



### PAER FAMILY BUSY AVERTING BIG CURSE

BY RALPH WATSON

"WHAT'RE YOU DOIN' NOW?" T. Paer asked, after he had watched his industrious companion for a few moments, "takin' a correspondence course in something?"

"It's chain letters," Ma answered, scratching steadily on. "I got to write seven of 'em to seven married women."

"Huh," T. Paer grunted, "why have you got to?"

"'Til be cursed if I don't," Ma said without pausing. "I don't like for anybody to send me these things."

"Are you goin' to finish all seven of 'em before dinner?" T. Paer asked seriously.

"Yes," Ma answered, without looking up from the point of her pen. "Why?"

"Because," T. Paer chuckled, "I'm scared you're goin' to be damned, if you do 'nd damned if you don't."

"Hush up," Ma admonished him. "I'll have good luck if I don't break the chain."

"You're liable to have some bad luck if you don't break some eggs or something," T. Paer suggested. "I'm hungry as a hound dog."

"There," Ma sighed after a few minutes. "Thank goodness that's done."

"What is the blamed thing?" T. Paer asked. "I can't see no sense to it."

"It was started on Flanders Field," Ma explained, "nd every body that gets one's got to write to seven married women or they'll have a curse put on 'em."

"Who started it?" T. Paer asked. "nd what did he start it for?"

"I don't know who started it," Ma confessed, "but it's a prayer for our soldiers 'nd sailors."

"Don't it say anything about the marines?" T. Paer asked.

"No," Ma said, "but they ought to be included, it seems to me."

"Maybe the fellow that started it thought that bunch didn't need prayin' for," T. Paer suggested. "Did the fellow that started it write seven letters?"

"Yes," Ma said. "Nd every body that got a letter has to write to seven married women they know."

"What right did that fellow have to write to seven married women in the

first place," T. Paer objected. "He musta been from Utah."

"When our boys was on Flanders Fields they had a right to send letters to who they wanted to," Ma insisted.

"They's a lot of 'em did, anyway," T. Paer grinned. "Anybody'd thought you was 16 years old from the letters you wrote."

"I don't see any harm in the chain," Ma argued, "specially if you don't break it, but it'd be kinda grisley to have a curse hanging over you."

"Have you got to write 'em all to married women?" T. Paer asked.

"That's what it says," Ma answered. "Why?"

"Well," T. Paer said, "I just been figgerin' a little 'nd it can't be done."

"Why can't it?" Ma said. "I wrote to seven of 'em."

"Maybe it could, in time," T. Paer admitted, "but I don't see how."

"Why not?" Ma asked. "All you got to do is think 'nd write."

"I just figgered up to the tenth link," T. Paer said. "nd by that time it'd take 282,375,249 married women to go 'round."

"Ma," Ma exclaimed, "that's a lot of 'em, ain't it?"

"Quite a few," T. Paer conceded. "specially when they ain't but 105,882,108 men, women 'nd children in the United States right now."

"How're they goin' to keep the chain from being broke?" Ma asked in dismay. "Ain't it awful to think of people being cursed just because they run out of married women to write to?"

"Oh, I don't know," T. Paer answered. "Sometimes it just as bad luck to write to 'em as not to."

"By the chain'll be broke," Ma said unhappily. "I should think they'd thought of that before hand."

"Well," T. Paer suggested, "if they'd draft the old maids 'nd widows into service it'd help some."

"It's too bad," Ma said sadly. "Some body's goin' to be unlucky."

"Yes," T. Paer said, "nd they's some that ain't."

"Who?" Ma asked.

"I don't know," T. Paer grinned. "They don't have to be damned if they don't want to."

### BRINGING UP FATHER

(Registered U. S. Patent Office)

By George McManus



### LITTLE JIMMY

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

Quite Likely



### BURGESS' BEDTIME STORIES

Chatterer Has Fun With Boxer

Who does not fear to take a chance? Will make the most of every opportunity. Chatterer the Red Squirrel.

That is Chatterer all over. In all the Green Forest there is no one who appears to so thoroughly enjoy mischief as does Chatterer the Red Squirrel. And there is no one more ready to take a chance when it offers.

It happened that Chatterer discovered Boxer, the runaway little Bear, as he rested and planned what he would do in the Green Forest. Chatterer kept quiet until he was sure that Boxer was alone; that Mother Bear and Wood-woof were nowhere near. When he was sure of this, Chatterer guessed just what had happened. He knew that Boxer had run away. You guess Chatterer is one of the sharpest and shrewdest of all the little people in the Green Forest.

Chatterer grinned. "I believe," said he to himself, "that silly little Bear has run away and is lost. If he isn't lost he ought to be and I'll see to it that he is. Yes, sir, I'll see to it that he is properly lost. This is my chance to get even for the fright he and his sister gave me when they chased me up a tree."

Chatterer once more looked everywhere to make sure no one else was about. Then he lightly jumped over into the tree under which Boxer was sitting. He took care to make no sound. He crept out on a limb directly over Boxer and then he dropped a pine cone. The pine cone hit Boxer right on the end of his nose, and because his nose is rather tender, it hurt. It made the tears come. Then, too, it was so unexpected it started Boxer. "Ouch!" he cried as he sprang to one side and looked up to see where that cone had come from.

When he saw Chatterer grinning down at him Boxer grew very angry. "That was the same fellow who so nearly caught me once in a tree top. This time he would catch him. Down came another cone on Boxer's head."

"Can't catch me! Can't catch me!" taunted Chatterer in the most provoking way.

Boxer growled and started up that tree. "Can't catch a flea! Can't catch me!" cried Chatterer gleefully, and he looked down at Boxer and made faces at him.

He waited until Boxer was half way up that tree, then lightly ran out to the end of a branch and leaped across to a branch of the next tree. From there he

called Boxer all sorts of names and made fun of him until the little Bear was so angry he hardly knew what he was doing. Of course, he couldn't jump across as Chatterer had. He was too big to run out on a branch that way, even had he dared try it. So there was nothing to do but to slide down that tree and climb the next one.

Boxer started down. When he reached the ground he found Chatterer also on the ground. "Can't catch a flea! Can't catch me!" shouted Chatterer, more provokingly than ever.

"I can catch any Red Squirrel that lives," growled Boxer, and jumped at Chatterer. Chatterer dodged and ran, Boxer after him. Around trees and stumps, this way and that way, and the other way, over logs, behind piles of brush, Chatterer led Boxer until the latter was so out of breath he had to stop.

Chatterer chuckled. "I guess that now he is quite properly lost," said he to himself, as he ran up a tree and dropped another cone on Boxer. "I guess I've turned him around so many times he hasn't any idea where home is or anything else, for that matter. I haven't had so much fun for a long time."

He dropped another cone on Boxer and then started off through the tree tops, leaving Boxer all alone.

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

The next story: "Alone and Lost in the Green Forest."

### KRAZY KAT

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Hail to the King!



### JERRY ON THE JOB

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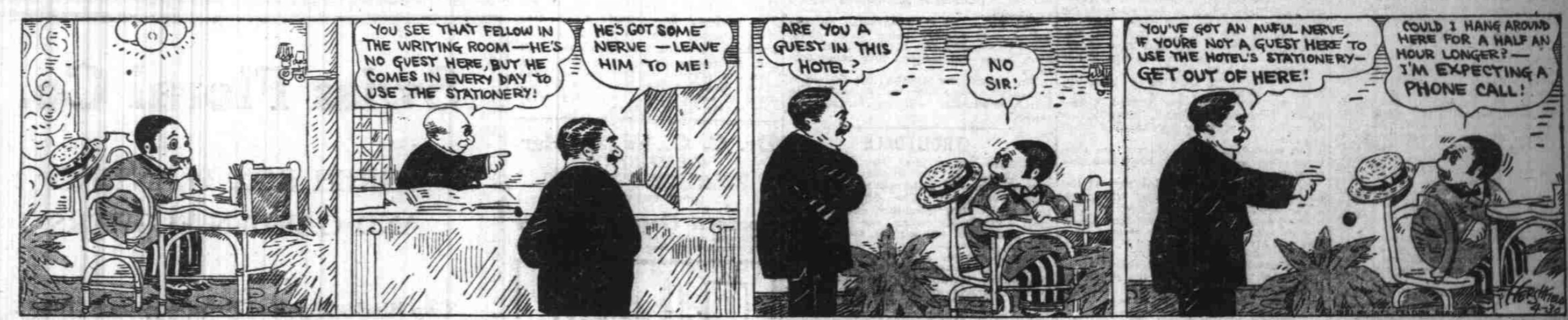
Just a Question of Temperature



### ABIE THE AGENT

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Abie Doesn't Do Things by Halves



### US BOYS

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Skinny's a Wise Guy, Isn't He?



### SPORTS OF ALL SORTS

Seattle, Wash., April 30.—Outfielder Paul Strand and Pitcher Swartz of the Seattle club were sold to Salt Lake today by President Klepper. These two players were offered Portland, but the McCredies declined to accept them.

St. Louis, April 30.—(I. N. S.)—Eddie Roush, center fielder, joined the Cincinnati Reds here today and will play in his first fray of the season this afternoon if Judge K. M. Landis reinstates him for failure to sign his contract within the allotted time. Manager Pat Moran has wired Judge Landis at Chicago.

San Francisco, April 30.—(U. N.)—Miss Dorton Cavanaugh of the Coronado County club today won the women's state golf title in the championship play at the Bosford club from Mrs. R. A. Roos.

### Oregon Aggies Lose Contest to Pullman

Pullman, Wash., April 30.—The Cougars held a merry swatfest Friday, knocking three O. A. C. pitchers out of the box and winning, 15 to 7. Skadan held the Aggies to two runs until the ninth inning, when seven hits and infield errors allowed five more Aggies to score the plate. Rokey and Skadan each got home runs.

Score: R. H. E.  
W. S. C. .... 104 014 32—15 15 7  
O. A. C. .... 119 000 002—2 2 2  
Batteries—Skadan and Bray; Miller, Hughes, Kastberger, McKenna and Gill.

### Penn Oarsmen Race Navy Crew Today

Annapolis, Md., April 30.—(I. N. S.)—Unless there is a decided change in weather conditions the annual regatta between the University of Pennsylvania crews and the Naval academy oarsmen, scheduled to be rowed over the Severn river this afternoon, will be held under adverse circumstances.

A heavy rain that set in last night, continued this morning, accompanied by a stiff breeze. The Middies and the Quakers are old rivals and the meeting has attracted wide attention.

Mr. Hood Soda Water, quality, trusty, fruity, always 5c everywhere.—Adv.

### DANCE SUNDAY NIGHT ON THE SWAN

Given by the Bungalow Orchestra.  
Foot of Yamhill St.—8:30.

### Unchallenged The AMPICO

Hear this "Wonder" piano. Demonstrations every day.  
Knabe Warerooms  
Seventh Floor

### Sipman Wolfe & Co

Girls! Girls!!  
Clear Your Skin  
With Cuticura