

OUR COMIC SECTION

Events in the Lives of Little Men



The Guest from the City



A Little Bit Humorous

CAUGHT IT, TOO

The club bore was relating one of his long-winded stories that everybody knew by heart. He was describing what happened to him when he went on a trip to the Grand Canyon in America during a world tour.

"The soft curtain of night was just falling," he orated. "There I stood, drinking in the scene, with the giant abyss yawning before me."

One of his listeners interrupted at this point. "I say, old chap," he asked, "was that abyss yawning before you got there?"

Figures

"The star we have discovered," said the astronomer, "is revealed by light which started 3,000 years ago, traveling at the rate of 186,400 miles per second, which would make—"

"Go ahead!" said the political economist. "Make your string of figures as long as you like. But for the love of Heaven, and also of earth, don't put a dollar mark in front of them!"

BUDDIE KNOWS



Sister—Ben says he'll give you a quarter to go to the movies when he calls this evening.

Jimmy—I'd rather stay home and see real life.

Take a Couple of Days Off

First Veteran—They've just invented a new type machine gun for the next war.

Second Veteran—How many rounds in a belt?

First Veteran—They load this gun on Sunday and shoot it for the rest of the week!—Foreign Service.

Didn't Know It Was Loaded

Judge—You admit you drove over this man with a loaded truck?

Driver—Yes, your honor.

Judge—And what have you to say in your defense?

Driver—I didn't know it was loaded.

A Selfish Constituency

"Are you going to send your congressman back to Washington?"

"No," replied Farmer Cornstossel.

"We've found out that he's such good company that we've decided to keep him home."

Business as Usual

Abe (who has discovered a burglar in his house)—Hands up or I'll shoot.

Quick-witted Burglar—Twenty dollars for the gun.

Abe—Sold.

Opportunity

Ho—I read that the Treasury at Washington launders old dollar bills.

Bo—I'd sure like to know where they hang 'em out to dry.

Plum Silly

Bud—How much are the plums? Huckster—Six for a nickel.

Bud—Gimme one.

Huckster—Throwin' a party?

TIP TO DADDY



"Pa, what a funny word 'whole-some' is."

"What's funny about it?"

"Why take away the whole of it and you have some left."

Out of Respect

First Fisherman: I saw ye out wi' the new meenister this mornin'. Did he have a guid catch?

Second Fisherman—No, he had nae whisky, so oot o' respect' for his teetotal principles, I took him where there was nae bass.—Montreal Star.

Continued—

Boss of Advertising Office—See what you can do with this breakfast food ad.

Young Aspiring Copy Writer—S'no use—can't write cereal stories.

Floyd Gibbons Adventurers' Club

Hello Everybody!

"Hand-Made Inferno"
By FLOYD GIBBONS
Famous Headline Hunter

GATHER 'round the soda fountain, boys and girls. Mike Foley is standing treat. Mike lives at Jackson Heights, N. Y., and he's going to treat us to a swell yarn. Mike's an old hand at this treating business. He was doing it professionally as far back as Jube, 1884—the month and year in which he had his big adventure.

But don't get the idea that Mike went around handing out ten-cent cigars like a guy that's trying to be elected alderman. Not on your life. Mike was an oil treater—one of the lads who processed kerosene so it could be burned in lamps. And a mighty dangerous job that was, too.

Mike worked for the Standard Oil company at a big refinery and storage yard that was then located in Long Island City.

Lightning Strikes Huge Oil Tank!

The tanks in which the oil was treated, and on which Mike worked, were huge affairs twenty feet in diameter and thirty or more feet high. You got to the top of them by wooden stairways. And up the side of each tank ran a pair of six-inch pipes that carried the chemicals with which the oil was treated.

Well sir, to get down to the story, Mike Foley was up on the top of one of the big tanks giving his contents a good, thorough treating. Part of that job consisted of blowing compressed air through the oil, and that was often a messy procedure. Oil would slop over the side of the tank and saturate the wooden staircase. That was not only messy, but dangerous—as subsequent events amply demonstrated.

A thunderstorm was brewing while Mike was inside, under cover of the tank's sheltering top. The storm broke, about quarter after two in the afternoon, and about two-thirty he heard a loud crack. Lightning! It had struck the tank.

Mike Moves Swiftly to Close Trap Doors.

Mike's two bosses had gone to the office to give in their reports. Mike was all alone in the tank, so it was up to him. He ran out from under the shelter-roof to see what had happened. The lightning had struck



The Whole Stair Was a Raging Inferno of Fire.

all right. The oil-soaked, wooden stairs were on fire. The blaze, starting apparently from the top, had spread down four or five steps by the time Mike got there.

There was one thing that had to be done, then—done mighty quickly, too. Around the top of the tank were five trap doors, wide open to let out the gases that formed in the tank during treatments. Those doors had to be closed before the fire got through them and the whole tank went up in flames.

Mike dashed for the doors. He got one closed—then another. At that point he turned and took a look at the burning stairway. The flames had spread down four or five more steps. The fire was blazing with even greater fury.

Casabianca Really Had Nothing on Mike

And that wasn't all that was worrying Mike, either. Any minute now—doors or no doors—the tank might take fire and go up with a big WHOOSH! And where would that leave Mike? Not much of anywhere, to tell the truth about it. Just let that tank get going good, and Mike would be trapped. There wouldn't be much left of him but a few cinders when it was all over.

The thought put new energy into him. He got the next three doors closed in jig time. And then he went back to the stairway that was his only avenue of escape. But when Mike got to the stairway, he stopped. No use trying to get down there. Not only the whole stair, but likewise the platform leading to it, was a raging inferno of flame. The timbers that supported it had been eaten through by the blaze. If Mike wasn't burned to death on the way down, he'd be killed in a fall when the weakened supports broke and sent him crashing to earth.

"So there I stood," says Mike, "forty-five feet from the ground, like young Casabianca—the boy who stood on the burning deck. A crowd had gathered down below, and about eight hundred men who worked in the loading sheds near the dock were yelling to me to jump. I didn't want to do that—it would have been almost as bad as burning to death. Still, I couldn't stay up there, either. Most any minute that tank might go up with a roar—and take me along with it."

Mike Was a Good Hand on the Flying Rings.

It looked pretty bad for Mike—but he still had a trick or two up his sleeve. "At that time," he says, "I was a member of the Star Athletic club of Long Island City, and I was pretty good on the flying rings. So I swung over the edge of the platform."

What followed after that brought gasps from the men down below. Like a circus acrobat, high overhead, he began swinging himself along on the braces that held the platform up. He traveled eight or ten feet around the side of the tank before spectators saw what he was aiming at. Then they set up a cheer as Mike reached one of the six-inch pipes that ran down the side of the tank and began sliding to safety.

"That pipe was so close to the tank," says Mike, "that I could feel my legs around it. I had to grip it with my knees and slide down about two inches at a time. But I got down all right except my skin I lost off my hands, and a new pair of pants I had to buy the ones I was wearing. They were ruined."

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Ancient Legends Account for Eclipse in Odd Ways

Whether or not we believe that an eclipse is a portent of evil, the ancient races invariably linked it with disaster. In mythology an evil dragon was said to be lurking in the heavens and that he made periodical attempts to swallow the sun or the moon. In the Norse legends the sun and the moon were driven across the heavens by charioteers, with huge wolves ever in pursuit. The ancient Greeks held that the sun must always be provided with a chariot and horses to keep it safe, and once a year a chariot and four horses were thrown into the sunlit sea as an offering.

Among many races, an eclipse of the sun signified that the giver of light and life had been caught by an evil monster. The

only thing to save the being devoured was away the monster noises. The Chinese used choruses and bangs. Greenland natives to the roofs of their banded kettles and pots as much noise as possible.

The oldest eclipse believed to have been in China, 2158 B. C., related in Pearson's Weekly darins who practice were put to death by for having failed to bring of the phenomenon of Nineveh in 763 B. C. to have been foretold et Amos when he said shall come to pass in I will cause the sun at noon, and I will Earth in the clear

Portrait of Kittens Done in Stitchery



Pattern No. 5604

How can you resist this appealing pair of kittens? Their "portrait" on a pillow top or picture will add charm to your home aside from your pleasure in making it. And how effective it is, worked quickly in colorful floss, the crosses an easy 8 to the inch. Since the motif requires but the merest outline, you're finished before you know it!

In pattern 5604 you will find a transfer pattern of these kittens 13 1/4 by 14 inches; a color chart and key, material requirements; illustrations of all stitches needed.

To obtain this pattern send 15 cents in stamps or coins (coins preferred) to The Sewing Circle Household Arts Dept., 259 W. Fourteenth St., New York, N. Y. Write plainly pattern number, your name and address.

45-Foot Tide

The largest known periodic tides in the Atlantic ocean and in the world as a whole occur in Minas Basin, Bay of Fundy, Nova Scotia, where a mean range of 42 feet and a spring range of 45 feet have been reported.

FINNEY OF THE FORCE

By Ted O'Loughlin

Empty Logic



THE FEATHERHEADS

By Osborne

In Training



FACE ALL
Broken Out
I'M NATURALLY PIMPLY
DON'T BE TOO SURE. WHY NOT TRY CUTICURA?
A NEW GIRL NOW
IT'S FUN TO GO OUT AGAIN.
CUTICURA CERTAINLY HELPED CLEAR MY SKIN
DON'T BE DISCOURAGED BY EXTERNALLY CAUSED PIMPLES, RASHES, BLACKHEADS—GET QUICK RELIEF WITH CUTICURA
FREE Sample, write "Cuticura" Dept. 34, Malden, Mass.
SOAP AND OINTMENT

WNU-4 35 36

FOUR TEASPOONFULS OF MILK OF MAGNESIA IN ONE TASTY WAFER

DOLLARS & HEALTH
The successful person is a healthy person. Don't let yourself be handicapped by sick headaches, a sluggish condition, stomach "nerves" and other dangerous signs of over-acidity.

\$ & ♥
HEARTBURN?
Surprising how many have heartburn. Hurried eating, overeating, heavy drinking, excessive drinking all lead to heartburn. When it comes, heed the warning. Your stomach is on a strike.
TAKE MILNESIAS
Milnesia, the original milk of magnesia wafer form, neutralizes stomach acid. Each wafer equals 4 teaspoons of milk of magnesia. Thin, crunchy, mint-flavored. 20c, 35c & 60c at drug stores.
35c & 60c bottles
20c tins
The Original Milk of Magnesia Wafer