

OUR COMIC SECTION

Events in the Lives of Little Men



Blessed Are the Poor in Spirit

By D. V. FAY
(McClure Syndicate—WNU Service.)

"TOBY, we should be ashamed. I'll never forgive myself, I know that!"

"Forgive yourself for what?" Toby Condon demanded menacingly. "Forgive yourself for what?" He was the richest man in town and there were girls in Newkirk who thought he was handsome in a menacing mood; handsome eyes narrowed, dark face tempestuous, his white teeth a crescent of scorn.

"For giving you the idea that you could..." "Kiss you?" he finished derisively. "And what's wrong with that? There wouldn't have been anything wrong last year; but now you're engaged; is that it? Engaged to the Reverend Warren Hollis; the high-spirited Reverend Warren. He loves you; he's going to marry you. But tonight he's busy. He had to carry a glass of jelly to a sick old lady, so he lets me take you home. What's the matter with him anyway? Doesn't he know we were engaged once? Didn't he see anything tonight? He lets me take you home. Look here, Caroline, are you going through life with a solution of dish water disguised as a minister? Are you, Caroline—Darling?"

His dark face came closer, closer. Caroline drew back, murmured through a spasm of partial suffocation: "Toby! Don't!" She tried to calm herself, to talk with something like composure.

"I suppose he thought we were to be trusted, Toby. I suppose he—" "He's too good for this world," Toby said briefly; contemptuously. "Look here, Caroline," his tone changed abruptly. "You're marrying me; you may have other ideas on the subject," he pursued superbly, "but you may as well get rid of them. You're marrying me. When I go after things, I get them. You know that, don't you, Caroline? Don't you?"

"Toby!" Doubtfully and reluctantly, she consulted her sister the next day.

They were arranging their mother's old-fashioned living room for the junior charity bridge club.

"I know I'm not in love with Toby, Gwen. When I'm in a sensible mood I keep telling myself that Toby Condon could drive any woman crazy. I haven't any illusions about him. But I don't know. There's something Toby has that I miss in Warren. Warren's so calm. Oh, it's exasperating. You can't know what I mean, Gwen. Warren never loses his temper. Never!"

"And you like volcanoes," her sister said. "Perhaps you'd better take Toby, Caroline. I don't know many bad-tempered ministers."

"Gwen, suppose I were to marry Toby."

"Suppose you were to—" Gwen stopped, dumbfounded.

She stood there, absently pleating a lace paper napkin. "It's gone that far, has it?"

"No. No, honestly, Gwennie," said Caroline, ashamed, "I just meant that I don't get a chance to think when I'm with Toby. He's so quick! Oh, I love Warren, I do love him, but he's so calm. I would like it if I weren't always sure just what Warren will do next."

"Well, no woman will ever be too sure of Toby," her sister said dryly. "No. No woman ever will," Caroline agreed. "You don't know how much easier it's made things, talking them over with you. I could have mullered over them for hours by myself. Well, I know now," she said seriously, "that I'm willing to take Warren, whatever he does and whatever he is. Don't you think I'll make a nice sweet wife for a mild young minister, huh, Gwennie?"

Her sister laughed. "Yes, I do. But I wouldn't see any more than I could help of the very honorable Toby."

"Oh, I won't. I simply won't see him any more. He's going to phone today, he said. Well, if he does, he never will again."

They were silent. And then the imperative shrill of the telephone rioted through the quiet.

"Well," Gwen said challengingly. Quickly and rigid with determination, Caroline went to the telephone.

"Toby?" She was confused, deafened. Her blood pounded. "Listen to me, Toby. It took me 12 hours to figure out that you did a despicable, dishonorable thing last night. It's going to take me 12 seconds to tell you, you aren't getting a chance to repeat it. You don't understand, Toby? I think you do. And in the light of what happened, I think it's impudence for you to phone me and sheer spinelessness for me to be answering."

She came away from the phone grim, panting, satisfied.

"I feel better about Warren somehow," she admitted. "I feel almost as if I'd told him all about it."

The morning gave place to afternoon. Caroline's bridge club came and went. And with the soft spring dusk a wisp of summer rain came and danced daintily upon the windows. While Caroline was sitting in the fire-lit half darkness of the living-room, the phone rang again. She answered it and heard, with a happy

tightening of her throat, the voice of the Reverend Warren Hollis.

"Caroline," (she could almost see his serious, spectacled young face while she listened to his slow good-humored voice,) "I just noticed that it's raining. Be sure and wear your rubbers tonight."

Caroline laughed. She would wear her rubbers. Would he come to supper? No, he couldn't. Some Sunday School boys had spilled ink all over his books, the Reverend Warren said cheerfully; he must clean up the mess.

"For goodness sake!" cried Caroline, exasperated, "don't you ever get mad?"

She put down the phone and smiled into the darkness.

"What did she care if he didn't? She loved him."

"Caroline!" It was her father's voice with a strange urgency in it that brought Caroline blinking into the brightly lighted hall.

"What is it?" she asked breathlessly, sensing something she could not define.

"Caroline, did you know that Toby Condon is in the hospital?"

"Toby! Dad, he didn't try to—kill himself?" she asked, trembling.

"He didn't, did he, Dad?"

"Kill himself? He eyed her keenly. "No. He isn't badly hurt. Had his face pretty well smashed and lost two teeth; that's all."

The front hall dipped and reeled. Her father's head swam around in a green mixture full of the front stairs and the picture frames as well as the paternal head.

"Who?" she asked. "Why?"

"The Reverend Warren Hollis did it," he said. "And we want to know why. His housekeeper says that he called our number this morning and asked for you. He listened to you for a few minutes; her father continued impressively, "without saying much, if anything. After which, he dashed from the house and committed this assault upon Toby Condon."

"Warren phoned me this morning," she muttered over a thudding chest; with dawning understanding.

"There'll be trouble over this Caroline," the man said heavily.

"Oh, it's awful," she whispered seriously. But a strange, not entirely appropriate joy was seeping through her.

Early Scholars Created

Little Demand for Paper
In the early days of King Tut-Ankh-Amen—and after—there was little enough need for paper.

It was a rare scholar who could read his hieroglyphics, and a rarer one who could write them. And so a little paper was sufficient for a long time.

But in those days paper, like everything else, was made by hand. Indeed, it was made by hand for centuries, but while so little of it was required, the limited amount a skilled workman could make in a day was adequate.

Gradually, however, things changed, and after several centuries had settled the dust over Tut-Ankh-Amen's royal tomb, paper had become a more or less necessary part of civilization.

By the time the Nineteenth century had rolled around, the demand for cheap and abundant paper was so urgent that machines for its manufacture were invented. Today, those machines have been so changed and perfected that they can produce tons of paper in a day.

Of course, the most abundantly made paper nowadays is cheap newsprint paper. A single edition of any large daily newspaper actually requires tons of paper.

Newsprint paper—which is the poorest of all qualities of paper—is merely mashed and ironed wood pulp. Many kinds of logs are used, the best sorts having little resin in them.

The logs are ground into mush, the wood fibers float off loosely separated in the water and are caught on a wire screen. The function of the paper machine is to dry and iron the wet, thin layer of pulp into sheets of paper, by means of hot rollers.

But the better grades of paper are made by dissolving out, with various chemicals, all of the impurities, like resin, in the wood until only the fiber remains. Spruce, balsam and hemlock are the best woods for this purpose.

In former years, old rags were used in the manufacture of the best paper, but now wood fiber has been successfully substituted for them. Straw, cornstalks, flax, bamboo and many other fibers are more and more taking the place of the pulp of forest trees in the manufacture of paper, which is one of the five largest industries of America.

Double Bid for Fame

St. Vincent, 250 miles north of Venezuela's coast off northern South America, is the leading producer of arrowroot, widely used as an invalid and baby food, and by housewives and cooks in making candies, desserts, puddings and biscuits and for thickening gravies, soups, and sauces.

St. Vincent is rich in history as well as in products of the soil. Its Botanic garden, oldest in the New world, was established in 1763 and it was to obtain breadfruit tree specimens for this garden in 1787 that the British naval vessel *Bounty* sailed to the South Seas where the famous mutiny on the *Bounty* occurred. Eventually Captain Bligh of the *Bounty* brought back to St. Vincent 530 choice specimens for the garden.

On the Funny Side



The futurist artist was visiting the home of his only patron.

"By the way," said the patron, "did you hear about the burglary that occurred here the other night?"

"No," said the artist. "Did they get away with much?"

"A few bits of jewelry," said the other. "And you know that picture I bought from you. They cut it out of its frame, and—"

The artist gave a cry of delight. "Good! My fortune's made," he said. "This is just the sort of advertisement I want."

"And," continued the patron lightly, "they took the frame and left the picture." *By the way, did you see the picture?*

Not a Chance

The caller knocked at the door. "Is Mr. Smith in?" he asked.

"Yes, he is," replied the lady of the house.

"That's fine," said the visitor, "Maybe I can collect the money he owes me."

Mrs. Smith smiled scornfully. "You're an optimist," she said. "If my husband had any money he wouldn't be in."

A KINDLY WARNING



He—Ignorance is bliss. She—Then you should be very careful as you come into a full realization of your happiness — you might die of joy.

Last Time

Bjones—How are you getting on with your courtship of Miss Cherry? Dudd—Oh, just fine.

Bjones—I'm glad to hear that. I heard her father objected to you. Has he changed his mind? Dudd—Oh, yes; he must have. When he kicked me down the front steps last night he said it was for the last time.

Good Answer

Warden—Don't you know that the bass season is closed? What are you doing with that big one of your line? McFall—Well, you see, Warden, it was this way. He's been stealing my bait all morning, so I just tied him up until I get ready to go home.

Keeping Dry

Billy and Bud were having fun taking a shower bath with the hose and playing in a tub of water. Suddenly, it began to rain and Billy said:

"Oh, it is going to rain and mother said for me to come home if it rained."

Same Things

Father—My son, I won't have you constantly at the bottom of the class as you are—

Aged Seven (bored)—Can't see it matters, myself, Pa. They teach the same thing at both ends.

Real Portrait

Mrs. Bjones—And the portrait will be real pretty? Artist—Of course. You won't know yourself.

No! No!

Mabel (after Frank's proposal)—No! A thousand times, no! Frank—Well, don't rub it in. I only asked you once.

NOT ALTOGETHER AN EVIL

"You don't seem to mind having that scarlet fever sign on your house at all."

"Well, there hasn't been a collector at the door since it was put up."

Same Thing?

Cryeng—There goes a fellow who seems to take the worst possible view of everything.

Holowynge—Is he a pessimist, then? Cryeng—No; he's a candid camera fiend.

Warning

Mrs. B started out to get a curl put in her hair and was amused to hear Mr. B call out after her: "Don't get an Angora wave put in."

Ask Me Another

A General Quiz

The Questions

1. Are zebras black with white stripes or white with black stripes?
2. White persons constitute what per cent of the people of the British empire?
3. Why do people generally walk in circles when lost?
4. In what cities would you find the following districts: The Loop; The Barbary Coast; The Bowery?
5. In what wars did the United States draft troops?
6. What country is designated by the sobriquet Cousin Michel?
7. Are animals other than horses spoken of as thoroughbred?
8. What is the difference between a dove and a pigeon?
9. Are there white elephants?
10. Here is the first line of a well-known poem: "O, young Lochinvar is come out of the west." Can you give the second line?

The Answers

1. The basic color of a zebra is white, and his stripes are black.
2. Fourteen per cent.
3. Because one leg is shorter than the other.
4. Chicago; San Francisco; New York.
5. Civil and World wars.
6. Germany.
7. Other animals eligible to be recorded are spoken of as pure bred.
8. A dove is a pigeon.
9. White elephants are merely light-skinned Asiatic elephants, and may occur as the offspring of normally colored parents. This type is revered in Siam, and kept in the royal stables of the monarch.
10. "Through all the wide Border his steed was the best."

Without Modes
Architecture aims at eternity; and therefore is the only thing incapable of modes and fashions in its principles. — Sir Christopher Wren.

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POP

By J. Miller Watt

HOW LATE DO YOU USUALLY SLEEP ON SUNDAY MORNING?



THAT DEPENDS UPON WHAT?



THE LENGTH OF HIS SERMON!



S'MATTER POP

By C. M. Payne



FLY'S POINT OF VIEW



"Who was the meanest man?"
"The fellow that invented fly screens."

TREAT

One day Betty went downtown. She had tokens to go on but no money to spend. On her return she confided to her mother. "I fared pretty well to be broke. First, I received a free sample of gum on the street, then a taste of crackerjack in a store, then a drink. After a free spray of perfume I weighed myself for nothing and came home."

HOW ABOUT NOW?



"I was in Chicago a year ago and I met a lot of live people out there."
"Yes, but that was a year ago."