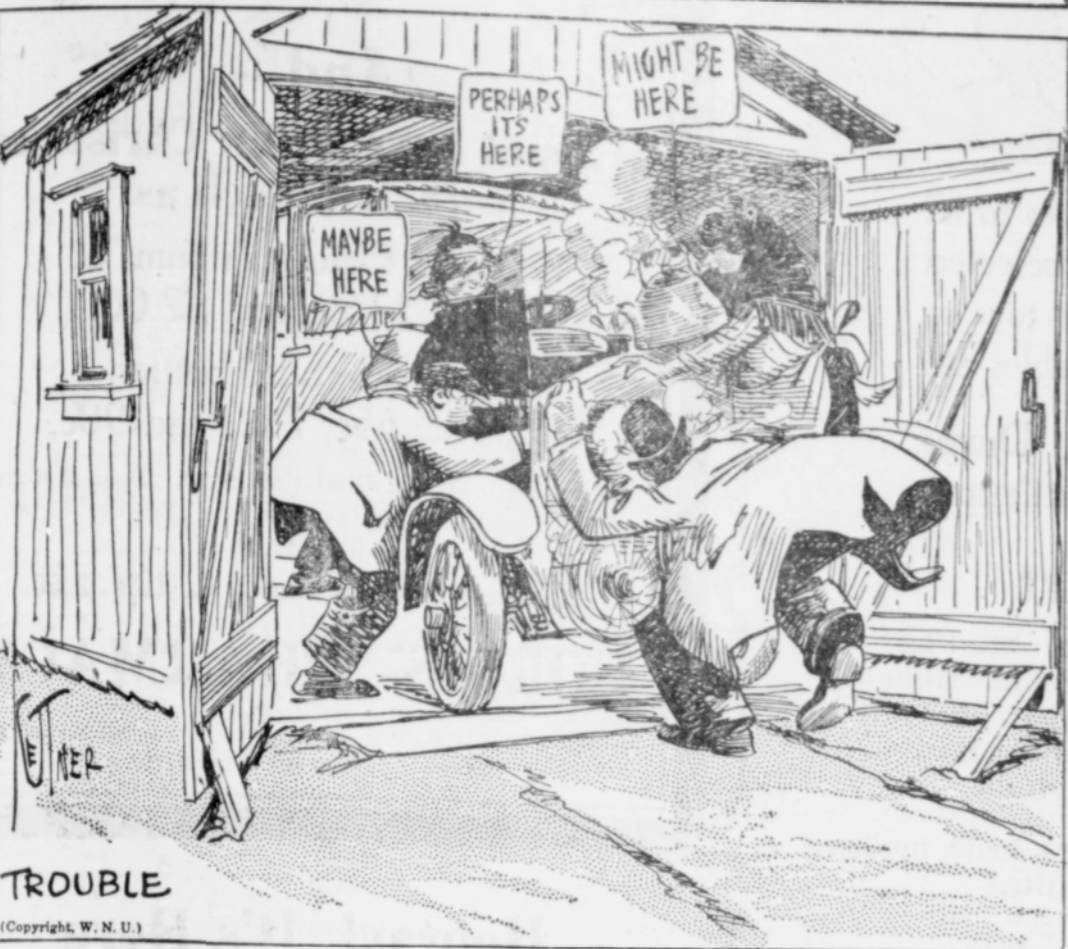


# OUR COMIC SECTION

## Off the Concrete



TRUBLE

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## TI-BI-WANSI AND HER WHITE SWEETHEART

(© by D. J. Walsh.)

A GENTLE wind crept down from the whispering pines of Mount Kildorne and dropped a crisp, dry leaf at the feet of an Indian maid.

Ti-Bi-Wansi smiled and listened. With a quick movement she tightened the fur jacket about her and glanced from the brown leaf at her feet to the great pines that seemed to taper into tiny bushes at the timber-line. From the mountainside came the sound of rustling pine cones.

"A message from him," she murmured. "It is a signal."  
Ti-Bi-Wansi skipped briskly to the fur-lined tepee at the foot of the valley, the last stand of the Cokil tribe before the advance of the white man. It was their only home, their reservation. She crept inside. Squaw Red-Sun Wansi sat upon the blanketed floor, and arose as the girl entered. Ti-Bi-Wansi's eyes were dancing-eager.

"The pines are whispering tonight," she murmured eagerly, nestling in the older woman's arms. "They bring me a message from him. With the moon I shall go." The old squaw brushed a tear from her eye with a furred sleeve.

"The food pouch is ready," the squaw replied. "But you must wait. Soon the west winds grow and the pines sing loud. Then you go to him and they not know."

Ti-Bi-Wansi was vibrating with life-eager for the chase. But she waited beside Squaw Red-Sun Wansi for the rise of the west wind.

At the lower end of the valley Chief Redfire Wansi sat with his men around the campfire. The talk had died and on the whispering of the pines above could be heard. The wind grew stronger and as an Indian stirred the fire sparks from the blazing wood soared high in the air to fall beyond the squatting men.

The chief broke the silence. "The white man hides in the rocks above the timber-line. There is no food above the trees, and there is no wood. But last night we see the white man's fire, and he should die without food." The chief paused a moment. He leaned toward his men. His voice was lowered.

"Some one goes through our guards and takes him food and fuel. Tonight the guard is double. Warrior Moonfire shall watch the pass."

Moonfire moved uneasily and drew his blanket closer about him.

"Tomorrow," continued the chief, "we go above the trees after the white man. But the one who takes him food must be brought here tonight!" The words were followed by a stony silence.

Presently Moonfire arose and started toward the mountain.

The Indians remained silent. Twenty days the white man had been trapped on the rocky cliffs about the timber-line, and each day the vigilant Indian guard had been changed. He had won the chief's daughter, and among the Cokil the penalty for a white man was death. In a scuffle the suitor had escaped to the cliffs with an ankle broken. Three warriors guarded the pass through the pines to the lower valley. The only other means of escape was down a steep pass, dropping from crag to crag, a feat impossible for a crippled man.

Squaw Red-Sun Wansi had heard the chief's orders to Moonfire from a secret hiding place. She hurried back to her tepee where Ti-Bi-Wansi waited. The girl arose as the old woman entered shaking her head doubtfully. She took the girl into her withered arms and said hoarsely, "Moonfire watches the pass tonight. You must go over the cliffs."

Ti-Bi-Wansi straightened and grew tense. Many a brave had perished in that attempt. The light in her eyes grew brighter as she seized the pouch of food from the floor. "Fear not for me, Squaw Red-Sun," she said. "But if with the sun I am not returned take this to him." She placed a tiny dagger into the older woman's hand. "Tell him not to be taken by my people."

Ti-Bi-Wansi slipped quickly out to the foot of the mountain and swung to the west toward the cliffs. The Indian guards were listening, but tonight the pines were singing in the west wind and would deaden the sound of her footfall.

Ti-Bi-Wansi reached the upper ledge in safety and exhaustedly pulled herself over the rock barrier. She lay weary for a moment on the fat rock above the pass. Several hundred yards below she saw Moonfire and the Indian guards pacing up and down the opening. Slowly she arose and started through the pines to the upper rocks. There the white man eagerly waited and saw Ti-Bi-Wansi through the moonlit trees. A moment later her beautiful body swayed in his arms.

"Ti-Bi-Wansi," he murmured. "Ti-Bi-Wansi!" She cried softly as he kissed her lightly on the lips.

An hour passed and the moon crept overhead. The lovers did not feel the wind die down nor notice that the singing pines had crooned themselves to sleep. Even the slightest sound could be heard by the guards at the pass below. The eagle eyes of Moonfire were trained on the mountainside, and his ears were eager for any sound from the pine groves.

Ti-Bi-Wansi spoke to her lover. "Tomorrow they come for you. They

know you get food. Tonight you must go into the valley."

The white man looked down at his bandaged ankle. The Indian guarded the pass and with it the cliffs were impossible. "But Ti-Bi-Wansi," he replied, "it is death to try."

The Indian girl smiled. "You love me?" she asked.

"More than all." He kissed her tenderly. "The pines whisper all day of you, and each night when the west wind grows they seem to sing to all the world—'Ti-Bi-Wansi! Ti-Bi-Wansi.'" His voice trembled.

"And I love you," she whispered. "Neither spoke for a moment. Then Ti-Bi-Wansi moved away. "Watch the guards," she said. "When you see them leave the pass, move quickly—down the mountains. When the pines whisper again, I will meet you in the next valley." Her voice wavered.

"Or," she added, turning her face away, "with your great white God we shall meet." The white man called softly to her as she moved, and once it seemed she would turn back.

He watched her silhouette. She moved away from him, slightly toward the cliffs and nearer to the pass. Presently he saw her reach to the ground and pick up a small branch, deliberately breaking it in her hands. It snapped with a loud crack. The guards below suddenly straightened and moved in a run toward the silhouette. The white man moved painfully forward. Moonfire had seen Ti-Bi-Wansi. She was running toward the cliffs in order that he might escape through the pass.

The white man stopped, speechless. The pass was left unguarded, but still he did not move. He saw the form of Ti-Bi-Wansi start slowly over the edge. A moment of breathless silence and she had started the journey into the valley. A few seconds later the sound of slipping rocks was heard, followed by a dull thud in the valley below. The white man buried his face in his hands.

"Oh, God!" he cried. "Ti-Bi-Wansi! Ti-Bi-Wansi!" Slowly he dragged himself to the ledge as Moonfire and the guards returned to the pass.

"With the great white God we shall meet, Ti-Bi-Wansi. In His grove of whispering pines."

The sound of slipping rock echoed through the valley below. The warriors around the campfire looked silently up and drew their blankets closer about them. A light wind sprang up from the west and breathed a song among the pine cones.

## Waves of Electricity

### Revealed by Accident

Wireless telegraphy is another example of accidental discovery or invention. Probably most persons know that wireless messages are sent by means of waves of electricity that travel through space, although they may not know just how this is accomplished. These waves were discovered by a scientist through an unexpected happening in his laboratory. He possessed two pieces of electrical apparatus, known as Leyden jars, which were charged with electricity. One was unintentionally discharged and immediately the other one across the room discharged itself with a sharp crack and brilliant spark.

This set the scientist thinking along unaccustomed lines, and he concluded that there must have been some kind of wave, similar to that of light or sound, yet invisible and inaudible, passing from the one jar to the other. Of course, it was a big step from this simple experiment to a present-day wireless installation on board a huge ocean liner, but it was the very first and necessary step in the discovery of wireless telegraphy.—Washington Star.

## The Touch of Jade

To the Oriental it is not the appearance of jade which possesses the greatest charm, but its feel to the hand. Here is opened a whole new realm of appreciation unknown to us in the West. This delight to the sense of touch is called "Jun," which means "soft, like morning dew or gentle rain"; it also means an elegant, glossy surface. It is a quality which corresponds to harmony in sound, to grace in movement. It is also defined as "wen," warm and smooth like the flesh of a child; again as "chen mi," fine and close, like the texture of a delicate silk fabric." It is this peculiar quality of jade for which it has been most prized in China. Many ancient pieces of jade, surviving in our day, are neither inscribed nor decorated. Cut smoothly in beautiful shapes, they fulfill this major requirement of the Chinese.—Cleveland Plain-Dealer.

## Roberta Knew

Roberta, age four, had been told by her grandmother she would wear her tongue out if she did not stop talking so much. Coming in one day from playing, the child excitedly told her grandmother that she had just seen a woman who had worn her tongue out.

Grandmother asked her how she could tell and she said: "The woman was talking on her fingers."

Grandmother figured out that the little girl had seen some deaf and dumb person.

## A Large Business

Old Lady (meeting sailor on country road)—Sir, do you know my son Jack, in the navy?

Sailor—Which ship is he serving in? Old Lady—What! Are there two?—Montreal Star.

## Garfield Tea

### Was Your Grandmother's Remedy

For every stomach and intestinal ill. This good old-fashioned herb home remedy for constipation, stomach ills and other derangements of the system so prevalent these days is in even greater favor as a family medicine than in your grandmother's day.

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HALL & BUCKEL, New York

## Golf Playing at Night

### With Luminous Balls

It looked at first like a Jubilee celebration of some kind, as flare after flare streaked the night horizon of Van Cortlandt Park golf course, New York city.

But these rocket-like streaks were nothing other than "luminous" golf balls being tried out by their inventor, M. J. Bloomer, scientist of Columbia university. These luminous balls keep their light for ten minutes after being hit from the tee, and thus, with the aid of electric lights over the greens, the night becomes as day to the insatiable golfer. Sportsmen now picture additional possibilities for night golf with the aid of this ball and illumination of tee flags by employing the piercing rays of the now-popular neon light which can be seen at great distance and through fog, mist and smoke.

In his experiments with the luminous ball, Mr. Bloomer drove off eight balls from the first tee and loated all of them within six minutes. Like huge glow worms they nestled among grass, leaf and tree far down the fairways and in the rough.

When You Feel a Cold Coming On, Take Laxative BROMO QUININE Tablets to work off the Cold and to fortify the system against an attack of Grip or Influenza. 30c.—Adv.

## Romances of Industry

More than 60 subjects involved in the romantic task of taking wealth from underground are depicted in a series of motion pictures prepared by the bureau of mines, says Popular Mechanics Magazine, and elaborate equipment, including portable lighting facilities that furnish 12,000,000 candlepower, has been devised for the task. One of the illuminating units is a huge searchlight somewhat like that used on airplane landing fields. Fifty trunks of lighting apparatus are employed. In filming the "Story of Copper" many of the reels were taken 8,000 feet below the surface.

## Financial Fluctuations

"Mr. Featherlight says he never knows exactly how much he is worth." "Of course, he doesn't," replied Miss Cayenne. "His wife plays bridge."

A wife is the making of her husband—but the job is seldom satisfactory to all parties concerned.

## Stop Coughing

The more you cough the worse you feel, and the more inflamed your throat and lungs become. Give them a chance to heal.

## Boschee's Syrup

has been giving relief for sixty-one years. Try it, 30c and 50c bottles. Buy it at your drug store, G. G. Green, Inc., Woodbury, N. J.

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## Oregon & California Directory

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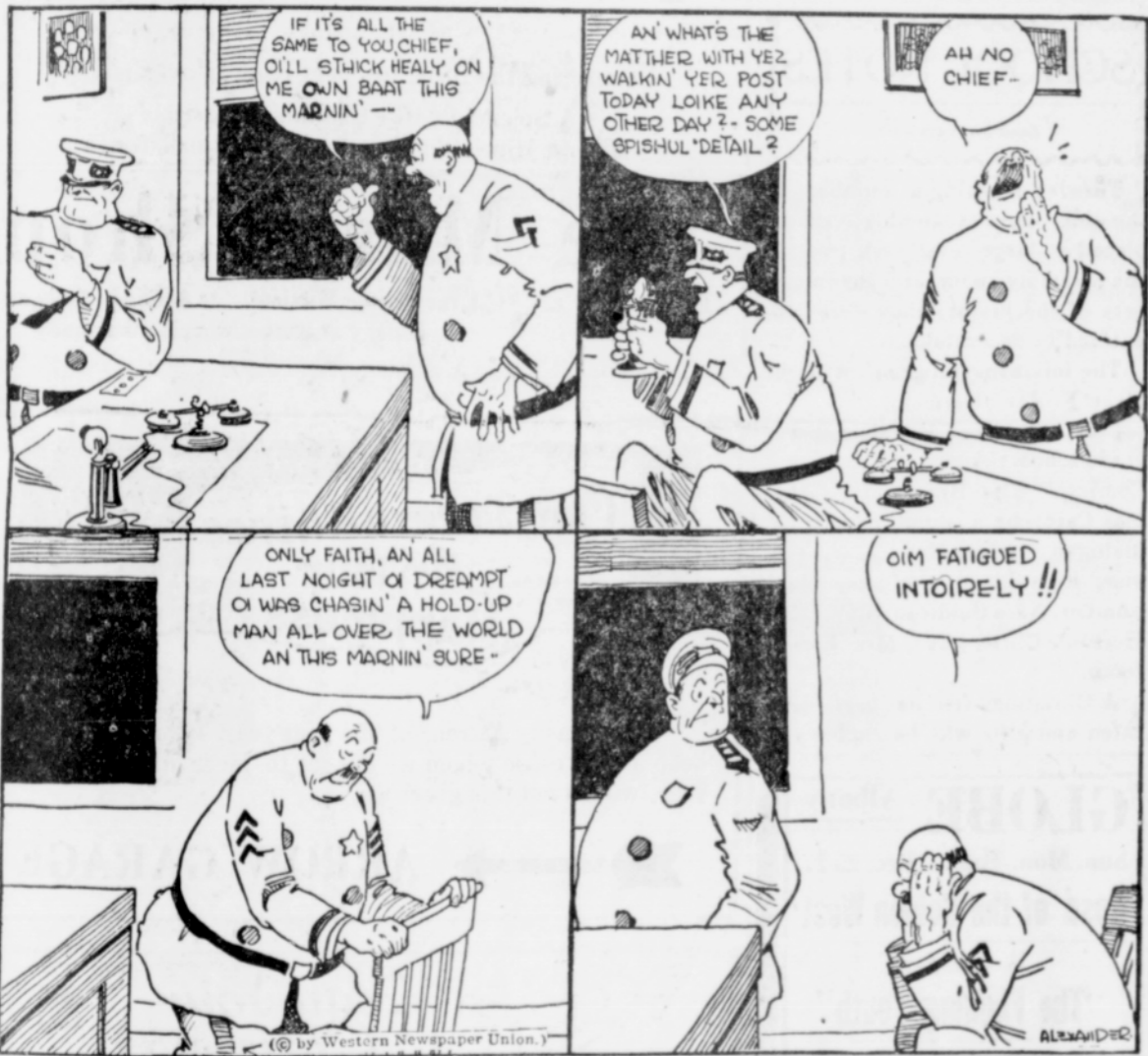
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## THE FEATHERHEADS

### Storm Clouds in the West

