

# T. PAER ANALYZES SEARCH FOR LIQUOR

BY RALPH WATSON

"I WAS at the Circle this afternoon," Ma began, as she gave the trying man an emphatic shake. "nd we just—" "You don't need to apologise about it," T. Paer interposed amiably. "I kinda like these midnight suppers."

"I'm not trying to apologise," Ma answered, darting a withering glance at the little man. "It's only 7 o'clock 'nd half the time you ain't home that soon."

"What's the Circle worryin' about now?" T. Paer asked, hastily volunteering to put the dishes on the table. "It must've been an interestin' meeting to last so long."

"We just can't see what's got into Frank Grant," Ma sighed. "We thought he was such a nice young man."

"What's the matter with Frank?" T. Paer queried, "ain't he tryin' to get cheaper phone rates?"

"That's all right," Ma said, "but what the Circle can't understand is why he's got on the side of the bootleggers like he has."

"I didn't know he had," T. Paer said. "What's he been doin' to them?"

"He's tied the hands of the police," Ma contended. "He won't let them go into a house without a search warrant."

"Well, what of it?" T. Paer asked. "Nobody's got a right to go into somebody else's place unless he's invited in. Nobody does that but a burglar."

"But how," Ma demanded, "are the officers going to stamp out the traffic unless they can catch the bootleggers?"

"I don't know as they can," T. Paer answered, "but they ain't got no right to bust in the front door because they see some fellah luggin' home a sack of prunes."

"Maybe not," Ma agreed, "but if they can smell 'em fermentin' clear across the street it's a pretty sure sign he ain't making prunes whip, ain't it?"

"It might be circumstantial evidence," T. Paer admitted, "but when the legamberries you put up blow the tops off'n the cans it wasn't no sign you was bootleggin', was it?"

"They wouldn't do a spoiled if you'd screwed the tops on tight," Ma reminded

him. "I've always thought you wanted 'em to ferment."

"More circumstantial evidence," T. Paer grinned, "but nobody ought to've put me in jail for it."

"Perhaps not," Ma said evenly, "but if I hadn't cooked 'em over it might a been a different story. Search warrants oughtn't to be needed when circumstances are suspicious," Ma insisted. "Any other way hampers the law."

"It looked suspicious," T. Paer smiled, "when you dropped that bottle gettin' off the streetcar."

"It was grape juice 'nd you know it," Ma snapped. "You made a fool of me the way you laughed."

"Everybody thought it was hooch the way you hollered," T. Paer chuckled. "You acted like it was the last in the world."

"It wasn't breaking it but dropping it that flustered me," Ma said. "People looked at me so funny I felt wicked."

"Ain't it the truth?" T. Paer insisted. "You start home with a bottle of vinegar now days 'nd everybody looks at you like you was Captain Kid 'nd a chest of loot."

"Yes," Ma coincided, "nd you see 'em looking and get all fussed up like you'd robbed a safe."

"Well," T. Paer asked, reverting to the main issue, "do you think a cop ought to be allowed to come in 'nd search the ranch because he saw you bringin' home the vinegar?"

"Of course not," Ma responded. "I wasn't doing anything wrong."

"That's what Frank meant," T. Paer argued. "He thinks the police ought to have a suspicion based on moorn's a vinegar bottle before they break in the door."

"But," Ma insisted, "while the officers are getting a search warrant the bootleggers escape."

"Not unless they're smarter'n the cops," T. Paer said.

"It seems like they are," Ma sighed. "We was saying at the Circle we didn't know what to do about it."

"It ought to be easy," T. Paer said. "Put Frank Grant on the dry squad."

# BRINGING UP FATHER

(Registered U. S. Patent Office)

By George McManus



# LITTLE JIMMY

(Copyright, 1921, by International Feature Service, Inc.)

All Ready, Commence!



# RAZY KAT

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Yes, Who?



# JERRY ON THE JOB

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Shaming Mr. Givney Isn't Easy



# ABIE THE AGENT

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They Have Their Grips Packed by Now



# US BOYS

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Oofy Did Just as He Was Told



# BURGESS' BEDTIME STORIES

Mother Comes to the Rescue

By Thornton W. Burgess

THE love of a mother is wonderful beyond all things. There is nothing to compare with it. There is nothing which will not attempt to do. There is no danger it will not face. There is no sacrifice it will not make. It is the most beautiful, the most perfect of all things.

The twins, Boxer and Wool-Wool had thought that in climbing a tall tree they were making themselves safe. It had not entered their funny little heads that great big Buster Bear would climb that tree. So you can imagine how terribly frightened they were when Buster started up that tree after them. They scrambled up and up until they were just as high as they could get, and there they clung with feet and hands, the worst scared little folk in all the Green Forest.



"Oh-o-o, Mamma-a-a!" screamed Wool-Wool.

straight in the direction from which those cries were coming and she didn't stop to pick her way. She crushed straight through brush and branches in her way, jumped over logs and broke down young trees.

At the sound of the first crash made by Mother Bear as she started for those cubs Buster Bear stopped climbing. He turned his head and looked anxiously in that direction, his little ears cocked to catch every sound. At the second crash Buster Bear decided that that was no place for him. He didn't stop to climb down. He simply let go and dropped. Yes, sir, that is what he did; he let go and dropped.

It was a long way to the ground, but the ground was where Buster Bear wanted to be, and he wanted to be there right away. He wanted to be there before whoever was coming could reach that tree. And the quickest way of getting there was to drop. A few bruises and a shaking up were nothing to Buster Bear just then.

The ground he gave when he hit the ground even the twins heard way up in the top of the tree. It made them stop hawling for a minutes to wonder if Buster had been killed. But Buster hadn't been killed. Goodness, no! The instant he could get his breath he was on his feet, running away so fast that even Lightfoot the Deer would have had to do his best to keep up with him. And over his shoulder Buster Bear was throwing frightened glances behind.

He was not out of sight when Mother Bear came among the trees. She saw him instantly. With a roar of rage she started after Buster. Buster had seemed to be moving fast, but it was nothing coming that way he was moved when he heard that roar.

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The next story: "The Twins Are Comforted."

Skin rough, smarting or beginning to show a rash? Resinol is what you need to give quick relief and clear away the trouble. Then adopt the use of Resinol Shaving Stick. You'll be delighted with your cool, comfy shave. Ask your druggist for the Resinol Products.

## Resinol

# Oregon Aero Club Plans Organization Of Reserve Squadron

Organization of a reserve aero squadron in Portland is being planned by the Aero club of Oregon, according to an announcement made Wednesday by L. B. Hickam, president of the organization.

Assurances has been received by the club that six government planes will be immediately available for the use of the squadron and that a field with the necessary hangars will be prepared on the government reservation at Vancouver. Plenty of field space, splendidly adapted to use as a landing field, is available near the barracks grounds.

It is proposed by the club that the squadron should consist of not more than 44 officers and 133 enlisted men. Hickam is anxious to receive the names and addresses of former flyers or enlisted men, as well as men without experience, who are interested in the formation of such a squadron. Hickam's address is room 848 Pittock block.

**Hot Lake Arrivals**  
Hot Lake, April 21.—Arrivals at Hot Lake sanatorium Saturday were: Edward LaFave and Mrs. C. D. Bergvein, Athena; Mrs. E. C. Muir, Cove; Ad Gustavo, Mrs. Mary Key, Baker.

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