

By George McManus

# "PLAY BALL"

URGES T. PAER

BY RALPH WATSON

"Ma," T. Paer called, as he came bustling into the kitchen about 1 o'clock. "Have you got that hot coffee put up in the thermos bottles?"

"It's all fixed," Ma told him, "did you put on your red flannels?"

"Yes, 'nd they scratch something awful," T. Paer answered. "Have you got on your rubbers 'nd a sweater?"

"Can't you see?" Ma demanded. "I feel all peddled up like an Eskimo."

"Have you got a hot water bottle 'nd a couple of blankets?" T. Paer persisted, "nd an umbrella?"

"I've got everything," Ma answered testily, "anybody'd think we was going to the North Pole."

"All right," T. Paer said cheerfully, "then if we're ready let's go."

"I don't see why," Ma complained, "we've got to take all these things just to see a ball game."

"We wouldn't," T. Paer explained, "if we was going to get a chance to holler any but it's blamed cold 'nd watchin' your home team dig a cellar."

"Dig a cellar?" Ma repeated. "I thought we was goin' to see a ball game."

"That's what they call it," T. Paer said, "but all the Beavers've been doin' since the season opened is to keep as close to zero as they can."

"Beavers?" Ma exclaimed. "I didn't know they played ball."

"They don't," T. Paer grinned. "Anyways they haven't yet. That's what they call the home team."

"What do they call 'em Beavers for?" Ma asked, "because they work so hard?"

"No," T. Paer replied, "they named 'em that so's every time you said anything about 'em you could think dam without swearing."

"Who's going to play against the Beavers?" Ma asked after they had climbed aboard the street car. "Is it a strong team?"

"Strong enough," T. Paer answered gloomily. "It's the Bees."

"What a funny name," Ma said. "What'd they name a ball team that for?"

"I guess," T. Paer replied, "it's because they're always buzzin' around 'nd stingin' the Beavers."

"Mersey," Ma observed as they scrambled into the ball park. "Do I have to climb up that big stair thing?"

# BRINGING UP FATHER

(Registered U. S. Patent Office)



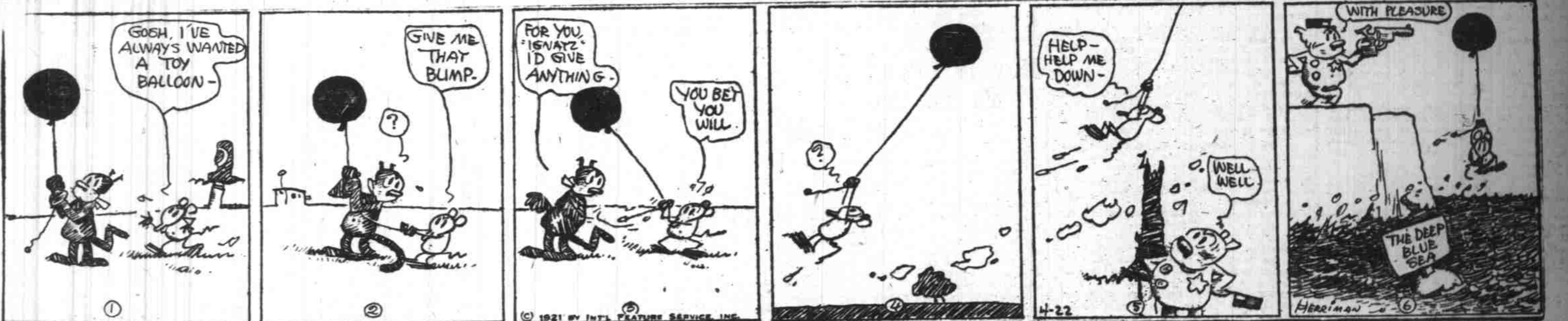
# LITTLE JIMMY

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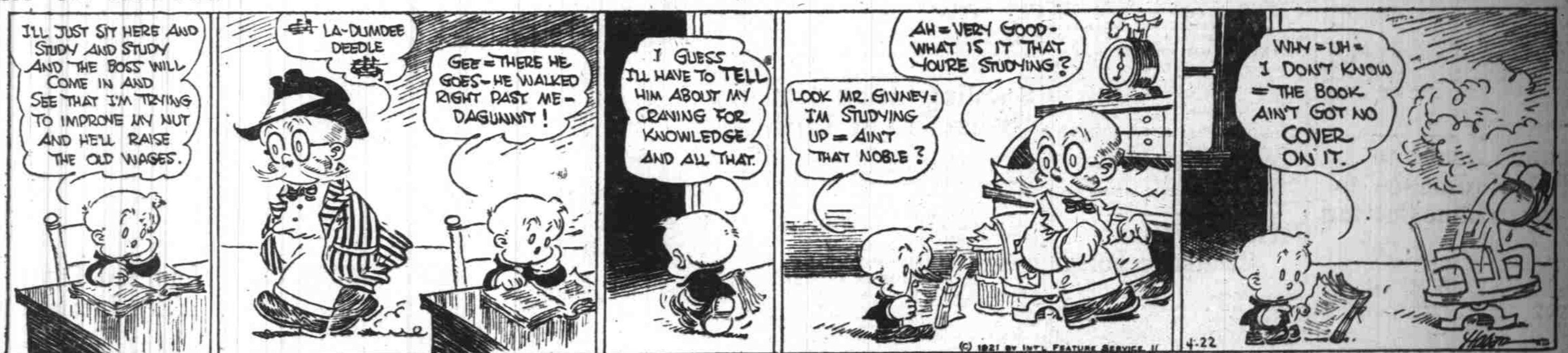
# KRAZY KAT

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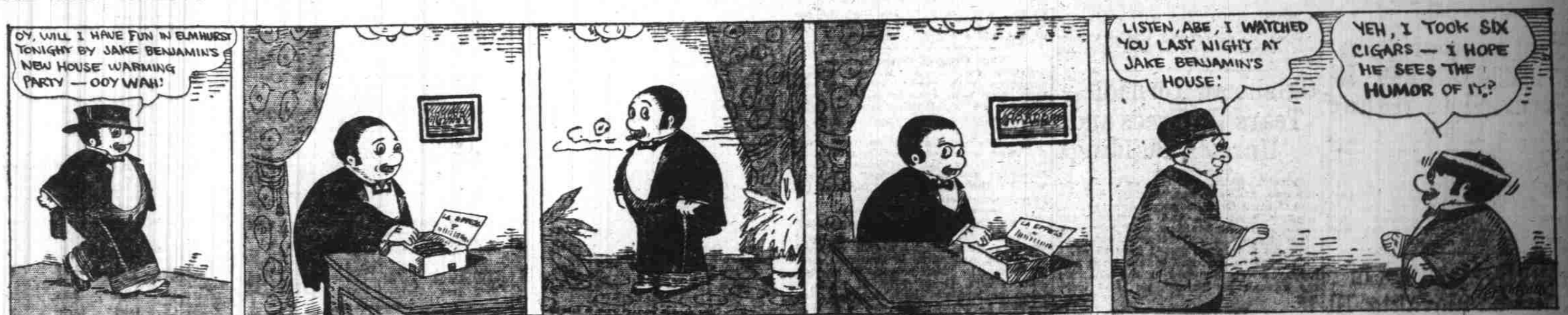
# JERRY ON THE JOB

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# ABIE THE AGENT

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# US BOYS

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# BURGESS' BEDTIME STORIES

The Twins Are Comforted

By Thornton W. Burgess

There is no comfort quite like that contained in mother's loving voice.

THE instant they saw Mother Bear the twins stopped bawling. Nothing could harm them now. They knew it. Mother would take care of them. Of that there wasn't a shadow of a doubt in the minds of Boxer and Wood-Wool. Hanging on with every claw of hands and feet they leaned out as far as they could to see what would happen to that great Black Bear who had frightened them so.



But nothing happened to Buster Bear, for, as you know, that is who had chased them up a tree. Now happened to Buster, for the very good reason that he didn't wait for anything to happen. Buster was doing no waiting at all. In fact, he was moving so fast and at the same time trying to watch behind him that he didn't even pick his path. He hopped into trees and stumbled over logs in a way that to say the least, was not at all dignified. But Buster was in too much of a hurry to think of dignity. There was something about the looks of Mother Bear as she tore after him that made him feel sure that he would find it much pleasant in another part of the Green Forest, and he was in a hurry to get there.

Mother Bear didn't follow him far, just far enough to make sure that he intended to keep right on going. Then, growing dreadful threats, she turned to hurry back to the tree in which the cubs were. Boxer and Wood-Wool were already scrambling down as fast as they could, whimpering a little, for though they felt wholly safe now, they were not yet over their fright. She reached the foot of the tree just as they reached the ground.

She sat up and the twins rushed to her and snuggled as close to her as they could get. Mother Bear put a big arm around each and patted them gently. It was surprising how gentle great big Mother Bear could be.

"What-what would that awful fellow have done to us?" asked Wood-Wool, crowding still closer to Mother Bear.

"Eaten you," growled Mother Bear, and little cold fingers ran all over Wood-Wool and Boxer.

"I hate him!" declared Boxer. "So do I!" cried Wood-Wool. "I think he is dreadful and I hope we'll never, never, never see him again!"

Nothing happened to Buster, for the very good reason that he didn't wait for anything to happen.

"But you will," replied Mother Bear. "I don't think you'll see him again right away, for he knows it isn't wise for him to hang around here when I am about. But by and by, when you are bigger, you will see him often. The fact is, he is your father, your father."

"What?" screamed the twins, quite horrified. "That dreadful fellow our father?"

"Just so," growled Mrs. Bear. "Just so. And he isn't dreadful at all. You mustn't speak of your father that way."

"But if it isn't dreadful for a father to want to eat his own children, I guess I don't know what dreadful means," declared Boxer in a most decided tone. "I call it dreadful, and I hate him. I do, so."

"Softly, Boxer, softly," chided Mother Bear. "You see, he didn't know you were his children. He knows it now, but until he saw me coming to your rescue he didn't know it. He never had seen you before. You were simply two tempting-looking little strangers who, if I do say it, look good enough to eat." She squeezed them, and patted them fondly. "His name," she added, "is Buster Bear."

(Copyright, 1921, by T. W. Burgess)

The next story: "The Cubs Talk It Over."

# He had a perfect whopper on

It felt like a forty pounder when it grabbed the hook—scrapped like Jack Dempsey—gleamed like supple silver. Slowly he reeled it in—reached for his gaff—and then—

Then his blooming rod broke! It was another case of the "fish that got away."

He didn't say much. They seldom do. But, oh my! how he thought!

Next time he went to Chown for the tackle that lands 'em—and also got expert advice on tackle troubles.

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