

# OUR COMIC SECTION

## Events in the Lives of Little Men

IN DECEMBER THE HEAT RECEIVED BY DAN FAILS TO MAKE GOOD THE LOSS BY NIGHT AND ER—AH—IT IS NOT UNTIL JANUARY 12 FEBRUARY THAT THE GAIN OR LOSS BECOMES EQUAL AND THE THERMOMETER BEGINS TO SHOW A DOWNWARD TENDENCY!

WHEN BEING SMART WAS A MATTER OF MEMORY

Copyright, W. N. U.

## OCTOPUS HUNTER

By STANLEY CORDELL  
© Associated Newspapers, WNU Service.

"I CAN'T imagine," said Lee Dyer, "why any girl as—as—" he flushed apologetically, "as nice as you should be interested in hunting octopuses. It's dangerous. Octopuses drown their victims."

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

She was dressed in the briefest of bathing suits, and the fine texture of her skin was tanned a rich brown, blending nicely 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 Dyer."

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 distance 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 again.

Minutes later, with the octopus in tow, they reached the beach and inspected their prize. The gelatine-like 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 they?"

Lee looked at her quickly.

"But fun hunting," he supplemented.

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 here."

"Tomorrow," she laughed dramatically, "I'll be rarin' to go with spears and goggles."

But on the next day the cold hadn't improved any.

## THE FEATHERHEADS

By Osborne  
© Western Newspaper Union

### Come to a Boil

YOUR BATH IS DRAWN—HURRY, DEAR

COMING RIGHT AWAY

YOW! HEY, WHAT TH—?

THIS WATER'S TOO HOT—TRYING TO KILL ME?

WHY I READ THAT IN JAPAN THEY BATHE IN WATER AT 120° AND YOU KICK ABOUT THIS—WHY—

WAIT—IT WAS BAD ENOUGH TRYING TO SCALD ME—SO DON'T SCOLD ME!

NONSENSE! I TRIED IT—JUST RIGHT

© Western Newspaper Union

## FINNEY OF THE FORCE

By Ted O'Loughlin  
© Western Newspaper Union

### Nuts

CRACK—CRACK—CRACK—CRACK—CRACK—CRACK—CRACK—CRACK—

WHAT'S THAT? CODE?

WHAT TH—? MUST BE MICE ON THE RADIO—

YEAH—A LOTTA STATIC OR SOMETHING—MUST BE OUR SET IS OUT OF ORDER—

CRACK—CRACK—CRACK—CRACK—

P.D.

POLICE RADIO CONTROL

© Western Newspaper Union

## UNCOMMON AMERICANS

By Elmo Scott Watson  
© Western Newspaper Union

### 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 years 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 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 lived, "a lady's name should never appear in public print but twice: first to announce her marriage 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 is 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 was ended.

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

**GENUINE QUICK-ACTING BAYER ASPIRIN 1¢ A TABLET!**



**For Amazingly Quick Relief Get Genuine Bayer Aspirin**

You can now get Genuine BAYER ASPIRIN for virtually 1¢ a tablet at any drug store.

Two full dozen now, in a flat pocket tin, for 25¢! Try this new package. Enjoy the real Bayer article now without thought of price!

Do this especially if you want quick relief from a bad headache, neuritis or neuralgia pains. Note illustration above, and remember, BAYER ASPIRIN works fast.

And ask for it by its full name—BAYER ASPIRIN—not by the name "aspirin" alone when you buy. Get it next time you want quick relief.

15¢ FOR A DOZEN  
2 FULL DOZEN 25¢  
DOZEN 25¢  
Virtually 1¢ a tablet

LOOK FOR THE BAYER CROSS

**War Breeds War**  
For what can war but endless war still breed?—Milton.

**DISCOVERED Way to Relieve Coughs QUICKLY**

IT'S BY relieving both the irritated tissues of the throat and bronchial tubes. One set of ingredients in FOLEY'S HONEY & TAR quickly relieves tickling, hacking, coughing... coats and soothes irritated throat linings to keep you from coughing. Another set actually enters the blood, reaches the affected bronchial tubes, loosens phlegm, helps break up cough and speeds recovery. Check a cough due to a cold before it gets worse, before others catch it. Check it with FOLEY'S HONEY & TAR. It gives quick relief and speed-up recovery.

**Industry a Prophet**  
Industry is a sturdy prophet of economic independence.

**SORE MUSCLES MADE HER ACHE ALL OVER Feels like a new woman now**

Why suffer with muscular pains of rheumatism, neuralgia, lumbago, or chest cold? Thousands say Hamlin's Wizard Oil brings quick relief to aching legs, arms, chest, neck, back. Just rub it on—rub it in. Makes the skin glow with warmth—muscles feel soothed—relief comes quick. Pleasant odor. Will not stain clothes. At all druggists.

**HAMLIN'S WIZARD OIL**  
FOR MUSCULAR ACHES AND PAINS  
DUE TO RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA, LUMBAGO, CHEST COLDS

**Fruit of Patience**  
Patience is bitter, but its fruit is sweet.—Rousseau.

**Poorly Nourished Women—They Just Can't Hold Up**

Are you getting proper nourishment from your food, and restful sleep? A poorly nourished body just can't hold up. And as for that run-down feeling, that nervous fatigue,—don't neglect it!

Cardul for lack of appetite, poor digestion and nervous fatigue, has been recommended by mothers to daughters—women to women—for over fifty years.

Try it! Thousands of women testify Cardul helped them. Of course, if it does not benefit YOU, consult a physician.

**Robust Health depends upon proper food assimilation. Keep the digestive processes active with Wright's**

Wright's INDIAN WIGWAG PILLS  
THE IONIC LAXATIVE

50c a box at druggists or Wright's Pill Co., 109 Gold St., N.Y. City.