

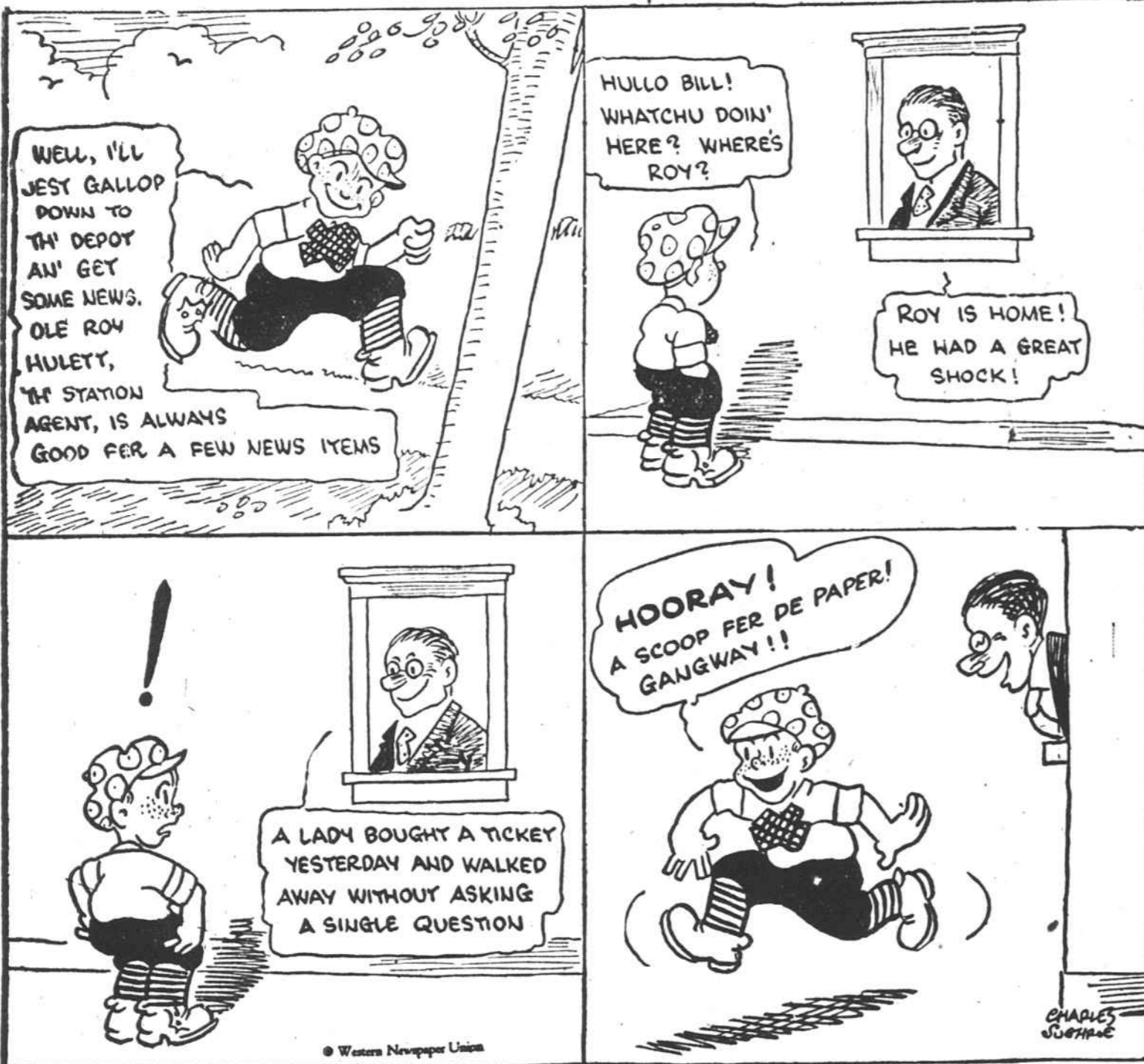
OUR COMIC SECTION

Big Events in the Lives of Little Men



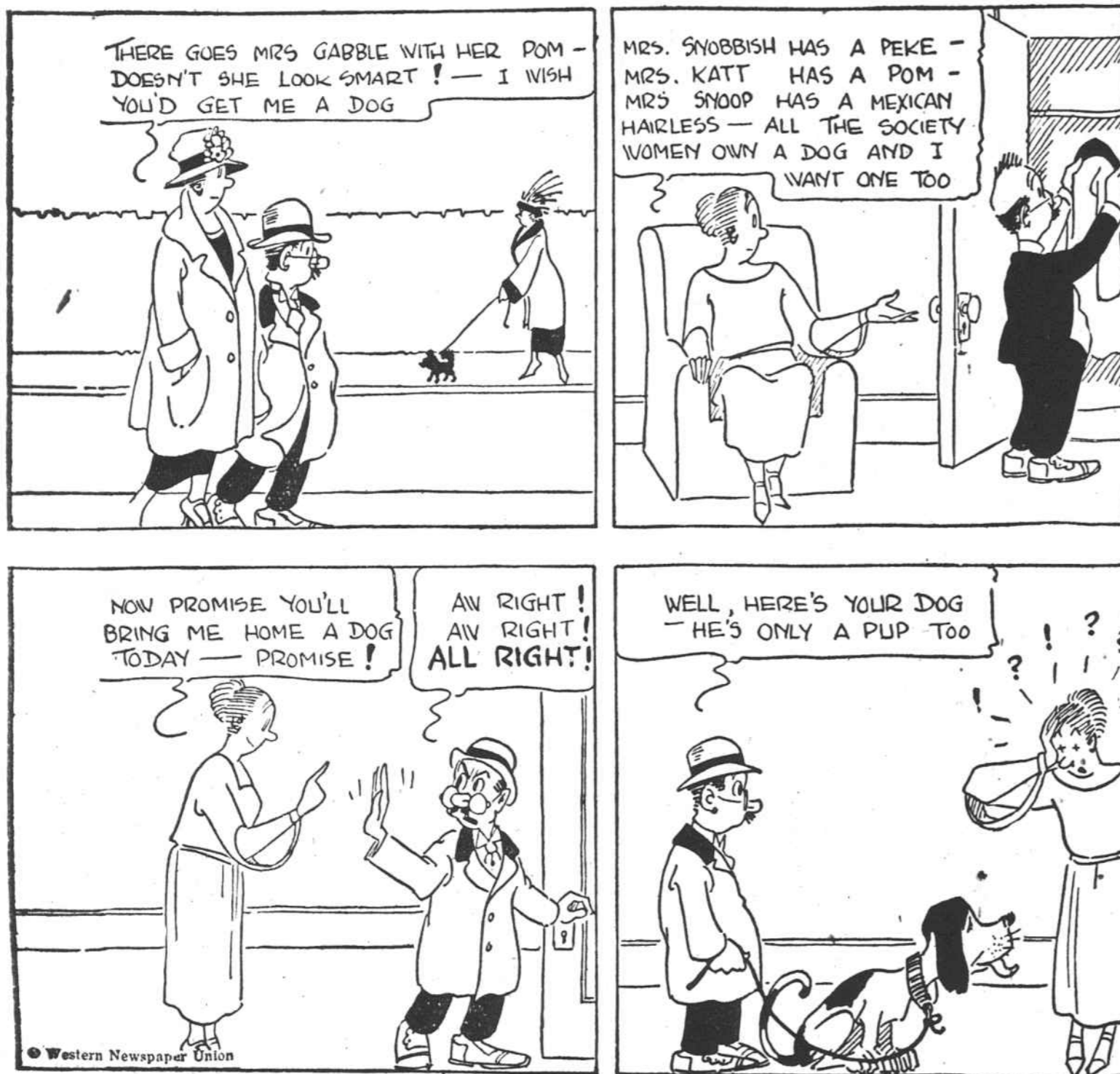
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This Never Really Happened



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But He's a Big Addition to the Family



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DRAGON-FLIES

"It makes me very much annoyed," said Daddy Dragon-Fly, "when I am not appreciated. We eat up naughty little insects and people shouldn't be afraid of us."

"Well," said another Dragon-Fly, whose real name was Mr. Eplaeschna Heros, "I wasn't very welcome the other day. I flew in a window of a house—and there was a little girl taking a bath. She was having a beautiful time, splashing and all, so I buzzed about and thought I'd make a noise, too. But she screamed at seeing me."

"That great, big, horrid thing," was the rude, cruel way in which she spoke of me.

"It grieved me sadly. And when I say that it grieved me sadly I mean that it made me feel quite unhappy. I was expecting to ask her many questions—why she used soap and a wash-rag and a sponge. I thought those would be most interesting questions and though, perhaps, she wouldn't know how to answer me, I felt that by watching her I might find out."

"I thought it was a most interesting thing to see soap being used, and the soap did such strange things. I knew it was soap, because I had heard the little girl ask her mother for a fresh cake of soap and I saw what her mother gave her. The soap made bubbles and the soap was frothy and something like a bathtub variety of ocean foam. But, dear me, the way she did treat me! Screamed at me! And I wouldn't have hurt her."

"We often get into buildings and houses and we're not so very welcome. No, I must say, we're not so very welcome. If the little girl had known my name she might have been frightened by it. It is a very long name. But she just knew me as a Dragon-Fly and had no idea of the enormous and magnificent name which I always carry with me wherever I go. So there was no reason for her to be frightened. It was very sad, as I've said, I cannot see why people should be afraid of me. I cannot see, but then the ways of people are beyond a poor Dragon-Fly's understanding."

"You are the largest of all the Dragon-Flies," said Daddy Dragon-Fly. "At least I should say that your family belong to the species or kind of Dragon-Fly which is bigger than any other."

"Quite often you're taken for me and I'm sure taken for you. But you're much bigger than I am and you haven't the round spot in front of your eyes that I have. You have a T-shaped mark. Yes, your wings are big and outspread and your body is very long. My body isn't nearly so long. It is a shame not to be appreciated. Now, we



"She Screamed at Seeing Me."

do a very good work and we're interesting-looking creatures. I lived in the water until I got my fine wings. That is the way we do as a family.

"You know that well enough. And when I was young I used to shoot forth my smart little jaws and grab up anything that passed my way that looked good to eat."

"Now I fly about and gather up my prey with my legs, holding it as though in a market basket. But, oh dear, I do wish people would stop gossiping about us biting them. We won't bite anything but our insect food! We're doing good and 'not harm and we're graceful and nice to look at, surely. So let's beg people to leave us alone and not to be frightened at us! We don't like to frighten them. We certainly don't like to do anything like that!"

"That's the Dragon-Fly truth!"

Least Damaging.

"To be sure, I want my daughter to enjoy some kind of artistic education," said the father who had recently made his fortune. "I think I'll let her study singing."

"Why not art or literature?" questioned a friend.

"No. Art spoils canvas and literature wastes reams of paper. Singing merely produces a temporary disturbance of the atmosphere."—Chicago Daily News.

Varying Heights.

Hoffy, having moved to the country, had to stand for a lot of near-humor from his down town friends and got very tired of it. Hence the following dialogue:

"Hello, Hoffy."
 "Lo."
 "So you now live in the suburbs?"
 "Yes."
 "How high are onions?"
 "Four inches in the garden; higher at the grocery store."

BOY SCOUTS



(Conducted by National Council of the Boy Scouts of America.)

HELP MAKE NEW CITIZENS

An effective piece of Americanization work is being quietly but actively carried on all year through by the Boy Scouts of America for the bureau of naturalization of the United States Department of Labor.

In the fall of 1919 the aid of the Boy Scouts of America was sought to provide the personal, friendly touch necessary to winning the confidence of the foreign-born who wish to become citizens, and to bring them into public school classes of instruction for preparation for citizenship. The bureau of naturalization regularly issues cards of invitation urging applicants for naturalization to attend such classes, and the plan was to have these cards distributed personally by boy scouts.

Commissioner of Naturalization Raymond F. Crist states that during the last fiscal year 116,475 such cards were sent to 471 cities for distribution, bringing the total number so distributed to approximately 400,000.

The Detroit Americanization committee in reporting on 1922, their biggest year, says:

"The personal delivery of invitations to attend schools, delivered to the adult alien at his home by the boy scouts, must have been one of the big factors in filling our immigrant education classes last year."

The commissioner of naturalization, in commenting upon this year—through practical civic good turn by scouts, states:

"While the most important service to Americanization which the boy scouts have performed is doubtless that of getting in touch with applicants for citizenship, their activities have included many other 'good turns' to this cause. Among these may be mentioned taking part in public ceremonies held to present new citizens with their certificates of naturalization, acting as ushers and otherwise participating in graduation exercises of citizenship classes, and in Americanization rallies and mass meetings."

"The cumulative effect of these varied activities has been to keep before the public, our native as well as our foreign-born residents, the pressing need of amalgamating the many races within our shores into one homogeneous people. In other words, the boy scouts help in maintaining this 'melting pot' for the adult foreign-born just as they form and maintain the all-American 'melting pot' among the youth of America."

POEM TO BOY SCOUTS

The author of the following poem dedicated and contributed to the Boy Scouts of America, is J. B. Strauss, president of the Strauss Bascule Bridge company of Chicago, and the designer of a majority of the large movable bridges in this country and throughout the world. Mr. Strauss came into contact with the boy scout movement when his sons became members of Troop 888 of Chicago. He interested himself in the activities of that troop and soon extended his interests to the local work in general, and in order to give practical service, accepted the position of North shore district commissioner:

A Scout I am: this is my creed:
 For every day a worthy deed:
 And this my faith: the love of right
 And truth and peace, the strength to fight
 For those in need: the will to be
 My brother's prop: his trust in me
 To keep and mine in heart of man:
 Than this there is no nobler plan.

A Scout I am: in every land
 Beneath the sun my colors stand
 For Honor's cause: my hands are bound
 With million hands the world around
 To service that bespeaks the strong.
 To do the things that conquer wrong.
 And did we search until Time's end,
 No braver task could Fortune send.

A Scout I am: and proud am I
 As troop on troop goes marching by
 To march with them: to feel the thrill
 Of comradeship and staunch good will:
 To know what message to the world
 We bring, where'er our flag's unfurled.
 To know that all the Earth throughout
 None rank superior to the Scout.

LEGION AND BOY SCOUTS

"One hundred posts of the American Legion have in the last year organized scout troops," states Alvin M. Owsley, national commander of the American Legion. "The Legion is heartily in favor of further development of the boy scout movement. By encouraging this development, the Legion feels that its own ideals will be perpetuated."

A TRANSFERRED GOOD TURN

A lad and a lady each with a transfer and both without change were the principal figures in the following "good turn" by a member of the boy scout troop connected with a Legion post, Milwaukee, Wis. "Gave up my transfer to a lady who had taken a wrong one," says the scout's laconic statement. "Without the proper transfer she would have had to walk quite a way, whereas I had only about a mile to go out of mine."

"MASTERS OF MEN"

by MORGAN ROBERTSON

The greatest story of the sea ever screened!
 A thrilling film story of heroes whose veins run hot with red fighting blood!

A blunt, vigorous yarn of a boy's fight upward against overwhelming odds, where fight means a hard and prime muscle, high courage and a ready wallop!

Shanghaied! Drugged by crime and flung insensible into the hell forward, where sweating, brow-beaten men live like beasts, scourged to tasks with curses and belaying pins!

The sea! The flavor of salt in the nostrils; the odor of pitch in the air; the snapping of wind-swept canvas; cracking like a machine gun; creaking, singing wood straining; she rides the high waves! All space and lure of adventure, the Spanish Main and sailorman!

Love! A timid boy's unspoken dream of his heart's desire; a girl old-fashioned to offer love unbidden; a lad's sacrifice of youth's dearest possession—honor—to protect her from the shame of another's crime; the confusion of bitter misunderstanding that threaten life-long broken hearts!

Uncle Sam's bluejackets! The fighting men of the greatest nation in the world, and what they think and how they live; their loyalty and cheer and youth, eternal, living, fighting youth! The careless devil-may-care "gob," incorrigible, loyal, impudent and loveable!

Romance! The sea spells romance. Red sunsets turn green waves; crashing mountains of blood; tropical suns spread gold upon the bosom of the sea, gold that beckons and leads to youth to gather its riches; never ending mirages of golden bowls and rainbows' ends. And, the sea gives riches; only character and manhood bitterly squeezed out of its cold, hard business.

Wholesome, clean, healthy! A boy's life of adventure, free from tawdry conflicts and sex illusions based on fact gathered by one who served among men, who loved men who admired men, and who wanted young America to so live that she might become a man! The track of silly, social temptations has no place in this screen story of a boy who became the master of the man.

Here is a story of the making of men; men who acted and argued like Shifty-footed men, with a right left punch and a keen eye and a big sense of honor and guts to go the limit.
 Dick Halpin is the lad you wanted to be; and I wanted to be! He's the fellow we dreamed of, whose fighting courage we envied. He's the boy who assumed another's petty crime and ran away to sea to live it down, so the girl he loved might not be shamed and humiliated by the revelation of her brother's weakness. He's the low you and I used to talk about that lad of strength and honor who built with boyish imaginations on the haymow, or while idling with home-made fishing rod down by the creek. He's your kind and my kind and because we had fathers and mothers to make our way easier, never managed to be him; but we wanted to and we'll live our dream again with Dick Halpin in this vivid, gripping motion picture, "Masters of Men."

A master of men wrote this gripping sea tale. A man whose life was as hard as the diamonds he cut and never wrote a line until he had lived beyond an average man's age; a man who took a beating at the hands of a brutal second mate with a smile, who administered a beating with equal cheerfulness; a man who loved the sea and a sailorman's life; who criticized Kipling rightfully and wrote his first sea tale to prove to a man who knew the sea could write a better story of the sea; a man who earned little by his pen and starved while he wrote; the greatest writer of sea stories in all literature.

Morgan Robertson, a master of men, wrote the last word in thrilling sea stories when he wrote "Masters of Men."

VITAGRAPH

ALBERT E. SMITH, president
 DAISY FLY KILLER PLACED ANTS
 ALL FLYES
 HAROLD SOMERS, 150 De Kalb Ave., Brooklyn

WINTERSMITH'S
 CHILL TONIC
 SOLD 50 YEARS
 A FINE GENERAL TONIC

EYES HURT
 Don't ignore the danger of
 of aching eyes, red, itchy, hot
 eye balls. I recommend
 Eye Salve removes irritation,
 soothes inflamed eyes,
 soothes pain.
 F. A. L. & RUCKEL
 147 Waverly Pl., New York

ELIXIR BABEK A GOOD TONIC
 And Drives Malicious Out of the
 "Your Babek" is a tonic
 given to numerous cases
 who were suffering from
 and fever. I recommend
 sufferers and in need of
 Rev. S. Szymanowski, Elixir Babek
 Perth Amboy, N. J. Druggists
 druggists or by Parke, Davis & Co.,
 Kloczewski & Co., Washington, D. C.

FARKER'S
 HAIR BALM
 Remove itching
 Redness
 Beauty to Gray and Falling
 Hair
 HINDERCORNS
 Remove
 corns, etc., store all pain, cure
 fast, make walking
 easy. Hissoc Chemical Works, Paterson, N. J.