

T. PAER BALKS AT BALANCED DIET

BY PALMER WATSON

T. PAER tucked his napkin under his chin while he surveyed the dinner table with a cold and critical eye. "Where's the dinner?" he asked finally. "Ain't we going to eat tonight?" "It's on the table," Ma answered sweetly, "just help yourself."

"What do you think I am, a horse, or a goat?" T. Paer demanded disgustedly. "What do you think I am, a horse, or a goat?" Ma answered sweetly, "just help yourself."

"You've been eating too much meat," Ma informed him, "and I'm going to give you balanced menus from now on."

"What do you mean, balanced?" T. Paer said, "a fellow'd need a hay fork to derick this enilage into his feed box. I can't live on chopped up grass."

"You eat too many animal proteins," Ma insisted, "You need more legumes 'nd vitamins."

"What's legumes 'nd what's vitamins?" T. Paer asked cautiously. "Do they come in a bottle?"

"Of course, not," Ma answered, "They grow in plants 'nd vegetables."

"Where'd you get this new fangled stuff?" T. Paer said, "Don't I get any bread 'nd gravy with my hay?"

"I've been going to the cooking classes at the Circle," Ma informed him, "nd we've got a modern cook to teach us how to eat."

"I learned how to eat when I was weaned," T. Paer objected, "nd I don't need no modern cook to learn me over again."

"But your eating's been unbalanced," Ma insisted, "nd you ought to try to balance it up."

"The only thing I can't keep on my knife is peas," T. Paer argued, "nd I guess I can keep on eatin' them with a spoon."

"It ain't that I mean," Ma said patiently, "It's what the food's made of, not how you shovel it up."

"Oh!" T. Paer grunted. "What kind of fodder she learned you how to cook?"

"Salads," Ma answered enthusiastically. "She's taught us more'n a dozen."

"Gosh," T. Paer exclaimed in dismay, "Are you going to try 'em all on me?"

"Next week," Ma continued, heedless of the interruption, "she's going to demonstrate sandwiches 'nd beverages."

"That sounds better," T. Paer re-

marked hopefully. "Is she going to tell how to brew 'em?"

"Brew them?" Ma repeated. "What do you mean?"

"The beverages," T. Paer said, "what goes with the sandwiches."

"We've already been taught how to make coffee 'nd chocolate," Ma answered stiffly. "The Circle wouldn't use anything that's brewed."

"Well," T. Paer said uncertainly, "let me know before you spring the sandwiches 'nd maybe I can invite somebody in that'll bring what goes with 'em."

"You'll do nothing of the kind," Ma retorted firmly, "I'm not going to have anything like that in my house."

"Oh, all right," T. Paer answered hopelessly. "What kind of sandwiches are they?"

"You're disgusting," Ma told him. "The idea of anybody eating such awful stuff."

"Well," T. Paer said defensively, "I can't eat anything but a more balanced menu than limburger 'nd garlic sandwiches."

"I don't see where you'd get anything balanced out of that combination," Ma said, "crinkling her nose in imaginary horror. "It'd be just an awful smell."

"After you've eat garlic you can't smell it," T. Paer explained, "nd after you've eat limburger you can't smell that."

"What of it?" Ma asked. "The smell's still there."

"If you can't smell a smell they ain't any," T. Paer argued. "Besides if you'd eat one of each you could smell either, 'nd if that wouldn't balance things up I don't know what would."

"Apparently that cats, garlic 'nd limburger in this house," Ma remarked evenly, "sleeps in the woodshed 'nd you want to remember that."

"They ain't much danger," T. Paer grunted. "If you have to take chocolate with 'em. But say," he added coaxingly, "don't you think potatoes 'nd gravy kinda balance each other out?"

"Maybe," Ma admitted absently looking at the traces of her vanished salad. "Them vitamins don't seem very filling."

"Not any more," T. Paer agreed. "I feel like I'd eat a sofa pillow."

BRINGING UP FATHER

(Registered U. S. Patent Office)

By George McManus



HON AND DEARIE

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It Looks Like the Party Was All Off



KRAZY KAT

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Looks Like a Hot Time in the Old Town



JERRY ON THE JOB

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Effective Immediately



ABIE THE AGENT

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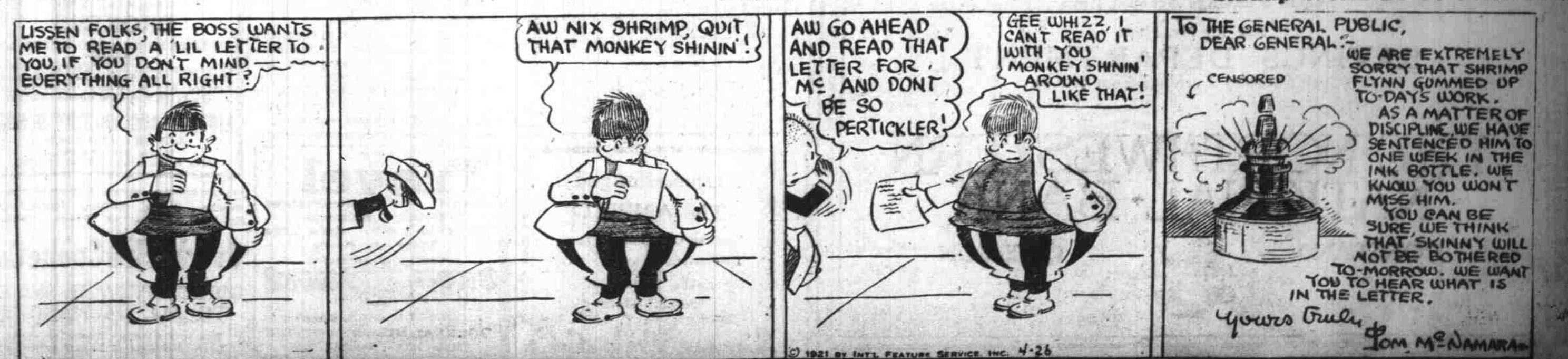
Wonder If They'll Raise the Ante?



US BOYS

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Shrimp Won't Be So Fresh Now



BURGESS'S BEDTIME STORIES

The Twins Are Puzzled

By Thornton W. Burgess

To have true faith is to believe even when appearances deceive.

—Mrs. Bear.

"I WOULDN'T be quite truthful to say that the twins enjoyed that first bath and swim. They didn't. In the first place they had gone in all over without the least intention of doing so. In fact, they had tumbled in. This had frightened them. They had opened their mouths to yell and had swallowed more water than was at all pleasant. Some of it had gone down the wrong way and this had choked them. No, the twins didn't enjoy that first bath and swim at all.

They climbed out on the dam of Paddy the Beaver and shook themselves, making the water fly from their coats in a shower. Mother Bear had started back at the sound of the splashes they had made when they fell in, but seeing them safe she grinned and went on about her own affairs.

"This has saved me some trouble," muttered she, "I probably would have had hard work to get them in the water, unless I threw them in. Now they will not be afraid of it. An accident sometimes proves a blessing."

Meanwhile the twins had shaken themselves as nearly dry as they could and were now sitting down side by side, gravely staring at the water. There was something very mysterious about that water, that kid felt somehow it had played them a trick; that it was his fault that they had fallen in.

Suddenly Boxer remembered the two little grasper Bears. What had become of them? In the excitement he had forgotten all about them. He remembered that it was while striking at one of them he had fallen in. That little Bear had struck at him at the same time. Boxer couldn't recall being struck nor striking anything but that water. Then he had tumbled in.

But had he tumbled in? Hadn't the other little Bear grabbed him and pulled him in? The instant that idea popped into his head Boxer was sure that that was how it all came about. He glared as much as such a little Bear could glare all around in search of that other little Bear. But no other little Bear but his sister, Wool-Wool, was to be seen. She was solemnly gazing at the water.

Now, of course, the splashing of the twins had made a lot of ripples on the surface of the water and these destroyed all reflections. But by now the water had become calm again. Wool-Wool happened to look down into it almost at her feet. A little brown Bear looked back at her. It was the same little brown Bear with whom she had tried to touch noses just before she fell in the water.

Wool-Wool poked Boxer and pointed down in the water. Boxer looked. There was the same provoking little black Bear! Boxer lifted his lips and snarled. The other little Bear lifted his lips in exactly the same way, but Boxer heard no sound save his own snarl. Boxer opened his mouth and showed all his teeth. Whatever Boxer did the other little Bear did. And it was just the same with Wool-Wool and the little brown Bear.

Boxer was tempted to strike at that little Bear as he had before, but just as he was about to do it he remembered what happened before. This caused him to back away hastily. He wouldn't give that other fellow a chance to pull him in again. When he backed away the other little Bear did the same thing. In a few steps he disappeared. Boxer cautiously stole forward. The other little Bear came to meet him.

If ever there were two puzzled little Bears they were Boxer and Wool-Wool as they tried to get acquainted with their own reflections in the pond of Paddy the Beaver.

The next story: "Boxer Gets a Spanking."



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President's Hopes Of Vacation Vanish Amid Lots of Work

(By United News)

Washington, April 26.—It looks like a hard and hot summer in Washington for President Harding.

Despite the countless offers of "summer white houses" tendered him by solicitous friends from coast to coast, the president has made no plan for moving far from Washington during the annual tourist spurt. Few of the party leaders believe congress will finish its program before September unless the high temperature drives through legislation. Until congress leaves, unless it becomes involved in endless debate over the tariff, the president expects to remain on the job in Washington.