

# THE SUNNY SIDE OF LIFE

Clean Comics That Will Amuse Both Old and Young

## SPARKY WATTS



## By BOODY ROGERS

## LALA PALOOZA -- A Strange Action



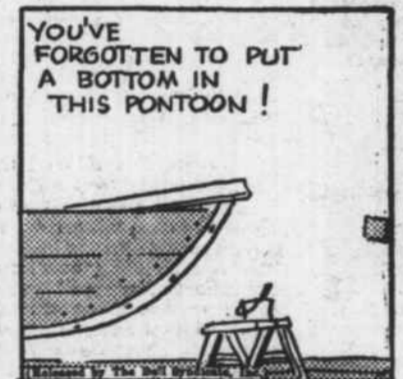
## By RUBE GOLDBERG

## REG'LAR FELLERS -- Pinhead, Limited



## By GENE BYRNES

## POP -- It'll Be Felt, Though

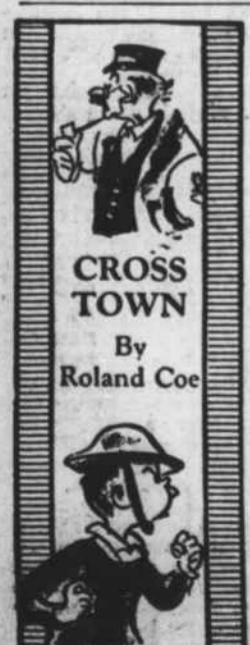


## By J. MILLAR WATT

## RAISING KANE -- Bright Boy



## By FRANK WEBB



## Dial Phone

By JAMES FREEMAN  
Associated Newspapers--WNU Features.

WE WERE having an outdoor steak roast up at Abner Bascom's camp on Lake Winnepesaukee. It was a crisp, cool October night, with a full moon. The fire felt good and the steak tasted good and everyone was having a fine time.

About seven o'clock the telephone began to ring. It kept ringing at regular intervals.

"Sounds as though you have a dial system here," Dana Atwater said.

"We have," Abner replied. Everyone looked surprised, because you wouldn't think of a place way up here in the country having a dial system. "It's just for The Weirs though," he added. "You can only dial folks in The Weirs, and there are comparatively few." The Weirs, nearest settlement to Abner's camp, is part of the city of Laconia.

Dryson, Abner's house man, came out and said: "It was the Elton camp, Mr. Bascom. Mr. Elton himself was on the phone. He asked for help. He seemed quite desperate."

Abner scowled. "Elton asking for help? Did he say what was wrong?" "No, sir. He was sort of gasping. He said: 'Send help, quick. Elton camp.' Then his voice trailed off and I couldn't rouse him again."

"Seems funny he wouldn't call the police if he needed help that badly," Abner remarked, still hesitating.

During the drive over Abner told me a little about Elton. It seems he was a queer old duck, a retired lawyer who owned a camp on a point of land on Dockham Shore. He spent most of his time alone, fishing. He wasn't especially well liked.

We drove through The Weirs and turned up the Alton Bay Road, entered the Dockham Shore road near the riding stables. Abner slowed his pace, for the way here was rough and narrow.

No one answered Abner's hello, and when he knocked there was no reply, either. "We'd better just go in," he said. He tried the door and it opened. We went in and almost instantly we saw the man lying on the floor. He was bound firmly and apparently had fainted.

Abner swore under his breath. "Elton!" He knelt at the prone man's side. "Get a knife, somebody! Get some water and towel! Looks like the old boy's done in."

Presently we had Elton released and were administering to him. He opened his eyes and looked up at us. Suddenly he sat erect.

"Have they gone? Have they gone? Then he seemed to recognize Abner and relaxed. "Bascom. Thank God you came."

"What happened?" Abner asked. "Take it easy. We've sent for a doctor."

Elton started up again. "Doctor! Send for the police. I've been robbed. The family silver. Worth a fortune. You know that, Bascom. You've seen it."

Abner nodded. "That's right. I have. It's worth a lot of money. How does it happen you have it up here with you? Why didn't you call the police yourself?"

It developed that Elton had sold his home in Newton and had brought most of his things of value up to the lake. Later, when he rented an apartment in Boston for the winter, he'd bring them back. He was eating his dinner when two masked men entered, he said. They asked him where the silver was. He refused to tell them and they hit him over the head. When he came to he was bound. He could see that the bottom part of the sideboard in the dining room had been opened and the box containing the silver was gone.

"I crawled over to the phone, knocked off the receiver, picked up a pencil in my teeth and dialed your number. It was the only number I knew. I couldn't dial the police, because Laconia isn't on this system."

"Smart thinking," Abner said. He looked up at me. "Dial the operator and ask her to get the police here, will you?"

"Sure," I said, and started for the phone. Ainsworth was near the phone table.

"Just a minute," Ainsworth said. He held a pencil in his hand. "This is the only pencil I could find. It was on the floor. It must be the pencil you used to dial with, Mr. Elton. Is it?"

Elton looked at the pencil. "Yes," he said. "That's it."

Ainsworth pursed his lips. "Then I wouldn't bother to dial the police. There's something wrong here." He paused. We looked at him queerly.

"I've tested the spring on your dial phone, Mr. Elton. It's pretty strong. I tested this pencil by pushing my thumbnail into it. It's pretty soft. A man who held such a pencil in his teeth and exerted enough pressure to work a dial phone would necessarily leave the imprints of his teeth on the pencil. There aren't any imprints on this pencil."

We got back to Abner's a half hour later. "Are you going to do anything about it?" I asked.

"No. Why should I? When an old man like that goes so broke he has to steal from himself to collect the insurance it's pretty tough. I suggested to him that he sell his silver for what he can get. Maybe that's the answer to his problem."



TODAY'S living room is often furnished with streamlined pieces that have served a more humble purpose. Almost any plain washstand or dresser may be given long smart lines by adding open shelves at the ends. Here a



top of plywood with a plain moulding around the edges extends across the stand and shelves. By adding a plain baseboard and a coat of paint the piece is finished with a modern air. The paint should match the woodwork and if old hardware is removed to make way for simple new drawer pulls the screw holes should be filled with plastic wood and sanded before painting.

The diagram at the upper right shows how to make the wall decoration from a remnant of flowered chintz. If you use an old frame, the chintz picture may be given the appearance of an oil painting by applying several coats of varnish, allowing plenty of time for each coat to dry thoroughly.

Note: The remodeled washstand is from Book 10 of the series of homemaking booklets prepared for readers. Book 10 also contains more than 30 other things to make from things on hand and available materials. Booklets are 15 cents. Address:

MRS. RUTH WYETH SPEARS  
Bedford Hills, New York  
New York  
Enclose 15 cents for Book No. 10.  
Name.....  
Address.....

## Odd Names Run Gamut From Vanilla to Delirious

On the basis of birth records of the board of health, Louisiana stands ready to match odd given names for babies with any state in the Union.

Names recorded by parents for their offspring run the gamut from Minus, Navy and Two-Bits to such lofty planes as Arch-Angel and Gift of God. Included were the following: Vanilla, Castor Oil, Evil, Ether, Elevator, Frayday, Gee-Whizz, Hardtimes, Masterkey, Muddle, Me, Pickle, Pill, Rat, Slaughter, Stew, Sausage, Turnip Tissue and Delirious.

## RELIEVE MOSQUITO BITES

For stings or itches, those mosquito torments that often spoil summer fun, get Mexazone, formerly Mexican Heat Powder.



If you suffer from backaches resulting from fatigue or exposure... if sore muscles or a stiff neck have got you laid up... SORETONE is what you need. It is a medicinal, analgesic solution developed in the famous laboratories of McKesson & Robbins in Bridgeport, Conn.

## SORETONE

