

OLD MAN GROUCH

T. PAER HECKLES HIM
BY RALPH WATSON

T. PAER skittered down the aisle of the "BW" car until he lurched against the Fat Man who sat all sprawled out, deep in the morning paper.

"I beg your pardon," he said, cheerfully, looking expectantly at the potential seat beside the Fat Man.

"Ugh!" the Fat Man grunted, rubbing one shin with the end of his other leg.

"Excuse me," T. Paer said, accenting the last word slightly as he wedged himself into the surplus niche.

"Emph!" the Fat Man responded, gathering himself together an inch or so.

"What's the big news?" the little man queried, optimistically.

"More rain," the Fat Man growled, languidly, jamming his nose still deeper into the paper.

"Well," T. Paer grinned, "it's March, ain't it?"

"March all the time," the Fat Man glared at him.

"Oh, maybe," T. Paer admitted; "but I guess, if we didn't have a little now'n then this time a year, they'd be buildin' pyramids around here, instead of good roads."

"What's the good of 'em?" the Fat Man demanded. "Nothing but to skid off of!" he added, bitterly.

"People don't skid," T. Paer contended, "unless they go too fast."

"You drive a car?" the Fat Man demanded.

"Nope!" T. Paer grinned. "I just dodge 'em!"

"Beastly nuisance," the Fat Man stated, "riding on street cars. Blamed crowded! No comfort! Stop for everybody!"

"It's better'n walking, ain't it?" T. Paer asked. "If it ain't," he suggested, "it don't cost eight Indian heads to hoof it."

"Corns hurt," the Fat Man answered. "Hurt here, too," he growled, as a chattering school girl careened across his feet.

"Too blamed many kids!" he howled, scowling at the aisle full of book-laden youngsters.

"Got any?" T. Paer asked, curiously.

"Naw!" the Fat Man replied. "Blanked

BRINGING UP FATHER



LITTLE JIMMY



KRAZY KAT



JERRY ON THE JOB



HON AND DEARIE



ABIE THE AGENT



BURGESS' BEDTIME STORIES

Sammy Jay and Blacky Do Their Part

By Thornton W. Burgess

Hear all, but believe not all you hear; Let sense and reason tune your ear.



HARDLY had Old Man Coyote disappeared and Mrs. Bear resumed her digging for roots when Sammy Jay came flitting silently through the tree tops. Mrs. Bear grunted as she dug. Sammy heard those grunts and without making a sound flew straight to a big hemlock tree, from which he could watch while himself hidden. This was the first time he had seen Mrs. Bear and he was very curious, was Sammy. He had heard about her brown coat, but like everybody else, he had had hard work to believe that it could be brown. Now he had a chance to see for himself, and Sammy has absolute faith in his own eyes.

"It is brown. As sure as I live, it is brown," he muttered to himself as he peered down at Mrs. Bear, his sharp eyes sparkling with interest. "She's as big as Buster Bear, and I don't know what she weighs, but I don't know if she is as nervous as Buster. It is too bad to spoil that meal, but if I am going to do my part to scare her out of the Green Forest, now is the time, so here goes."

Sammy silently flew back a short distance where he couldn't be seen by Mrs. Bear and then began to scream at the top of his lungs. "Thief, thief, thief!" screamed Sammy. It was the warning cry he uses when he discovers possible danger, particularly hunters. All the people of the Green Forest know it. It has warned many of them and thus kept them out of trouble.

Mrs. Bear threw up her head and listened. Then she crept up. Just then Blacky the Crow joined Sammy Jay and began to caw at the top of his lungs. Mrs. Bear could see him sitting on the top of a tall tree. He seemed to be looking down at something or some one below and to be greatly excited.

"Thief, thief, thief!" screamed Sammy. "Caw, caw, caw, caw," shrieked Blacky.

Both flew a little way toward Mrs. Bear, all the time keeping up the danger warning and seeming to grow more and more excited. "They seemed to be following someone below them. Still, Mrs. Bear sat there. She didn't run as they had expected she would. Finally Blacky flew straight over her.

"Run Mrs. Bear! Run!" he shrieked. "A hunter! A hunter!"

Mrs. Bear looked up at Blacky, and in her shrewd little eyes was a gleam of something very like amusement. Then she dropped down and instead of running, began to dig for roots again, paying no more attention to Blacky and Sammy Jay than she had been paying before within hearing. Blacky and Sammy screamed until they were hoarse. Finally, seeing that Mrs. Bear kept calmly on with her digging, they gave it up and flew on to talk it over and wonder why they had failed to frighten Mrs. Bear. They couldn't understand it at all.

"Do you suppose some one has told her that we had planned to scare her out of the Green Forest?" asked Sammy. "I don't know," confessed Blacky. She acted as if she knew just what we were doing."

All this time Mrs. Bear was chuckling to herself as she dug out roots and ate them. "Those scamps thought they could scare me," she muttered. "They are smart rascals, but the smartest overlook things sometimes. They forgot that I have a good nose and that the wind was blowing from them toward me. There wasn't anybody there at all. Had there been I would have smelled them. I wonder what they tried that trick for?"

Then she remembered the hints Old Man Coyote had dropped. Her eyes began to twinkle. "It looks to me as if some folks are trying to scare me out of the Green Forest," she chuckled. "It certainly looks that way. Just for that I would say anyway, even if I didn't like it here, which I do." Once again she chuckled, then went on with her digging.

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The next story: "Reddy Fox Brings Bowser the Hoard."

Four Cases of Beer Monthly Too Much? Queries Dry Agent

Washington, March 21.—(I. N. S.)—Is four cases of beer a month too much or too little for the sick?

Prohibition Commissioner Kramer is wrestling with this question. And should ailing persons, armed with prescriptions, be allowed to walk into drugstores, get beer and drink it on the premises?

That's another phase of the new beer problem thrust upon dry enforcers. Kramer finds the queries up for decision along with a host of others, as a result of the Palmer opinion which "scrapped" the bureau's rules.

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