

THE SUNNY SIDE OF LIFE

Clean Comics That Will Amuse Both Old and Young

THE FEATHERHEADS

By Osborne
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A Sheepish Expression



QUACK



'SMATTER POP—Now Two Toots, Meaning Cleared Track

By C. M. PAYNE



MESCAL IKE

By S. L. HUNTLEY



Maybe He Ran Too Fast



FINNEY OF THE FORCE

By Tod O'Loughlin



Fast Friends



BRONC PEELER — A Few Strays Go Further Astray

By FRED HARMAN



The Curse of Progress



Hard Luck

The diner in the cheap restaurant gave an exclamation of annoyance. "Anything wrong, sir?" asked the waitress. "Wrong!" he ejaculated. "I should say so. This egg is as hard as a brick." "Sorry!" replied the waitress. "We used the egg-timer for it." "Oh!" he growled. "I thought you'd used a calendar."

Tit for Tat
Lady in Car (to man she has just bowled over)—It was your own fault entirely. I have been driving a car for ten years, and I am thoroughly experienced.

Pedestrian—I am not a beginner, either. I've been walking for 50 years.—L. & N. Employees' Magazine.

Pirate's Rate
Miss Gush (on ship)—Captain, weren't you ever boarded by pirates?
Captain—Yes, they charged me \$3 a day, and the food was terrible.

SUBURBAN HEIGHTS

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



Big Game

By STANLEY CORDELL
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WNU Service.

WHEN Bobbie came home from school he found the back door locked. The key was under the mat, however; he found it and went into the kitchen. There was a penciled note on the table.

"Dear Bobbie: Uncle Rufus arrived this noon for a few day's visit. We have driven over to call on Mr. and Mrs. Bradshaw. Do your chores and be a good boy until we get home. Mother."

Bobbie's eyes shone. Uncle Rufus was the idol of all his childish dreams. Not only was he an especially indulgent uncle, but the life he led was one that would stir the imagination of any red-blooded American boy. For Uncle Rufus was a sportsman of the first water.

Bobbie went out to the shed and loaded up his arms with wood for the kitchen stove. He cut kindling for tomorrow morning's fire, placed fresh water in the henyard dishes, poured out grain for the night's feeding. Presently he returned to the kitchen and glanced at the clock. Three-fifteen. Mother and dad and Uncle Rufus wouldn't be home for an hour yet. Perhaps longer. Bobbie projected his mind ahead. Tonight, after supper, they would all sit around the table and listen to Uncle Rufus spin tales of his adventures. Bobbie wouldn't miss it for anything. Uncle Rufus was sure a great guy. Sometime he was going to take Bobbie on one of his trips. He had promised.

Bobbie started for the kitchen door and paused. A thought occurred to him. Usually Uncle Rufus stopped off on his way to or from the hunting or fishing grounds. And because of this reason his luggage most always included a rifle or a fishing rod, things that Bobbie stared at in awe and wonder.

Thinking of it, Bobbie glanced once more at the clock, turned and quickly entered the front hall and mounted the stairs.

Bobbie's gaze made a tour of the room and suddenly his heart leaped. There standing beside the bureau, was a .22 rifle, almost a duplicate of the specially-made gun Uncle had let him handle last fall. Hesitatingly, Bobbie crossed the room, stood looking down at the piece in reverent silence. And as he stood there a daring thought occurred to him. Why not borrow the gun for a little while?

Bobbie picked up the rifle and tucked it in the crook of his arm. A sensation of pride and importance and well-being passed through him. Almost without thinking he descended the stairs, crossed the kitchen and went out into the back yard. It was easy to feel that the weapon was his, that he was starting out on his daily hunt in order to provide the supper table with fresh meat.

At the bars he stopped in the very act of pulling one of the shafts from its slot. A disturbing thought had crossed his mind—memory of Uncle Rufus' regard for his guns and rods, his meticulous treatment of them, the blaze of anger that glowed in his eyes when once he told of someone borrowing a certain big game rifle uninvited.

A sense of guilt, coupled with fear of the consequences of his act, seized Bobbie. He knew he was doing wrong, and he thought how dreadful it would be if Uncle Rufus became angered at him and refused to tell him tales of his adventures, or retracted his offer to sometime take him on one of his trips to the woods. The possibility of being caught was scarcely worth the consequences, and yet—Bobbie had never owned a gun. His folks were poor and they couldn't buy him one. Despite his longing he had never complained or wished out loud for things that he knew would pain his mother because she couldn't give them to him. He could see the hurt in her eyes if it became known he had broken her trust and faith by borrowing Uncle Rufus' rifle.

Bobbie went back through the bars, replaced the shaft and turned toward the house. Well, anyway, he thought, sometimes I'll—the sentence was never finished. He stopped dead still, staring wide-eyed at the automobile that had driven into the yard, staring at Uncle Rufus climbing out from behind the wheel.

Suddenly he felt weak and sick and very much afraid. Uncle Rufus had spotted him and boomed out something he couldn't hear. He saw his idol striding through the yard toward him.

"So you found it, eh? Well, by jinks, I ought to take it back—robbing me of the kick I'd planned to get out of giving it to you myself. Well, how do you like it?"

Bobbie gulped. "What—what—?" "Come, come," Uncle Rufus boomed. "You might at least thank a chap. Had that rifle made special just for you. It'll shoot true at 200 yards and knock a crow galley west. You'd better try it and see. Plenty of crows up in the woods where we're going."

Uncle Rufus' voice became a jumble of words—"had to talk to your mother and dad to get 'em to let you off from school a couple of days—four days in all with Saturday and Sunday—maybe we'll get a deer—have to be pretty straight shooter to hit a deer with a .22—Ho! What's this? Crying? Shucks! Big game hunters don't cry."

Happy Hulda Goes On Dishpan Duty



Pattern 1383

Happy Hulda, as chief-cook-and-bottle-washer, invites you to cross stitch this set of seven tea towels (8 to the inch crosses), in the gayest floss you can find! Pattern 1383 contains a transfer pattern of seven motifs (one for each day of the week) averaging about 6 by 6½ inches; material requirements; illustrations of all stitches used; color suggestions.

Send 15 cents in stamps or coins (coins preferred) for this pattern to The Sewing Circle Needlecraft Dept., 82 Eighth Ave., New York, N. Y.

Write plainly pattern number, your name and address.

Foreign Words and Phrases

- Etourderie. (F.) Giddy conduct, an imprudent caprice.
- Ricordo. (It.) A souvenir, a keepsake.
- A contre coeur. (F.) Unwillingly.
- Calembour. (F.) A pun.
- Pas seul. (F.) A dance performed by one person.
- A la lettre. (F.) To the letter, literally.
- Claqueur. (F.) One paid for applauding at a theater.
- Coup de maitre. (F.) A master stroke.
- Ex animo. (L.) Heartily.
- Deo favente. (L.) With the help of God.
- Si non e vero, e ben trovato. (It.) If it is not true, it is very ingenious.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets made of May Apple are effective in removing accumulated body waste.—Adv.

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