

# OUR COMIC SECTION

## Events in the Lives of Little Men



## FINNEY OF THE FORCE

By Ted O'Loughlin

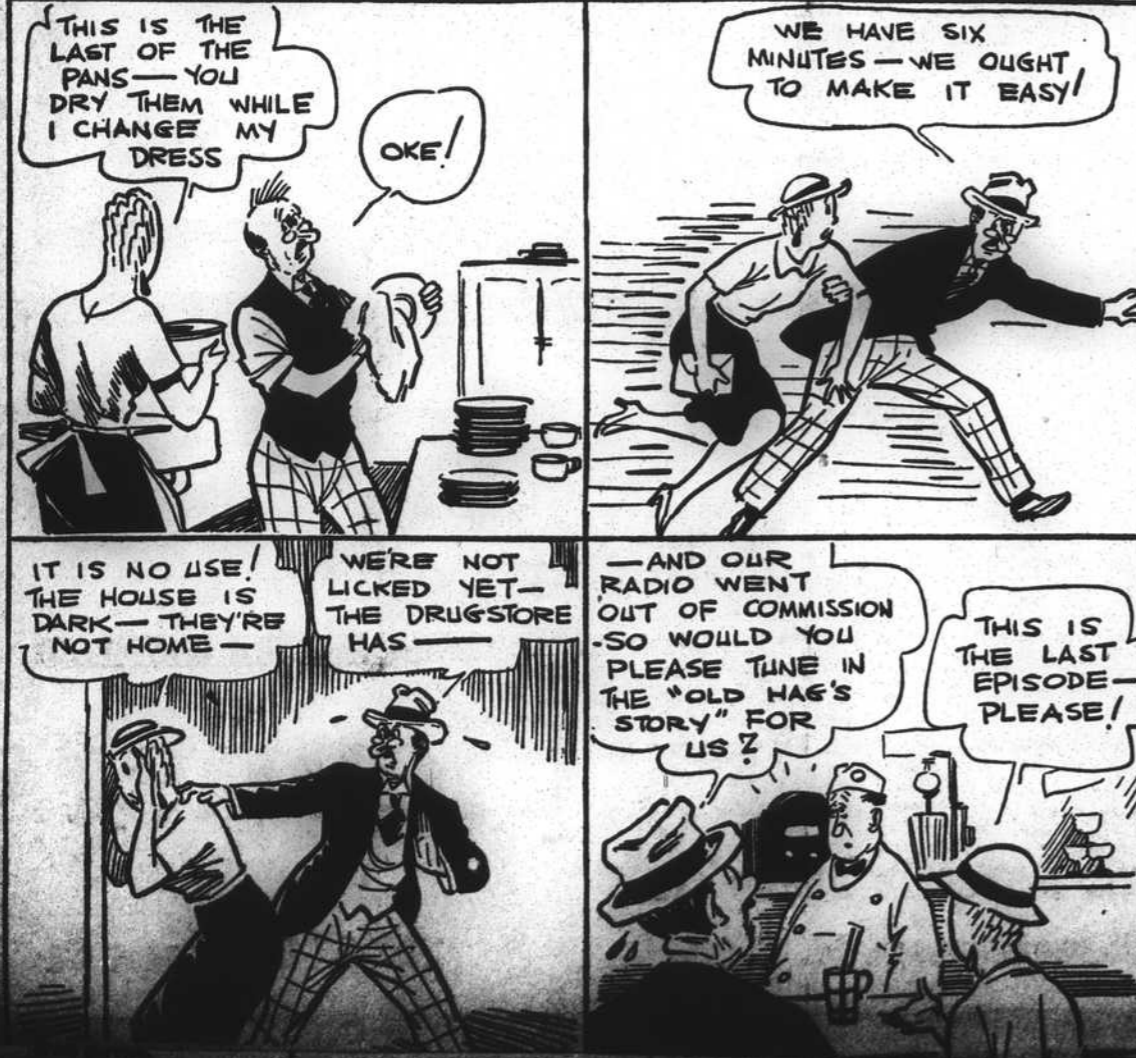
## Wrong Again



## THE FEATHERHEADS

By Osborne

## Air-Minded



## MENDING NEW BABY

In the course of her duties the nurse was washing baby, and little Jackie, aged three, was a silent, but interested onlooker. He watched her pinning on baby's clothes, and at last his anxiety got the better of him.

"Nurse, are you sure this is a new baby?" he asked.

"Why, yes, dear," she replied.

"Well, nurse, if he's a new baby what are you mending him for?" was the surprising inquiry.

**Inevitability**

"Speaking of taxation—" began the man who likes to help along the worry.

"Why not talk about the weather?" interrupted Senator Sorghum.

"They aren't the same thing."

"Yet they are some what alike. When a rough climatic experience is due you may talk about it as much as you choose, but you're going to get it just the same."

## IT WAS SO LONG



Mr. Perch—What a fortunate escape you had from the man's hook.

Miss Perch—Yes, but think how the nasty man will lie about me.

**Gasoline Money**

A dusky bootblack was confiding the other night that he had another job—playing in one of the WPA bands.

"How come you're shining shoes, then?" he was asked.

"O, everything I make extra here is gasoline money," he replied.—Pittsburgh Post-Gazette.

**Technical Terms**

"Are you interested in radio?"

"Very much," answered Miss Cayenne.

"I have even considered it as my attire. In order to make it go as far as possible I have directed the hair dresser to do my transformation in a short wave."

**Modernist**

"I'm glad you never use profanity!"

"Profanity has become obsolete," said Senator Sorghum. "It has been overworked until it sounds merely like an out-of-date form of dialect."

**On the Front**

Preacher—And so your daughter is about to marry. Do you really feel that she is ready for the battle of life?

Mrs. Brown—She should be. She's been in four engagements already.

**Too Early**

Little Jane noticed a bouquet of flowers. "Where did you get the daisies?" she asked.

"In my garden," was the reply.

"Ours aren't ripe yet," she said wistfully.—Indianapolis News

**Reason Enough.**

Mrs. Brown—I heard the Widow Black was going to have an operation.

Mrs. White—What has she got?

Mrs. Brown—A fat bank account, mostly, I guess.

**Look Out!**

Willie—Oh, mother, here's a little green snake!

Mother—Well, stay away from it. It may be just as dangerous as a ripe one.

**Amazed**

Speed Fiend (as he slowed down a bit)—Whee! Don't you feel glad you're alive?

Timid Passenger—Glad isn't the word. I'm amazed.

## TELLING HER



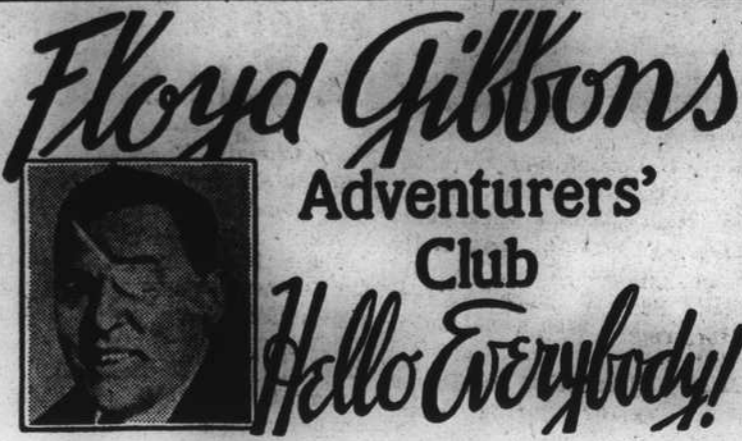
She—They say opposites should marry.

He—That's the objection to being a thin man.

**While Rome Burned**

Nero had just completed his historic solo.

"There's no use of trying to uplift the public," he said. "Think of a crowd that would rather run to look at a fire than help me play the violin!"



## "Steps of Despair"

By FLOYD GIBBONS

Famous Headline Hunter

**WE'VE** got a yarn here today from A. Edwin Fatscher of Port Richmond, N. Y., who now works in the oil refinery business. Ed says he likes the oil business because it's so nice and safe.

Outside of being blown up, or burned up, you don't have anything to worry about. So he's glad he quit his job as a refrigeration engineer, where you never knew what was liable to happen to you.

Ed says refrigeration engineering wouldn't be so bad if it weren't for the ammonia they use in a lot of those big commercial refrigerating plants.

You know, as a rule we think of ammonia as a stimulant. I've seen many a guy brought out of a dead faint by just a whiff of it under his schnozzle. But if you get enough of it, it'll work just the other way—as Ed can doggone well tell you.

## Ammonia Gas Knocks Ed's Boss Cold.

It was in 1923 that Ed got his biggest dose of the stuff. He was new at the business then, and detailed to work as a helper to various of the experienced engineers on the staff. One day they got a call to go to Newark, N. J., to fix a machine that was not working properly, and on the way over, Gaynor, Ed's boss said: "I hope I don't have to take another lungful of ammonia gas today. My chest still hurts from the last dose I got. I couldn't stand another one."

But whether he could stand it or not, Gaynor was slated to eat one heck of a lot of ammonia before the day was over. They arrived on the job—a plant in the cellar of a produce company—and found that they'd have to take the head off the compressor.

Gaynor set Ed to draining off the ammonia, running it into a pail of water to kill the fumes, and dumping the water outside. Ed had emptied two buckets of the stuff and was going back for his third, when he was greeted with a gust of ammonia that almost knocked him over. Something had gone wrong down there in the cellar where Gaynor was working on the pump!

## Apprentice Improvises Gas Mask to Effect Rescue.

Ed leaped back into the fresh air and wiped his eyes. His first thought was of Gaynor, down there in the cellar. Already weakened by



## Ed Gripped the Unconscious Man by the Coat Collar.

previous doses of the stuff that day, Gaynor wouldn't have a chance in that hell of biting, searing gas!

"I knew," says Ed, "that he must have been knocked unconscious. Otherwise, he would have been out in the air long before this. I knew, too, that if I were going to get him out alive I'd have to act quickly. A man can't live more than a few minutes in fumes that are as concentrated as these were. I grabbed a rag that was lying on the ground, saturated it with water and tied it around my nose and mouth. Yanking my cap down low to protect my eyes a little, I hurried down into the cellar where the machine was."

The first step Ed took down into that gas-filled basement almost knocked him off his feet again. In spite of the cap brim, fumes got into his eyes and blinded him completely. In spite of the water-soaked rag around his mouth, the deadly, biting gas burned and scorched his lungs. Foot by foot he crawled through that cellar, but at every step he felt he couldn't go an inch farther.

## Gaynor's Peril Is a Challenge to Ed's Courage.

Fumbling, groping, he searched for Gaynor's body. "I finally located him," he says, "but by that time I was just about done for and had to rush back to the open air to keep myself from passing out. My head was bursting, my eyes streaming tears, and my nose burned as if it were full of lighted phosphorus. Before I left, I had managed to pull him a few feet nearer the door, but that had taken all my strength."

By that time, the fumes had penetrated the store above, and the owner came rushing out into the yard. Ed told him to rush over to the fire house for a gas mask, but he knew that Gaynor would be dead long before that mask arrived. There was nothing to do but face the fumes again—and face the fumes he did.

A second time Ed went down into the cellar and groped his way to the spot where Gaynor lay. "I kept my nose close to the floor," he says, "and crept toward the place where I had left him. It seemed as though I would never get there, but finally I found him—and got a grip on his collar."

## Ed Has Another Job Now and Likes It, Thank You.

After that it was a battle—a grim battle to determine whether Ed got Gaynor out alive, or fainted himself, and lay down to die beside him. Foot by foot he dragged Gaynor toward the door. When he got to the bottom of the stairs, he was ready to give up. But he couldn't give up then. Gaynor's life depended on him. At last he was out of the cellar, into the fresh air above. He grabbed a pail of water and threw it on him, then bathed his own face with water from the hydrant.

"I still had a job on my hands," says Ed, "for Gaynor was full of ammonia. I started to work on him, but soon after the fire department arrived and took over. They fought for his life a long time. Finally they brought him around—but not to work. I took him to his hotel and he didn't see an ammonia compressor for five days."

So now Ed's working for an oil refinery, where the worst that can happen is an explosion or a fire.

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## Strongest Indian Confederation

There are nearly 2,000 mountains in the Adirondacks, some of them towering more than a mile in height, and the Iroquois, who possessed them, built up in their vigorous and bracing climate the strongest Indian confederation in history. Its power extended far down the East coast to the Carolinas, the group covering an area of nearly four million square acres.

## Character in Pencil Points

Here are some hints on judging character from pencil points, given by a writer in Pearson's Weekly: The person who gives a pencil a sharp, stumpy point is inclined to be mean. The business man gives his a long and carefully even point. The generous person makes a long, narrow, uneven point which breaks very easily. The man with artistic tastes cuts a long, irregular and finely sharpened point.

## Appropriate School Sign

Of all the building signs in existence that indicate by symbols the kind of goods sold or the sort of service rendered by the establishment, writes Edward J. McGowan in Collier's Weekly, the one that would probably take the prize for simple originality is nailed on the front of a schoolhouse in Painesville, Ohio. It reads: "SCHOOL."

## Quaint Sampler Will Keep You Occupied



Pattern 1187

No matter what the Season—a sampler's always fun to do, especially when it offers as colorful a picture, as quaint a verse, as this. You'll find it a grand way to use up scraps of cotton or silk floss, and a design that works up in no time, for the background is plain. Wouldn't it go beautifully in a young girl's room? Perchance that Young Miss will want to do this easy cross stitch design herself!

Pattern 1187 comes to you with a transfer pattern of a sampler 12 1/4 by 15 1/4 inches; color suggestions; material requirements; illustrations of all stitches used.

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.

## Pause at Present

Look upon every day, O youth, as the whole of life, not merely as a section, and enjoy the present without wishing through haste, to spring on to another.—Richter.

## When You Need a Laxative

Thousands of men and women know how wise it is to take Black-Draught at the first sign of constipation. They like the refreshing relief it brings. They know its timely use may save them from feeling badly and possibly losing time at work from sickness brought on by constipation.

If you have to take a laxative occasionally, you can rely on

## BLACK-DRAUGHT A GOOD LAXATIVE

Loneliness Through the wide world he only is alone who lives not for another.



## Depend on REAL MEDICATION

—not more cosmetics TO HELP REFINE COARSENEDED IRRITATED SKIN

## CUTICURA SOAP AND OINTMENT

FREE Sample, write "Cuticura" Dept. 24, Malden, Mass.



## HEARTBURN FROM OVEREATING?

Hurried or overeating usually causes heartburn. Overcome heartburn and digestive distresses with Milkem, the original milk of magnesia in water form. Thin, creamy, deliciously flavored, pleasant to take. Each wafer equals 4 teaspoonfuls of milk of magnesia. 20c, 35c & 60c sizes at druggists.

## Watch Your Kidneys!

Be Sure They Properly Cleanse the Blood

**YOUR** kidneys are constantly filtering waste matter from the blood stream. But kidneys sometimes lag in their work—do not act as nature intended—fail to remove impurities from the system when retained.

Then you may suffer nagging backache, dizziness, scanty or too frequent urination, getting up at night, puffiness under the eyes! Feel nervous, miserable—all upset.

Don't delay! Use Doan's Pills. Doan's are especially for poorly functioning kidneys. They are recommended by grateful users the country over. Get them from any druggist.

## DOAN'S PILLS