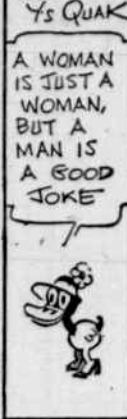


THE FEATHERHEADS

By Osborne
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Page Kipling
TODAY'S Y'S QUAK
A WOMAN IS JUST A WOMAN, BUT A MAN IS A GOOD JOKE

PINOCHLE

By R. H. WILKINSON

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AUSTIN METCALF is an old man. During the past two years he has failed rapidly.

The change in this comparatively short space of time is marked. In fact, back in 1931 you would not have spoken of Austin as old. His hair, now white, was an iron gray. There was a brightness to his eye, an agility to his movements that are today but memories.

Of those who have noted this marked change in Austin's son, Blaine, probably has a more acute realization of it than any one.

For Blaine and his father have been closely associated during the years past. There seems to be a greater bond, a deeper sense of understanding between the pair than between most fathers and sons.

Not long ago, two years, in fact, Blaine completed his schooling and went away to Boston to work.

There are those who say it was this separation that brought about the change in Austin.

At any rate it was Blaine, who, during his infrequent visits at home, first noted the signs of advancing age. He attributed them, of course, to his father's years, and knew a feeling of regret at the inevitable.

Frequently he sought reassurance from his mother in regard to Austin's health, and was relieved at the lack of alarm Mrs. Metcalf displayed over the matter. For she is a devoted wife and would, were there cause, be the first to feel concern.

Blaine has been careful during the two years past never to express sympathy in his father's presence or make insinuations relative to the old man's increasing incapableness; for Austin has always been a prideful man, and this pride has, it seems, become more poignant with advancing years.

He does not admit a weariness of any description; believes himself still physically able and mentally alert.

The situation is delicate, for Blaine must always be careful never to openly appear aware of his father's deficiencies, lest he give offense.

And Blaine, pitying his father deeply, has found this task a hard one, especially when the two are playing pinochle.

Blaine has played pinochle with his father since his grade school days.

There has been a close, yet friendly, rivalry between the two.

Their skill in the game is surprisingly well balanced; they have kept tab on the games each has won and lost over a period of time, and on the eve of Blaine's departure for his new job these tabs are tallied up and found to be nearly equal, with Austin having the edge by a count of two.

Blaine was glad of this when the results were given their final check and found accurate, for the old man took a sober delight in the game, and his pleasure at thus finding himself in the lead was good to see.

Blaine for his part found no time during the ensuing two years to reflect on these pinochle games, or to anticipate a continuance of the contest.

But with Austin it was different. For time lay heavily now on his old man's hands and, as is often the case with aged people, little things that have no particular place in the scheme of life loomed important.

He looked forward with no small amount of eagerness to Blaine's homecoming, having in mind an evening of pinochle, with the old-time rivalry as an incentive for good playing.

Blaine, though no longer feeling a keen interest in the game, was nevertheless willing to play if for no better reason than to indulge the old man's whim.

They began a series of games which Austin called the Battle of Champions.

And for a period of a year, during which they played not more than a dozen games at best, the victories were evenly divided.

At times during the course of a contest Blaine would find his thoughts wandering from the business at hand, dwelling on his work in Boston, and Austin was apt to score during these intervals and chuckle satisfactorily over his shrewdness.

And at times, also, when the evening was well advanced, the old man was apt to nod sleepily, and Blaine would find it easy to meld a sequence which might otherwise have been averted.

It was during the second year that the youth began to notice the frequency of these nodding periods, and the feeling of pity in him grew at sight of old Austin's white head, drooping, the look of guilt that leaped into the aged eyes at sudden realization of his inattentiveness.

It occurred to him gradually that the pinochle contest was his father's dearest interest.

He analyzed the situation, and arrived at an understanding.

There was little else to occupy the old man's time.

He had long since retired from active business.

His circle of friends was small. Hence this business of playing pinochle with his son had become an important factor in his life.

It served to keep his mind occupied; it served also to keep him mentally alert.

Thus reasoning, it occurred to Blaine that it would be an act of kindness to permit his father to win the contest.

Defeat might have a dangerous reaction.

It would not be a difficult feat to accomplish this end, he reflected.

It would be simple, during one of Austin's dozes, to discard a trump that might otherwise form a royal marriage.

The old man would never notice, would chuckle over his son's inability to meld a high score.

And so, with this in mind, Blaine waited until the deciding game of the contest; waited, in fact, until the game was near its end, noting with some satisfaction that the score was nearly equal, the victor doubtful; waited until old Austin's head nodded and his eyes closed for an instant, and then swiftly slid an ace of trumps on the draw pile, knowing full well the old man would pluck it from the pack on the next play, thereby completing a sequence in his hand and winning the game.

The plan worked beautifully, save for the fact that Austin, with the ace in his hand, did not meld his sequence. Somewhat puzzled, annoyed because he had figured wrongly in supposing his father held a sequence, Blaine made his own draw and found himself with a hundred aces.

He hesitated, then melded them, feeling assured that on the next play Austin would complete his sequence, scoring for himself 150 points.

But this didn't happen.

The game ended, with Blaine as the victor; victor, also, of the contest.

His first reaction was chagrin because of the failure of his plan.

He felt also a deep sensation of pity toward his father.

But Austin was above all else a good loser, and by the time Blaine's visit was ended other matters came to occupy his mind and he did not again reflect on the outcome of the contest.

Blaine returned to Boston directly after supper on Sunday night, and following his departure Austin stretched out in his favorite chair before the open fire and stared at the blaze in moody silence.

He remained thus for so long that Mrs. Metcalf was at length moved to question him.

And Austin looked at her and smiled, and there was a contented expression in his eyes.

"I was thinking of Blaine," he said, smiling. "Ever since Blaine has been a youngster we've played pinochle together, and the boy has come to take the game pretty seriously. He's a good loser, never offers post-mortems, but I know it hurts him when I win. Well, since he's had that job in Boston I feel he shouldn't be disturbed by outside affairs weighing on his mind. At first I thought he'd forget about our pinochle games, but when he suggested this last contest, I could see his interest was as keen as ever. And, so, taking everything into consideration, I figured it wouldn't be so good for his state of mind if he didn't win."

The old man paused and chuckled.

"So I made believe I was doing; gave him a chance to get in a couple of good plays without letting him know I was watching. And it worked, too! We finished up tonight, and the boy won. He didn't know it, but during that last hand I held a sequence and never melded it, just so he could win."

Afghan Cities Centers of Mystery to Traveler

Herat today reminds one of Bukhara, a place in which to sit and dream, its bazaars a source of never-failing interest; its twilight scenes of mystery. But Herat, with seven tall minarets breaking the skyline near a mud-walled city much like that at the foot of the tall tower from which Bukhara hurled spies and criminals to their death, is more satisfying to the tourist.

During a photographer's recent stay in Herat impromptu friends made his feel at home. Shadowy warehouses were opened for his inspection, silver smiths stopped their bellows to gaze into his camera lens, while a crowd of onlookers circled behind, watching every move, but not interfering. A few hours before, the Afghans had been represented as dangerous fellows.

The Afghan loves a gun and fondle flowers. He can be cruel, yet will do to protect a guest. More nearly than many Asiatics, he becomes almost effeminate when at the end of his long lean fingers there is, not a knife, but a fluttering square of bright silk. The Afghan boy, greeted at birth by a salve of fourteen guns, is treated by his father with unusual tenderness.

Some of the dances at Mukur reveal the effeminate side of Afghan character. "Song and dance are Saitan daughters," say the Afghan Puritans. As in other eastern lands where women do not participate in the dance, men and boys develop an almost feminine grace.

But there are other dances of a more culline wildness, with stamping, multiplying the savage rhythm of long-barrel drums, while the long legs of the mountaineers whip back and forth over verile, sweaty faces. Still the trampoline rattle furnished by sticks in the left hands of the drummers, the heavy rhythm of the right hands as they beat the other side of the drums.

Number of Senses
The number of senses is generally striced to five, the so-called special senses of sight, hearing, taste and touch. Two other senses sometimes included, namely, the sense, called *cnesthesia*—the sense of bodily existence, or the conscious sensation caused by the functioning of the internal organs; and seventh sense, or visceral sense—perception of the existence of the internal organs.

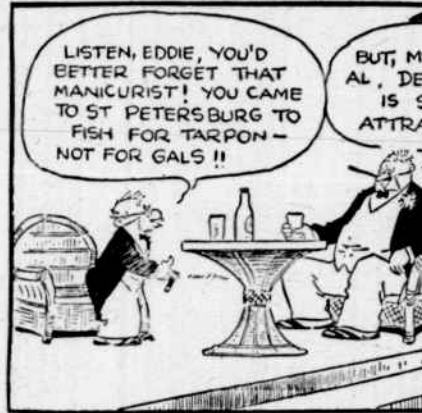
FINNEY OF THE FORCE

By Ted O'Loughlin
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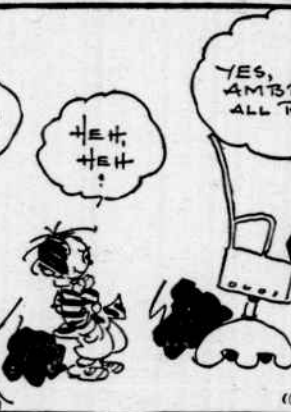
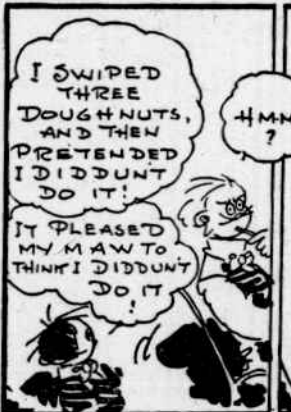
Snoop on the Pan

"KEEPING UP WITH THE JONESES"



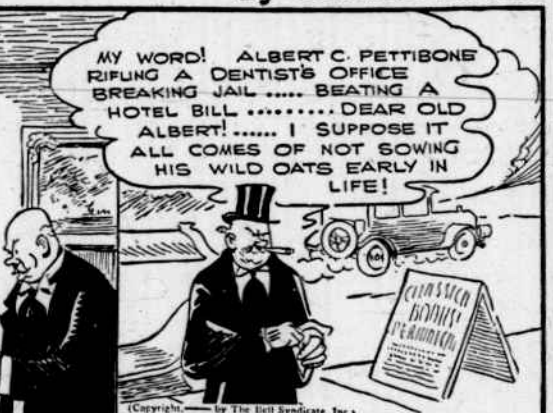
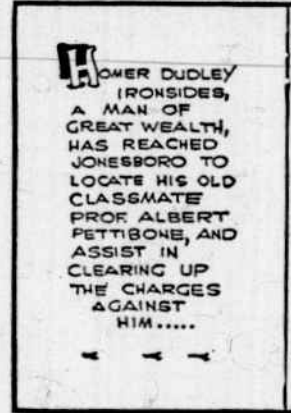
A Man Of Character --

'SMATTER POP— Pop Goes In For Guessing



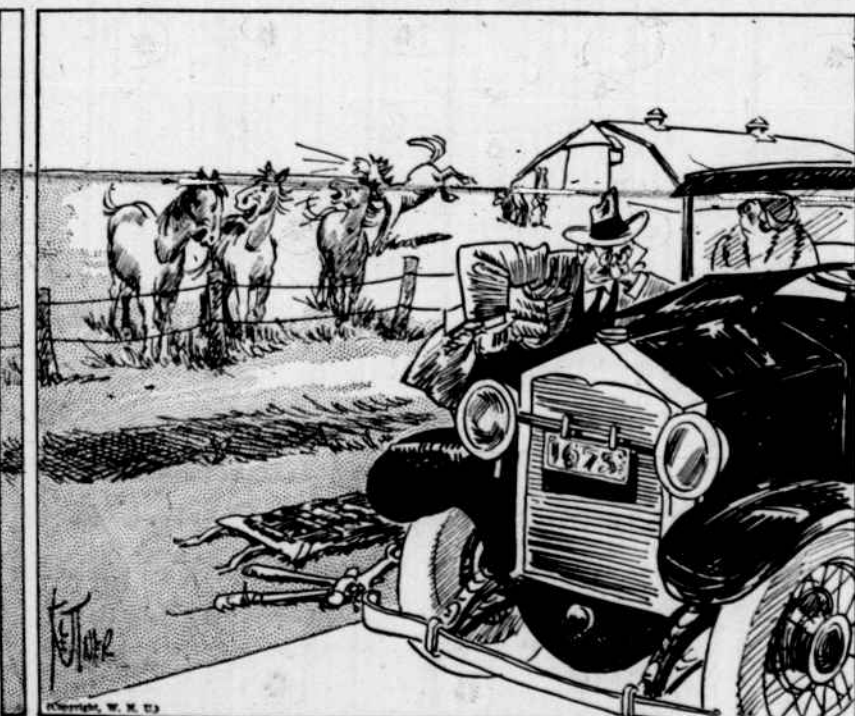
By C. M. PAYNE

BOBBY THATCHER— "Paid In Full"



By GEORGE STORM

Along the Concrete



Our Pet Peeve

