

Out Our Way

By Williams



YAH, YOU HEARD ME RIGHT - I SEZ YOU ARE A BIG STIFF.

OH, I AM, AM I? WELL, YOUR TIME WILL BE READY BY TH' TIME YOU GET OFF YOUR OVERALLS, IN YOUR SLOW, DREAMY WAY.

THERE'S A FUNNY ONE FER YOU - THAT DOOR SAP IS TH' LAST GUY IN TH' WORLD TH' BIG SHOTS WOULD PAY ANY ATTENTION TO, OR TAKE SERIOUSLY, OR EVEN LISTEN TO, IN ANY THING THAT TOOK BRAINS - BUT THEY TAKE HIM VERY SERIOUSLY WHEN HE LOSES HIS HEAD ENTIRELY.

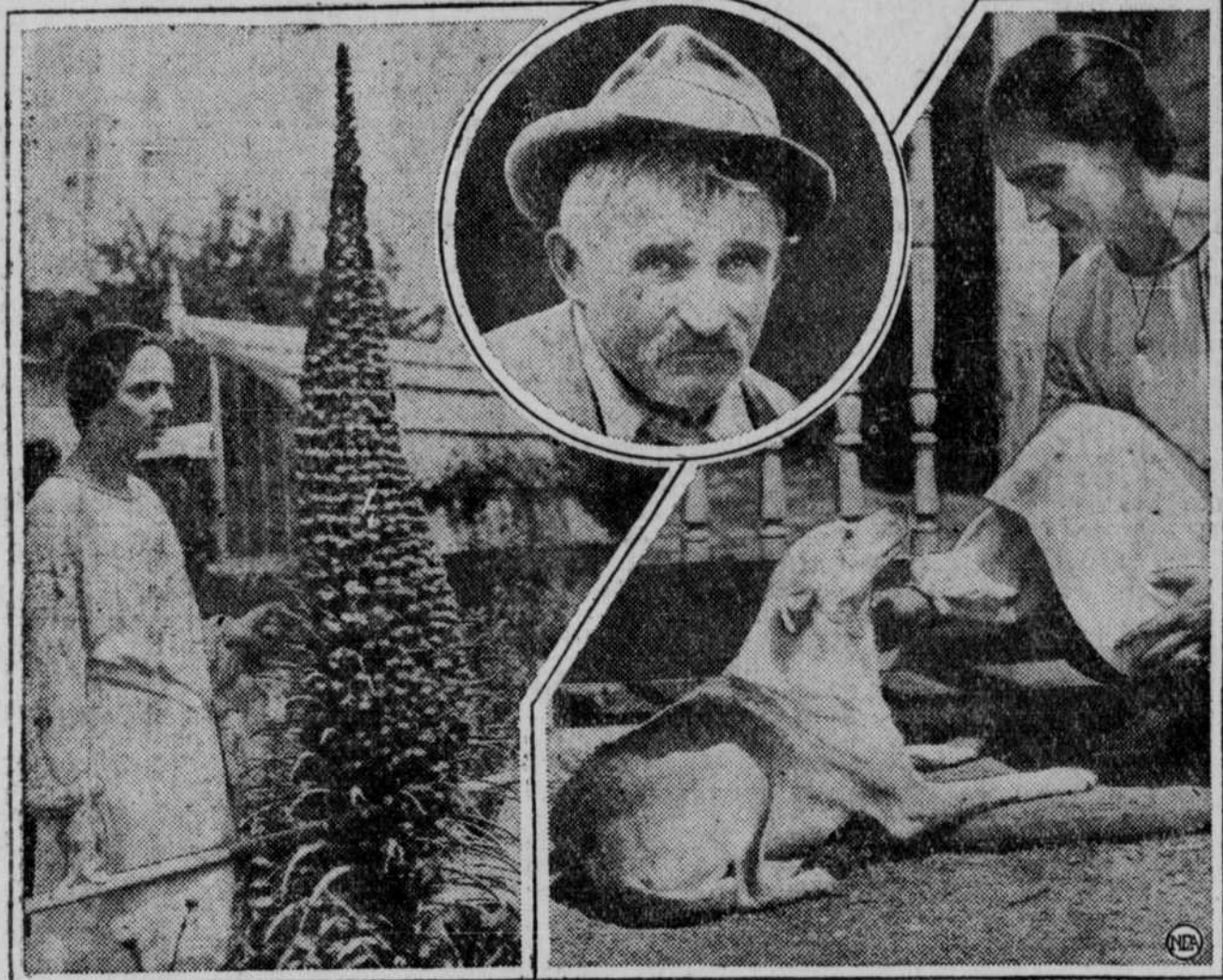
YES - BUT TH' FURDER A GUY IS BENEATH YOUR NOTICE, TH' Madder IT MAKES YOU WHEN YOU NOTICE THAT HE DON'T NOTICE YOU NOT NOTICIN' HIM.

SHORT NOTICE

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

JR. WILLIAMS

STRANGE PLANTS CREATED IN FERTILE IMAGINATION OF PLANT WIZARD PUZZLE SCIENCE 6 YEARS AFTER BURBANK'S DEATH



Six years after the death of Luther Burbank, his widow is found aiding in carrying on his experiments. At left she is shown with one of the strange plants which science has failed to classify. At right she is shown with Burbank's 14-year-old dog, "Bonita." Inset is John Bertino, faithful gardener of the late plant wizard.

Santa Rosa, Cal.—(NEA)—Six years after the death of Luther Burbank, famed plant wizard who gave to the world thousands of hybrid plants, flowers and fruits, botanists and plant specialists are still trying to solve his "garden of puzzles."

Strange, outlandish plants, created in the fertile imagination of the wizard, are coming into being in the gardens. Plants and shrubs which a year ago seemed to be destined to grow into one type of plant or shrub today are showing entirely alien characteristics.

The widow of the famous plant breeder, with the help of the Stark brothers of Louisiana, Mo., and Old John Bertino, Burbank's faithful gardener, is carrying on his work. But although they have made much progress in classifying the plant "freaks," there are thousands which still remain puzzles.

"Surprises are in store for us every time we go into the gardens," Mrs. Burbank says. "Even the horticulturists can't as yet name some of the strange flowers and fruits and plants which are growing in the gardens."

Many Surprises in Plants

"It is really a garden of puzzles. Plants, which early in spring we feel sure will be small shrubs, blossom

into eight and 10-foot giants! It's uncanny. In everything we can still see the hand of Luther Burbank at work, but whether he was tending we do not know.

"Horticulturists carrying on the experiments are working blindly in many cases, hoping something in the growing plants will show what was intended by the master who has gone."

Mrs. Burbank pointed to a pink-flowered, odorless, spear shaped plant, as tall as herself.

"That was a tiny little thing this spring," she said. "Look at it now! I don't know what it is, neither do the Stark Brothers. University of California professors have failed to classify it. We are waiting, hoping that it will show kinship with some other known plant of the flower kingdom."

Follow Burbank's Notes

On the Sebastopol experimental garden acres, the horticulturists are gathering everything that Burbank experimented with. Wherever possible experiments are being continued in the manner intended by Burbank according to the notes left in his voluminous books.

But where no records of these experiments are available, the experimental plants are being gathered into one section of the garden and

allowed to grow in an effort to determine what Burbank intended them to be.

Rows upon rows of these hybrids, "orphans of the garden," may be found in the gardens.

Faithful Gardener Carries On

At Santa Rosa, at the gardens in which Burbank made his home, only old John Bertino remains to continue the planting, thinning, watering and propagation of the flowers and shrubs. It is almost entirely a garden of flowers.

The old Burbank home, a white two-story frame dwelling, reminiscent of the New England from which Burbank came, and in which Burbank resided for many years with his mother, has been restored by Mrs. Burbank and is now occupied by her. "Bonita," Burbank's faithful fox terrier, which was with him when he died, lives with her. The dog is 14 years old.

In the front yard is the Cedar of Lebanon, planted by Luther Burbank and under which he lies buried. Besides him is the grave of Dr. Joseph H. Shaw, Burbank's personal physician and close friend.

The newer Burbank home across the street is to be converted into a Burbank museum and shrine. A committee of California citizens is sponsoring the project.

last year in Ohio, which is true enough, but somewhat beside the point.

Q. What is the meaning of the slang word, gadget? S. H. B.

A. It is applied to a thousand things. It is a kind of generic term applied to anything. It takes the place of the old term, thing-un-a-jig—meaning something one does not know the name of, or has temporarily forgotten.

able to rouse in the breasts of legislators, national and state.

CHANGING STYLES. Wide, white leghorn, wisp of tulle, Wreath of leaves, all green and cool; Roses spilling o'er the brim, White and pink, a dainty trim; Satin bow, both wide and flat—Eighteen Ninety's new spring hat

Tight contraption, all sheliac, Tortured daisies at the back; Off the face, with line severe, Jutting outward, o'er one ear; Nineteen Thirty-one will don it—Is it turban, sloche or bonnet?

—Sam Page.

6,000,000 germs on one fly!

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Farmer Sure There Was No Graft in Woodpile

"The national campaign for relief funds brought one thing to light," remarked Senator Moses of New Hampshire, "and that is, that people are beginning to lose faith in the integrity of relief administration.

"Where does it all go; it never gets to the people who need it," is the cry. This may be true in some cases. But to me it is a very poor excuse to shirk a public duty. Most of those people, I am sure, are like the Weary Willie who stopped at a farmhouse and asked for a hand-out.

"Why don't you go to work?" asked the farmer.

"I would," replied the hobo, "but I happen to be an honest man, and I haven't been able to find a business that isn't full of graft."

"Well," snapped the farmer, "there's no graft in my woodpile, it's all hickory!"—Washington Post.

23,000 Blooms at Wedding

Twenty thousand daffodils, three thousand tulips to match and hundreds of white crocuses and lilies of the valley were used in the decoration of St. Cuthbert's church, Carlisle, England, recently for the wedding of Miss Angela Scott-Nicholson and Thomas Strong. The floral color scheme was reflected in the bridal gown, the wedding gown being in panna of a new shade called honey, while the bridesmaids' dresses, also of panna, were pale topaz.

Great Loss

"We'll miss Jonesy when he moves."

"Yes, indeed! He has the only lawn mower in the neighborhood."

Job at Least Spared Affliction of Bunions

Job, of course, did have boils. But Job had no bunions. Having no bunions, he—like many of us—lived and died without knowing how lucky he was. Added to these boils of his, one good averaged-sized bunion would have forced Job to abandon his policy of strict neutrality, curse God and die.

It is next to impossible to stand a bunion—and utterly impossible to stand upon a bunion—when that constitutes the only bodily affliction of the moment. No man could tolerate one on top of a bunch of boils.

The word bunion is a perfectly legitimate derivative of "onion," meaning to weep. The "b" was prefixed to supply the sting—and how!

For downright, 100 per cent sting, a bunion has the ordinary or garden variety of honey boarder backed off the big toe. Which, by the way, is a mighty good place to look if you are hunting bunions. It may not be, found right on the toe, but you may be sure it is not far away.

A bunion is a vain sort of thing, this being the reason for its rigid insistence upon the big (or large) toe. The little toe, for instance, would never do! Oh, dear, no—it isn't done, my dear! A bunion demands to be the whole works. And it is.—Omaha World-Herald.

Credit Unknown Factor With Electrical Charge

A recently observed electrical phenomenon that sweeps the entire world at the same instant between 6 and 8 p. m. eastern time, is described to the American Geophysical union by Dr. O. H. Gish, of the Carnegie Institution.

It is a change connected with the earth's electrical charge. This charge, says Doctor Gish, tends to acquire a high value during the hours named. The cause is not definitely known, but is ascribed to some still "elusive, unknown" factor that maintains the earth charge.

Existence of the charge is shown by study of atmospheric electricity. The same studies show that the charge fluctuates and have given some indication of the universal time schedule of these changes.

Progressive Bootmaker

Thomas Bata, of Zlin, Czechoslovakia, is no ordinary bootmaker. Since the war he has been largely instrumental in developing in his country an industry which has now reached enormous proportions. Looking ahead, he saw that there must be a vast demand for boots and shoes throughout the world, and in his own country vast supplies of leather were available. Since that time his factory

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Feen-a-mint FOR CONSTIPATION

Sioux City Ptg. Co., No. 23-1931.

has grown until it now employs 2,500 hands and turns out 100,000 pairs of boots and shoes a day. To house his workers he had to build a town which now has 15,000 inhabitants. Mr. Bata has for years made use of airplanes to convey his commercial travelers all over Europe with samples of his wares. He maintains a small air force of his own, with a staff of trained pilots.

Backfiring in Warfare

A device that enables pilots of single-seater fighting airplanes to fire accurately at targets behind them has just been invented by a twenty-year-old Oxford engineer.

It consists of a remarkably clever arrangement of reflex mirror sights connected with a gun trained to the rear of the machine. Thus, the pilot can get an aim on any target in his rear simply by looking into a mirror on his instrument board.

A mirror beneath the airplane reflects—just as a periscope does—the view of the target in the rear onto another reflex mirror mounted on top of the cockpit. This reflects the picture to the sighting mirror—which is electrically heated and wiped to counteract bad atmospheric conditions. As soon as the target appears on this mirror the pilot opens fire.

The Answer Is—His Wife

Blinks—Who plans your home garden?
Jiuks—Well, we've got carrots and spinach planted in it.

When is a MOTOR

OLD?

Lubrication determines a motor's age—not years of service or mileage. It is old when it balks at taking long grades in high gear.

The new motors have higher compression and higher engine speeds. They will wear out fast, unless lubricated with oil built to match the new engine design.

New POLARINE holds its protective body at the high operating heat of new model motors. Thoroughly de-waxed, it does not gum valves or carbon the motor. New Polarine flows freely in the coldest weather—clings to metal surfaces—resists wear indefinitely—is unsurpassed in every quality you demand—25¢ a quart for every grade of new Polarine.

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