

# Laughs make Dull Days Bright

**THE VALLEE OF DEATH**  
A military expert says that the next war will be fought with radio waves. Yes, and the headlines will read "Millions Bored to Death."

**POOR THING NOW**  
Wife (with new fur coat)—"You know, Oswald, one really can't help feeling sorry for the poor animal that was skinned for this."

Hubby (looking at empty pocketbook)—"I appreciate your sympathy, dear."

**A MECHANIZED MESS**  
"Camp of Hants Territorials. . . the machine-gun companies will play a big part in the schemes during the fortnight under canvas." — Portsmouth Paper.

**THE EXTRA CHARGE**  
Guest—"I presume that every-one here dresses for dinner?"  
Maid—"Oh, yes, sir! Any meals taken in bed are extra."

**EVEN IN DEATH**  
"Well, old Bill Emptyhead has played his last practical joke."  
"So! I hadn't heard."  
"Yes, he died, bequeathing his brains to science."

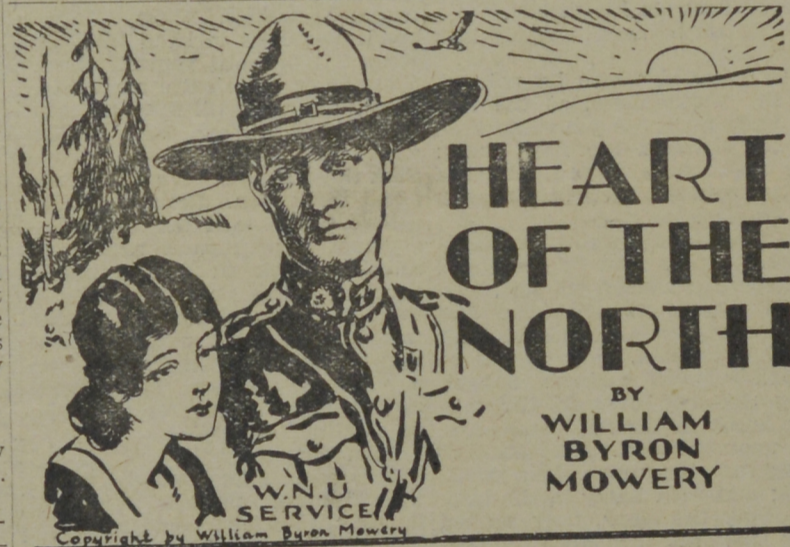
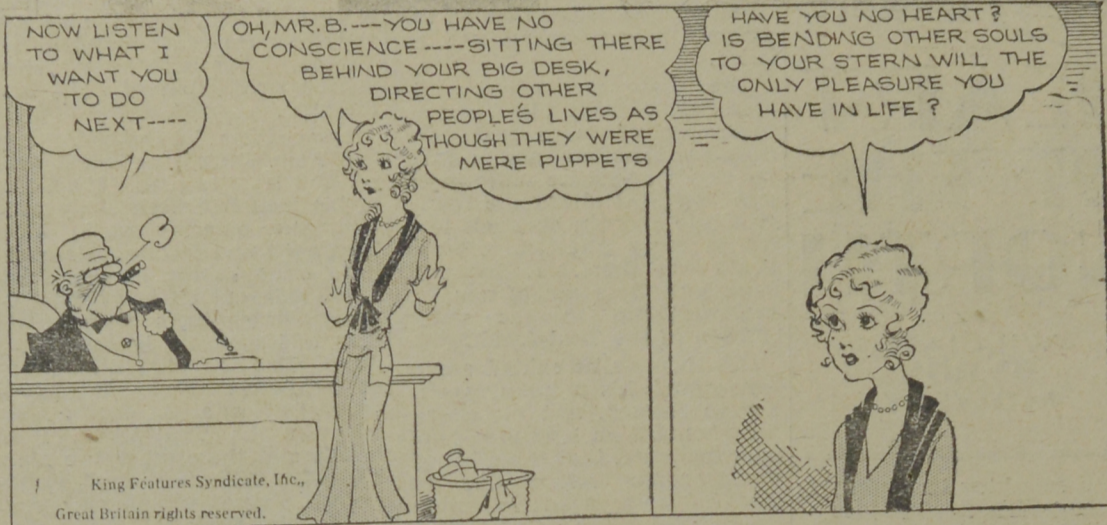
**DIVORCED**  
New Neighbor—"Have you any brothers and sisters, dear?"  
Margery—"I had a brother, but we're divorced."  
Neighbor—"Divorced?"  
Margery—"Yes; pa's got Jackie and ma's got me."

**INSANITY**  
There is much that is illuminating in the recent alleged discovery that Abraham Lincoln suffered from a mild form of insanity. It was this trait that set him apart from his fellows—and it sets him apart from most Americans today. We all have the requisite insanity, but it is not mild enough.—Kansas City Star.

**A SLIGHT MISTAKE**  
Bride — "You did splendidly with the wall-papering, darling. But what are those lumps?"  
Groom—"Good heavens! I forgot to take down the pictures!" — Pearson's.

**NOT THE STORK!**  
They had been married only a year and were very much in love with each other. Upon the young husband's return home one evening the young wife coyly snuggled into his arms, and hiding her blushing face on his shoulder softly whispered: "Oh, dearest, I have such a wonderful something to tell you. Soon—soon—there is someone coming, and then there will be three in our home."  
"My precious one! Are you sure of this being true?"  
"Oh, sure! Mother is coming to pay us a long visit."

## BLONDIE—The Master Mind



(Continued from Page 27)  
But the damage had been done beyond retrieve. All that hour and a half of careful stalking, all the great caution and pains of slipping unawares upon the bandits, had been set at naught by the crazy shriek of a crazy loon.  
Over in the murky twilight of the flags there was a commotion, sharp orders, the click of rifle bolts. At the edge of the flags a gun cra-aa-check, a rope of flame reached out, a bullet ricocheted off the water.  
It was a shrewd manoeuver from the bandits, a tentative shot to draw the fire of their stalkers and discover where they were.  
Alan was quick-witted enough to see their motive and to lie low; but Bill jerked his rifle against his cheek and shot point-blank at the spurt of fire.  
A cry of pain went up. His bullet had scored. But the shot gave away their hiding. With all hope gone now of getting the drop, Alan scrambled behind cover of a muskrat house, fairly dragging Bill after him.  
Half a dozen rifles exploded in the flags. Alan thrust his rifle over the top of the house and emptied it at the flashes. A bullet from a Savage, a sharp-cracking deadly Savage, hit his weapon, smashed the mechanism,

numbed his hand, and drove jagged fiery bits of steel into his fingers.

For several minutes the bullets of the bandits beat a thudding tattoo against the mud mound. As best they could Alan and Bill lifted their belt-guns over the top of their shelter, and fired back. They heard no more yelps of pain. They were shooting wildly, aimlessly. Realizing this, believing the bandits had crept into the run and were sheltered by its banks, Alan stopped shooting and checked Bill.

Yonder in the reeds the fire died away raggedly. A silence fell. A minute lengthened into two, three, four. Alan heard or thought he heard, a faint rustling, a faint gurgling of water. He listened intently, but did not hear it again.

With his plans all shattered, with the twilight steadily deepening, he was torn with desperation. If he and Bill moved, it was sheer suicide. If they crouched much longer where they were, the bandits would certainly slip away from them in the coming dark.

As he fought to think of a plan that would break this deadlock, he heard a long whistle, a clear shrill whistle from Larry's direction. It was Larry signalling.

He sprang up. "Bill! They've backed away, they've slipped up, they're breaking for the lake! Larry's alone. We've got to help Larry!"

They splashed out of the pond and into the flags, in a frantic effort to reach the lake edge. The marsh reeds clutched at them, tripped them, wrapped around their legs. Savagely they tore their way on through to get into the clear in time to help Larry stop those bandits.

As he swung his clubbed rifle, smashing a pathway in front of him, Alan heard a lone gun cr-aa-ck over on the lake, and heard the snarl of half a dozen repeating weapons answering it like an echo. They drowned, they overwhelmed it. . . The lone gun did not speak again.

It seemed hours to him that he fought and tore through the dense flags, to reach the open and help a comrade who was standing up against six rifles. Before he broke through to the clear, the uneven battle had ended. As he burst out to the lake edge, he had a glimpse of the police canoe drifting helplessly out in the middle; and across at the far side he saw two long blurred objects just entering the deep-water channel.

Numbed and dazed at those six men escaping, there was a moment when Alan could only realize that his patrol had failed. That those criminals had vanished into the twilight and were lost in this water wilderness, with pursuit utterly hopeless now.

In the next moment he heard a sound, a sound like a groaning voice calling his name. It drew his eyes to the drifting police craft. What was it doing out there? Like a flash he understood what Larry had done. When the bandits started across the lake to escape, Larry must have seen he could never stop them in the semi-darkness except at point-blank range. In the police canoe he must have come fearlessly out at them, alone. This first deadly volley had got him. That groaning voice was Larry's.

Bill came bursting through to the clear. Alan whirled on him: "Bill! They got Larry. He's wounded. Hard hit. Here . . ." Tossing Bill his belt-gun and broken rifle, he ran out into breast-deep water and struck out powerfully for the drifting canoe.

By a provident mercy he reached it in time. With half a dozen holes spouting water into, the craft was filling, tilting, about to overturn.

Larry lay at the bottom of it, writhing in pain.

By heroic struggles, swimming, pushing a dead-weight ahead of him, Alan got the craft into shoal water, put his hand under its keel then, and kept it afloat.

He dragged it to the bank just as Bill came splashing around the lake edge to join him.

"Alan! What happened? Where did they go?"

"They got away. They're gone—gone. Forget it. Help me, Bill—with Larry—"

Together they bent over their bleeding, stricken comrade, and together they lifted him tenderly ashore.

(To be Continued)

## "TELLING TOMMY"



EIMAR HOELBELL, WHEN A POSTAL CLERK, WAS INSPIRED BY THE IDEA OF A SPECIAL CHRISTMAS STAMP WHICH PEOPLE COULD PUT ON THEIR LETTERS AND PACKAGES. THE PROFIT FROM THESE STAMPS TO GO TOWARDS BUILDING A CHILDREN'S TUBERCULOSIS HOSPITAL IN DENMARK.

THE FIRST DANISH CHRISTMAS SEAL AND ITS ORIGINATOR EIMAR HOELBELL.



THE FIRST TUBERCULOSIS SANATORIUM IN THE U.S. BUILT BY EDWARD L. TRUDEAU IN THE ADIRONDACKS.



WITH THE APPROVAL OF THE DANISH GOVERNMENT THE FIRST CHRISTMAS STAMPS WERE PUT ON SALE DEC. 9, 1904. THE IDEA WENT STRONG AND OVER 4,000,000 STAMPS WERE SOLD—AND THE CHILDREN GOT THEIR HOSPITAL. IN 1907 MISS EMILY P. BISSELL OF WILMINGTON, DELAWARE, DESIGNED THE FIRST SEAL IN THE U.S. TO AID TUBERCULAR VICTIMS.

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By Pim