

OUR COMIC SECTION

Events in the Lives of Little Men

IF WE COULD ONLY HAVE THE WORRIES NOW WE HAD WHEN WE WERE KIDS

I MIGHT HAVE TO DO HOME WORK AND NOT BE ABLE TO GET AWAY TO SKATE

THAT'S WHAT'S WORRIN' ME - I HAVEN'T HOME WORK TO DO - I DID MINE - BUT MOM HAS SOME CHORES FOR ME - GOSH IF I COULD ONLY GET OUT OF IT!

THIS NEW TEACHER IS SORT OF TOUGH - SHE WORKS US LIKE A TEAM OF MULES

I BET VERY FEW PEOPLE HAVE THE TROUBLES WE HAVE BOTHERIN' US!

YEH! WU'D THE OTHER ONE HAFTA GET MARRIED FOR ANNIVANS?

YOU BET - WORRY WORRY ALWAYS WORRY

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'Twas This Way

By LYLE SPENCER
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The Cure for Rickets

IN THE romantic days of Queen Elizabeth, courtiers and wealthy citizens went to church wearing boots and long coats because they were ashamed to show their crooked bow legs. Their crooked legs and deformed bodies were caused by rickets.

We know now that rickets come from lack of sunlight and good food, but up until about 1800 its cause was unknown. Most people thought it was a visitation from the devil, and doctors gave hot mud baths to children to avoid it. Another standard remedy was to wrap babies in swaddling clothes. Although over half the children treated in this way died in the first year of infancy, it was supposed to be a good remedy. Women were especially hard hit by rickets. It malformed and contracted their pelvic bones in a way which made it almost impossible for them to have children. Dr. Edwards, an Englishman, was one of the first to show the connection between lack of sunlight and rickets. He noticed its absence among even the poorest Mexicans who lived regularly out in the sun.

Later, scientists showed that the actinic rays of the sun, the same rays which cause sunburn, can prevent rickets. This is one of the reasons why children and adults alike should keep out of doors as much as possible. In the wintertime when we can't get out, good substantial food, especially when supplemented by animal products like cod-liver oil, serves much the same purpose.

Where the Whangdoodles Grow

A WHANGDOODLE is an animal that habitually associates with pink elephants and orange-eyed alligators. It is most frequently seen late at night seated complacently at the foot of beds where bibulous gentlemen are trying vainly to get to sleep.

As a matter of fact, no sober person has ever seen a whangdoodle. So the descriptions of it naturally vary according to what one has had to drink and how much. In a general way it can be described as a tremendous animal weighing at least fifteen tons and having thirteen eyes, eleven ears and seven noses. It has the head of a unicorn, the shoulders of a rhinoceros, the hips of a lion, and the whiskers of a cat.

Only male whangdoodles ever grow to maturity because the females are unable to stand the strenuous night life. In the daytime, whangdoodles live on steep mountainsides, and since their legs on the right side are longer than those on the left, they always climb and descend mountains in a clockwise direction.

Full-grown whangdoodles come equipped with slender, hairless tails and a cast-iron ball on the end. The iron ball can be used either to swat flies or to crack ice.

The origin of the whangdoodle is lost in the smoky mists of generations of morning-after hangovers.

Elevators

ELEVATORS are so commonplace to most of us that we seldom stop to realize what a tremendously important part they play in our modern life. Without elevators, no skyscraper, no tall office building or hotel could exist. Even ordinary apartment houses over four stories in height would be impractical.

As a matter of fact, no tall buildings did exist in America until about 1870, when the Singer building was erected in New York. The invention of the elevator itself dates from 1850, when Henry Waterman built a crude platform hoist operating between two floors to move goods in his warehouse. Soon after that Elihu Graves Otis began manufacturing lifts in Yonkers, N. Y. Largely through his improvements, the first passenger elevator was constructed in 1857 and the first passenger elevator in an office building in 1869.

Many important improvements have been made since that time, such as the electric elevator in 1889 and the automatic elevator in 1924. These have all stepped up speed and efficiency until today, modern types can make 1,000 feet per minute and could go even faster if necessary. Engineers say that when speeds go above 1,000 feet a minute, passengers complain too much about "that sinking feeling" in the pits of their stomachs.

Eye Greatest Marvel

Of all the human organs with which nature equipped man, the eye, perhaps, is the greatest marvel of all. None of man's other senses is so keenly developed or so necessary to him. A man can be deaf, lose his sense of taste and smell and even his sense of touch, and still lead an active life. But when his eyes go bad he is practically helpless. Scientists tell us that we get about 87 per cent of our impressions of the outside world through our eye. Our ears bring us only 7 per cent, our noses 3.5 per cent, our sense of touch 1.5 per cent, and our sense of taste a mere 1 per cent.

Bob Davis Reveals

Original Data as to How Yellow Hand "Bit the Dust."

SINCE the passing of the dime novel with which in the dear, dead juvenile days I was wont to while the time away, it has been my habit to poke around in search of historical works steeped in frontier lore, Injun fighting, bad man biographies, red handed gun players born to trouble and prepared to die with their boots on.

Any literature perfumed by black powder, punctuated with the clash of bowie knives and the rattle of musketry popping in the cottonwood was water on my wheel. Born in Nebraska, a crossroad for Sioux, Comanche, Cheyenne, Black Foot and Apache, soldiers, cattlemen and frontiersmen, I inhaled an atmosphere filtered and re-filtered through the nostrils of men who wore cow-hide breeches and who took their sleep standing.

I was seven years old when George Custer and his regiment were wiped out at the Little Big Horn massacre; heard white and red men pile up the terrible details, listened to but did not fully comprehend the preparations for revenge. Via the grapevine telegraph of the prairies I heard more than I should, more than my father, a missionary among the Sioux and Cheyenne, knew had reached my ears. Chief Gall, Rain-in-the-Face, Crazy Horse, Sitting Bull, Red Cloud passed in the flesh and in confusing rumors along the Missouri, leaving me dumb with wonderment.

Meets Old Indian Fighter. I remember with crystal clarity the day Capt. Jack Crawford rode into the mission on a spent horse with the news that Buffalo Bill had met the Cheyenne chieftain, Yellow Hand, in mortal combat and killed and scalped him. The memory of that thrilling declaration remained with me for many a year, definite, reiterating, audible, like something alive. It became the outstanding memory of my boyhood. From Nebraska, from which section I departed for the Far West with my folks in '77, I brought the vision of Bill Cody's victory over the red Indian. It marched with me like a living dream.

In later life I heard repeatedly that the story of Cody's meeting with Yellow Hand was mere myth, a wild tale of the frontier, unsupported. The reiterated denial from sources that seemed unimpeachable depressed me.

All attempts at verification failed. Many versions, none of them in accord, appeared in books dealing with the Indian wars. Obsessed with the desire to find an eyewitness, I sought substantiation from any and all living soldiers and civilians associated with that era who crossed my trail. Success crowned my perseverance.

In the city of Boston, August, 1929, at the invitation of a friend, I called upon Samuel Storror Sumner, major-general of the United States army, retired, totally blind, in his seventy-eighth year and residing on Beacon street. We talked of the early days, the Indian uprisings and the opening of the vast and fertile country west of the Missouri. In the course of our conversation the general mentioned Colonel Cody, the Buffalo Bill of my boyhood.

Gets "Low Down" on Fight. Here perhaps was my long sought eyewitness. "Is the story of his killing Yellow Hand true?" I asked. The aged and blind soldier came suddenly to life, slapping his thighs with both hands.

"Absolutely," he exclaimed, "I saw the fight. After the Custer massacre at Little Big Horn, Yellow Hand, now chief of the Cheyennes, came down to War Bonnet Creek to raid the wagons. Cody, who was there with a band of scouts, asked to go into action. Gen. Wesley Merritt, who was in command, said he had no objection to Cody, who was not officially of the regular army, doing as he damned well pleased. Bill wheeled his horse and rode straight for Yellow Hand at a gallop. They came for each other head on, both opening with rifle fire at close range.

"When almost knee to knee Bill shot Yellow Hand from his horse. The Indian was dead when he hit the ground. Bill dismounted, placed his foot on Yellow Hand's body and waved a signal that he was the victor. Gen. Charles King was also present. We were less than a hundred yards from the scene of the battle. The dime novel writers lost no time making it appear that Bill scalped the Cheyenne and waved the bloody trophy aloft. That is not true. But that Cody killed Yellow Hand in hand-to-hand conflict you need have no doubts whatever. General Merritt, General King and myself witnessed the fight from start to finish."

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Pronunciation of Word "Zoe" The name "Zoe" is from the Greek word meaning life and is pronounced in two syllables, Zo-ee.

HOUSEHOLD QUESTIONS

Items of Interest to the Housewife

A simple way to freshen white washing silk which has become yellow through constant washing is to add milk to the rinsing water and allow it to soak for a few minutes before squeezing out.

After putting water and soap into washing machine let it run for a minute or two to dissolve soap before putting in clothes, if you wish the best results.

Chilled, diced oranges mixed with pineapple and sprinkled with coconut make a delicious dessert.

Never put soda and water into an enameled saucepan that has been burned. Although it will re-

move the burned particles of food it will make the pan more likely to burn again the next time it is used. Use salt instead of soda. Fill the pan with cold water, leave until the next day and then slowly bring to a boil.

Chairs and sofas upholstered in leather will last and retain their appearance much longer if you apply regularly a mixture of one part vinegar and two parts boiled linseed oil, well shaken together. It not only cleans the leather, but softens it and at the same time prevents its cracking. Apply a little on a soft rag and polish with a silk duster or piece of chamois.

Calotabs Help Nature To Throw Off a Cold

Millions have found in Calotabs a most valuable aid in the treatment of colds. They take one or two tablets the first night and repeat the third or fourth night if needed. How do Calotabs help Nature throw off a cold? First, Calotabs are one of the most thorough and dependable of all intestinal eliminators, thus cleansing the intestinal tract of the germ-laden mucus and

toxines. Second, Calotabs are diuretic to the kidneys, promoting the elimination of cold poisons from the blood. Thus Calotabs serve the double purpose of a purgative and diuretic, both of which are needed in the treatment of colds. Calotabs are quite economical; only twenty-five cents for the family package, ten cents for the trial package. (Adv.)

Considering Our Duty That which is called considering what is our duty in a particular case is very often nothing but endeavoring to explain it away.—Bishop Joseph Butler.

Diversity of Interests No one who is deeply interested in a large variety of subjects can remain unhappy. The real pessimist is the person who has lost interest.—W. Lyon Phelps.

THE FEATHERHEADS

By Osborne
© Western Newspaper Union

'Sno Sleep

WHAT THE—? THAT'S FANNY SHOVELLING SNOW!

HERE! GIVE ME THAT SHOVEL— YOU GO IN AND GET BREAKFAST READY

ALL RIGHT— GO AHEAD— AT LAST A SPARK OF MANHOOD! DON'T WANT ME TO WORK SO HARD

IT ISN'T JUST THAT— YOU WOKE ME UP— NEXT TIME WAIT 'TILL I'VE LEFT FOR WORK

FINNEY OF THE FORCE

By Ted O'Loughlin
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Takes the Cake

PLEASE, MISTER, I BRUNG A CAKE TO MY HUSBIND WHAT IS LOCKED UP HERE— KIN I TAKE IT TO HIM?

SORRY— 'TIS AFTER VISITIN' HOURS— BUT OI CAN TAKE IT TO HIM

— AN' AS YEZ AIN'T 'LOWED T'HAVE A KNIFE— O'LL CUT IT FER YEZ—

DON'T BODDER— I DOUBT EFF'N YA KIN— ME WIFE NEVER WAS A GOOD COOK

NEVER MIND, JUST LEAVE THE CAKE HERE— I'LL BREAK PIECES OFF AND EAT IT THAT WAY

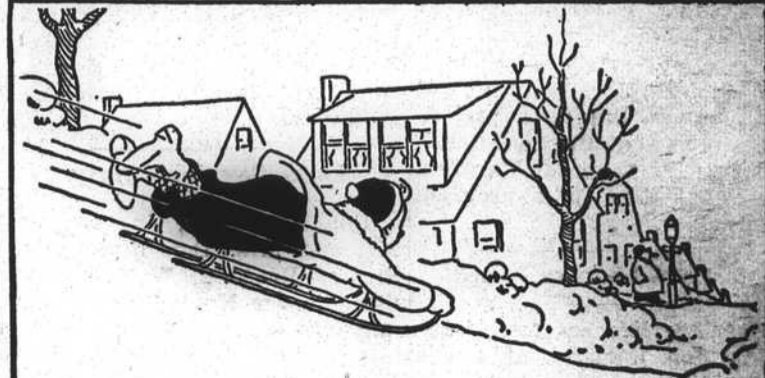
BREAK IT? OI KIN DO THAT— NO DOUBT

I WONDER HOW THEM GOT IN THERE?

OH! WHUT TH'—? THAT WUZ A TOUGH BRREAK FER YEZ!

DIFFICULT DECISIONS

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



WONDERING, WHEN YOUR FATHER, WHO HAS WARNED YOU WHAT WILL HAPPEN IF HE EVER CATCHES YOU COASTING ON BREAKNECK HILL, UNEXPECTEDLY APPEARS AT THE CORNER, WHETHER TO UPSET IN A SNOW BANK OR WHETHER YOU CAN GO BY HIM FAST ENOUGH SO HE WON'T RECOGNIZE YOU

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