

By George McManus

T. PAER ON THE PRESIDENCY

BY RALPH WATSON

"WHAT'RE you sitting there grinning at?" Ma asked accusingly of her fireless companion who sat on his side of the evening lamp chucking to himself. "If you know anything funny why be so stumped with it?"

"I was just thinkin' of Tom Marshall," T. Paer told her. "He's a funny fellow to have been vice president twice."

"That's no way to talk about a vice president," Ma chided. "I always thought Mr. Marshall was a mighty smart man."

"I ain't heard much about him in the last eight years," T. Paer said. "After elections he kinda faded out of the picture."

"What made you think of Mr. Marshall?" Ma asked. "Has he got to be prominent since he quit being vice president?"

"Yeah," T. Paer grinned. "He ain't had a chance to do any talkin' since 1912, so since Coolidge got elected he's got a lecturing job where he can do all the talkin' and everybody else has to do the listenin'."

"I'd like to hear him talk," Ma observed. "It must be very interestin'."

"Well, T. Paer observed, "from what Tom told me a fellow's liable to say most anything about it when he's had it once."

"I should think it'd be a wonderful thing to preside over the senate," Ma argued, "and listen to all the speeches 'nd everything."

"It's bad enough to try to read a few pages of the Congressional Record, 'nd not havin' to listen to the whole thing," T. Paer stated. "Think of havin' to sit up on a high chair all day 'nd say 'Dis the senator from Oregon, vice to the senator from Arizona for a question?' 'nd then to answer 'nd say 'The senator from Oregon y'fields.'"

"It don't sound very excitin'," Ma admitted, "but he gets to hear the question."

"Yes," T. Paer agreed, "nd I can't think of anything that'd give a fellow sleepin' sickness quicker'n havin' to listen to the 'United States senate no matter what else you wanted to do."

"Maybe Mr. Marshall's right," Ma

said, "but he oughtn't to say it no matter what he thinks."

"Tom says," T. Paer continued, "that holdin' office's like drinkin' whiskey. You get the habit 'nd don't want to quit."

"I believe he's right," Ma said. "I've noticed people that's been elected once just keep on running year after year no matter how bad they get."

"That's right," T. Paer agreed, "nd they get like all those hounds, they don't care what's in it just so they get it."

"Is Mr. Marshall going to run again?" Ma asked. "If he does I'll vote for him."

"This ain't Tom's runnin' season," T. Paer answered. "nd besides he says he ain't got the habit because he ain't had a job."

"Maybe he'll run for president next time," Ma suggested. "He's had a lot of experience."

"Maybe he has, someway," T. Paer answered. Tom says, he added, "that presidents ought to have just one six year term."

"I don't see why," Ma contended, "if we get a good president we ought to keep him more'n six years."

"But Tom thinks," T. Paer informed her, "that we don't have a good president keepin' for more'n four years now."

"I don't see how he figures that out," Ma argued. "President Wilson was in for eight years."

"I know it," T. Paer answered, "but Tom says they always spend the first four years gettin' ready to be elected for the next four, so they don't really work on the job only the last four."

"Maybe they do," Ma insisted. "But I'd rather have a good president keepin' himself elected half the time than a bad one working on the job for six solid years."

"Maybe so," T. Paer countered, "but it might be worse to have a bad one working half time for eight years than to have a good one workin' full time for six."

"It's a hard thing," Ma said doubtfully, "to know which is best."

"Well," T. Paer said slowly, "we've been toddlin' along pretty good for a long time now, 'nd maybe we can keep standin' 'em twice in succession for other hundred years or so without hurtin' us much."

BRINGING UP FATHER



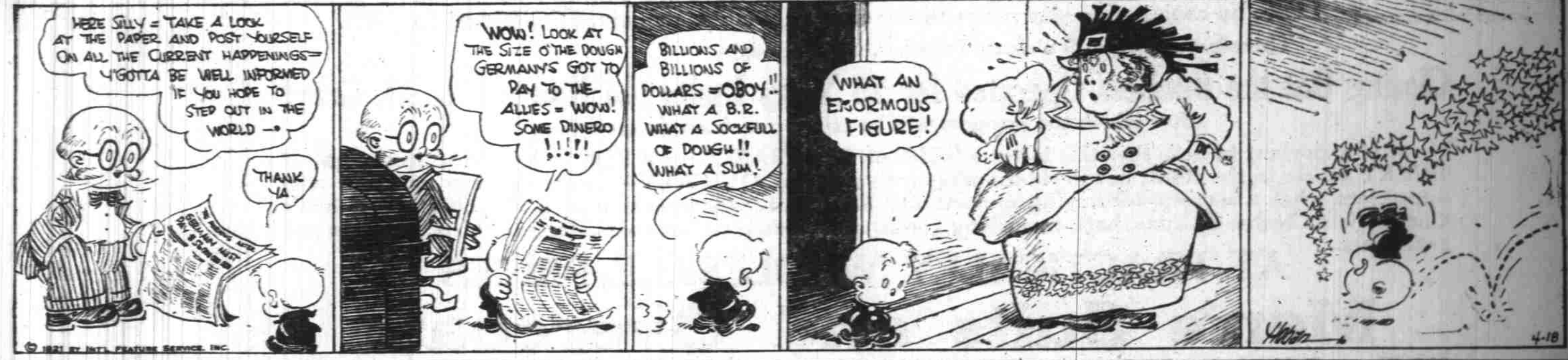
LITTLE JIMMY



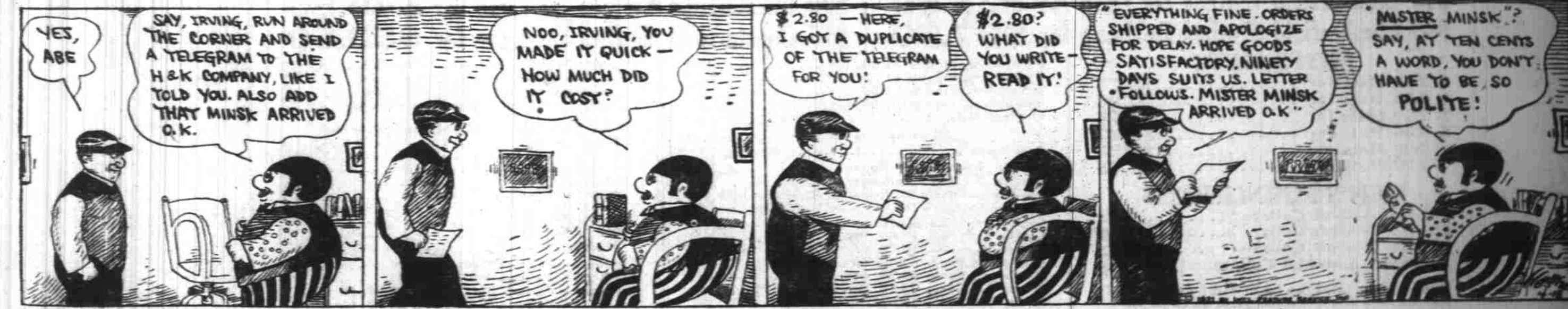
KRAZY KAT



JERRY ON THE JOB



ABIE THE AGENT



US BOYS



BURGESS' BEDTIME STORIES

Two Foolish Feeling Little Bears

By Thornton W. Burgess.
Who lets his temper get away is bound to find it doesn't pay.

IF EVER there were two foolish-feeling little bears, the twins of Buster Bear were those two. And they looked just as foolish as they felt. While they had been fighting Peter Rabbit had made the most of his chance and the best use of his legs and had disappeared. Where he had gone neither Boxer nor Wood-woof had the least idea.

"They looked this way. They looked that way. They peered under the pile of brush. They even tore it all apart. There was no sign of Peter. As a matter of fact, Peter was far away, headed straight for the dear Old Briar-patch. And Peter was chucking. The instant those cubs began to fight all fear had left Peter. He knew then that he had nothing more to fear from them.

"People who lose their tempers lose their wits with them," chuckled Peter. "I couldn't have done that better if I had planned it. My, how those cubs have grown! I think I'll keep away from that part of the Green Forest. Yes, sir, I'll keep away from there." And in that decision Peter showed that he wasn't yet too old to learn a lesson and gain wisdom therefrom.

At last the twins gave up looking for Peter. "I-I-I hope I didn't hurt you," said Boxer meekly, as he saw Wood-woof rub her nose again. "I didn't mean to."

"Yes, you did," retorted Wood-woof. "You did mean to hurt me, I know, because I know you felt just as I did, and I meant to hurt you. I-I-I hope I didn't."

"Not much," replied Boxer sheepishly.



"I won't spank you this time, because I hope you have learned a lesson."

as he felt of one ear. "I guess we are even. That fellow we didn't catch probably is laughing at us and will tell everybody he meets what silly little Bears we are. I guess it doesn't pay to fight."

"That depends," said a deep, grumbly, rumbling voice. The twins turned to find Mother Bear looking at them. "It never pays to fight excepting for your rights, but the one who will not fight for his rights never will get far in the Great World. Neither will the one who is always ready to fight over nothing. Now, what have you been fighting about?"

Feeling more and more foolish every minute the twins told Mother Bear all about Peter Rabbit and how they had tried to catch him and how they had lost their tempers when they bumped into each other.

Mother Bear's eyes twinkled, but she took care that the twins should not see that twinkle. "You ought to be spanked, both of you," said she sternly, "and the next time I know of you fighting you will be spanked. I won't spank you this time because I hope you have learned a lesson. When two people fight over a thing some one else is likely to get it. People who lose their tempers usually lose more, just as you lost your chance to catch Peter Rabbit. Now, the Green Forest will laugh at you and Peter Rabbit will boast that he was smarter than two Bears."

"We'll get even with him yet," muttered Boxer.

"No, you won't," declared Mother Bear. "Peter Rabbit will never give you a chance."

And this is exactly what Peter Rabbit had resolved himself.

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The next story, "The Twins Meet Their Father."



AS IF BY MAGIC

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