



T. PAER SEES VOTES IN SEEDS

BY RALPH WATSON

"Well, here you are again," Ferd exclaimed jovially, as he handed the little man a resounding thump between his shoulders, "how are you feeling today?"

"Not as good as before I saw you," T. Paer answered sourly, backing up against the building. "You ought to make a good orator."

"I can talk best," Ferd answered, "when there's only one in the audience. What makes you think I'd be a good orator?"

"You've got so much force in your gestures," T. Paer growled wriggling his shoulders. "You ought to learn the sign language."

"I forgot I'm so strong," Ferd apologized. "Have a cigar."

"No thanks," T. Paer answered hastily. "I've quit smoking." "All he wants is to have them distributed."

"You know," T. Paer grinned, "it's funny that senators're always horticulturalists 'nd congressmen're always gardeners, ain't it?"

"They're not," Ferd said. "What makes you think that?"

"Because," T. Paer related, "senators distribute political plums 'nd congressmen distribute political seeds."

"How?" Ferd queried. "I never thought of it like that, but they do, don't they?"

"But the thing that gets me," T. Paer confided, "is that they expect the plums 'nd the seeds to do the same thing after they're planted."

"What's that?" Ferd wanted to know. "They expect both of 'em to yield a crop of votes," T. Paer answered.

"Yes," Ferd conceded, "and they generally do, if they're planted right."

"But there's another funny thing about it," T. Paer continued. "Just as funny as the rest."

"What's that?" Ferd asked.

"If a Republican sends 'em out," T. Paer said, "he expects 'em to yield Republican votes, 'nd if he's a Democrat he expects a Democratic crop all out'n the same sack."

"That don't seem natural," Ferd asserted, "but there's lots of things in politics that ain't natural."

"Uh, huh," T. Paer said absently. "I guess it's the fertilizer that makes the difference in the kind of votes."

asked patronizingly. "What could they be tested for?"

"To grow votes," T. Paer said. "That's the only crop them Washington gardeners're interested in."

"Well, Ferd admitted, "Pat does expect his friends to remember where they got the seeds."

"You can cook 'em," T. Paer explained, "if you get enough of 'em at once."

"Pat wouldn't care what you did with them," Ferd assured him. "All he wants is to have them distributed."

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BRINGING UP FATHER

(Registered U. S. Patent Office)



By George McManus

LITTLE JIMMY

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Jimmy's Wandering Mind

BURGESS' BEDTIME STORIES

The Twins Meet Their Father

By Thornton W. Burgess
Beware the stranger with a smile
Least it be a trickster's guile.

THE twins, Boxer and Wool-Wool, had begun to wonder if they and their mother were the only Bears in the Green Forest as they had seen no other. Then one day, as they were playing about near the Laughing Brook, while a little way from Mother Bear, was busy tearing open an old stump after ants, Wool-Wool discovered a footprint. She showed it to Boxer. Then the two little cubs sat up and stared at each other and their little eyes were very round with wonder.

"Mother Bear didn't make that footprint," whispered Boxer, as if he were afraid of being overheard. "Who do you suppose did?"

Wool-Wool moved a little nearer to Boxer. "I haven't any idea," she whispered back, and hurriedly glanced all around. "It wasn't Mother Bear, for there is one of her footprints right over there and it is different. There must be a great big stranger around here."

How the maker of that footprint would have laughed had he heard himself called a stranger in the Green Forest. You see, Mrs. Bear really was the stranger. She had come down there to live only the fall before. But, of course, the twins didn't know this. They supposed she had always lived there.

The twins drew very close together and stood up that they might better stare in every direction. They were a little frightened at the thought that a big stranger might be near. Then they remembered that Mother Bear was only a little way off and at once they felt better. They saw no stranger. Everything about them seemed just as it should be. They cocked their little ears to listen. All they heard was the sound of Mother Bear's great claws



"Mother Bear didn't make that footprint," whispered Boxer.

ready he had learned that his ears are better than his eyes and his nose is better than his ears. His eyes had told him nothing. His ears had told him the hair along his shoulders rose a little. His nose told him that that footprint was made by a Bear he never had seen. The same thing happened about that. It told him that that stranger had passed that way only a short time before. A great desire to see that stranger took possession of Boxer. Curiosity was stronger than fear.

"Let's follow his tracks; perhaps we can see him," whispered Boxer to Wool-Wool, and started along with his nose to the ground.

Now, whatever one twin did the other did. So Wool-Wool followed her brother. One behind the other, their noses to the ground, the twins stole through the Green Forest. Every once in a while Boxer sat up to look and listen. When he did this Wool-Wool did the same thing, and was very excited. It was so exciting that they quite forgot Mother Bear and that they had been sent to go away. So they got farther and farther away from where Mother Bear was at work.

And then, without any warning at all, a great Bear stepped out from behind a fallen tree. He wore a black coat and was just about the size of Mother Bear. Of course, you know who it was—it was Buster Bear. For the first time in their short lives the twins saw their father and he saw them. But the twins didn't know that he was their father and he didn't know that they were his children. Things like that happen in the Green Forest.

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The next story: "The Twins Take to a Tree."

KRAZY KAT

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By Way of a Compliment

JERRY ON THE JOB

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ABIE THE AGENT

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Luck Is With Some People

Commissioner Warns Fishermen Against Using Two Lines

Fishermen who go angling for salmon at Oregon City should not forget that angling with only one line is permitted. This word of warning is sent out by the state game commission because fishermen are forgetting the law in this respect and are angling with more than one line. The minimum fine for the offense this year is \$5. Game authorities agree that this fine is excessive.

E. Chaloupka, government agent at the Warm Springs Indian reservation, was arrested Monday by W. A. Cornell, deputy game warden, for angling with two lines and was fined \$5 and \$4.35 costs. J. B. Caldwell of Oregon City, arrested on a similar charge Thursday by H. E. Meads and M. Christensen, was fined \$10 and costs.

W. J. Jones of Yankton was arrested on Milton creek Sunday by William Brown for angling without a license and fined \$25. J. L. Horby, John Mitchell and E. Thurston of Eugene were recently found guilty of hunting on a game preserve at Elsie park, but were released because of being juveniles.

US BOYS

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