

OUR COMIC SECTION

Events in the Lives of Little Men

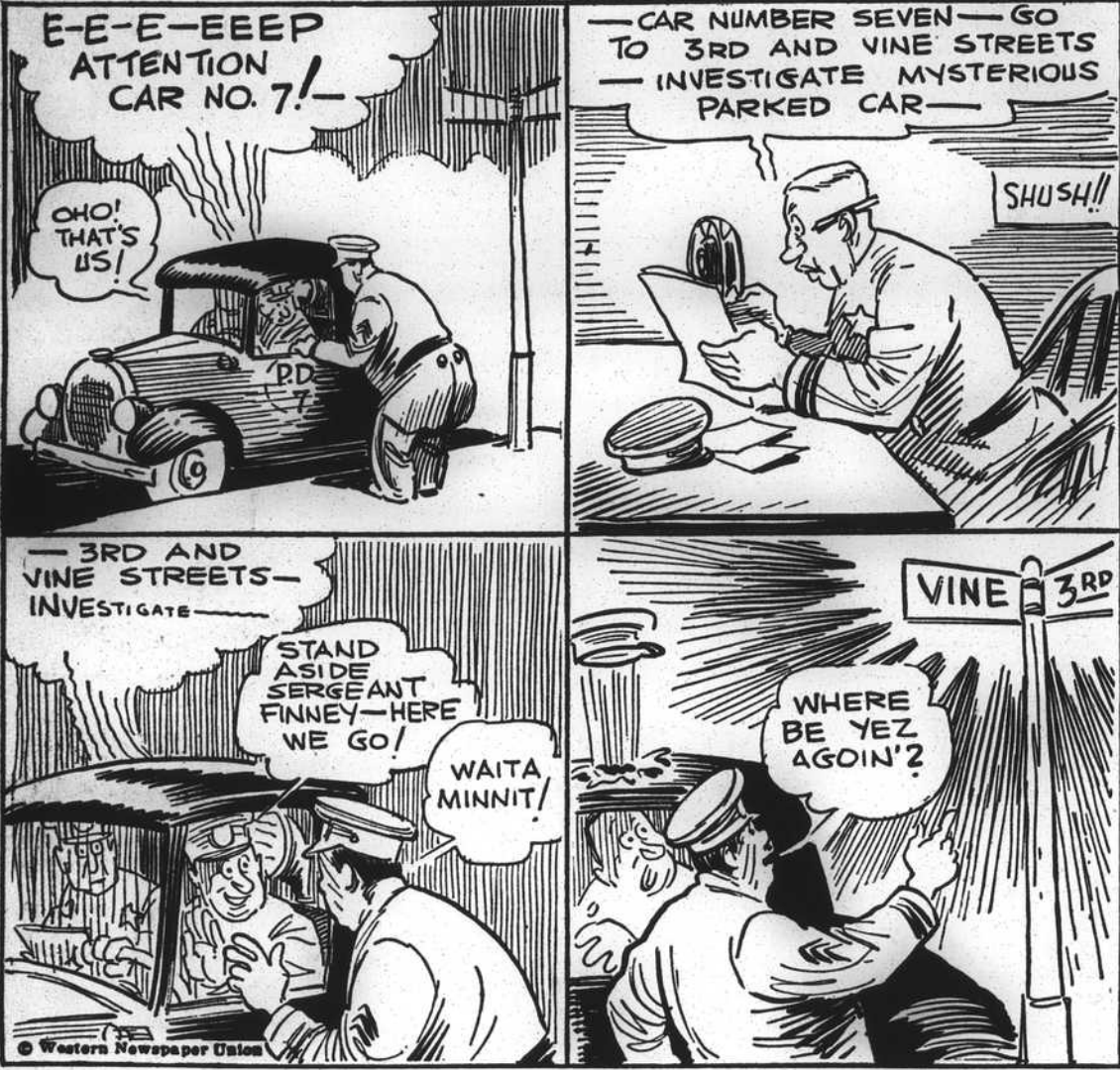


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FINNEY OF THE FORCE

By Ted O'Loughlin

On the Spot



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THE FEATHERHEADS

By Osborne

Darn It!



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Floyd Gibbons

Adventurers' Club

Hello Everybody!

"No Dice"
By FLOYD GIBBONS,
Famous Headline Hunter

NOW the moral of this story, boys and girls, is that gambling doesn't pay. Not that I need any story to convince me of it. I once bet two bucks on a horse I thought would come in first at Saratoga, and the next time I saw him was two years later, pulling the steam calliope in a circus parade in Denver.

Yep, it's risky business letting a horse invest your money for you, but not half as risky as the chances Lieutenant Tommy Griffin, of the Eighteenth Infantry, Fort Wadsworth, N. Y., took when he started wooing Lady Luck that fateful July night back in 1922.

Lieutenant Tommy has gone a long way in the army since 1922. Then he was just plain Private Tommy, of the One-Hundred and Seventeenth field artillery, a national guard outfit of Goldsboro, N. C. The One-Hundred and Seventeenth was doing its regular two weeks' field work at Fort Bragg.

It was a hot night, and some of the boys were holding cavalry maneuvers on a blanket in one of the tents. For horses they were using little white, spotted cubes, and those "horses" were galloping back and forth across the blanket in a way that would have scared an enemy army out of at least six weeks' pay.

Tommy and Pal Are Attracted by Galloping Ivorys.

Of course, an unsympathetic officer of the day might have suspected that those fellows were shooting craps, but I'm going to take Tommy's word for it that those shouts of "Come on, seven!" that came from the tent, were just the cries of excited rooters who wanted to see the Seventh regiment win.

Tommy and a friend were coming back from an evening in a nearby town when they heard the boys cheering the Seventh regiment on. There was also a lot of encouragement being given to Big Dick, who, I presume, was the captain of the Seventh regiment, and Little Joe, who must have been the first lieutenant. The rooting attracted Tommy and his pal, and they dropped into the tent to see what was going on.

There were three men in the tent—a sergeant named Joe and two privates, Bill and John. The sergeant had been drinking, and he rolled



The Argument Got Pretty Hot for a Minute.

out the ivorys with a sort of grim determination. He had lost several dollars, and Tommy could see that he wasn't taking it any too well.

Losing Sergeant Returns to Make Trouble.

The other two lads were in a jovial mood, though neither one of them had imbibed any alcohol. John had the dice and Tommy watched him while he set a point, made it, and picked up his winnings. And it was right there that the friendly game began to take on a serious aspect.

Joe, the sergeant, claimed that John hadn't won the money and told him to put it down. There was an argument that got pretty hot for a minute, but in the end John put the dough back just to humor him, and the play was resumed. A couple more throws and Joe left, weaving his way unsteadily out of the door. But a few minutes later he was back again, a .45 revolver in his hand and an ugly scowl on his face.

Joe was looking for trouble. That much was plain to everybody. He began to accuse John of talking about him behind his back. His finger was tight against the trigger, and looking over, Tommy could see the yellow of cartridge rims in the chamber of the gun. There was no joke about it. That gat was loaded.

Drunken Maniac's Bullet Wakes John Up.

Tommy didn't wait for any more. He made a leap for Joe and grabbed the gun. But Joe kept his grip on the revolver, too, and the pair of them rolled over on the tent floor, fighting desperately for possession of the weapon.

Says Tommy: "I wasn't sure I could hold him long, and I yelled to John to go away. He just sat there looking at me. Then suddenly Joe pulled the trigger. There was a sharp crack that deafened me for a minute, and a bullet whizzed by my head and ripped on out through the top of the tent. I should have been scared then, but I wasn't. At that moment I was too excited to feel the effects of fear."

And still John sat calmly on his cot, watching Tommy wrestle with the drunken maniac. Whether he was dazed or scared stiff or just thought it was all a joke, Tommy never learned. But he sat there until another shot rang out, and this time the bullet hit John in the hip. That broke the spell. John leaped to his feet and streaked out of the tent. Tommy says he's never seen a man run so fast in his life.

Tommy Stares Into the Muzzle of a .45.

Tommy was tired by that time—dead tired. Joe was strong as a bull, and he knew he'd never be able to get that gun away from him. "John was gone," he says, "and I didn't think Joe would shoot me. I took a chance and let him go. He got up, drunk and furious, and for a full minute I lay on the ground staring into the muzzle of the .45. That's when I did get scared. I have never seen a gun muzzle grow to look so large. I expected every second to be my last, and I began wishing he would shoot and get it over with. But no! He just stood there, fingers convulsing on the trigger, face purple with rage. Then all of a sudden he seemed to realize that John had gone, and he ran out of the tent after him."

That was the beginning of the end. In another ten seconds the whole camp was in an uproar. They caught Joe and took him to the guardhouse, and later they found Johnny and sent him to a hospital, where he spent several weeks getting over that wound in the hip.

And Tommy says that just about the time John got out of the hospital was when his nerves quieted down and his hair stopped standing on end.

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Letters of Junius

The Letters of Junius, a remarkable series of political letters to the number of 69, were written under the pen name of Junius and appeared at intervals between January 21, 1769, and January 21, 1772, in the pages of the Public Advertiser, the most popular newspaper in Great Britain at that time. Masterly in style, they attacked all the leading characters of the government, not excepting royalty. The authorship has been attributed to no fewer than 50 persons, but it is generally accepted that they were written by Sir Philip Francis.

Different Forms of Lightning

The world has been slow in learning that lightning assumes a large number of different forms. As recently as the middle of the Nineteenth century the leading scientific authority on lightning—the French physicist Arago—recognized only three varieties of lightning, and his list found its way into textbooks in all countries. Strange to say, of the three kinds enumerated by this authority, one—zigzag lightning—certainly does not exist, and the existence of the other two—sheet lightning and ball lightning—is somewhat doubtful.

Just a Little Bit of Humour

ROMANCE AND REVENGE

"Why do you want a situation in my laundry?" said the kind business man.

"For personal reasons," said the girl with blond hair and blue eyes. "Algernon Gildersleeve has his shirts done here."

"Quite true. Is there some sentimental involved?"

"Yes, he is trying to jilt me. I want a chance to smash the buttons on his shirts and laugh fiendishly at the thought of his agony when he tries to put them on."—Washington Star.

Still in Fashion

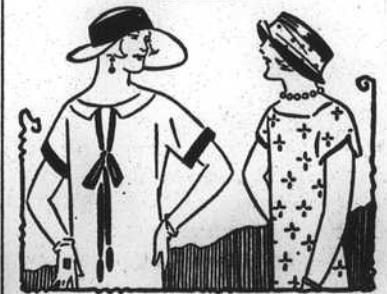
He was a stout man, with large, broad feet, and although several pairs of boots were shown to him he refused them.

"I must have square toes," he explained to the assistant.

The young man sighed. "But square toes are not stocked now, sir," he insisted. "Pointed toes are fashionable this season."

The stout man gave an angry stare. "That may be," he retorted, "but I happen to be wearing last season's feet."—Tit-Bits Magazine.

JUST THAT?



"Didn't Nellie marry a literary man?"

"Dear me, no; he's a magazine writer."

Registering a Kiosk

Lady from Tunnerville—I tell you I won't have this room. I ain't going to pay my good money for a pigsty with a measly little foldin' bed in it. If you think that just because I'm from the country—

Bell Boy—Get in, mum, get in. This ain't your room, it's the elevator.

Looking to the Future?

"I guess I'll make a lawyer of Josh," said Farmer Cornstossel.

"But your wife wants him to be a physician."

"Yes. He's got to be a professional man and we'd want to show our confidence in him. And I think it would be a heap safer to take Josh's law than his medicine."

This Is So Sudden

Officer—You've been doing 60 miles an hour. Don't you care anything about the law?

Lady—Why, officer, how can I tell? I've only just met you.—Canadian National Railways.

Keeping Up to Date

Green: "You must be keen on the talkies, old boy, to go twice a week."

Howarth: "It's not that exactly. You see, if I don't go regularly I can't understand what my children are saying."—Toronto Globe.

Disapproval

"Why do you attend prizefights?"

"Because I disapprove of pugilism," said Miss Cayenne. "Whenever a fighter is battered into insensibility, I rejoice and say it served him right."

LOTS OF US



"Poor man, he looks honest at least."

"Oh, yes, that's why he is poor."

Who's Afraid?

Ed—Aw! You're afraid to fight! Milton—No, I'm afraid my mother will find it out.

Ed—How?
Milton—She'll see the doctor going to your house.

Tactical

She—Would you love me when I have silver threads among the gold?
He—Platinum, honey. You'll be more precious than ever.

Spirited Kittens on Cross Stitch Towels



Pattern 5572

A dull moment's unthinkable with these seven, mischievous kittens about! In fact, they've thought up enough cute tricks to give you decoration for a week's supply of tea towels. Sit right down and send for this pattern, and get started on your set. The seven simple motifs work up very quickly in a combination of cross stitch, single and outline stitches. Use colored floss.

In pattern 5572 you will find a transfer pattern of seven motifs 5 by 8 inches (one for each day of the week); color suggestions; illustrations of all stitches needed; material requirements.

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.

Women Poor Spies

Although women did some of the most important spy work during the late World war, they did not make good spies, declares Major G. O. T. Bagley, former British secret service agent.

"There were some very clever women spies," he said, "but women just don't make good secret service agents. Their reports, especially on military matters, are usually inaccurate and exaggerated. They wear out quickly with fatigue and nervous strain, and, last, and worst of all, they fall in love."

"The war records abound in accounts of successful missions carried out by men, but there were only three women who turned in good jobs of spying. Mata Hari was perhaps the greatest. Then come Louis de Bettignies, whose nom de guerre was Alice Dubois. She was brilliantly successful with the British. Annemarie Dresser, known throughout Europe as Fraulein Doktor, is the third. She was the head of Germany's big spy school in Antwerp."

EXPERT OPINION

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