

## URGES T. PAER

BY RALPH WATSON

T. Paer called, as he came MA, T. Past Called A bustling into the kitchen about 1 o'clock, "Have you got that hot coffee put up in the thermos bottle?"
"It's all fixed," Ma told him,

"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 padded up like an Eskimo."
"Have you got a hot water bottle 'nd

a couple of blankets?" T. Paer persisted, "'nd a 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 goin' to get a chance to holler any but it's blamed cold work watchin'

your home team dig a cellar." "Dig a cellar?" Ma repeated, "I thought we was goin' to see a ball

"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. 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 any-

thing about 'em you could think dam without swearin'."

"Who's going to play against the Beavers?" Ma asked after they had climbed aboard the street car. "Is it a "Good gosh," he added in disgust, 'his legs' froze." 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 "I guess," T. Paer replied, "it's because they're always buzzin' around 'nd as they rode home, "what fun they stingin' the Beavers."

"Them's the bleachers," T. Paer ar swered, "'nd I always sit on the top."
"What for?" Ma panted, "I should
think it'd be better at the bottom." "It's harder for the cops to reach you if you throw a bottle at the umpire," T. Paer explained. "You can't have no liberty on the front row." "What do they call 'em bleachers for?" Ma asked as she settled herself

with her blankers, "I don't see any sense "I don't know," T. Paer admitted,

"unless it's because you get sunburned when you sit on 'em." "What's that funny man with his hat on backwards doing with the whisk broom?" Ma asked in astonishment. "Is he going to sweep the whole yard with that little thing?"

"He's sweeping off the plate," T. Paer answered absently. "That's a nice bunch of groundhogs Mac's got ain't it?" "Sweeping off the plate?" Ma said. 'Don't they wash the dishes?" "The plate," T. Paer explained pa-tiently, "is what they throw the ball over. Aw get offn the diamond." he yelled suddenly waving his arms at the

umpire, "You got sleepin' sickness, you "Who dropped it?" Ma asked solicit-ously, "'nd who's standing on it?" "On what?" T. Paer asked, as he subsided. "What're you talkin' about?"
"The diamond the man's on," Ma an-

swered. "I'd think he'd pick it up if you can see it from here." "What does the umpire want the player to cry for?" Ma continued, in spite of her helpmate's frigid look. "I should think it'd make him nervous to

"Good gosh," he added in disgust, 'his legs' froze."

. "The poor man," Ma said, "how'd he get 'em that way." "Mac got him off'n cold storage," T. Paer snarled. "They move like a old folks' home."

is in going to a ball game if everything that happens makes you mad."
"What'd be the use of havin' a ball "Mercy." Ma observed as they scrambled into the ball park, "Do I team." T. Paer asked, "if you couldn't have to climb up that big stair thing?" cuss it 'nd bawl the umpire out?"









LITTLE JIMMY

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Seems Logical





KRAZY KAT

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Nearly Saved



By Thornton W. Burgess

There is no comfort quite like that Contained in mother's loving pat.

—The Twins.

THE instant they saw Mother I 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 Woof-Woof. 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

But nothing happened to Buster Bear for, as you know, that is who had chased them up a tree. Nothing happened to Buster, for the very good reason that e didn't wait for anything to happen Suster was doing no waiting at all. In fact, he was moving so fast and at the same time trying to watch behind him hat he didn't even pick his path. He bumped 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

ust far enough to make sure that he is your father." intended to keep right on going. Then, "What?" prowling dreadful threats, she turned to horrified. hurry back to the tree in which the cubs father!" ready scrambling down as fast as they could, whimpering a little, for though they felt wholly safe now, they were not get 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-wha-what would that awful fellow have done to us?" asked Woof-

Woof-Woof and Boxer. "I hate him" declared Boxer. "So do I!" cried Woof-Woof. "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

"But you! will," replied Mother Bear, of Mother Bear as she tore after him "But you will," replied Mother Bear, that made him feel sure that he would "I don't think you'll see him again right find it much pleasanter in another part away, for he knows it isn't wise for him of the Green Forest, and he was in a to hang around here when I am about.

But by and by, when you are bigger, Mother Bear didn't follow him far, you will see him often. The fact is, he

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

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

."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 Woof, crowding still closer to Mother seen you before. You were simply two tempting-looking little strangers who, "Eaten you," growled Mother Bear, if I do say it, look good enough to and little cold shivers ran all over eat." She squeezed them and patted them fondly. "His name," she added, "is Buster Bear."

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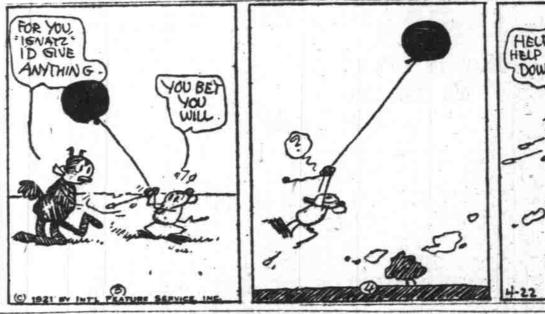


happen.

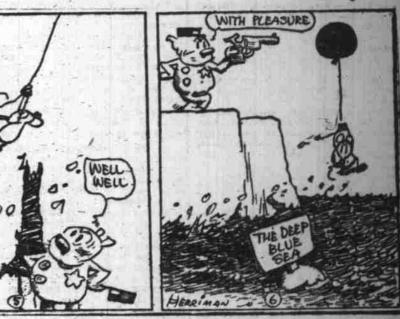
"But if it isn't dreadful for a father











Probably the Telephone Directory

JERRY ON THE JOB

I'LL JUST SIT HERE AND STUDY AND STUDY AND THE BOSS WILL COME IN AND SEE THAT I'M TEVING

TO IMPROVE MY MUT AND HELL RAISE THE OLD WAGES.









ABIE THE AGENT

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We Wonder If He Will?



## 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 dichn'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.

"We supply everything but the bite"

HARDWARE CO.

223 Morrison near First Near the cars that get you there.









US BOYS

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Skinny's Got the Right Idea







