

WORLD'S BEST COMICS

Lighter Side of Life as Depicted by Famous Cartoonists and Humorists

THE FEATHERHEADS

By Osborne



Got Him Reeling

Curiosa Americana

By Elmo Scott Watson

HERITAGE

HE HAD been a prominent and successful lawyer in Chicago. Then misfortune overtook him and he died penniless. Among his effects they found his last will and testament. It was so unusual that his former fellow-members in the Chicago Bar association passed a resolution ordering it probated in court. Today it is a part of the Cook county records. It reads:

I, Charles Lounsberry, being of sound and disposing mind and memory, do hereby make and publish this my last will and testament, in order, as justly as may be, to distribute my interest in the world to succeeding men.

That part of my interests which is known in law and recognized in the sheep-bound volumes as my property, being inconsiderable and of none account, I make no disposition of in this my will. My right to live, being but a life estate, is not at my disposal, but, these things excepted, all else in the world I now proceed to devise and bequeath.

ITEM: I give to good fathers and mothers, in trust for their children, all good little words of praise and encouragement, and all quaint pet names and endearments; and I charge said parents to use them justly, but generously, as the needs of the children may require.

ITEM: I leave to children inconclusively, but only for the term of their childhood, all and every the bowers of the fields and the blossoms of the wood, with the right to play among them freely according to the customs of children, warning them at the same time against thistles and thorns. And I devise to children the banks of the brooks, and the golden sands beneath the waters thereof, and the odors of the willows that dip therein, and the white clouds that float high over the giant trees.

And I leave to the children the long, long days to be merry in, in a thousand ways, and the night and the train of the Milky Way to wonder at, but subject, nevertheless, to the rights hereinafter given to lovers.

ITEM: I devise to boys, jointly, all the useful, idle fields and commons where ball may be played, all pleasant waters where one may swim, all snow-capped hills where one may coast, and all streams and ponds where one may fish, or where, when grim winter comes, one may skate, to hold the same for the period of their boyhood. And all meadows, with the clover blossoms and butterflies thereof; the woods, and their appurtenances; the squirrels and the birds and echos and strange noises, and all distant places which may be visited, together with the adventures there found. And I give to said boys each his own place at the fireside at night, with all pictures that may be seen in the burning wood, to enjoy without let or hindrance, or without any incumbrance or care.

ITEM: To lovers I devise their imaginary world, with whatever they may need, as the stars of the sky, the red roses by the wall, the bloom of the hawthorn, the sweet strains of music, and aught else they may desire to figure to each other, the last- ingness and beauty of their love.

ITEM: To young men, jointly, I devise and bequeath all boisterous, inspiring sports of rivalry, and I give to them the disdain of weakness and undaunted confidence in their own strength. Though they are rude, I leave to them the power to make lasting friendships and of possessing companions, and to them exclusively I give all merry songs and grave choruses to sing with lusty voices.

ITEM: And to those who are no longer children or youths or lovers, I leave memory: and bequeath to them the volumes of the poems of Burns and Shakespeare and of other poets, if there be others, to the end that they may live the old days over again, freely and fully, without tithes or diminution.

ITEM: To our loved ones with snowy crowns I bequeath the happiness of old age, the love and gratitude of their children, until they fall asleep.

FICKLE FAME
YOUNG E. ALLISON was a famous Kentucky journalist, a writer of short stories and novels, a nationally-known bibliophile. Yet he is remembered, not for all these achievements, but because he took a quatrain quoted in Stevenson's "Treasure Island" and built it into one of the most famous poems ever written. He called it "The Derelict." Perhaps you remember it as: "Fifteen men on a dead man's chest—Yo-ho-ho and a bottle of rum!"

Langdon Smith was one of the noted war correspondents in Cuba in 1898. But his newspaper writings are forgotten while thousands are familiar with a poem which he wrote. "Evolution," he called it. It begins:

When you were a tadpole and I was a fish
In the Paleozoic time . . .
Dr. Clement C. Moore was a professor of Greek and Hebrew in the General Theological seminary in New York city and author of the first Greek and Hebrew lexicon published in America—a scholarly work which he hoped would make him famous. But that book is forgotten and he is remembered for what he considered some "silly verses" which he wrote for his children. "A Visit From St. Nicholas" he called it, but it is as beloved by American children as the poem "Twas the night before Christmas . . ."

Church Built in Street
A church at Harbor Springs, Mich. is an object of curiosity to many of the tourists. It was built in the center of the street by the Indians, who donated the land, so that it could be seen from the other end of the village.

Uncle Phil Says:

See the Bright Side

The world may be pretty sordid, but one does not have to contemplate that phase of it too much. It has others that are brighter.

The best angle from which to approach any problem is the try angle.

One needs to learn how to enjoy two or three hours of quiet reflection. You can't be entertained every waking moment.

Calling a man "man" and calling him "guy" marks the difference between the intelligentsia and other people.

Don't Stay with Evil
If you have been tempted into evil, fly from it; it is not falling into the water, but lying in it that drowns.

Sometimes a man has no confidence in other men because he has none in himself.

The people of Europe stay mad at each other all the time. They are as bad as our mountain feudists.

All you need in order to revel in Nature is a tent, a cot, a pan of bacon and eggs, and immeasurable love of the woods.

There Should Be a Law
The law can compel a man to pay taxes. Why can't it compel him to take an interest in the affairs of his government?

A backward boy who can't store away much knowledge can sometimes perform wonders with his hands. Every son of Adam should have some talent, only discover it.

Generally speaking, give your candid opinion, but mind your present.

Displays of temper are sheer waste of vitality. They help nobody and hinder everybody.

That's a Peptimist
A pessimist closes an eye, wrinkles his face, draws up the corners of his mouth, and says, "It can't be done."

An Optimist has a face full of sunshine. He beams on you and says, "It can be done"—and then lets Joe "do it."

But a Pep-ti-mist takes off his coat, rolls up his sleeves, and goes to it, and does it.

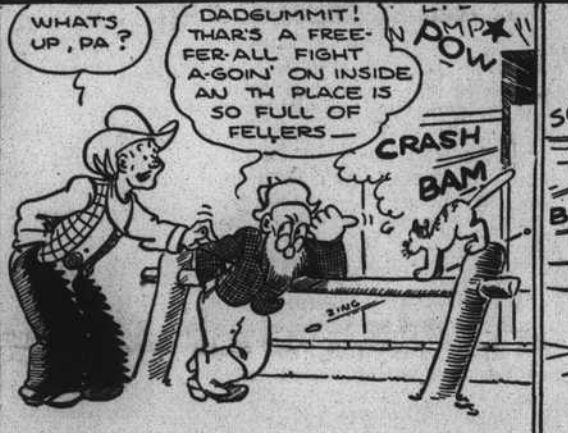
S'MATTER POP—Yep, Same Location



By C. M. PAYNE

MESCAL IKE

By S. L. HUNTLEY



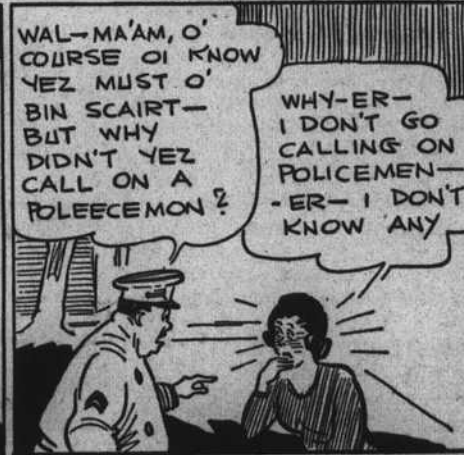
A Full House

Lolly Gags



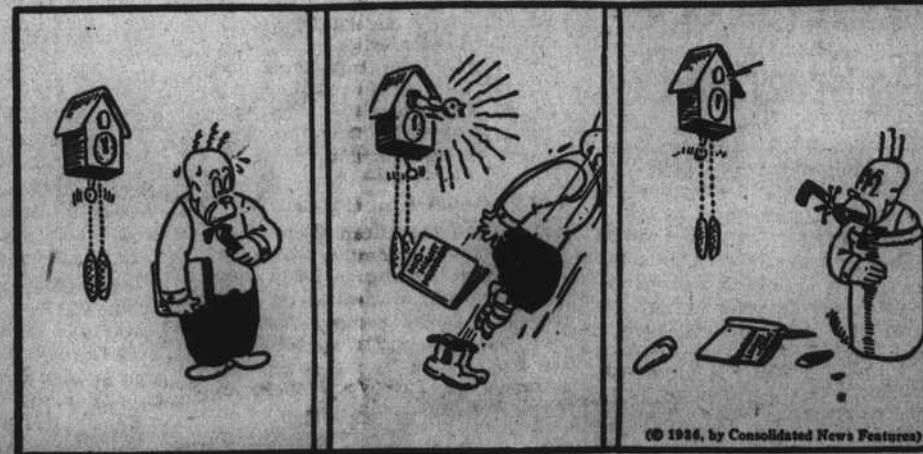
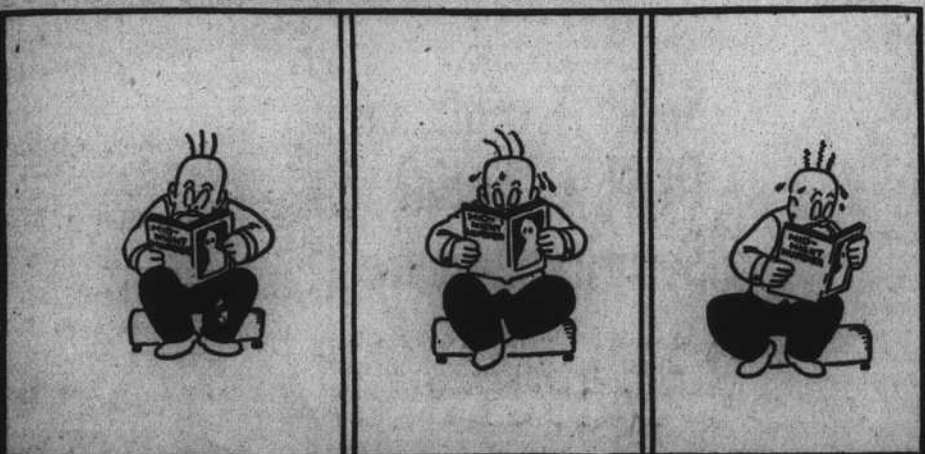
FINNEY OF THE FORCE

By Ted O'Loughlin



Not on Her Social List

ADAMSON'S ADVENTURES Twelve-bells



By O. JACOBSSON

SMALL BOY CARRYING A BAG

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



And That's That
"I don't want you to treat my friend Jones as coldly as you do," said Robinson to his daughter. "He may not have much style, but he's a diamond in the rough."
"I know he's a diamond in the rough," replied his daughter. "That's the reason I'm cutting him."

Education
"Your methods of cultivation are hopelessly out of date," said the youthful agricultural college-graduate to the old farmer. "Why, I'd be astonished if you got even 10 pounds of apples from that tree."
"So would I," replied the farmer. "It's a pear tree."

Variety
"Yes, I like to give my husband variety in his meals, especially at dinner time."
"Really, how do you manage it?"
"Well, I give him balled ham, but I buy it from a different shop every day."

Our Pet Peeve

By M.G. KETTNER

