

THE SUNNY SIDE OF LIFE

Clean Comics That Will Amuse Both Old and Young

OL' KAINBUCK

THE FEATHERHEADS

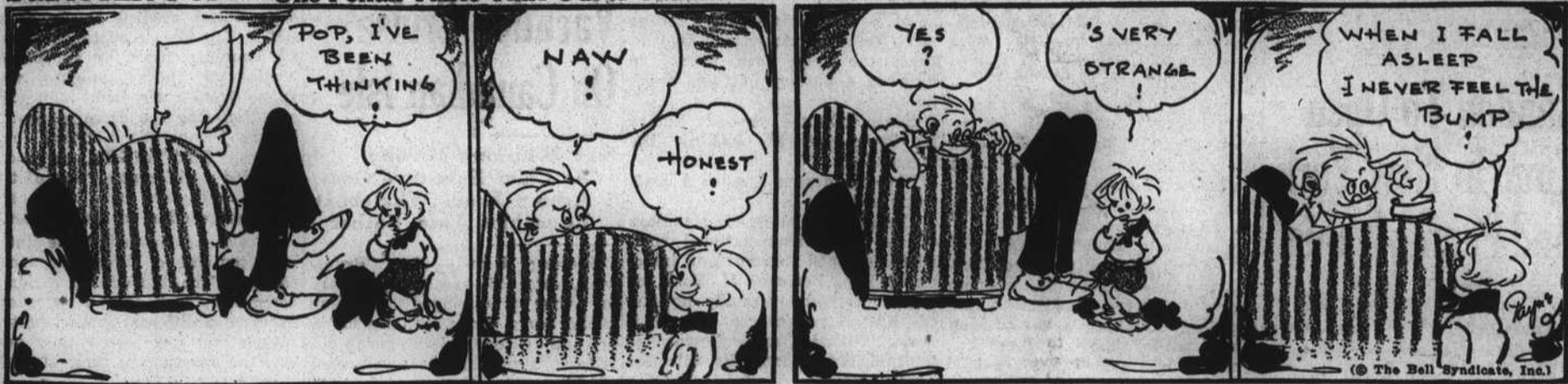
By Osborne



Nailed Down

SMATTER POP— One Fella Takes Time Out to Think

By C. M. PAYNE



MESCAL IKE

By S. L. HUNTLEY

How Awful



FINNEY OF THE FORCE

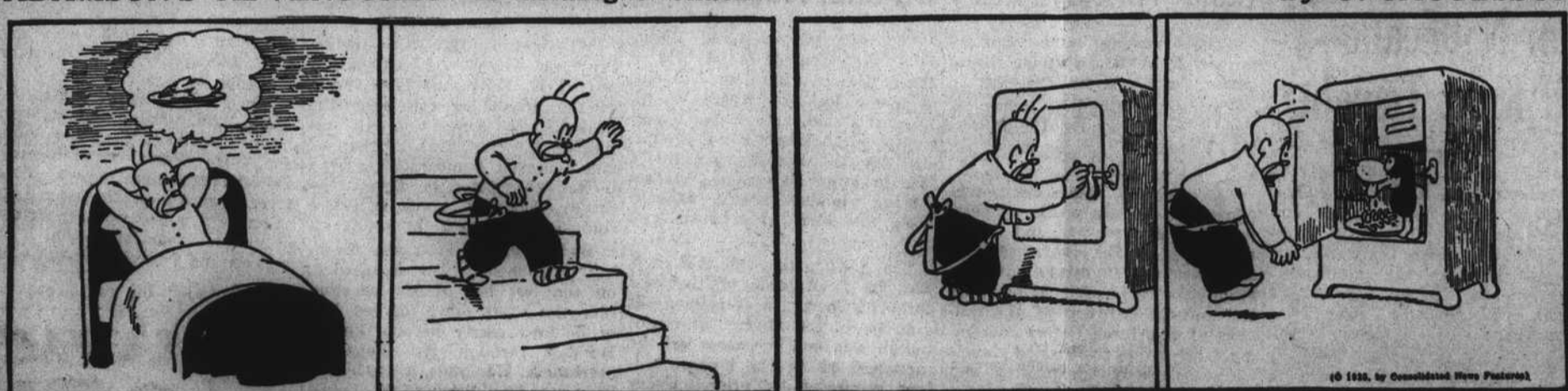
By Ted O'Loughlin

Deep Stuff



ADAMSON'S ADVENTURES—A Midnight Snack

By O. JACOBSSON



Our Pet Peeve



Musical.
"Is Jones musical?"
"I should say he is. When he's out he blows his own trumpet and at home he plays second fiddle."—
Stray Stories Magazine.

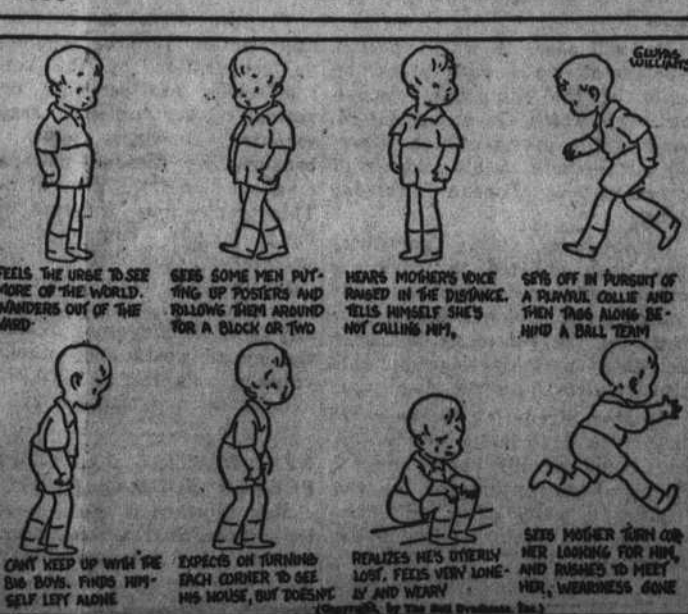
A Selfish Constituency.
"Are you going to send your congressman back to Washington?"
"No," replied Farmer Cornstossel. "We've found out that he's such good company that we've decided to keep him home."

Sweet Sleep
Jane ran into her brother Bill's room late at night. "Bill," she whispered, "I think I hear burglars. Are you awake?"
With his head under the covers, Bill answered "No!"

Proof
"Mistress—Help! Your master's drawer has been rifled."
"Servant—I didn't do it. None of my keys fit it."

LOST

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



Blooded Horses Are Revered in Kentucky.

Prepared by National Geographic Society, Washington, D. C.—WNU Service.

SOME 40,000 acres of land, much of it magnificent virgin forest, will be included in the Mammoth Cave National park in Kentucky. In the long struggle to establish this national park, Maurice H. Thatcher, for many years United States representative from Kentucky, was a prime mover. Discovered in 1803, Mammoth Cave was considered the largest national cavern in America until the exploration of the Carlsbad caverns in New Mexico. The underground passages are of remarkable extent, probably underlining the entire area of the proposed park development. Almost every dweller in the neighborhood has a cave of his own, to which he seeks to attract visitors. Underground rivers in which swim eyeless fish are a weird feature of the caves. Besides these there are vast stalactites and stalagmites, the best of which are seen in the part of the cavern reached through the N.W. Entrance. A "frozen Niagara" of salmon-colored rock and a stalactite, which, when illuminated by an electric light placed behind it, shadows the perfectly molded form of a beautiful woman stepping down as if to bathe in the subterranean river, are unique. There are onyx caves and crystal caves; one might profitably pass weeks going through them all. It was in one of these that Floyd Collins met his death. Beyond Mammoth Cave to the west winds the beautiful Green river known as one of the deepest fresh water streams in the country. In this neighborhood was shed the first Kentucky blood of the Civil war, when Granville Allen was shot. Families were torn asunder by the difference of allegiance. Few states knew the horror of Civil war as did Kentucky. To understand what war meant to the border people, one needs only to be reminded that Jefferson Davis was born near Hopkinsville, not far from Bowling Green, and that Abraham Lincoln was born near Hodgenville, a few miles to the north.

Birthplace of Lincoln.
At Hodgenville, a stately memorial shelters the humble log cabin in which Lincoln was born. Simplicity marks the place as it marked the great soul it fostered. Visitors pause for a drink from the Lincoln spring. Memories of Lincoln linger in the very air between Hodgenville and Bardstown. To Knob creek the Lincoln family moved before young Abraham was two years old, and there they lived until he was eight. His earliest recollections, he wrote, were of Knob creek, and how he was saved from drowning there by the quick aid of a chum. Not much chance of drowning in the creek now; it is little more than a rivulet. If there is a house in the world worthy to inspire music, it is "My Old Kentucky Home," near Bardstown. While a guest in the house, then owned by his kinsfolk, the Rowan family, Stephen Collins-Foster composed that deathless ballad, "My Old Kentucky Home." He wrote the music, it is said, at a desk in the wide hall, the sun streaming through the door opening toward the slave quarters. That selfsame desk still stands in its wonted place, the most precious of Kentucky's furniture relics. Even without the Foster tradition, the home would be priceless. It makes no attempt at ostentation, but it is peopled with ghosts of the fine old South.

In Bardstown is St. Joseph's cathedral, in which are displayed several original paintings by great masters. They are believed to have been a gift to the church by Louis Philippe. Not far from the town is Gethsemane, a retreat of Trappist monks, one of two such monasteries in the United States. Louisville, the city of George Rogers Clark, comes next on your itinerary, northward over an excellent highway. It was there that the doughty soldier ended his days in bitterness over the ingratitude of the nation he had spent his all to aid. At Louisville, too, are the home and tomb of President Zachary Taylor, "Old Rough and Ready." His daughter Knox was wooed and won by Jefferson Davis, then a young lieutenant in the general's command.

To lovers of horse racing, Louisville is a mecca when the Kentucky Derby is run at Churchill Downs. Where Baseball Bats Are Made. At the Louisville Slugger factory, baseball bats for many of the famous players are hand-turned by skilled workmen. The second-growth ash comes to the factory in rough billets. These billets are rounded and laid on racks to season for 17 months before they are made into bats. Because ball players are particular about the weight and balance of their bats, each step in the shaping of the sluggers requires the utmost care. Special orders are prepared by hand workers. Thousands of bats, however, are made by machinery. From Louisville it is a pleasant trip to Frankfort, the hill-encircled capital of Kentucky. The old Statehouse, now a museum, is an architectural gem of pure Greek design. Within it is a self-supporting circular stairway, one of the few remaining. The new Statehouse is a splendid structure, with a magnificent rotunda under the vaulted dome. It is strangely fitting that Daniel Boone is buried in the cemetery overlooking the capital of the state he helped win from the wilderness. From the path around his tomb one looks down to the broad valley of the beautiful Kentucky river. The heart of the Blue Grass is the home of the thoroughbred. To one who has striven futilely, baffled by crab grass, to encourage a lawn, the sight of those blue-grass pastures brings mixed feelings. One does not feel outraged to see splendid horses browsing on such lawns, but one is hard put to escape taking affront at cows and sheep feeding in the velvety carpets. Horses in the Blue Grass are monarchs of the earth. On some of the famous farms the huge circular stables house quarter-mile exercise tracks floored with tan-bark. The thoroughbred is nurtured more carefully than a baby-show contender. A few hours after he is born he is fitted with a halter, that he may become used to the equipment. He is permitted out of doors only when conditions are exactly right. If he scratches his silky skin, he is plastered with antiseptic and put in a hospital. He drinks only from his own special bucket and his diet would be the despair of a French chef. The owner of one farm cut by a highway has a tunnel under the road through which his thoroughbreds may be led without danger from passing automobiles. There is a thrill in visiting the stable that housed Man-o-War, Golden Broom, Crusader, and Mars.

Lexington Is Charming.
In itself Lexington has a wealth of charm as well as historic interest. The University of Kentucky is there, its mellow old buildings scattered over a shady campus. In the study room at the College of Engineering, heavy tables, with tops fashioned of thick sections of a venerable sycamore tree that once grew on the campus, are treasured relics covered with carved names of alumni. Another fine educational institution in Lexington is Transylvania college, the first school for higher education west of the Alleghenies. There Jefferson Davis and Henry Clay were once students. The library of this school contains thousands of volumes so rare that scholars from all over the world come to consult them. Ashland, restored home of Henry Clay, stands on the outskirts of the city. On the walk behind the house the magnetic orator and statesman used to pace back and forth planning his speeches. Through the perfect green of the Blue Grass country you may drive to High Bridge, where a railroad bridge 317 feet above the water spans the Kentucky. Crossing the river on a ferry, you approach old Shakerstown, once the home of a strange sect who believe in celibacy and the coming of the millennium. Another place of interest in a swing south of Lexington is the old fort at Harrodsburg, where George Rogers Clark planned his campaigns. The fort has been restored and is open as a museum. At Berea college you see the remarkable results of vocational education brought to mountain whites. One cannot escape a feeling of humility at sight of the industry of these students.