

# THE FEATHERHEADS

By Osborne  
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# FINNEY OF THE FORCE

By Ted O'Loughlin  
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# BOBBY THATCHER— A Mystery Solved!!

By GEORGE STORM



# S'MATTER POP— Well It'll Be Pop's Loss

By C. M. PAYNE



# REG'LAR FELLERS

Misleading



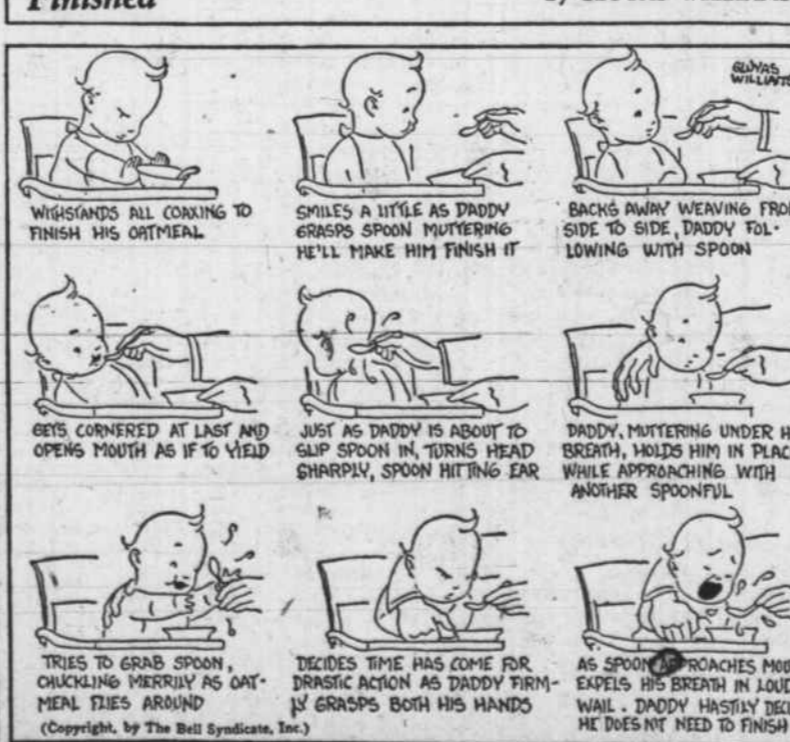
# Along the Concrete

By M. G. KETTNER



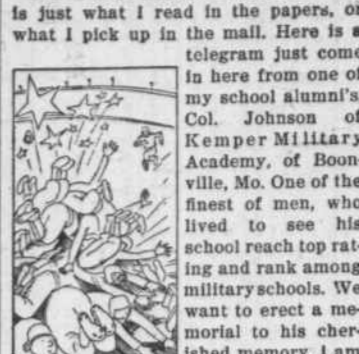
# Finished

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



# Says WILL ROGERS

BEVERLY HILLS.—Well all I know is just what I read in the papers, or what I pick up in the mail. Here is a telegram just come in here from one of my school alumni's, Col. Johnson of Kemper Military Academy, of Boonville, Mo. One of the finest of men, who lived to see his school reach top rating and rank among military schools. We want to erect a memorial to his cherished memory. I am all for it, and hope they do it, but I can't be chairman of it. I never was a chairman, or on the "Exec" Committee of anything. In fact I am a mighty poor group worker. I mean well but I just don't do anything.



Another letter by the way is laying in a wash basket full waiting till next Fall, (I think its Autumn when I answer the years letters). Well this old kid wanted to know just what made me leave Kemper Military Academy in the Winter of '98. He says there is always quite a controversy as to whether I jumped, or was I shoved. Well I cant remember that far back. All I know is that it was a cold Winter, and old man Ewings Ranch on the Canadian River at Higgins Texas wasent any too warm when I dragged in there. Kemper was my last school. Bill Corum, the crack A. I. sporting writer comes from Boonville and Kemper.

Do you know I used to play me a pretty good end, that is a substitute end. I dont think they ever used me, but the rough way they was playing in those days, that didnt hurt my feelings any, not getting in there. I played what you might call a "Wide End." I would play out so far that the other 21 would be pretty well piled up before I could possibly reach em.

I think it was along about in our days when the first thing come in the way of a shift. It was called "Tackles Back." "Tackles Right" or left, "Guards Back." They would move everybody over to one side of the line, that is everybody that could remember the signals. Kinder the way it was worked was the fellow that was going to lead the interference would just holler for all the help he could get, then everybody fell in behind and pushed, so you see when I picked this deep end job, I kinder figured that I would arrive a little late for most of the festivities. So thats why to this very day I dont carry any football scars, or bruises. I was pretty fast as a runner. Down in the old Indian Territory they used to call me "Rabbit." But I never seemed to be fast enough to get there in time to get into one of those massacres. Well in those days if I remember substitutes didnt get in games much anyhow. You either played or you didnt play. You wasent allowed to run in and out like a bell hop.

Been seeing some of these professional games, and as just downright interest in real football, why they have the colleges skinned a mile. These colleges better start changing one rule anyhow, and that is allow a pass from anywhere to anybody anytime. Because these Pros just make a whole audience stand up and cheer when they start passing that old schote wrapper around. They really toss that swine pulp. In years to come you will see just as much difference between college and Pros in football as you see between them playing baseball and seeing the St Louis Cardinals play it. You better open up that game. Those bands and that marching on the field, and making letters with those cards wont get your prices from the mob. You will want to see a man do something with a football that is an expert.

And kicks after touchdowns? Why they just give em those by defaults. They are like a three inch putt, they just concede em. Taint the boys fault in the colleges, its the rule makers, its the old foggies who wont admit they can learn anything from an upstart opponent. They think the "Pros" cant do anything because they are getting paid for it, that the spirit is not there. You cut off a coach's wages and see if his spirit is there. The old dollars might be filthy lucre, but there is quite a bit of energy and spirit yet in earning one. Coaches dont want it, because they would have to learn their own game over again, and pass anywhere anyplace to anybody, and you will see your old stadiums fill up next Fall and you will see more excitement than you have had in years. Somebody fixed a baseball so you could do some scoring with it, and the game was rejuvenated. Get some scoring into your football, enough to cut out all these ties, and beat by one point games. The greatest game played was Army Navy 21-21 in Chicago. If it had been nothing to nothing you wouldnt remember it. Throw em anywhere, anytime, and revive the game. Now I must get back to advising my Democrats.

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Smiles

SHE KNEW

Scribbler—Ah! A check for \$100 from Dribbler! And I don't know what it is for!

Wife—Oh, that's for my new gown and bonnet, dear! I've been praying for it a week!

Copy-Cat

"I hear that Mrs. Highbride is much disappointed in her husband."

"Dreadfully. She understood he was a home-loving man and now he wants to tag along with her everywhere she goes."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

The Joker

"Jack is so original. He says things to me that nobody else would dream of saying."

"What has he been up to now—asking you to marry him?"—Humorist Magazine.

Taking Medicine

"Where have you been for the last four years?"

"At college, taking medicine."

"And did you finally get well?"

WRIGLEY'S SPEARMINT GUM The Flavor Lasts