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Zestful foods



that delight a MAN!

HOW the men, big and little, just love pickles and relishes! And how they brag, among themselves, about those glorious seasoned delights that "my wife" and "mother" know so well how to make!

Seasoning, and especially mustard seasoning, is the deep secret of successful pickling. And, of course, men adore relishes that are rich in tantalizing, zestful savor.

Only Colman's has the sparkle, "pep" and subtle flavor that blend perfectly with pickles and vegetables, and with other spices, while adding a rare, delicious pungency of its own. The strength and superior flavor of Colman's have made it a world-famous mustard for all cooking and pickling needs for more than 100 years!

This season make your pickles and relishes supreme delights for all the family . . . with Colman's!



By appointment to His Majesty The King

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climb out, to be confronted with the town's entire police force, one dozen strong, armed with guns. Famished as he was, Red ducked back. These police meet every train. The men have orders to shoot at the boys, but to shoot into the air—to "put more rabbit in them." Such a procedure does not rise from deliberate unkindness, but from an absolute inability to aid daily hordes of homeless boys.

Eventually the youngster worked westward again. In the Oklahoma City Salvation Army he got two hearty meals, a night's lodging, and orders to "move on." He arrived one night in Tulsa, Oklahoma. Shunted to the Home for Transient Men, the superintendent in charge dosed him with calomel and did his best to get him in shape to travel the next day.

Red is lucky in this respect. He has not fallen seriously ill in Tulsa or anywhere else—heaven knows why. The county doctor resists any calls for the sick transient boy. He must be extremely ill before he can be taken to the county hospital. If a boy is sick, but not desperately so, social workers often try to get some doctor friend to volunteer help. Those suffering with chronic ailments such as tuberculosis can find no medical aid at all. The clinics avoid tuberculous or seriously diseased boys by saying they cannot treat them unless they remain under their care for at least a month.

The Jungles

SOMETIMES Red and his brothers get sick as the result of bad food. What food they pick up themselves is of dubious quality. Some of the independent missions and shelters have more sentiment than sanitation.

New Mexico towns he found far from hospitable. He reached a little town called Belen and was told to go to the Beanery—the City Hall. He was asked to help the marshal clean the streets in exchange for two meals, supper of beans, bread and coffee, and breakfast of oatmeal, bread and coffee. The Beanery opened October twenty-third. It has fed 2140 transients. The citizens are asking themselves, however, if they are not helping the transients at the expense of their own resident poor.

As the tables and chairs were already occupied for the night, Red slept in the jungle. These jungles are the last retreat of the homeless boys. They are places on either side of the railroad tracks where the wanderers congregate before they catch the freight trains. If possible they are located in a shady spot under trees. The boys passing by keep a fire going continually and cook in pails or tops of cans any food they are able to get; sometimes bits of meat or bacon, and if they are lucky a "Mulligan stew." There is always coffee brewing. At night the boys sleep around these fires. Sometimes great crowds of them sleep in one jungle.

The jungles are a community of misery and occasionally of potential crime and delinquency. Here boys often meet the older men who teach or attract them into a life which will forever cut them off from a normal social existence.

When Red came near Deming, New Mexico, he saw posters which said, "We subscribe to the local unemployment relief committee and do not give food or

When Red got to Lordsburg he registered at the Hoover Hotel, where the menu consisted of soup—good but not often warm—and bread.

His dreary progress through Arizona was a repetition of the unpalatable supper and breakfast and "move on." His next stop was Douglas, Arizona, seventy-five miles away. Seventy-five miles to the next meal of beans, potatoes, soup and coffee. About this time Red was becoming undernourished and pale from a diet largely made up of starch. He ate at the Salvation Army there, which gets all of its food from the adjacent Army camp, Camp Jones. This food consists entirely of leavings from the mess tables. Between three hundred and five hundred transients per day pass through Douglas. Then came Tucumcari, where three thousand transients are handled each month, of whom one hundred are provided with lodging.

"In a trip through the jungles west of Tucson, in a space of two miles," stated P. G. Spilsbury, president of the Arizona Industrial Congress, "we counted four hundred men and boys along the ditch bank washing their clothes and preparing for the move. I did not see a single bum in this group."

As a matter of fact, at the outset these boys are not bums. The older hobos avoid them like the plague. They believe the youngsters are inexperienced and will get them into trouble if they associate with them. Hence the boys do not know the language of the road or any of its traditional habits. They have not yet acquired the professional bum's distaste for work. In Memphis, where the Salvation Army is generous with its service, many accusations were made that these boys would not work if they could. For a short period last winter, therefore, the Salvation Army opened a wood yard and put on a test in connection with the lodging house. When boys registered they were given a ticket and asked to return after breakfast the next day to work out their meals and lodging, turning in the ticket at the wood yard to show they had been there. No watch was kept on them; they were expected to return voluntarily. According to the adjutant, the result was most gratifying. Only a small percentage of tickets were not turned in. This is an example of many such reports.

Kindly Los Angeles

AT LAST, dusty and exhausted, Red found himself on the streets of Los Angeles, the one city which has given this problem serious consideration and made provision for its pathetic, unwanted visitors. Red plucked up his courage and asked a policeman where to go. He was sent to the Municipal Service Bureau, to which all transients are referred. This bureau studies all cases and sends the boys to organizations best equipped to suit their needs.

To his delight, Red was sent to the Community Boys' Lodge, which is supported by the Community Chest for boys under eighteen. The work is conducted on a case-work basis, and the lodge keeps a boy here as long as it seems possible to do something for him. In this respect it contrasts with others everywhere. The average length of stay in March, 1932, was twenty days. Only a fraction of the applicants can be accepted, due to limitations of capacity. Many others are being

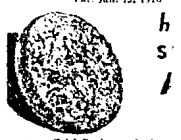
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