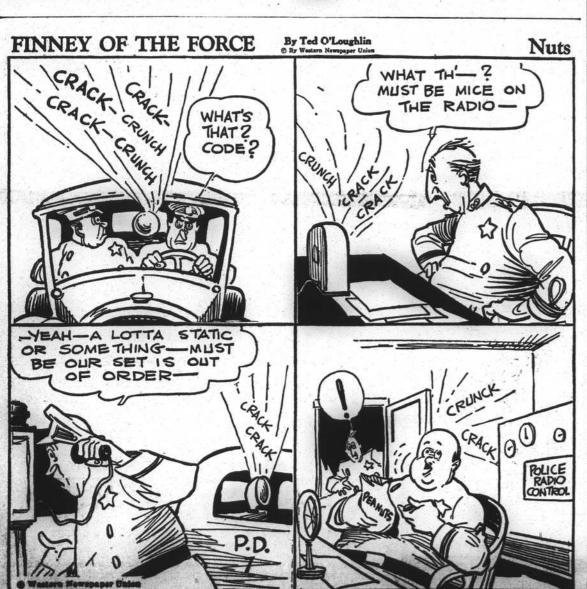
# OUR COMIC SECTION

# Events in the Lives of Little Men



## THE FEATHERHEADS Come to a Boil YOUR BATH COMING RIGHT AWAY IS DRAWN-HURRY, DEAR WHY I READ THAT WAIT- IT WAS WATERS IN JAPAN THEY TOO HOT-BAD ENOUGH BATHE IN WATER SCALD ME SO DON'T YOU KICK SCOLD ME ABOUT THIS-WHY-NONSENSE TRIED IT-JUST RIGHT



## **OCTOPUS** HUNTER

By STANLEY CORDELL

CAN'T imagine," said Lee 66 Dyer, "why any girl asas-" he flushed apologetically. "as nice as you should be interested in hunting octopuses. It's dangerous. Octopuses

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The girl laughed and hugged her knees up under her chin.

drown their victims."

She was dressed in the briefest of bathing suits, and the fine texture of her skin was tanned a rich brown, blending nicel with the gold of her hair. A pair of pearl-diver's goggles hung about her neck.

Her name was Carol Santrell. "I might," she said, "say the same thing about you, Mr. Lee Dy-

Lee opened his eyes wide. "Please explain," he demanded

in mock severity, "just how it is that you know my name." "You sound actually serious."

She studied him a moment.

"I believe you are. I'll explain: If you think there is a person at Coral Beach who doesn't know the name of the handsome young man who spends most of his time swimming about in the bay wearing a pair of goggles and bathing trunks, hunting for the vulgar octopus, you're-a very modest young man." Lee smiled.

"You're exaggerating, but I'll forgive you. However, let's continue being personal. I like it. Frankly, I was quite overcome with shock when my head bumped into something swimming out there an hour ago and I looked up to find you. I didn't think there was a woman on earth who had the courage to ram a spear into an octopus and bring it to the surface. Especially a-"A girl as nice as I!"

She laughed. "Well, Mr Dyer, I'll forgive your amazement. Suppose we cruise out near those rocks and see if we can't

discover a pair of baleful eyes staring up at us."

Lee hesitated, frowning. "But the girl had already snapped on her goggles, and, spear in hand, was easing down into the water. He slipped in after her and presently they were moving side by side toward the rocks. When still 50 feet away both ducked their heads beneath the water and continued thus at a leisurely pace.

The ocean's bottom was clearly visible through the clear water. Suddenly Lee slowed his pace and floated.

Slightly to his right a tangle of seaweed and rocks had come into view and from beneath the edge of the mass his eye had caught a faint movement-like the undulation of a gently prodded mass of gelatine.

A moment later he discerned a pair of watery looking eyes.

For a moment Lee hesitated. The girl was to his left and some away. He came up for air, made sure that she hadn't seen

him stop, then dove. At the critical moment he thrust out with his spear, and immediately the water was permeated by a cloud of ink-like liquid, which is one of the many means of defense with

which the octopus is equipped. Lee quickly jerked loose his spear and thrust again.

More ink permeated the water. But this time he left the weapon embedded and swam down its length until within reaching distance of the barbs. Then he reached back, loosened the knife from its wooden scabbard and plunged it downward. A vacuum-like tentacle grazed his forearm and he retreated. Once more on the surface he gulped in a mouthful of air and grinned at the girl.

"Got one," he said, and dove

Minutes later, with the octopus in tow, they reached the beach and inspected their prize. The gelatinelike fish was still alive, all eight of its deadly tentacles wound about the spear in an effort to strangle it. Carol gave an impulsive shudder. "They're really horrible, aren't

Lee looked at her quickly. "But fun hunting," he supple-

mented. They walked together to the beach hotel where Carol was staying, and before leaving Lee said: "How about tomorrow? Perhaps

you'll have better luck." "Tomorrow," she said, "will be fine. I'll be waiting for you." But when tomorrow came and

Lee called at the hotel he found Carol swathed in blankets, sitting in a deck chair in the sun on the terrace. She smiled at him and sniveled.

"Isn't it silly. I've picked up a cold from somewhere. Of all things! A cold in this climate. The doctor has ordered me to stay out of the water for a while. But you run

along and have your fun." Lee sat down on a stool beside the deck chair.

"If you don't mind," he said. "this is fun." He frowned.

'Hope you're not going to be really sick. Colds are bad down "Tomorrow," she laughed dramatically, "I'll be rarin' to go with spears and goggles."

But on the next day the cold

nadn't improved any.

Lee spent the morning on the stool beside the deck chair and tried to entertain her with funny stories.

In the afternoon he went home and changed to flannels and white shirt and came back again. The next day it was the same,

and the next. On the fifth the cold seemed to be on the wane, but Carol told him

the doctor had advised her to stay out of the water for at least a month. "That suits me fine," Lee

grinned. "I'm sick of hunting those danged octopuses, anyhow. Besides, I might catch a cold myself." "Oh, I'm spoiling your fun. Please

don't give up the one thing you love just to keep me entertained." "I'm not," said Lee, "giving up

the one thing I love." And he looked at her so intently that Carol actually blushed.

And so they spent their time playing tennis and strolling about the beach and seeking out-of-the-way places to dine and occasionally dance.

The month passed quickly, and Lee began talking about what fun they'd have together hunting octopuses.

At such times Carol was oddly silent, and once she even shuddered. "It's thoughts of catching another cold," she apologized.

Lee studied her a moment, then looked around to make sure the particular section of beach on which they were sitting was deserted.

'You," he said, "are a liar!" She looked at him in amazed horror, and he went on: "You don't like hunting octopuses any more than an elephant likes having his nose pulled. No woman does. Especially one as-nice as you."

"Why, Lee Dyer!" "Furthermore you didn't have a cold at all. That was a gag to keep you admitting you didn't like hunting octopuses. You merely said you liked hunting them because it was one way of interesting the young man who swam about the bay all day, and high-hatted everyone else."

Carol opened her mouth, closed it and looked defiant.

"All right. Here it is then: I made a bet that I could get the young man interested in me. Everyone else had failed. I'm sorry, I dont blame you for hating me."

"The facts of the case are," Lee said, "if I had really thought you actually enjoyed hunting those vulgar-looking octopuses, I wouldn't have become interested in you."

She looked at him quickly. "You mean - you knew all

along?" "Of course. That day we brought my prize out on the beach and examined it-and you shuddered. I knew it gave you the horrors and kept you awake nights. I knew even before that—that's why I went after the first one we saw. It was too dangerous letting you tackle him."

Carol tossed her head. "Why, I think you're horrid! Absolutely horrid! Knowing all the time, and-and leading me on."

Lee grinned. "Listen," he said, "will you

marry me?" The girl bit her lip, and suddenly a determined look came into her

"Not." she said firmly, "as long as you persist in hunting octopuses.

"Have I been octopus hunting during the past month?" he asked. And then he kissed her.

# Color Found Necessary

to Enjoyment of Food

They were having a light dinner party. Samuel G. Hibben, illumination engineer and authority on light and responses to light, was host. Food, drink and chef were the best that money could command. The host had even arranged special lighting for the evening. Instead of ordinary clear or frosted lamp bulbs, he substituted especially designed filter lamps which cut out all the ordinary spectrum of colors except "greens and reds," writes Charles Morrow Wilson in Popular Mechanics Magazine.

Guests strolled in to the table, hale, hearty and merry. Then they began to notice that their eyes were deceiving them. Delicious steaks were whitish gray. Celery was gaudy pink. Milk appeared blood red. Salads were bright blue. Lemons became oranges. Coffee changed to pale yellow. Fresh green peas appeared black. Peanuts seemed bright red.

The food and the cooking were perfect, but the broken-spectrum lights played havoc with established senses of color and taste. Therefore the dinner party wasn't especially enjoyable. Most of the guests ate almost nothing. Several left the table prematurely, and two became violently ill after dinner because of

"confused eye responses." The dinner party was not altogether a practical joke. It was a demonstration of the effect of light, not only upon the sense of sight, but upon related senses of taste, smell and touch. It was a pertinent example of the underlying theory of modern light reserve—that over and above its abstract physical qualities today's challenge of light is a challenge of individual application and individual reactions to light on the parts of the various orders of life. In order to make plants grow better, we must literally learn how the world looks to a plant. To use light as a defense against insects or bacteria we must learn something of how the world looks to insects and

bacteria.

# UNCOMMON

By Elmo & Western Scott Watson

#### First Woman Painter

YOU'LL look in vain for her name in the average encyclopedia or dictionary of American biography. Common as is the name of "Johnson" in our national annals, Henrietta Johnson is the least known of all of them.

In this era of the "emancipated woman" all fields of human endeavor are open to feminine invaders. But it was very different 200 vears ago. In those days woman's place was very much "in the home" and she might not leave it, even for excursions into the arts. But it was in that field that Henrietta by doing so she placed posterity everlastingly in her debt. For she was America's first woman painter.

We know her name but little else. The date of her death is recorded in the St. Philip's church register in Charleston, S. C., and that is the only established date in her history. By the social code under which she ived, "a lady's name should never appear in public print but twice: first to announce her mar lage and again to announce her death." Since she never married that leaves us only the date of her death-March 9, 1728. When and where she was born and whose daughter she was an unsolved mystery.

We know that she was a pastel painter and in this medium she did work that rivalled that of some of the famous French masters. We know that she was painting these pictures between 1707 and 1720, since the few surviving examples of her art were made during that period. And that is a fact which gives her work importance. For in her day the scheme of an hereditary American aristocracy was being tried out in Carolina and the people whose portraits she made were colonial officers and representatives of the landed gentry whose great plantations surrounded Charleston.

One of the notables she painted was Col. William Rhett, colonel of the provincial militia, receiver-general of the Lords Proprietors and the man who, in 1718, captured the famous pirate, Steve Bonnet-a feat which would make the name of Rhett forever famous, even if some of his descendants hadn't done so in the more recent history of South Carolina.

Just how many portraits Henrietta Johnson painted is not certain, but the known examples of her work that have survived for two centuries are so few that they command prices which compare favorably with those paid for the works of the "old masters" of Europe. Quite aside from their artistic and historic value, they possess a high "rarity value"-because they came from the brush of America's first woman painter.

#### "Typhoid Mary"

WHEN her Irish parents brought her to a priest in New York city one day, he christened her Mary Mallon. But on hospital records in the East she became only a number, or more specifically, "carrier No. 36." For she was the famous "Typhoid Mary."

Back in 1904 there occurred mysterious outbreaks of typhoid fever in certain sections of Westchester, Long Island and other districts around New York city. Examination of food and water failed to give any clues to the origin of the bacilli which were causing it.

But Dr. George Soper, a sanitary engineer in the municipal health service, remembered a German bacteriologist had proved that some people, while immune themselves to typhoid, carried the germ and gave the fever to others. Tracing the outbreaks he found that an Irish cook named Mary Mallon had, in every instance, been employed in the stricken household. He learned also that Mary, at the first hint of each illness, fled from her job.

Finally the health authorities caught up with her and in 1907 she was detained and, against her will, given an examination. She was found to be infected with millions of typhoid bacilli. She went to court to gain her freedom but lost her suit. Finally in 1910, she was freed.

However, typhoid epidemics began again and in each case Mary Mallon was found to have been the cook. Again she was confined in a hospital. Eventually she became resigned to her fate, was given a laboratory job and then furnished a little cottage of her own on North Brothers island, where she lived in semi-imprisonment for 21 years.

She died a few years ago-but not from typhoid. First there was a stroke of paralysis from which she rallied. During the next three years she gradually failed and finally, when she was sixty-six years old, Death opened the door for the frail, gray-haired little woman and "Typhoid Mary's" long imprisonment

#### Moral Courage

Moral courage is more worth having than physical, not only be-cause it is a higher virtue, but because the demand for it is more constant.-Charles Buxton.

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