

Laughs Make You Live Longer--Here's a Page of Lite

Just Folks

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MT. EVEREST.

They have not reached its snow-capped crest,
Though men have done their level best,
They have not reached its snow-capped crest,
But still,
Success shall follow failure's train;
They have not reached his high domain,
But do not think the dream is vain—
They will.

"Too high his lofty brow is hung,
Too many dangers there are flung
To mock the brave and fright the young."
They cry,
"Impossible!" the doubters say,
"A thousand pitfalls bar the way,
Men may attempt his peak, but they
Will die."

One was the far-off northern pole
Called an unconquerable goal,
But Peary—that intrepid soul—
Held fast,
And though a thousand men had tried
And many a sturdy heart had died,
"The pole is reached," the cables cried,
"At last!"

Unconquered stands Mt. Everest,
Untouched by human foot his crest,
But he shall fall with all the rest,
In time.
Though now he rules in silence there,
With man his glory he shall share,
For one shall find the way and dare
To climb.

This loftiest of mountain kings
Shall be another of the things
The future with her progress brings
To man.
And those who say "it can't be done!"
Shall some day see the summit won
And find by bravely keeping on,
It can.

Ye TOWNE GOSSIP

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By K. C. B.

EVERY DAY.	AS HE trails along.
I GET in my mail.	POINTS STRAIGHT at me.
A FOOLISH chain letter.	AN ACCUSING finger.
THAT SAYS to me.	THAT SAYS to me.
IF I'LL copy it.	IF I'D put him down.
AND SEND it out.	ON THE "GOOD LUCK" list.
TO NINE more persons.	AND HAD written him.
THAT I'LL have good luck.	THAT HE wouldn't be.
THROUGHOUT THE year.	IN THE luckless line.
AND IF I fail.	AND I'VE figured it out.
TO SEND it out.	IF THE chains I broke.
I'LL HAVE bad luck.	HAD REMAINED intact.
AND EVERY time.	IT WOULDN'T be long.
IT'S THE very same letter.	AND A million men.
BUT ALWAYS comes.	WOULD HAVE had good luck.
FROM A different man.	AND I want to ask.
AND WHOEVER they are.	IF THERE'S anyone else.
FROM WHOM it comes.	WHO IS inspired.
I WANT them to know.	TO PUT me down.
THAT IN every case.	ON HIS letter list.
I'VE BROKEN the chain.	THAT HE please don't do it.
AND IT'S worried me.	FOR I haven't the time.
AND ON sleepless nights.	AND I'M superstitious.
I LIE abed.	AND THESE great long lines.
AND COUNT great lines	OF LUCKLESS men.
OF LUCKLESS men.	WHO GO trailing past.
AND EVERYONE.	IN THE dead of night.
	ARE DRIVING me mad.



I THANK you.

SUNSHINE PELLETS

By W. F. Thompson

Sweat the fly in every month—
Swat the scoundrel in the eye—
For a fly in December
Is a billion in July.

Where malaria is prevalent prosperity is not.

The servant of the public is the servant of nobody.

Rest does not mean inactivity. An idle hoe soon succumbs to rust.

Often the execution of dissolution is restitution for soil pollution.

The typhoid bacillus is so small that a million could easily cling to the foot of a fly, and a million of these organisms could easily destroy a city.

With changing weather, change your frock; then at the weather you may mock.

Famous surgeon—
Can and gown;
Reputation—
World renown.
Cute you open—
While you wait—
Looks in Bradstreet,
Gets your rate.

The over-dressed are oft' oppressed.
There's little sleep for those who weep.

Indoor occupation requires outdoor recreation.

An office for business and a bed for sleepiness.

The United States supreme court has held that millions of bacteria in fresh milk is a filthy substance, and as such constitutes an "adulteration."

MUTT AND JEFF—Mutt Rubs Elbows With a Financial Giant.

By BUD FISHER



POLLY AND HER PALS—They're Not "Animal Trainers."

By CLIFF STERRETT



CASEY THE COP—Who Wouldn't Change Their Mind

By H. M. TALBURT



BARNEY GOOGLE—Now Spark Plug's Sure to Have a Nightmare.

By BILLY DE BECK



THEM DAYS IS GONE FOREVER—"Tumbling"

By AL. POSEN

