

TALL TALES

As Told to:
**FRANK E. HAGAN and
ELMO SCOTT WATSON**

Champion of the Oil Fields

ASK any Texas or Oklahoma oil driller who's the best in his business and he's pretty certain to answer "Why, Kemp Morgan, of course!" Ask him why and he will tell you it's because Kemp had more unusual experiences than any other seeker after "black gold" ever did.

For instance there was the time Kemp lost his best drill. He was working in soft ground but he noticed that the drill kept going slower and slower the farther it went down. Pretty soon it stopped completely. When Kemp tried to pull it out, it was stuck fast. Come to find out that he had hit an alum mine and the hole had shrunk up around the drill so tight that even Kemp couldn't budge it.

Then there was the time a Texas "norther" swooped down on Kemp's rig. But it didn't stop him—no sirree! He just kept on drilling, and brought in a 22-inch gusher. It was so cold that the oil froze as it spurted upward so there was a solid column of frigid oil. Kemp just took out his knife, hacked it off in three-foot lengths and shipped it to the refinery on flat cars.

That was in Texas but Kemp had a funny experience once in Oklahoma. He drilled a well so deep that it tapped a rubber mine "way down in Brazil. She began to gush pure rubber, so Kemp just blew his hot breath on it to make it solid, cut it off in 11-foot lengths and shipped it to that place in Ohio where they make solid tires for trucks.

When the average driller brings in a "duster," he moves his rig away from there pronto. But not Kemp Morgan! He knew what a tough time the Kansas farmers had digging postholes in the summer when the ground was baked hard. So whenever he'd strike a dry hole, he'd just take his two hands, pull it up four feet and two inches at a time and saw it off. Then he'd ship a carload of these lengths across the state line where they always found a market.

Private Life of Jonah

IT WASN'T a whale which swallowed Jonah, theorizes Stanley Suchwalko, it was a big-mouthed fish in northern Michigan. His friend, Laddie Hornik, captured the monster in 1930.

Laddie inspected the fish, which had laid down its life while being hooked, gaffed and beaten over the head with a pair of oars, and couldn't decide what to do with it. The size seemed to destroy the fish's commercial value and imagine Laddie's surprise, says Stanley, when the first stranger to arrive bid a fabulous price for the fish's scales.

Laddie yelled "Sold!" Then he recovered his pole, sheared off the scales, counted the money and watched the stranger bear the scales away.

"What'll you do with 'em?" asked Laddie.

"I'm a spade manufacturer from Moline, Ill.," replied the buyer. "I've got material here for 6,400 spades of the best chilled steel."

Buyer after buyer paid staggering prices for different parts of the fish and Laddie, says Stanley, didn't get wise until a tremendous price was bid and accepted for the fish's stomach.

The stomach buyer immediately slit open the fish's belly and revealed the golden throne upon which Jonah had been seated during his long captivity. "It's cheap at half the price," stated the buyer with pardonable satisfaction as he brushed a stray fin from his precious purchase.

The Despondent Grasshoppers

A SEASONED maxim of the copy-books is that frequently a real cry does a person good. Leonard Baller, once a Nebraska farmer, is sure of it. Rain washed away the railroads around his Nebraska lands; the drought hit him squarely; then the dust storms killed every living thing and his land was dry as the inside of a grain bin. At this moment, the grasshoppers arrived by millions and settled on his farms.

Wasn't a thing for the 'oppers to eat but they were too tired to move and Leonard almost lost hope. As a last gesture, however he rushed out among the despondent grasshoppers, sitting there in the dust, and planted several sets of the strongest and hardest onions he could buy.

To his surprise the onions matured quickly. The moment their bulbs appeared above ground the grasshoppers pounced on them, ate ravenously and burst into tears.

"And that," Leonard recalls proudly, "is how my farms were saved. The land was drenched by the tears of the grasshoppers and as soon as they had drowned themselves I was able, of course, to raise a normal crop."

Theory Pre-Dates Pasteur

The germ theory of disease is much older than the discoveries of Louis Pasteur, with whose name it is associated because he was the first to make practical use of it, according to the Medical Society of the State of New York. He produced serums for anthrax, rabies and other diseases. But before Pasteur was born, a Seventeenth century German scholar named Athanasius Kircher noted that flies visit the sick and infect the well by contaminating their food.

A Little Bit Humorous



ALL ALIKE

Jackson met an old school friend whom he had not seen for a number of years.

"Hallo, old chap," he said heartily. "I hear you've been engaged for nearly a year. Who is the woman in the case?"

"I don't think you know her," replied Jackson. "She's a Miss Terry." The other shook his head gravely. "I understand, old chap," he replied. "I've been married to one for ten years, and she's still a mystery."—Stray Stories.

ONE WAY



"But your fiance's salary is so small how are you going to live?" "Oh, we're going to economize. We're going to do without a lot of things that Tom wants."

Not Fair

Two patients were airing their grievances in the asylum grounds. Said one: "It's an outrage. I've been here ten years, and I'm as sane as anybody."

"So am I," chimed in the other, "and I've been here 12 years. Let's go and tell the Governor."

"Wait a minute," said the first. "I'm going to test you."

Then, putting her hands behind her back, she said: "What have I got in my hand?"

"A tramcar," promptly answered the other.

"You cheat!" was the heated retort. "You saw me pick it up!"—Tit-Bits.

Pinch Hitting

At a marriage service performed in a little country church, when the minister said in solemn tones, "Wilt thou have this man to be thy wedded husband, etc.?" instead of the woman answering for herself, a gruff man's voice answered, "I will!"

The minister looked up, very much perplexed, and paused. He repeated the sentence, and again the same gruff voice answered, "I will!"

The minister looked up, when a man seated at the end of the first row said, "She's deaf, parson, an' I'm answerin' for her!"

Everyone a Loser

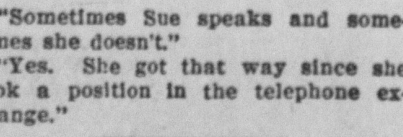
A small boy came hurriedly down the street, and halted breathlessly in front of a stranger who was walking in the same direction.

"Have you lost half a dollar?" he asked.

"Yes, yes, I believe I have!" said the stranger, feeling in his pocket. "Have you found one?"

"Oh, no," said the boy. "I just want to find out how many have been lost today. Yours makes 55."

OCCUPATIONAL



"Sometimes Sue speaks and sometimes she doesn't."

"Yes. She got that way since she took a position in the telephone exchange."

When Fido Won't Lie Down

"A man is entitled to his opinion." "Of course," answered Senator Sorghum, "but an opinion may, in the course of time, be like an unfriendly dog. You don't care so much to assert ownership. What you'd like would be a painless way of getting rid of it."

Final Refuge

"Is there anything in this job of tax collector—any future in it?" "Well, when you're through they'll let you in at some home for the friendless."

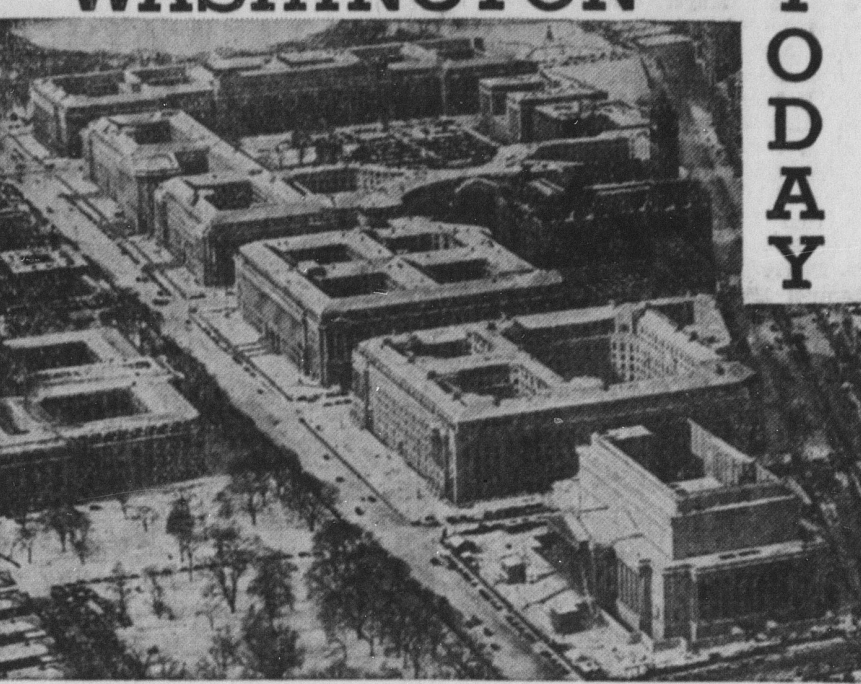
The Prairie Wolf

"Why do you refer to your favorite candidate as the prairie wolf?" "Well, it's customary to give a popular aspirant some animal name. And he's one of those fellows who manage to get just out of gunshot range and then bark and holler till nobody can sleep."

League

Kitchener-Well, the League of Nations opens up a new season. Kumidoreas—Who's throwing out the first ball?—Louisville Courier-Journal.

WASHINGTON TODAY



"Federal Triangle" in Washington.

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

THE annual spring rush of tourists to Washington is on. In the Nation's Capital even the perennial visitor is greeted with something new to enjoy. This year new buildings, recently opened, in and near the great triangle between the Capitol and the Ellipse, will be a feature of a tour of the city.

Gaze down upon the modern Washington from an airplane. As always, the simple grandeur of the White House, the Capitol, the Lincoln Memorial, and the towering Washington monument draw the eye and make the heart beat faster. But near them new wonders have appeared.

Quietly and steadily, with so little fuss that residents were hardly aware of it, thousands of carloads of stone and metal—whole mountains in the aggregate—have been hauled into the city and reared into monumental buildings.

Acres and acres of old, unsightly structures have been razed on Capitol Hill, around its base, and along broad, historic Pennsylvania avenue. In their place stretch parks, wide boulevards, or long, handsome houses of government.

In the angle formed by the intersection of Pennsylvania avenue and the new Constitution avenue, beautiful Champs-Elysees or Rue de Rivoli of Washington, rises a mighty wedge of masonry, the famed "Federal Triangle," eight blocks long.

In this single group is the most amazing collection of government buildings that the world has seen. They make their own weather. In hottest summer the air inside is cooled to the temperature of a fine spring day.

Beneath the roofs of this Triangle group nearly 20,000 government employees, about as many as the entire population of Batavia, N. Y., or Daytona Beach, Fla. Every day dozens of people get lost in its 20 miles of corridors.

Massive and Beautiful.

In sheer size the cluster of buildings is staggering, even from high above. It is as if half a dozen or more of New York's tallest skyscrapers have been laid on their sides, formed into a blunted arrowhead, and cut and twisted to make courts and wings. One unit—the Commerce department—is longer than the Chrysler building is tall.

But it is not merely an impression of bigness that one has in the wandering plane. Long ranks of majestic columns, graceful arcades, a wide plaza, and solid rock walls give a beauty and simplicity that make these enormous newcomers fit companions for the classic White House and Capitol.

The airplane turns, and far off in the distance, beyond the Capitol dome, appears a gleaming white marble temple, comparable in beauty even to the noble Lincoln Memorial. This is the new United States Supreme Court building, the only real home of its own that the nation's highest court has had.

For the first time in American history a citizen now might gaze upon the separate, permanent abodes of the three branches of his government—legislative, the Capitol; executive, the White House, and now, for the judicial, long sheltered in the old senate chamber, this temple whose dignity and impressiveness match the majesty of the law itself.

Suspended in History.

As you cruise about, other splendid white buildings appear, new jewels in the familiar setting along the Potomac.

Beyond the Lincoln shrine the new Arlington Memorial bridge links north and south. Down the Virginia shore of the winding river a wide Apollan way, the Mount Vernon Memorial highway leads to the home and tomb of the Father of his Country.

From the steps of the Capitol all the way down to the river, two and a third miles away, sweeps a broad stretch of tree-dotted park land. Gone is such of the mushroom growth of temporary wartime structures. Their removal gives new beauty to this Mall, main feature of the grand plan conceived by the Revolutionary soldier-artist, Maj. Pierre Charles L'Enfant, when he laid out this city with broad, sweeping, prophetic strokes to be the capital of a vast country.

Hanging between earth and sky, you seem suspended in history, halfway between the past and the unfathomable future. How would the city look a hundred years hence, or twenty, or a thousand?

The Senate Office building, off there at the left, has had its face lifted—and a handsome face it now is, with a long row of Roman Doric columns. A street car line that once marred the scene dips discreetly underground. Beneath a broad lawn is a subterranean garage in which 270 senatorial cars can be parked.

Supreme Court Building. But to look upon the latest crowning glory of Capitol Hill one should stand on the front steps of the Capitol, where Presidents are inaugurated, and see the new Supreme Court building, its beauty heightened by the green of trees and grass.

It occupies a historic site. Early patriots in powdered wigs forgathered at a famous old hotel run by William Tunnichiff on this spot before the War of 1812. After the British burned the Capitol in 1814, a building erected here housed congress until the marks of the torch were erased. In Civil war times it was used as a military prison.

Everything about the Supreme court's home is on a majestic scale. Look at those blocks of marble, one at each side of the steps. Each block weighs 45 tons. They are two of the heaviest marble blocks ever brought into Washington.

The two bronze doors weigh 3,000 pounds apiece. The eight Corinthian columns are 5 1/2 feet high. The pediment above them catches the eye, not alone for its size, but for its interesting sculptures in which the features of historic or living men are recognized.

Inside the massive bronze portals a main hall lined with 36 stately columns—each made from one solid piece of stone—leads to the courtroom where the nine black-robed justices sit. At their own request, the room was made only about 60 per cent larger in floor area than the old Supreme court room in the Capitol.

Behind the courtroom are the quarter-oak-paneled offices of the justices, each of whom will have about as much space as all had together in the crowded Capitol. Only three had offices there at all, and most of the members of the court do much of their work at home. To assure the justices privacy, the new building's corridors can be closed by big bronze gates.

Wonderful Libraries.

In the Folger Shakespeare library, down the street, reposes a fine collection of books and Elizabethan treasures, even the supposed corset of Queen Elizabeth, solemnly stowed away in a vault and shown only to a chosen few.

Behind the Library of Congress an annex almost to double its capacity is being built, although already it is the largest library in the world, with more than 9,840,000 books, pamphlets, pieces of music, and other items at the latest count.

Down from Capitol Hill, past a shining new House Office building lately reared beside the first one, the trail of the new Washington leads to Pennsylvania avenue.

In some of its now vanished buildings—masses of rubble and ruined walls then—the first bricks flew in the "bonus army" riots of 1932.

Halfway along "The Avenue," between the Capitol and White House, there stretched off to the left in the early days of the city a dreary swamp where Washingtonians were wont to shoot "reedbirds."

Later the swamp was filled in, and the old Center Market, dubbed the Marsh or "Ma'sh" Market, was erected there. Five years ago, the ramshackle market buildings still occupied the spot, and thousands of rats inhabited the premises which had long been a cornucopia for them.

An energetic government hit upon this location as a key point in its building program. Here would rest the tip of the Federal Triangle. Wrecking operations began. Scientific Pied Pipers from the Agricultural department disposed of the rats, which at first devoured the workmen's lunches.

On this unlikely site now stands a structure in many ways unique—the National Archives building. Here for the first time is a worthy, safe, and permanent home for the precious records of the nation, some scrawled in faded ink on yellowed paper by early patriot hands, others punched out on modern typewriters, or even contained in sound motion-picture films which will be preserved and shown here.

To guard against deterioration—to keep Father Time at bay as long as possible—both sunlight and natural air are barred from the archive storage sections, which are windowless,

Repeat Honeymoon

By EVELYN VOSS WISE
© McClure Newspaper Syndicate, WNU Service.

BETSY turned for a last fleeting glance at Roel before ascending the wide ivory staircase. That was the way she would always remember him, she thought, his long legs stretched before him, his firm fingers grasping the arms of the chair and his head resting thoughtfully between the wings. She had expected him to make more of a fight, to be angry or excited, when she told him of her decision to divorce him. Yet she might have known he would be like this. She brushed unexpected tears from her eyes.

"Rachel."
"Yes, Mrs. Colby."
"Will you help me dress now?" Betsy seated herself before the blue satin and gold dressing table. It was kind of Helen to lend her house and Rachel, Helen, who on her third trip to Reno must know what Betsy was experiencing.

She had believed that when Roel was told, a distressing situation would be over. After the divorce she and Robert Peel would go quietly to Greenwich and be married.

"I can see why women get divorces, but if they're goin' to do it, it should be right away. You can't live with a person for a long time without having the break hurt," said Rachel.

"I've been married five years. Is that too long?"
Rachel nodded eagerly. "I've been on three honeymoons, so I know what I'm talking about. I couldn't stand another one. The first honeymoon was in France. A little cottage on the Brittany coast. A fishing village. That marriage should have lasted. There was everything for happiness, not too much money, but plenty. Love—it seemed enough for a lifetime."

Rachel slipped the dress over Betsy's head. "The second marriage came easier. Not much love—a respect for power and wealth."

Betsy shuddered. Robert had both of these—but she loved him, too. Not as she had Roel. That sort of love came only once in a lifetime.

"And after that," Rachel continued—she arranged the silver skirt in soft lines over Betsy's hips. "Even divorce can become a habit. Where there are no children and the first of youth is gone—" Rachel shrugged indifferently, "there isn't much left in life for excitement."

For a full moment Betsy gazed into Rachel's face, then picked up her wrap and gloves. Without so much as a glance into the mirror she fled down the stairs, not at all poised and serene as she had envisioned herself earlier, but flushed and unhappy. She would telephone, she must find Roel.

A tall figure was in the doorway. Her heart sank. First of all she must talk to Roel.

"Betsy," he said softly.
"You?" she asked in a whisper.
"Yes," Roel looked down on her, his heart in his eyes.

"My knees refused to move. I just sat on—thinking. Betsy—couldn't we try again?"

"When the first of youth is gone and there are no children," Rachel had said. Betsy felt tears flooding her eyes. Roel's dear strong arms were holding her gently but firmly.

A gray-haired woman listened from the stairway.
"Well," she said grimly. "That's settled. Miss Helen would have insisted I go with her. I said I couldn't stand another honeymoon, and I can't. But, dear God, instead of Miss Helen having three, just one of them might have been mine."

Aged Doll Exhibited at Recent Show in London

Dolls have been the playthings of children from time immemorial—and in every land. This was shown by an exhibition of "dolls through the ages" which was held recently at Hamley's, the famous London toy shop, writes a London correspondent in the Detroit Free Press.

One doll from Egypt was 4,000 years old. It had spent nearly all those years in a tomb, having been buried with a child so that she might have a toy to play with on her long journey to the "other land."

A great deal younger was the wooden doll's head discovered in the foundations of Christ's hospital, London, when the old buildings were demolished. There is a curious explanation of its presence there.

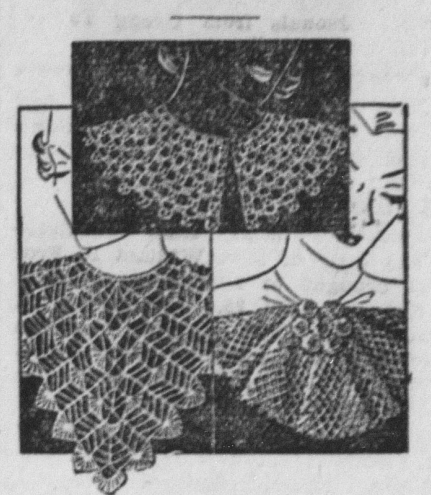
It was a superstition in former barbarous times that, to insure a new building having good luck, a living creature must be walled up in it. When our ancestors grew more civilized, they abandoned this practice, but they could not rid themselves of the superstition entirely; thus they walled up dolls in new buildings as substitutes for humans.

Children today love to have dolls fashioned after their screen favorites. The children of yesterday were not so different, for on show at this exhibition were dolls made to resemble Lady Teazle, Polly Peachum and Sarah Bernhard.

This exhibition also revealed that mechanical toys are nothing new. One on display was a Victorian town crier who rolled his eyes and opened and shut his mouth. Another—dating from 1851—was one of the earliest walking dolls.

One Elizabeth Statue in London London contains only one statue of Queen Elizabeth. This is placed outside a church in Fleet street.

Dainty Collars and Jabots to Crochet



Pattern 1136

High time to be thinking up fresh accessory notes for spring wardrobe, isn't it? Then what better than these airy, lacy collars and dainty jabot for giving last year's frock a "lift" and changing this year's so it wins recognition! There's an open front collar in a square mesh design, a triangular collar that closes in back, both easy to do in petite boucle. The soft, flattering jabot of mesh with "nosegay" of Irish roses is made in cotton.

Pattern 1136 comes to you with detailed directions for making the collars shown; an illustration of them and of all the stitches needed; material requirements.

Send 15 cents in coins or stamps (coins preferred) to The Sewing Circle, Needlecraft Dept., 82 Eighth Ave., New York, N. Y.

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