture Parade

This is how the bow of a submarine looks as the craft begins to submerge. There is no sensation of plunging, merely a tilting of the deck and an effort by the landlubber to adjust his balance.

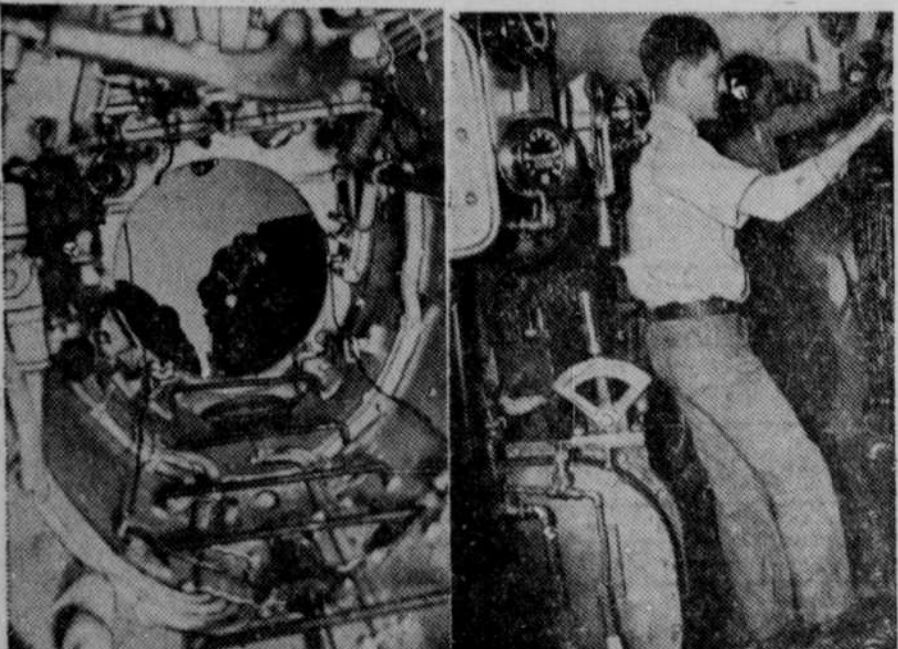


View of the depth gauge. Indicator here points to 33 feet. The man at the wheel controls the depth.

Living accommodations are not luxurious. Here is how the sleeping quarters are arranged, in three-tier bunks.

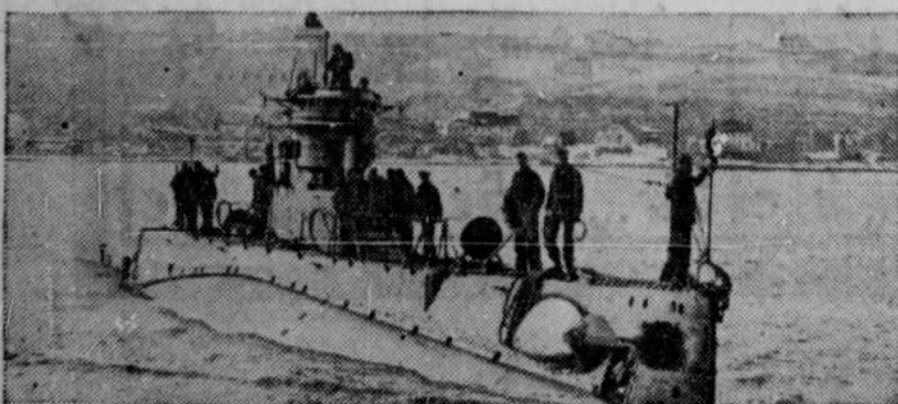


The eye of the submarine is its periscope, a gadget something like the view-finder on an ordinary camera. Here you see a gentleman of the press taking a peek through the periscope. The whole horizon may be surveyed.



Standing inside a sub with the main conning tower shaft open, this is what you see.

On the submarine every man is an expert. This is a view of the engine compartment.



He Had the Betting Fever

By STANLEY CORDELL
Associated Newspapers—WNU Service

PEOPLE of ordinary means who come into sudden wealth sometimes have difficulty in adjusting their lives to a more leisurely mode of existence. It was so with Maria and Duncan Spencer who had just inherited a small fortune from an uncle of Duncan. They had, of course, always talked of what they'd do if they ever "had money." And now that overnight, they had become wealthy, it was a little difficult to grasp the full extent of the possibilities at hand.

The inheritance came in August. A month later Duncan quit his job. And two months after that the Spencers closed their suburban home in Rainsford in New England and set out for Miami, Fla. By January they felt reasonably acclimated, had acquired a number of friends and were enjoying themselves.

Now, not far from Miami there is a race track known as Hialeah, which begins operations in January, and serves the winter tourists of many nearby resorts for more than two months. Betting is carried on on a large and profitable scale—profitable for the winners, who, it usually turns out, are the stake holders.

The Spencers attended the Hialeah races with a Mr. and Mrs. Elliot Graves, whom they had met at their Miami hotel. The Graveses were weathered tourists, and knew all about Hialeah. They were bettors of the first water, and smiled when the Spencers expressed a preference to observe the activities from the grandstand.

However, after watching from the grandstand for two consecutive



The Spencers closed their suburban home in Rainsford in New England and set out for Miami, Florida.

days, the monotony of Hialeah horse racing began to pall. Duncan Spencer consulted the Graveses, and received firsthand information about betting. A "show" ticket, they were informed, would pay winnings if the horse on which the bet were placed came in first, second or third. A "place" ticket would pay if the horse were first or second, and a "straight" ticket paid only if the horse came in first.

"And," Mrs. Graves explained, "if you play the favorite to show every time, you're bound to come out a winner, though your profits are small."

What Mrs. Graves had said was the truth. What she failed to mention was the fact that few amateurs are contented with playing the favorite to show each time. After they acquire the "feel" of the thing they inevitably succumb to a combination of betting fever, natural ego and instinctive restlessness, which usually has dire results.

However, inspired by the enthusiasm and winnings of the Graveses, and despite Maria's emphatic disapproval of indulging in any type of entertainment which remotely resembled gambling, Duncan placed a two-dollar "show" bet—and won.

After that it was merely a matter of time. For two days running Duncan adhered to Mrs. Graves' advice by playing the favorite to show. His winnings were small, but the satisfaction derived therefrom was great.

On the third day Duncan took a flier by betting two dollars on the favorite to place—and won. On the fourth day he became more reckless than ever and bought a straight ticket, with satisfactory results.

Within a fortnight Duncan considered himself a seasoned race track enthusiast and looked with scorn and contempt upon grandstand sitters. Maria still wore a fretful look, provoked, no doubt, by her innate New England conservatism, but even her constant admonitions against recklessness failed to dampen Duncan's ardor.

Another week passed and Duncan threw all caution to the winds. He bought several fifty-dollar place tickets at a crack, and was only mildly satisfied when the day's receipts netted him a total profit of three hundred dollars.

It was when Duncan took a long shot on an unknown horse by buying two \$100 straight tickets that Maria gave way to impulse and voiced a complaint. Even the fact Duncan won didn't change her ideas on the subject.

"We can't afford to take the chance, Duncan," she told him. "Why,

if you should lose four or five times, it would mean the end of our fortune. We'd better not come out here any more."

But by now Duncan was very sure of himself. He knew, he said, his horses. Moreover, after he'd cleaned up they could live just so much higher than heretofore planned.

And so Duncan, much to Maria's consternation, began to plunge. He bought hundred-dollar straight tickets in bunches. And it wasn't long before the fact that the worth of acquired experience, touts and tips and dope sheets was practically nil. Favorites didn't always win, and old-timers' advice was about as good as nothing at all. No one, Duncan discovered, knew a great deal more than anyone else about which horse would win a certain race.

Duncan lost \$6,000 on a single race. Before the day was ended his total losses had risen to \$10,000. That night he consulted his most reliable dope sheet, made certain notations on a block of paper and the next day journeyed out to Hialeah with a vengeance. Before the last race was run he had contributed \$30,000 more to the fund that supports the pink flamingoes in the park's center green. A sort of desperate feeling kept him awake that night. And when he dropped another \$5,000 on the day following the desperate feeling changed to panic. His losses now were serious, and unless he made a final plunge in the hopes of cleaning up—well, things looked pretty bad.

Duncan was standing all alone by the paddock railing when the horse on which he held a straight ticket came in third, and the feeling that came over him was similar to that which comes to men who contemplate suicide. He felt suddenly old and broken and sick at heart. Realization of what a fool he'd been swept over him and brought a tremor of disgust to his lips. He thought of Maria, remembering her quaint old New England custom of being conservative, deriding himself for scorning it. New England seemed very far away just then.

He turned away, dreading the moment when he would have to face his spouse; he turned and found her standing two feet away, watching him. Duncan gulped and tried to meet her eyes and couldn't. She took a step toward him, placed a hand on his arm, and smiled.

"I know, I know," she said. "We'll go away tomorrow. I guess we're not gamblers, Duncan. We're—we're New Englanders, conservative folks."

Duncan looked at her miserably and shook his head. "We can't go away, Maria. We've lost—everything."

But Maria still smiled, and then Duncan saw that her other hand held something in it. He stared, and heard her voice as if from a distance.

"I told you to be careful, Duncan," she said, faintly admonishing. "It was all right so long as we played the favorite to show. That was conservative betting. I was sure of it. That's why I bought a show ticket on every favorite every time you played the horse to win. It was safest."

She paused. "I've figured it up, and we're right back just about where we started. But—we've certainly had a thrill. We'll have something to tell folks back in New England."

Duncan gulped and grinned. "Yes," he said, "we will, but we won't."

War Causes Development Of New Plastic Eye

A plastic eye almost impossible of detection from the real thing is the latest development of the laboratories to meet war's complete shut-off of the source of supply, according to Dr. Theodore J. Dimitry of New Orleans, writing in the Journal of the International College of Surgeons.

Some 170,000 artificial eyes are used in the United States each year, Dr. Dimitry states, and of this number Germany supplied 150,000 before the war started.

However, American ingenuity has already forestalled the necessity of returning to the ancient patch over the eye when the stock of not more than 250,000 artificial eyes the United States had on hand at the outbreak of the war is completely gone, Dr. Dimitry says. The new type of artificial eye, made from acrylic resins, is fully 80 per cent machine-made and can be turned out in mass production. Not only is the plastic eye capable of being turned out in huge numbers if necessary, but it is many times better than the best glass eyes which heretofore have come almost exclusively from Germany. The new plastic eye will move in harmony with the companion eye, writes Dr. Dimitry, impossible with the old type of glass eye which was set in a fixed position in the eye socket. The iris coloring and the size of the pupil of the new plastic eye can be made to match the real eye perfectly by means of color photography.

Down to the present day, Germany has had a virtual monopoly of the artificial eye industry. With one exception, all eye making firms in the United States used German glass before the war. But the discovery of the use of plastics in the making of artificial eyes will eventually make our country entirely self-supporting in this market since all the materials for the synthetic resins are found here. Plastic artificial eyes, states the article in the Journal of the International College of Surgeons, are immediately available and only await commercial production.



Son of St. Patrick

WITH several thousand soldiers of our army now camped on Irish soil, the observance of St. Patrick's day may well have a special significance for Americans this year. For their presence there during this latest and greatest war for human liberty recalls the part which Irishmen played in another fight for freedom more than a century and a half ago—the American Revolution.

Among these was a "fighting Irishman" who has become almost as legendary a figure as St. Patrick himself. Timothy Murphy was his name and he has been so much a "hero of song and story" that it is difficult to know where fact leaves off and fiction begins. At least, that was the case until there appeared recently the first full-length biography of this redoubtable frontiersman which dispels much of the myth that has accumulated around his name. The book is "Timothy Murphy, Hero of the American Revolution," written by Dr. Michael J. O'Brien and published by the Eire Publishing company of New York.

Murphy was born in Minisink, New Jersey, in 1751. When he was 16 years old he was indentured as an apprentice to a family named Van Campen and later moved with them to the historic Wyoming valley in Pennsylvania. His apprenticeship ended about 1773 and he struck out for himself, becoming an axeman with a party of surveyors.

"In this capacity he perfected himself in the use of rifle and became thoroughly inured to the dangers and hardships of pioneer life."



Monument over Timothy Murphy's grave in Middleburgh, N. Y.

writes Dr. O'Brien. "His experiences on the frontier taught him, too, the wiles of the Indians, and he quickly learned that in order to make his way in the world there would be times when he would have to depend on his rifle and his wits. It was to this frontier background that he owed his success as a scout in after years. All of which explains why we find him in Northumberland county at the time the news reached that distant point of the fight at Lexington. When the call came for men to fight in the impending struggle, Timothy Murphy at once responded."

He enlisted in a company of "expert riflemen," commanded by Capt. John Lowdon, marched with them to join Washington at Cambridge and on St. Patrick's day in 1776 entered Boston with the Continental forces when British General Howe evacuated the city. Thereafter Tim Murphy was in the thick of the fighting with Washington's army—at Long Island, at White Plains, at the great victory over the Hessians at Trenton on Christmas day, 1776, and at Princeton. In June, 1777, he was one of the "choosen marksmen" who made up the "Partizan Corps" commanded by Gen. Daniel Morgan and marched to repel Burgoyne's invasion.

So it was that Tim Murphy fought at Saratoga and there won immortality by shooting General Fraser—a "turning point" in the battle that was the "turning point of the Revolution." Important as was this feat, however, it was not so remarkable, according to Dr. O'Brien, as some of Murphy's exploits while he was serving as a scout with the army of General Sullivan, which smashed the power of the Iroquois in 1779, and during the bitter civil war waged by the Tories and Indians against the Patriots in the Mohawk and Schoharie valleys from 1778 to the end of the Revolution. Some of his daring deeds and hairbreadth escapes from death read more like those of a "Leatherstocking" character in fiction than those of a real historical figure.

After the Revolution Murphy settled in the Schoharie valley where he became a large landowner and, although he never sought office himself, a power in politics in that region. His death on June 27, 1818, resulted from his rescue of two little boys caught in the waters of the Schoharie river. Murphy was buried in the family plot of his wife's family but in 1872 his body was moved to the cemetery at Middleburgh—on a hill overlooking the valley where he performed so many feats that made him one of the greatest Indian fighters in history.



LITTLE chubbies, little "slims" look well in this simple frock which may be adjusted to each figure by the side sashes which tie in back. The bodice, softly gathered has an engaging "sweetheart" neckline, the skirt is full and flaring. If you prefer you may finish this dress with a simple round white collar as shown in the small sketch. Excellent for wool crepes (as a party frock), chambray, gingham or percale for every day.

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Love Notes to Grandmas

Women at Two Rivers, Wis., most of them married and some of them grandmothers, are receiving love-letters from young American soldiers.

When a local aluminum manufacturing company made army mess-tins during the 1914-18 war many girl workers slipped notes with their names and addresses into the metal containers.

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