An Amazing NEW HEALTH SUPPORTER BELT

For men in their 30’s, 40’s, 50’s who want to
LOOK SLlmMER
and
FEEL YOUNGER

DOES a bulging “bay window” make you look and feel years older than you really are? Then here, at last, is the answer to your problem! “Chevalier” the wonderful new adjustable health supporter belt is scientifically constructed to help you look and feel years younger!

The CHEVALIER

LIFTS AND FLATTENS YOUR BULGING “BAY WINDOW”

Why go on day after day with an “old-man’s” mid-section bulge ... or with a tired back that needs posture support? Just see how “Chevalier” brings you vital control where you need it most! “Chevalier” has a built-in strap. You adjust the belt the way you want. Presto! Your “bay-window” bulge is lifted in ... flattened out—yet you feel wonderfully comfortable!

POSTURE BAD?
Got a ‘Bay Window’?

DO YOU ENVY MEN
who can
‘KEEP ON THEIR FEET’?

and then he got a
“CHEVALIER”...

YOU NEED A
“CHEVALIER”!

FREE Trial OFFER

1. You risk nothing! Just mail coupon—be sure to give name and address, also waist measure, etc. — and mail TODAY!

2. Try on the “Chevalier”. Adjust belt the way you want. See how your bulging “bay window” looks streamlined ... how comfortable you feel. How good it is!

3. Wear the “Chevalier” for 10 whole days. If you want to! Wear it to work, evenings, while bowling, etc. The “Chevalier” must help you look and feel like a million! Or you can send it back! See offer in coupon!

FREE Extra Pouch. The Chevalier has a removable pouch made of soft, comfortable fabric that absorbs perspiration. So that you can change it regularly we include an extra pouch. Limited offer. Order yours today.

SEND NO MONEY: JUST MAIL COUPON

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Send me for 10 days’ FREE TRIAL a CHEVALIER HEALTH-SUPPORTER BELT. I will pay postmen $3.99 (plus postage) with the understanding that includes my FREE pouch. In 10 days, I will either return CHEVALIER to you and you will return my money, or otherwise my payment will be a full and final purchase price.

My waist measure is ... (Send string the size of your waist if tape measure is handy)

Name ..................................................
Address ..................................................
City and Zone .............................................
State .......................................................

Save 65c postage. We pay postage if you enclose payment now. Same Free Trial and refund privilege.
THE ONLY SURE THING ABOUT CRIME IS PUNISHMENT!

The NIGHTWALKER

BAH! AGAIN THIS NIGHTWALKER HAS STRUCK! HOW CAN ONE KILL UNLESS HE IS UGLY... UGLY INSIDE... AS UGLY AS...

...AS I AM OUTSIDE, EH, M'SIEUR SERGEANT? IT IS ALL RIGHT... YOU MAY SAY IT! I AM ACCUSTOMED TO HEARING IT!

YOU ARE A SENSITIVE MAN, JACQUES! PERHAPS TOO SENSITIVE! I WAS NOT THINKING OF YOU!

AND YET-- IS IT NOT TRUE? WHO KNOWS, SERGEANT... PERHAPS I AM THE NIGHTWALKER, TAKING REVENGE FOR MY UGLINESS!

THAT IS A POOR JOKE, MY FRIEND! ONE WHO THINKS TOO MUCH ABOUT HIS FACE SOMETIMES LOSES HIS HEAD!

OF COURSE! FORGIVE ME, SERGEANT! I MEANT NO HARM... THE NIGHTWALKER? RIDICULOUS!!

BUT SOMETIMES THE TRUTH IS SPOKEN IN BITTER JEST! THAT NIGHT...

RIDICULOUS! YES, YOU ARE RIDICULOUS... AND UGLY! SO UGLY... SO UGLY THAT EVEN A STUPID POLICEMAN LAUGHS AT YOU! THE WHOLE WORLD DESPISES YOU! BUT THEY WILL PAY!

AND LATER...

M'SIEUR! YOU WILL PARDON ME, BUT... YOU HAVE A MATCH, PERHAPS?

WHAT—OH!! YOU... YOU STARTLED ME! YES, I HAVE!

I... OH!!

IT IS NOT A PRETTY FACE, IS IT, M'SIEUR?

NO, I... I DID NOT MEAN... WHAT—WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

IT IS NOT A PRETTY FACE! IT IS UGLY! TO YOU, I AM A MONSTER! BECAUSE OF THAT... I HAVE A GIFT FROM THE NIGHTWALKER!

AN HOUR LATER, SOME MILES AWAY, AS LEMAIRE ROUNDS A CORNER...

WHAT... OH!!

A THOUSAND PARDONS, M'AMSELLE! IT... IT WAS AT THIS HOUR I DID NOT THINK THAT ANYONE WOULD BE... AH, YOUR PRETTY FLOWERS! LET ME HELP YOU!

IT... IT WAS MY FAULT, M'SIEUR! YOU ARE VERY KIND!
M'AMSELLE, I SHOULD LIKE TO SEE YOU SOMETIME. YOU DO NOT KNOW ME, BUT I LIVE IN THIS QUARTER ALSO! I KNOW THE SENDARMESSS! THEY COULD INTRODUCE US!

I WOULD LIKE THAT, M'IEUR!

M'AMSELLE, I SHOULD LIKE TO SEE YOU SOMETIME. YOU DO NOT KNOW ME, BUT I LIVE IN THIS QUARTER ALSO! I KNOW THE SENDARMESSS! THEY COULD INTRODUCE US!

I WOULD LIKE THAT, M'IEUR!

AND SO, JACQUES LEMAIRE MEETS MADELON DEBELS... AND FOR THE FIRST TIME KNOWS WHAT IT IS TO BE LIKE OTHER MEN...

BEING WITH YOU THESE SUNDAYS HAS BEEN WONDERFUL! I AM GRATEFUL, MADELON!

IT IS I WHO AM GRATEFUL, JACQUES. IT IS GOOD NOT TO BE LONELY!

BUT JACQUES LEMAIRE IS NOT LIKE OTHER MEN... FOR THAT NIGHT...

FAREWELL, M'IEUR! ONCE I KILLED ONLY FOR REVENGE! NOW... THE LITTLE MADELON WAITS! TONIGHT WE DINE WELL!

MADENLON! HIS NAME IS CORRELL! HE LIVES ON MY STREET. I... I DO NOT LIKE HIM! HE HAS BEEN IN PRISON MANY TIMES!

MINUTES LATER...

THAT MAN--HE WAS TALKING TO MADELON!
HE IS AN EVIL MAN!
BUT... YOU WOULD NOT UNDERSTAND SUCH A MAN, JACQUES. LET US NOT SPEAK OF UGLY THINGS!

NO, FOR Us, THERE IS NO UGLINESS! COME! MY BUSINESS IS A SUCCESS! TONIGHT WE CELEBRATE!

LATER THAT EVENING...

JACQUES! THE NIGHTWALKER HAS STRUCK ON THE RUE DE LA SEINE! THAT IS WHERE WE SAW CORRELL. COULD IT BE...

CORRELL IS THE NIGHTWALKER? NON-SENSE! A MAN IS NOT A KILLER BECAUSE HE WAS NEAR A PLACE OF MURDER!

YOU MUST NOT SAY ANYTHING OF THIS SUSPICION OF YOURS, IF CORRELL WERE THE NIGHTWALKER. IF ANYTHING HAPPENED TO YOU--
YOU MUST FORGET THIS! PROMISE, MADELON!

YOU MUST FORGET... FOR MY SAKE! THE POLICE MIGHT ASK WHAT MY BUSINESS IS... ON THE RUE DE LA SEINE?

FROM THEN ON, THE NIGHTWALKER WALKED NO MORE...

AND ONE DAY... WE WILL BE HAPPY, JACQUES! I WILL BE A GOOD WIFE! I PROMISE! I ONLY ASK TO BE WITH YOU... ALWAYS!

YOU SHALL HAVE EVERYTHING! I...

NO, DO NOT SAY IT! YOU WILL WORK HARD, I KNOW! BUT... IF ONLY WE HAD MONEY!

AH, JACQUES... AND THE LITTLE MADELON!

YOU BOTH LOOK SO HAPPY! TELL ME WHAT IT IS!

WE... WE ARE TO BE MARRIED AND WE WERE DREAMING!

AND LATER... BAH!! WHAT WOULD A POLICE-MAN KNOW OF DREAMS? I HAVE ENOUGH GOLD HERE TO BUY A DOZEN CAFES... BUT I DARE NOT SELL THEM! I MUST MAKE MADELON HAPPY... AND THERE IS BUT ONE WAY!
THEN THE NEXT DAY... BUT OF COURSE M'SIEUR CORRELL! WHY ELSE WOULD I HAVE TROPPLED MYSELF TO FIND YOU? MAY I COME IN?

THIS, M'SIEUR, IS THE TYPE OF PLACE THE POLICE WOULD EXPECT TO FIND... THE NIGHTWALKER!

THE NIGHTWALKER? I-I KNOW NOTHING OF THE NIGHTWALKER! WHO ARE YOU?

I? WHY I AM THE NIGHTWALKER, M'SIEUR! WHO ELSE?

BUT... BUT I HAVE NOTHING! WHAT DO YOU WANT OF ME?

CONSIDER, M'SIEUR! YOU DIE-- AND WITH YOUR BODY THE POLICE FIND A NOTE! YOU CONFESSION YOU ARE THE NIGHTWALKER! TWO PEOPLE CAN SWEAR THEY SAW YOU AT THE RUE DE LA SEINE THE NIGHT OF THAT MURDER!!

THAT IS WHERE THE NIGHTWALKER KILLED! I-I SPOKE TO THE FLOWER-GIRL! BUT...

PRECISELY! THE NIGHTWALKER DIES, THE SEARCH FOR HIM ENDS... AND I CAN PEDESTAL CERTAIN TRINKETS IN SAFETY! I HAVE NEED OF MONEY, M'SIEUR!

IT WILL BE OVER IN A MOMENT... AND THERE WILL BE NO NOISE!

NO! NO!
Sergeant... Look! That must be our man! Halt!

What... Police!

I'll stop him!

No! That's not Correll! The girl said Correll was a big man! Don't shoot! Don't... BANG!

So died the Nightwalker... and later...

But... But why did my poor Jacques go there? Why?

Perhaps for the same reason you told me about Correll -- the reward! He must have tried to capture Correll, and Correll killed him... then took his own life!

And afterwards...

Jacques must have wanted very badly to make you happy, Madelon, just as you wanted to make him happy! He loved you! You have that much anyway!

I shall never forget! He will always be in my heart!

Those things we took from Lemaire's room... he was the Nightwalker!

Yes... but what matter if the world thinks Correll was the Nightwalker? We are Frenchmen, my friend! Would you have a woman suffer if it can be avoided?
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to become a
Criminal Investigator
Finger Print Expert?

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Gentlemen: Without obligation or expense on my part, send me your qualification questionnaire. I understand that upon receipt of my answers you will immediately advise me if you think they indicate that I have a chance to succeed in criminal investigation or fingerprint work. Then I will receive FREE the "Blue Book of Crime," and information on your course and the 800 American Identification Bureaus employing your students or graduates.

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THE ONLY SURE THING ABOUT CRIME IS PUNISHMENT!

DUGAN'S LEATHER JOKER

FROM THE FILES OF CRIME DETECTIVE'S "THEIR PLAYGROUND WAS GOTHAM" CRIME FILE NO. 1908

I'VE HEARD YOU TURN OUT REAL FANCY LEATHER GOODS, MUELLER. OKAY, I WANT A VALISE! I DON'T CARE WHAT IT COSTS... BUT IT'S GOT TO BE THE ONLY ONE OF ITS KIND! THE BEST!! CAN YOU HANDLE IT?

I AM A CRAFTSMAN, HERR DUGAN! A BAG SUCH AS YOU WANT WOULD BE A CHALLENGE TO MY SKILL! I WILL GLADLY MAKE IT!!

DON'T LOOK SO SURPRISED, MONTE! THIS ISN'T FOR ME... IT'S A PRESENT FOR SOMEONE... SOMEONE SPECIAL!!

A PRESENT? WE'RE ON OUR WAY TO FIND OUT IF WE STAY IN BUSINESS AND YOU TAKE TIME TO BUY PRESENTS— LEATHER AT THAT! I DON'T GET IT!

YOU DON'T HAVE TO GET IT— YET! OKAY, MUELLER! JUST REMEMBER, I WANT THE BEST!

THIS BAG... WILL BE MY MASTERPIECE! I PROMISE! GOOD DAY, HERR DUGAN! AND THANK YOU!
KARL! YOU HEARD? NO MATTER WHAT IT COSTS! ACH! I SHALL MAKE SUCH A BAG AS NEVER WAS MADE BEFORE!
PAPA--LET ME MAKE THIS BAG! LET ME SHOW YOU THAT I AM NO LONGER AN APPRENTICE!
PAH! WHAT ARE YEARS WHEN YOU ARE LEARNING AN ART? NO THIS ORDER CALLS FOR A CRAFTSMAN!
FELIX, I HEARD, TOO. WHY NOT LET KARL MAKE THE BAG? HOW CAN HE LEARN IF NOT BY DOING?
PAPA, PLEASE! I CAN NOT ALWAYS BE AN APPRENTICE! NO! YOU ARE NOT YET AN ARTIST! I SHALL MAKE THIS BAG! GO TO BED... BOTH OF YOU! I MUST MAKE SOME SKETCHES.

MEANWHILE...

J.T. LAWRENCE! REAL RESPECTABLE AIN'T HE? I'D LIKE TO BE GOING IN HERE WITH A ROD BLASTING!
SO WOULD I. BEGGING DOESN'T COME EASY AFTER YOU'VE BEEN TOP MAN FOR AS LONG AS I HAVE!
OH--DUGAN, OKAY! COME ON IN! THE BOSS IS EXPECTING YOU!
...AND KEEP YOUR HANDS AWAY FROM YOUR POCKETS!

YOU WON'T NEED THESE! YOU CAN PICK 'EM UP ON THE WAY OUT!
YOU MONKEYS DON'T MISS A TRICK, DO YOU?
NO, WE DON'T! OKAY!
WELL! DUGAN! RIGHT ON TIME!
HELLO, LEATHERS! STILL CRAZY ABOUT GIMMICKS, EH? WHAT'S THAT... SOMETHING NEW?
YOU KNOW ME, DUGAN! IF IT'S GOOD LEATHER, I LIKE IT! LOOK AT THIS WALLET! REAL AFRICAN ANTELOPE! NICE, EH?

YOU CAN'T DO THAT! YOUR OWN...

SHUT UP, MONTE! HE CAN DO IT, ALL RIGHT! IN THE PAST YEAR HE'S TAKEN OVER PRACTICALLY ALL THE RACKET IN TOWN!

I MADE YOU A PROPOSITION, LEATHERS! I JUST DON'T LIKE ROUGH STUFF, DUGAN! KEEP MY TERRITORY, ROADS ARE OUT AND BRAINS ARE IN! SO YOU'RE OUT!

NO HARD FEELINGS, DUGAN! AND DON'T DO ANYTHING FOOLISH, WILL YOU?

I'M MOVING SOME OF MY OWN BOYS IN THERE IN THE MORNING!

IT TOOK US TEN YEARS TO BUILD UP THE WEST SIDE... NOW HE TAKES OVER! NO HARD FEELINGS! THAT DIRTY... WHAT'S SO FUNNY?

FUNNY? NOTHING'S FUNNY! BUT IT'S JUST LIKE HE SAID! ROADS ARE OUT AND BRAINS ARE IN!

THE NEXT DAY, IN THE HOME OF FELIX MUELLER...

THERE! FINISHED! NEVER HAVE I CUT SUCH PATTERNS, KARL! THEY ARE PERFECT! NOW... THE LEATHER! BRING IT, KARL! THE RUSSET HIDES!

AH, BEAUTIFUL! SEE HOW THE LIGHT PICKS UP THE GRAIN! YOU HAVE THE PATTERNS, KARL?

YES, PAPA!

YES, PAPA!

IT IS BEAUTIFUL LEATHER, AND THERE IS ENOUGH OF IT FOR TWO BAGS!
I WANT YOU TO BURN THEM! THERE MUST NEVER BE ANOTHER HIDE CUT FROM THOSE PATTERNS! THIS BAG SHALL BE MY MASTERPIECE!

BUT... KARL? YOU ACT AS IF... AS IF YOU WERE HIDING SOMETHING!

I AM! THE PATTERNS FOR THE SPECIAL JOB! MAMA, I AM GOING TO MAKE A BAG! AN EXACT DUPLICATE OF PAPA'S! THEN HE WILL SEE THAT I TOO, AM A CRAFTSMAN!

SO THEREAFTER ONE MAN WORKED BY DAY...

AND ONE MAN WORKED BY NIGHT...

KARL, COME TO BED! IF YOUR PAPA SHOULD WAKE UP, HE WOULD SEE WHAT YOU ARE DOING!!

NO! I'VE GOT TO FINISH THIS SEAM! IT... IT'S NOT EASY... BUT I WILL MAKE MY WORK AS FINE AS PAPA'S! I WILL!

AND ONE DAY... JUST THE BURNING IN OF THE BRAND, KARL—AND IT IS DONE!

THEN THE FOLLOWING DAY...

YOU ARE SATISFIED, THEN, HEER DUGAN? AH, IT IS PERFECTION, THIS BAG!

YEAH, I'M SATISFIED, ALL RIGHT! IT'S REAL CLASS! WRAP IT UP!

OKAY! NOW LISTEN... AT NINE-THIRTY TOMORROW MORNING A MESSENGER WILL CALL FOR THE PACKAGE. HE'S TO DELIVER TO J.T. LAWRENCE, 160 PARK! GOT THAT?

JA! BUT I WRITE IT DOWN TO MAKE SURE!
IT WILL BE DELIVERED AS YOU WISH! BUT...ACH, IT WILL HURT TO PART WITH SO FINE A PIECE OF WORK!

SURE, SURE! JUST DON'T FORGET! TOMORROW AT NINE-THIRTY! IT'S IMPORTANT!

SO THAT'S WHO IT IS FOR! LAWRENCE! THE GUY PRACTICALLY RUNS US OUT OF TOWN AND YOU BUY HIM A PRESENT? WHY?

BUT THAT NIGHT...

TODAY I NEED TO TRY TO IMITATE YOUR STROKE WITH IT! ON...A PIECE OF SCRAP LEATHER! TO LEARN!

PAPA! I... I WAS JUST GOING TO DO A JOB ON THAT BAG! DYNAMITE... AND A CLOCK SET FOR TEN TOMORROW MORNING! WHEN THE CLOCK GOES...

NOT SOFT... SMART! WE'LL BE IN THE CLEAR! WE NEVER TOUCHED THE BAG! ALL YOU'VE GOT TO DO IS A GOOD JOB OF RE-WRAPPING!

TO LEARN? WITH A HOT IRON? IT IS TO BE DELIVERED IN THE MORNING, AND YOU DARE TO RISK SCORCHING IT?

FEIX! WHAT IS IT? WHAT IS THE MATTER?

ASK THIS YOUNG IDIOT WHO THINKS HE IS A CRAFTSMAN!

IT IS NOTHING, MAMA! I... I DID A STUPID THING! I... I ALMOST SCORCHED PAPA'S BAG!
HOT IRONS IN THE MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT! NONSENSE! BAH!

SO! DO NOT TOUCH IT AGAIN... CRAFTSMAN!

MAMA... THE BAG! IT IS MY COPY! HE DIDN'T KNOW!

SH-HH!

BUT... HE DIDN'T KNOW! AND HE'S SO PROUD OF HIS WORK. IF HE KNEW... IT WOULD BREAK HIS HEART. I'M SATISFIED NOW! WE MUST GET RID OF MY BAG!

NO! NOT TONIGHT! HE WILL BEGIN TO WONDER! TOMORROW WHEN HE GOES OUT! COME NOW! YOU MUST GET TO BED!

THEN, LATER THAT NIGHT...

OKAY! ALL SET! NOW TO GET THESE WRappings BACK ON!

AT NINE-THIRTY THE NEXT MORNING...

SURE, POP? THAT'S WHAT THE GUY WHO TOLD ME TO PICK IT UP SAID: DON'T WORRY! IT'LL BE DELIVERED IN GOOD SHAPE!

YOU HAVE THE ADDRESS THERE ON THE TAG! BUT YOU WILL BE CAREFUL, JA? THIS BAG IS VALUABLE!

THERE IT GOES! YOU'RE SURE IT'S SET FOR TEN? I WENT TO A LOT OF TROUBLE TO MAKE SURE LAWRENCE WOULD BE HOME WHEN IT GETS THERE!

SURE! DON'T WORRY... HE'LL DELIVER IT AT EXACTLY FIVE MINUTES TO TEN! THAT'S WHAT I TOLD HIM!

BUT MEANWHILE...

MAMA! THE BAG! IT... IT'S GONE!

NO, IT IS HERE! JUST AS PAPA WRAPPED IT! BUT... THEN WHERE IS THE OTHER ONE?
I have made no deliveries today! This bag has no tag! This must be the one Papa made!

Karl, you know who this bag was made for! Deliver it! I will look for the other! We must not have two such bags in the shop.

And so...

Okay, you can put the package inside! Only Mr. Dugan don't like anyone messin' around his apartment.

He won't mind this... This is a very valuable bag! And it... it must be delivered this morning!

And a few minutes later...

Just five more seconds and Lawrence goes in a cloud of dust! That's what brains will do for Monte!

Huh? Boss! That package!!

And at that exact moment...

I have searched everywhere... but the bag you made is gone! I do not understand.

Perhaps Papa found it... and got rid of it to... to save his pride! And if he did... we must forget it, Mama... for Papa's sake!!

And some blocks away...

Pretty sharp, eh, Boss? But who do you suppose sent it? That Western union kid didn't know from nothing!

Sharp? This is a work of art! Look at it! It's perfect! I never saw another one like it!

Yes, sir! It wouldn't surprise me a bit if this bag was the only one in the world!

But within a few months, Leathers Lawrence was to join Rick Dugan. The police were to take care of that. But just then... he was so right....
Look Fellows! Here's The Neatest, Strongest Little Real Electric Motor You've Ever Seen!

This amazing new miniature D.C. Electric Motor looks and runs just like a big one! Yet it's so tiny you can hold it in the palm of your hand. Slickest little power unit ever made to run your model boats, planes, cars, trucks, tractors, trains, drawbridges, cranes, turntables, fans — or whatever else you want to make go with the flip of a switch! Motor and multi-ratio gear box and gears come to you — ready to purr with smooth power the minute you hook it up! Measures only 1 x 1 x 1/4 inches; weighs only an ounce. Runs up close to 7,000 r.p.m.'s! REVERSES instantly, too! Motor is in durable housing. Comes complete with batteries, transparent plastic gears, PLUS ten extra gears and pulleys for working out your own ratios — up to 80 to 1.

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The terrific jet-turbine-like sound of this motor makes it a 'hobby for all types of model planes' (when geared down, it will actually turn a standard 6 ft. real airplane propeller).

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So powerful it will drive boats weighing as much as fifty times as much as the motor itself! Use for Model Submarines, PT Boats, Yachts, Cruisers, Tugs, Liners.

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Mail coupon below, NOW, without any money. Or (if coupon has already been clipped by someone else before you) simply send $2.98 as payment in full for motor and complete outfit sent POSTPAID as described above to: Imperial Sales Co., Dept. RL, 521 Fifth Avenue, New York, 17, N.Y. Money back if you are not fully satisfied and return outfit in good condition within 10 days.

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MAIL THE COUPON TODAY!
THE ONLY SURE THING ABOUT CRIME IS PUNISHMENT!

THE BOILER COMES TO TOWN

IT WAS LITTLE OLD NEW YORK BACK AROUND 1905 WHEN THE HORSE WAS STILL "IN FLOWER," AND THE NEW-FANGLED GAS BUGGY WAS LIKE A PUFFINO FUGITIVE FROM A MENAGERIE... BUT MONTE "THE PUSHER" DAVIS WENT OUT AND BOUGHT ONE OF THE CONTRACTIONS... NOW IT'S BUSTED AGAIN, AND ANOTHER HOODLUM CHICK TERRY KIDS MONTE ABOUT IT...

HEY, CHICK! LEND ME YOUR RAINCOAT, HUH? I FORGOT MINE! I HAVE TO GO SEE STACY ABOUT MY AUTOMOBILE!

TAKE IT, MONTE! THAT MACHINE OF YOURS IS A PAIN IN THE NECK! STACY'S GETTIN' RICH FIXIN' IT!

BOYS, MONTE IS PLAYIN' NURSEMAID TO THAT AUTO MOBILE OF HIS AGAIN!

GET A HORSE, MONTE... GET A HORSE!

CHICK'LL BE LAUGHIN' OUT OF THE OTHER SIDE OF HIS MOUTH WHEN HE FINDS OUT WHAT I'VE GOT FIGURED OUT FOR HIM!

BREW
LATER...
WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU, SIR?

YOU CAN GIVE ME THE DOUGH IN THAT REGISTER! THIS IS A STICK-UP!

BUT I--OHMM!

SHUT UP!

OVER A HUNDRED BUCKS! I'LL HAVE THE DOUGH FOR STACY NOW!

AN! I'LL LEAVE THE COPS THIS NICE FAT CLUE! CHICK'S RAINCOAT! THAT'LL EVEN UP WITH HIM FOR THE TIMES HE'S KIDDED ME ABOUT MY AUTOMOBILE.

LATER, CHICK TERRY HAS VISITORS AT HIS ROOMING HOUSE... WHAT'S THE BIG IDEA BARGAIN' IN ON ME AT THREE A.M.?

IS THIS YOUR RAINCOAT?

YEAH, IT'S MINE! BUT... HEY! WHAT'S GOIN' ON?

GRAB HIM, EVANS!

YOU'RE UNDER ARREST FOR ROBBING HEWLETT'S DRUG STORE! YOU LEFT YOUR COAT THERE!

IT'S A FRAME. I TELL YOU... A FRAME!!
Some weeks later, Monte talks to Stacy, his mechanic.

Whose machine is this? This is a beauty!

Belongs to Jackson, the gambler! You know, Chick's a lucky guy to be in prison! Jackson is after him for welching on a three-grand bet! Chick's safe as long as he stays in the pen.

I wouldn't want Jackson after me...

You're right! He shoots first and then asks questions!

Hey, Lil!... Wait for me!

Don't be a sap, Lil! Chick is on ice for a long time! Come for a spin in my automobile!

I'm Chick Terry's girl!

Stay to that!

But Chick is in the pen for two years! You'll need company! Give me a chance!

Stop bothering me, Monte! Beat it!

She'll forget about Chick soon enough! Lil's gonna be my girl!

One evening about a month later...

Lil!!

Chick!!

I busted out yesterday! You gotta help me pay off Monte! He framed me!
While I was in stir, I got word that Monte was makin' a play for you. Call him! Say you'll meet him at the pier in Sheepshead Bay at eight tonight!

Okay, Chick! I'll do it for you!

Hello, Chick! I thought you were supposed to be in stir!

Jackson! Wait....

I don't like to wait, Welcher! It's too bad the cops didn't find you before you bumped into me!

Meanwhile...

Hey, Monte! Call for you! A dame!

Okay, pal! Thanks!

Lil! Why, sure! The pier at Sheepshead Bay? I'll be there with bells on!
WHAT THE--! STACY SAID HE'D HAVE MY CAR FIXED BY NOW, AN' HE'S CLOSED AN' THE CAR'S LOCKED IN THE GARAGE! A FINE MESS!

HMMM! HERE'S JACKSON'S CAR! HE'S PROBABLY PLAYIN' CARDS FOR THE REST OF THE NIGHT. I'LL BORROW IT AN' GET IT BACK BEFORE HE'S FINISHED!

LATER, AT THE SHEEPSHEAD BAY PIER...

HELLO, LIL!

THERE'S SOMETHING I HAVE TO TELL YOU! I'M GLAD I GOT HERE BEFORE CHICK.

MONTE!

CHICK? BUT HE'S IN THE PEN! HOW...

CHICK BROKE OUT OF JAIL! HE TOLD ME TO CALL YOU! BUT I GOT TO THINKING ABOUT IT! HE'LL KILL YOU, AND I DON'T WANT HIM TO!

LIL, YOU'RE OKAY. YOU'RE SQUARE! COME ON--LET'S GET OUT OF HERE--FAST!

OH, MONTE--I'M SCARED!

DON'T WORRY ABOUT A THING, BABY! LET'S FORGET ABOUT CHICK! IT'S YOU AN'ME!

'YES, MONTE! BUT LET'S GET AWAY BEFORE..."
DOGGONE!
The motor went dead!

OH, DEAR!
Now what will we do?

I DON'T KNOW
Anything about these things!

MAYBE I CAN HELP YOU,
FRIEND!

SPLIT
SPLIT

JUST AN ADJUSTMENT
ON THE CARBURETOR! GOT
ANY TOOLS IN
THE MACHINE?

I DUNNO!
MAYBE THERE
ARE SOME IN
THE BACK!

HEY!
THAT'S SOME
SET OF TOOLS!

THERE'S A DEAD
MAN IN YOUR CAR.
UNLESS YOU'RE AN
UNDERTAKER,
YOU'RE BOTH
UNDER ARREST!

I--I DIDN'T
DO IT! IT'S
NOT MY CAR--
I BORROWED
IT FROM BULL
JACKSON!

YEAH?--WELL WE JUST PULLED JACKSON
IN ON A GAMBLING CHARGE... AND HE
REPORTED THIS CAR STOLEN! COME
ALONG WITH ME--YOU'VE GOT SOME
EXPLAINING TO DO!
INSIDE Benny's Grill and Poolroom two gents who knew their way around the underworld—Biff Colter and Muggsy Haines—narrowed their eyes as they studied the hungry-looking hick watching through the plate-glass window.

"There's our sucker," muttered Biff at length, taking the toothpick from his mouth. "Fresh from the farm and drooling for a meal."

"Right," nodded Muggsy eagerly, "and a face that's never been seen in these parts. One sight of a menu and he'll stand on his head for us. Bring him in, Biff."

Wide eyed and unbelieving, the hick was ushered in and deposited in the vacant chair next to Muggsy. He couldn't have been much more than twenty. He had yellow hair that protruded out from all angles under the battered straw hat. He wore overalls that were dirty and torn. His wide-spaced, blue eyes had circles under them, as though he'd been missing a few nights' sleep.

And as he wolfed down extra helpings of roast beef and mashed potatoes they found out his name was Alvin Williams and that he'd just pulled into New York by slow freight a couple of hours before.

"Ever been in any trouble before?" asked Muggsy slowly.

The kid looked up quickly.

"Only one thing gets me in trouble," he said shortly. "That's horses."

Muggsy and Biff exchanged a startled look.

"You mean blowing your bankroll at the race tracks?" pursued Biff.

The kid shook his head without looking up from his plate.

"I'm talking about horses on the farm. I can't stand folks mistreating them. I lost my last three jobs because I picked fights with bosses who abused their animals. That's why I gave up and came to the city."

The two benefactors looked at one another again and breathed a sigh of relief.

"That's one thing you'll never have to worry about in New York," said Muggsy. "Horses are few and far between."

Alvin's eyes brightened suddenly as he looked up.

"I did meet one nice horse in town," he recalled. "That swell-looking mount belonging to Officer O'Reilly."

"You mean the mounted copper who patrols this neighborhood?" said Muggsy, his face suddenly flushing with anger. But Biff was kicking him under the table before he could elaborate.

"He's the first gentleman I met in town," said Alvin, wiping his mouth with a napkin. "When he came out of the station house and saw me feeding his horse sugar he immediately introduced me to Patsy. Officer O'Reilly says if I ever need a friend to count on him."

"You won't need Officer O'Reilly's help any more," cut in Biff gruffly, "because we're going to take care of you good and proper. We got a job that'll keep you in coffee and cakes and clothes like a king. How does that sound?"

⭐⭐⭐

As Alvin Williams' eyes grew wider and wider they told him of the swell new job they had waiting for him at the warehouse.

"We're celebrating a new partnership," Biff explained. "We need a man who can drive a truck. We'll pay twenty bucks cash in advance so you can get a room and some duds. How does it sound, big boy?"

The kid's eyes grew big as he
surveyed the double sawbuck on the table before him.
"W-When do I start?" he finally gulped.

"Eight o'clock tomorrow morning at the Acme Warehouse," snapped Biff. "And just one more thing... nobody else hears about the setup, savvy? But nobody!"

** ★ ★ **

Muggsy and Biff were still chuckling over their new business success as they left the grill some time later after dispatching the kid to a nearby rooming house to find living quarters.

In fact they were chuckling so hard they almost bumped square into Officer O'Reilly, who had just hitched his mount at the corner.

"Well," observed O'Reilly coldly, "I've never seen you in such high spirits for some time. I hope it isn't some fresh mischief you've got in mind."

"Mind your own business, copper, we did our stretch," snarled Muggsy.

"Think twice before you get into any more trouble," said the officer gravely. "You're both two-time losers. It'll be a long stretch up the other next time you go wrong."

They were still snarling as they watched him disappear around the corner...

** ★ ★ ★**

Officer O'Reilly was just about to head his mount Patsy for the precinct house the following afternoon when he was hailed by a familiar voice. He turned and saw the smiling countenance of Alvin Williams, dressed up in new store clothes, heading towards him. In his hand he had lumps of sugar for Patsy.

"Well," exclaimed O'Reilly, "you look like you ran into good luck since yesterday, young man."

"Everything changed after I ran into a couple of kindly souls named Muggsy and Biff," smiled the country lad. "They not only got me dinner, but steered me into an elegant job."

O'Reilly's eyes narrowed at the mention of the two names.

"And what might the job be?" he pursued slowly.

"Delivering typewriters for the Acme Warehouse. I never handle the merchandise or even see it. Somebody fills the truck and seals it. I just drive to an address and let some other gent unload the crates. It's the softest job in the world."

O'Reilly placed a heavy hand on Alvin's shoulder.

"Son," he said solemnly, "you'd better start looking for a new job fast. I've got a hunch the Acme Warehouse is about to go out of business."

"But why?" demanded the wide-eyed country lad. "Muggsy and Biff are just getting started. They say the sky's the limit!"

"Don't ask questions," snapped O'Reilly gruffly. "Drop back to headquarters in an hour and I'll help you find something better."

And with that he wheeled off down the street, with Patsy driving full steam ahead.

** ★ ★ ★**

Biff had just finished counting the day's profits down at the warehouse office when he gazed out the window in time to catch the blur of a bluecoat disappearing around behind the truck at the loading platform.

With an oath he slammed down his cigar and reached for the .45 in his shoulder holster.

"That snooping flatfoot O'Reilly," he cursed. "If he finds those crates loaded with tommy-guns it's the big house for keeps!"

Officer O'Reilly, gun in hand, was just dishing out when a blaze of gunfire burst from inside the office window. In the next instant the officer was spinning from his mount, his gun flying in another direction.

"I'll finish you for good this time, copper," snarled Biff, advancing around the truck.

"Down, Patsy," roared O'Reilly, grimacing with pain, "just like we taught you at police school!"

Obediently the faithful mount dropped to the ground, offering the wounded policeman a shield from the oncoming killer.

"I'm going to finish the job for good this time, Flatfoot," snarled the advancing Biff.

** ★ ★ ★**

Suddenly, around the corner, sprinted the breathless hick from the country. What he saw pulled him up short and horrified. From his angle he could only see the horse on the ground, which hid O'Reilly from view. And immediately before him was Biff advancing on the animal with a gun.

"No-no. Don't hurt that horse!" shrieked the kid.

Whirling in surprise, Biff recognized his stooge.

"Get out of here, kid," he snarled, "this is private business."

"You're not going to hurt that horse," bellowed Alvin Williams, suddenly charging Biff with the frenzy of a Colt in a burning barn.

"Stay away or I'll let you have it," roared Biff, bringing the pistol around.

In the next instant he was smashed up against the truck by a bone-crushing tackle. Concrete-like fists were flailing Biff until he became an unrecognizable copy of a has-been hoodlum.

And that was how Alvin Williams, the hick who loved horses, got the job with the Police Department as keeper of the bluecoat mounts.

The End
THE STUFFED FARMHOUSE

Charlie Rogan was a weak pigeon who grabbed at the stray crumbs in the rough game of crime. He had a nimble mind, and his idea was to think fast and run. But now he's driving away from his favorite poolroom—when he runs smack into a bank hold-up...!

What goes on?... It's a stickup of the bank... and strange guys....

Stop, you thievin' rats! Stop!

Bang! Bang!

After 'em, Charley! They cleaned out the bank!

...but they've got guns, George!
CHARLEY ROGAN, IF YOU GO UNDER SIXTY, I'LL USE THIS GUN ON YOU!

ALL RIGHT, GEORGE! DON'T SHOOT... HANG ON!

MINUTES LATER... THEY'RE TAKIN' THE OLD NULE ROAD! STEP ON IT! I WANT TO GET A SHOT AT 'EM!

I'M SCARED, GEORGE! I DON'T LIKE SHOOTIN'!

THAT HURT SOMEBODY! STAY WITH IT, CHARLEY!

GEORGE! THEY'RE GONNA KILL ME! I'M GETTIN' OUT OF THIS!

CHARLEY ROGAN SLAMS ON THE EMERGENCY BRAKE AND LEAPS IN TREMBLING TERROR FROM HIS CAR...

GEORGE, LOOK! YOU GOT 'EM! THEY CRACKED UP!

THEN, SUDDENLY...

OH-H-H-H! THEY GOT ME, CHARLEY! THEY...

GEORGE! DON'T LEAVE ME! DON'T DIE!
MASON...HELP ME! I... I CAUGHT A SLUG!

Huh? Okay, Okay... I'll help you!

He's hurt bad... thinks I'm his pal! I gotta pretend to help him!

We shook the bank guards, eh, Mason? Grab the dough... Hey! You sound different! Uh... I can't see so good. Hurt... chest hurts!

Take it easy. We're in the clear now!

I'm gettin' dizzy, Mason! I can't... unh!

It's me or you, mister! An' it ain't gonna be me!

The guy's dead! This is somethin'! I'm gettin' ideas... big ideas! This is my big break!

The two guys who pulled the job are dead... the bank guard is dead... an' I got the dough! Hmmm... but what if there was a third crook? Yeah... that's it!

Minutes later, inside a nearby deserted farmhouse...

... I'll pick this up when the excitement blows over! Ha, ha! This is almost too good to be true!
Meet The Man... Who Can Tell You How To Lick PIMPLES

ACNE AND ALL OTHER EXTERNALLY CAUSED SKIN BLEMISHES And Make Them DISAPPEAR FROM SIGHT... instantly!

Here is Mr. John A. Rubine, Ph.G. — a well-known pharmacist who has spent almost 20 years trying to solve one of the most vexing problems of youth — and adults too — unsightly, acne pimples, blackheads and similar externally caused skin conditions.

They are indeed a serious problem, for nothing can do more to ruin your chances of success and popularity than a face made ugly with pimples and blackheads. And, if neglected, acne pimples may leave permanent scars and pits.

Mr. Rubine, after much experimenting and research in cooperation with doctors and chemists, found what he was seeking — a formula that would lick acne pimples and other externally caused skin blemishes. He succeeded beyond his fondest expectations and he was so proud of his treatment that he gave it his own name — RUBIN-EX.

DOUBLE ACTION! DOUBLE QUICK RESULTS!

The sensational RUBIN-EX treatment works two ways:
A. Makes acne pimples and all other skin blemishes INSTANTLY DISAPPEAR FROM SIGHT.
B. Its medication cleans up pimples, blackheads.

When thousands of tiny oil glands discharge more oil than your skin can absorb, the excess oil picks up and holds tiny particles of dust, dirt, grime, grit, bacteria. This foreign matter soon clogs up and enlarges your pores, forms blackheads, cause infection and soon you have a fine crop of ugly, red acne pimples.

Rubin-Ex FORMULA #1 is a special cleansing agent that really gets down in the skin pores and thoroughly cleans them out as soaps can. It also removes excess oil thus correcting excessive oiliness in your skin, one of the principal causes of pimples and blackheads.

Rubin-Ex FORMULA #2 is a great news. When applied to your face it makes pimples and other unsightly blemishes disappear from sight instantly.

And while it is hiding your ugly blemishes from critical eyes, its medication is actually at work to clean them up. It contains an ingredient that relieves the fiery itching, another to soothe and heal the irritated, and still another which gently and harmlessly takes off the dead hard outer skin, leaving your face and complexion much smoother and clearer.

You can use Rubin-Ex day and night, for it is neutral when applied and does not interfere with make-up. Makes an excellent powder base.

SKIN-TEX CORP.
69-47 218 St., Dept. HCG
Bayside, L. I., N. Y.

HE BLESSES RUBIN-EX! No one can realize the humiliation — almost disgrace — of a face marred by pimples and blackheads. I had them so bad that I felt no one wanted to look at me. Today my pimples are gone — and I bless Rubin-Ex — that did it —
Mr. Bob R., Long Island.

LUCKY DAY FOR HER! For years I was embarrassed and ashamed of my pimply face and blemished complexion. It was a lucky day for me when I was told about Rubin-Ex. My pimples disappeared from sight instantly and my complexion improved 100% — Miss Jane G. L., Bronx.

HOW YOU MAY TRY RUBIN-EX AT OUR RISK

Mr. Rubine is so sure that his treatment will improve your skin and complexion in just 10 days that he is making this No Risk Offer. He says, "Use Rubin-Ex for 10 days. If you do not notice a marked improvement in your skin and complexion, if you are not entirely pleased and happy with results, your money will be refunded at once." So start now for a cleaner, lovelier skin and complexion, the magic way to popularity and success. Order Rubin-Ex today.

MAIL COUPON NOW.

MR. JOHN A. RUBINE PH.G.
SKIN-TEX, 69-47 218 St., Dept. HCG, Bayside, L. I., N. Y.
Dear Mr. Rubine: Please rush me in plain wrapper complete Rubin-Ex treatment. (Formula #1 and #2). It is understood that if I am not completely satisfied with the improvement in my complexion in just 10 days you will return my money. Find enclosed $2. Cash, Check or Money Order. You are to pay all postal charges.

Name
Address
City Zone State
A.P.O. — F.P.O. Canada or Foreign Countries — Add 50c — No C.O.D.
THE COPS'LL BE HERE ANY MINUTE!
I'VE GOTTA GET BACK TO MY CAR AN'
PUT THE FINISHIN' TOUCH ON THIS
DEAL...

QUICKLY, CHARLEY SLIDES BEHIND THE WHEEL
OF HIS CAR, AND... THIS IS GONNA
HURT... BUT IT'LL BE
WORTH IT....
UFFFF!

TEN MINUTES LATER...
POOR GEORGE IS
DEAD! TOOK THOSE
TWO HOODLUMS WITH
HIM, THOUGH!

HEY, TOM! THIS MAN'S
ALIVE! IT'S CHARLEY
ROGAN, THE POOL
SHARK!

HE'S COMING AROUND...
JUST A BUMP ON
HIS HEAD!

OHHH!
DID YOU
GET THE
THIRD ONE
THE ONE
WITH
THE MONEY?

SOON AFTER, IN THE WISTERVILLE HOSPITAL...

SO THERE
WAS A THIRD
MAN, EH,
CHARLEY?

YEAH! HE GOT OUT
OF THE CAR WITH
THE MONEY BAG...
THAT'S THE LAST
THING I SAW! I
HIT MY HEAD WHEN
I SLAMMED ON MY
BRAKES!

CHARLEY ROGAN IS RELEASED FROM THE HOS-
PITAL EARLY NEXT MORNING, AND HE MAKES
STRIGHT FOR HURLEY'S POOLROOM... SURE,
GIVE YOU TWENTY OUT
FOR FIFTY POINTS,
LINDY? OKAY?

CHARLEY! SAY,
THE WHOLE TOWN'S BEEN
GABBIN' ABOUT YOU!

YEAH! TELL US
HOW YOU
ALMOST CAUGHT
THOSE CROOKS.
AH, FORGET ABOUT IT! I CAME HERE TO SHOOT POOL!

THINKIN' ABOUT ALL THAT KILLIN' GETS ON A MAN'S NERVES, DON'T IT, CHARLEY? WHAT DID THE THIRD GUY LOOK LIKE?

I'M GETTIN' OUT OF HERE! SHOOTIN', KILLIN', ROBBIN'? I DON'T WANT TO HEAR ANY MORE ABOUT IT!

HEY! WHY DON'T YOU WATCH WHERE YOU'RE GOIN'? SORRY, FRIEND! IN THE FUTURE I'LL WATCH YOU MORE CAREFULLY!

THAT GUY IS TRAILIN' ME—HE'S A COP! I'LL SHAKE HIM AND GET OUT OF TOWN!

MINUTES LATER, IN CHARLEY'S ROOM...

WELL, I SHOOK HIM! NOW I'LL DRIVE OUT TO THE SHACK AND GRAB THE DOUGH BEFORE I SCRAM!

HA, HA! THEY EVEN PUT A NEW WINDSHIELD IN FOR ME! I CAN FEEL THAT DOUGH ALREADY... THERE'S THE FARMHOUSE UP AHEAD!
BUT THEN... SO THE DOUGH’S IN THE FARMHOUSE, EH, CHARLEY? JUST WHERE DID YOU PUT IT, PAL?

UH! HOW DID YOU WAIT, OFFICER! I DIDN’T MEAN TO KEEP THAT MONEY! LISTEN TO ME...

IT WAS JUST A JOKE... SEE? TODAY I WAS GONNA TAKE THE MONEY BACK TO THE BANK! IT... IT’S RIGHT IN THE KITCHEN CLOSET!

THANKS, PAL!

YOU... YOU’RE NOT A COP!

THAT’S RIGHT! I WAS THE LOOK-OUT ON THE BANK JOB! SO LONG, CHARLEY!

IMAGINE THAT DOPE TAKIN’ ME FOR A COP! NOW I’LL GET THE DOUGH AN’ VANISH! NOBODY WILL EVER KNOW!

BANG!

BUT AS HE OPENS THE CLOSET... HEY! WHAT’S GOIN’ ON?

GET ‘EM UP, PUNK! THE MONEY’S BACK IN THE BANK!

WE SEARCHED THE AREA AFTER CHARLEY ROGAN TOLD US ABOUT A THIRD MAN! WHEN WE FOUND THE MONEY, WE KNEW YOU’D COME FOR IT... SO WE JUST WAITED! MUGS LIKE YOU ALWAYS MAKE A MISTAKE!

MISTAKE... YEAH! BUT I’M NOT THE ONLY ONE THAT MADE A MISTAKE THIS TIME, COPPER!
I need 500 Men to wear SAMPLE SUITS!

PAY NO MONEY—SEND NO MONEY!

My values in made-to-measure suits are so sensational, thousands of men order when they see the actual garments. I make it easy for you to get your own suit to wear and show—and to MAKE MONEY IN FULL OR SPARE TIME! MY PLAN IS AMAZING! Just take a few orders at my low money-saving prices—that's all! Get your own personal suit, and make money fast taking orders. You need no experience. You need no money now or any time. Just rush your name and address for complete facts and BIG SAMPLE KIT containing more than 100 actual woolen samples. It's FREE! Get into the big-pay tailoring field and earn up to $15.00 in a day! Many men are earning even more! You can begin at once in spare time to take orders and pocket big profits. All you do is show the big, colorful different styles. Men order quickly because you offer fine quality at unbeatable prices. Yes—superb made-to-measure cutting and sewing—and complete satisfaction guaranteed. It's easy to get first orders, but repeat orders come even easier. With my big, complete line you begin earning big money at once and you build a steady, big-profit repeat business at the same time.

No Experience—No Money Needed EVERYTHING SUPPLIED FREE!

You need no money—no experience—no special training. Your friends, neighbors, relatives, fellow-workers, will be eager to give you orders once you show them the outstanding quality of the fabrics, the top notch fit of made-to-measure tailoring and the money-saving low prices. Every customer is a source of additional prospects. In no time at all, you'll find the orders rolling in faster and faster. And every order puts a handsome, spot-cash profit in your pocket! Mail the coupon for your big FREE OUTFIT of styles and samples NOW!

STONEFIELD CORPORATION, Dept. D-791
523 S. Throop St., Chicago 7, Ill.

Send No Money—Mail Today—No Obligation

We supply everything—sample fabrics, full-color style cards, order forms, measuring materials—all packed in a handsome, professional leatherette-covered carrying case. Work full time or spare time. Either way you'll be amazed at how fast you take orders and how your profits begin to mount! Fill out and mail coupon today.

Mail Coupon for FREE OUTFIT!
The page contains advertisements for various items with prices and sales claims. Here is a breakdown of the content:

1. **Tiny Midget Camera**
   - Takes secret pictures
   - Fits in palm of hand
   - Only 2 x 3 inches
   - Easy to hide
   - Takes dandy pictures!

   Price: 139

2. **AMAZING INVENTION! ONLY 695**
   - Swiss Stop Chronograph
   - Multi-Use Watch

   Price: 295

3. **ANYONE CAN USE IT!**
   - Swiss Stop Chronograph
   - Multi-Use Watch

   Price: 295

4. **SOLID SILVER ARMY RING**

   Price: 875

5. **10 DAY TRIAL AND GIFT COUPON**
   - U.S. Diamond House, Dept. 29-
   - 127 West 33rd St., New York, N.Y.

   Details: Pay check with your order.

   Conditions: Satisfaction Guaranteed or full price back. Send in coupon after trial period ends. Description: Stainless steel watch with heavy duty gift box. Satisfaction Guaranteed or full price back.
HOW TO FIX ANY PART OF ANY CAR

NOW—Whether You’re a Beginner or an Expert Mechanic
—You Can “Breeze Through” ANY AUTO REPAIR JOB!
MOTOR’S BRAND-NEW 1951 AUTO REPAIR MANUAL Shows
You How—With 2300 PICTURES AND SIMPLE
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COVERS EVERY JOB ON EVERY CAR BUILT FROM 1935 THRU 1951

YES, it’s easy as A-B-C to do
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He Does Job in 30 Min.—Fixed mo-
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MOTOR’S NEW AUTO REPAIR MANUAL, if O.K., I will
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shop you’ve ever seen, return book in 7
days and pay nothing. Mail coupon today.
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St., New York 19, N. Y.
You can win this big 15" Silver Trophy as Roger Hirsch just did!

When I enrolled I was a skinny, stick-walking, I was shy with girls because I had nothing to show off. A few weeks after starting the Jowett courses my body was the best in the neighborhood. Now I get respect and adoration from every fellow and girl I meet.

Roger Hirsch
was an 112 lb. weakling LIKE HIM NOW!

Then do as I did... MAIL THE COUPON BELOW

I gained 53 lbs. of mighty muscle
I added 6½ inches to my CHEST
3 inches to each ARM
And the rest in proportion — ALL IN A FEW SHORT WEEKS
by using the Jowett System
for building Real HE-MEN

Come on, PAL, Now YOU give me pleasant Minutes a Day in your own home . . . and I'll give YOU a NEW HE-MAN BODY for your OLD SKELETON FRAME.

says GEORGE F. Jowett
World's Greatest Builder of HE-MEN

NO! don't care how skinny or flabby you are, if you're a teen-ager, in your 20's or 30's or over, if you're short or tall, or what work you do. All I want is JUST 10 EXCITING MINUTES in your home to MAKE YOU OVER by the SAME METHOD I turned myself from a wreck to a Champion of Champions.

YES! You'll see INCH upon INCH of MIGHTY MUSCLE added to YOUR ARMS. Your CHEST deepens. Your BACK AND SHOULDERS broaden. From head to heels, you'll gain STRENGTH, SIZE, POWER, SPEED. You'll become an ALL-AROUND American HE-MAN, a WINNER in everything you tackle—my Training won't cost you one solitary cent!

FREE!
If you mail this coupon NOW
1 MUSCLE METER
2 Jowett's Photo Book of Famous Strong Men! His amazing book, Heroes of Steel, Muscles of Iron, has guided thousands to muscular power. Packed with photos of miracle men of might and muscle who started perhaps weaker than you are. Read the thrilling adventures of Jowett in strength that inspired these pupils to follow him. They'll show you the best way to build and muscle. Send for FREE gift book of PHOTOS OF FAMOUS STRONG MEN.

NOW LET ME MAKE YOU LIKE ROGER A WINNER IN EVERY WALK OF LIFE

MAYBE YOU FEEL WEAK, SICK, or Tired. Perhaps you are, if you're a teen-ager, in your 20's or 30's or over. If you're short or tall, or what work you do. All I want for you is JUST 10 EXCITING MINUTES in your home to MAKE YOU OVER by the SAME METHOD I turned myself from a wreck to a Champion of Champions.

YES! You'll see INCH upon INCH of MIGHTY MUSCLE added to YOUR ARMS. Your CHEST deepens. Your BACK AND SHOULDERS broaden. From head to heels, you'll gain STRENGTH, SIZE, POWER, SPEED. You'll become an ALL-AROUND American HE-MAN, a WINNER in everything you tackle—my Training won't cost you one solitary cent!

Develop YOUR 520 MUSCLES. Gain Pounds, INCHES, FIST!

Friend, I've traveled the world. I've made a LIFETIME STUDY of every way known to develop your body. Then I devised the best by TEST my 5-WAY PROGRESSIVE PROGRAM, the only method that builds you 5 ways fast. You save YEARS, DOLLARS like movie star Tom Tyler did. Like Champ Roger Hirsch did. Like many thousands like you did. So . . .

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