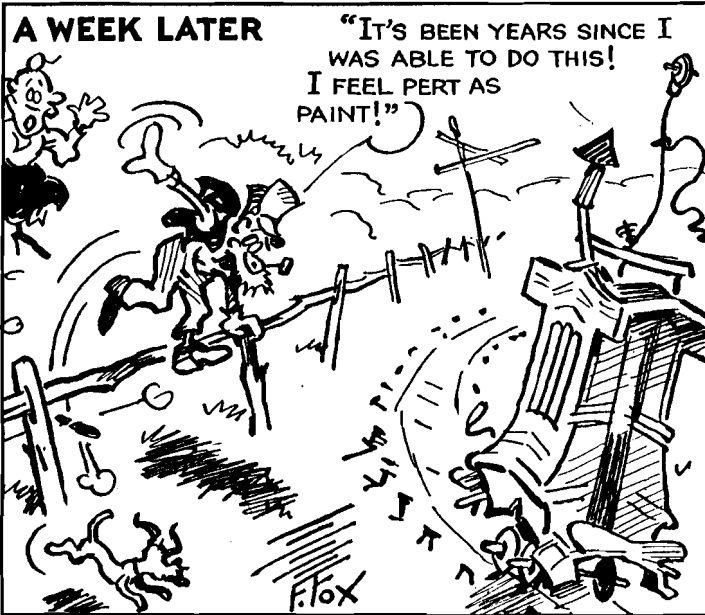
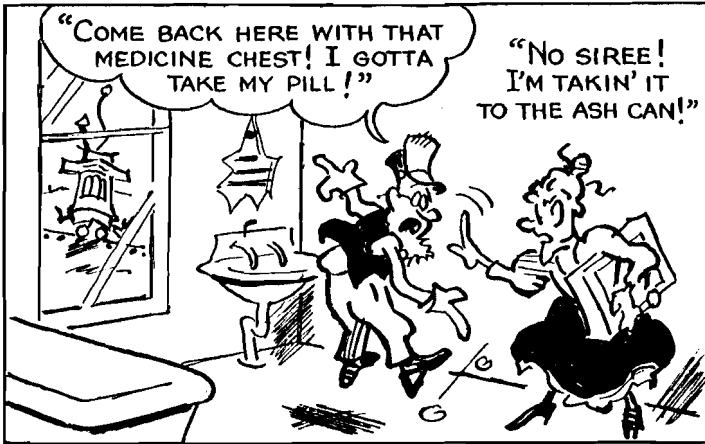


TOONERVILLE FOLKS

—By Fontaine Fox



When constipation is due to lack of "bulk" in the diet, Kellogg's All-Bran goes straight to the cause. This crunchy, toasted cereal supplies the bulky mass you need to aid elimination. And at the



same time it contains vitamin B1, which helps tone your intestines. Eat All-Bran every day, drink plenty of water, and join the "regulars." Made by Kellogg in Battle Creek. Sold by every grocer.

KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN
The Natural Laxative Cereal

red all over, and, with one mighty rocketing leap, hurled himself upon the newcomer. There was a lashing and writhing of tentacles, a storm of stirred-up sand, an ink cloud like a smoky screen and, behold, the Kid had tied up the big palooka with a headlock, two hammerlocks, a half nelson and four distinct toe holds. Well, there was no use trying to separate them then, and as they were too busy hanging on to each other to hang on to the bottom, I pulled them up just clear of it and hurried for shore, loaded down to the marks. When I got them into shallow water, they were still at it. The seconds and handlers pried them apart, the referee sent them to their corners, and I got my camera ready. A tense hush fell upon the assembly. . . .

The bell! They came out with a rush! Well, sir, though the spearhead and cable were in the Kid's way and cramped his style, he just simply swarmed all over that big bum. He squeezed him, he bit him, he shot ink into his eyes; he picked up pebbles in his suction cups and massaged the poor ham's noggin with them. His style, though individual, partook of boxing, Greco-Roman wrestling, catch-as-catch-can, hockey, chiropractic, savate, mayhem, sumo, jujitsu and delirium tremens. It was a revelation! The fans went wild!

After the opening fireworks, the maulers settled down to a grim, grueling battle. At intervals, as if by mutual consent, they called time out and sat in their corners, pumping water into themselves, shooting it out of their condensers and seowling at each other across the ring; then they'd leap forward and go to it with renewed fury. The Kid was in fine shape, with never a mark on him, but as round followed murderous round, the other began to look like something left over till Monday in a delicatessen. His pump action was jerky. That terrific squeezing hurt. He was taking it without a whimper, but you could see he was tired, groggy and walking on his heels. The fans were screaming for a knockout.

At the clang of the bell for the sixth, both boys came out battling. They met in the center of the ring with a sickening squelch. The Kid was traveling so fast that he knocked the stumble-bum clear out of the water and up on the pebbles. He went right out after him, too, and they fought hammer and

tongs on the beach. As into the ring the mob and the radio commentators hoarse gibberish into the mics, were trying to pour the microphones.

More and more often see the white gristle on the under side of the tentacles—a sure sign that to go. The Kid was squ hard as they rolled and fought that sometimes, tered ump-chay's water surface and squirted up feet, as when you block faucet with your finger, haled, it sounded like out of the kitchen sink last much longer!

Then, sure enough, got him! Taking strange two tentacles and crossed three more, he dug the into the gravel and push was worth. Slowly, slowly gave way. His tentacles modically. They relaxed, still sticking to his futile flopped over on his back nium reigned!

Eight. . . . Ten! He was out!

Well, sir, it had been and we members of the Mediterranean Democrat Athlaetic Club had taken called wise guys for a jack. We were grateful to we wanted to do something; but all he seemed to corpse of the palooka. The spear. He started right water, carrying the one the other. We hauled him line; then three of us he while a fourth slipped the out through the slit in his. While this was going on his grip on his late and turned him loose and he umphantly into the sea palooka with him.

Well, I've got that boy a contract which even he and if you are a bona-fide with a real proposition a roll to back it, wire me in Neptune Sporting Enterprises spell it with a K in honor Fathom Kid. That boy has takes and, zowie! can he

