

T. PAER DOUBTS THAT OSCAR'S WORTH THE MONEY

BY RALPH WATSON

"It ain't no wonder the high cost of living ain't fell any," T. Paer contended emphatically. "How can it when cooks draw down \$137 a day?"

"Nobody ever heard of a cook getting that much wages," Ma said skeptically. "No restaurant could pay that much 'nd not go broke."

"What does this mean then," T. Paer asked, "when it says a fellow named Tschirky gets \$50,000 a year for cookin' at the Waldorf hotel in New York?"

"Land sakes," Ma exclaimed, "that's almost as much as President Harding gets."

"Well," T. Paer suggested, "maybe it's almost as hard to cook for a lot of drummers all the time as to be president, but it's a whole lot to pay a cook."

"I don't believe anybody can earn that much cooking," Ma insisted. "If they can you sure owe me a lot of money."

"I don't either," T. Paer agreed. "Some people," he added softly, "would be gettin' the best of it if they was cookin' for their board."

"You ain't lookin' at me when you say that are you?" Ma asked suspiciously. "Because if you are," she remarked, "I know one cook that's going to strike."

"Now Ma," T. Paer said, "you know I wouldn't say that of you, not after the way I eat your vittles. But," he concluded diplomatically, "she's a name of your'n though I ain't namin' no names."

"It's safest not to," Ma remarked. "She might hear of it 'nd invite you over for dinner."

"I'm just talkin' between us girls," T. Paer said earnestly, "but I don't see how that Waldorf can stand it to pay its cook \$137 a day."

"It's a awful big place," Ma argued. "I walked past it the time we was back East."

"Maybe it is," T. Paer said, "but it'd take his two bit meals every day just to pay his wages, not countin' the cost of the grub or the wages of the dooks 'nd counts that wait on you."

"They don't have two bit meals at the Waldorf," Ma told him. "You couldn't get a glass of water for that money."

"They may cost more," T. Paer said, "but some one ain't worth the cook that if you'd get 'em at an ordinary beanery."

"I'd like to know what you know about it," Ma scoffed. "You never eat anything there."

"I did too," T. Paer insisted. "Cousin Bob took me in there when I was back that time."

"What was it like," Ma asked.

"Mostly forks 'nd other tools," T. Paer answered. "It seems to me they ought to pay the dishwasher more'n the cook."

"Why?" Ma asked in surprise. "All he has to do is clean things up."

"That's the biggest part of it," T. Paer explained to her. "They bring in a awful of things to eat with 'nd a few dabs of funny lookin' stuff all hid under grena 'nd with curly paper things on 'em."

"But ain't it good?" Ma asked. "I've always heard they had wonderful eats there."

"Maybe it is after you get used to it," T. Paer admitted, "but I'd think you'd get all tired out shiftn' forks 'nd spoons."

"What did you have?" Ma asked.

"I bet you gored yourself," T. Paer grinned. "Not that anybody noticed," T. Paer grinned. "After I left Bob I went to a lunch counter 'nd got a regular meal."

"Why, the idea," Ma exclaimed in astonishment. "What was the matter?"

"Well," T. Paer confessed, "the thing that took our order give me something that looked like the program of some French opera 'nd I just pointed at one line 'nd told him I wanted that."

"What'd he bring you?" Ma asked with some little interest. "I bet it was cooked nice."

"Humph," T. Paer grunted. "I drew a dish of olives."

"What'd Cousin Bob do?" Ma asked.

"I should've thought he'd helped you out."

"He wanted to divide with me," T. Paer said. "But I told him I wasn't eatin' much on account of my stomach."

"What did Bob have?" Ma asked.

"Just a piece of beefsteak," T. Paer said. "nd it didn't look any better'n what you cook either."

"Well," Ma said. "Sometimes I've thought we pay more for the cook than what he cooks at these restaurants 'nd hotels."

"I'll bet a head dollar," T. Paer mused. "What they pay that fellow \$50,000 for's not to cook so much's to make the gobs he gives you look like a square meal."

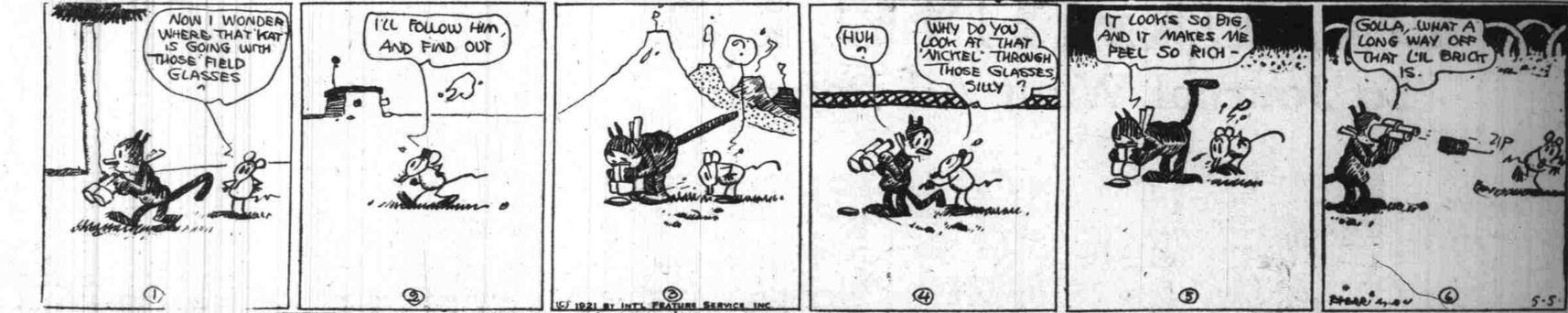
BRINGING UP FATHER



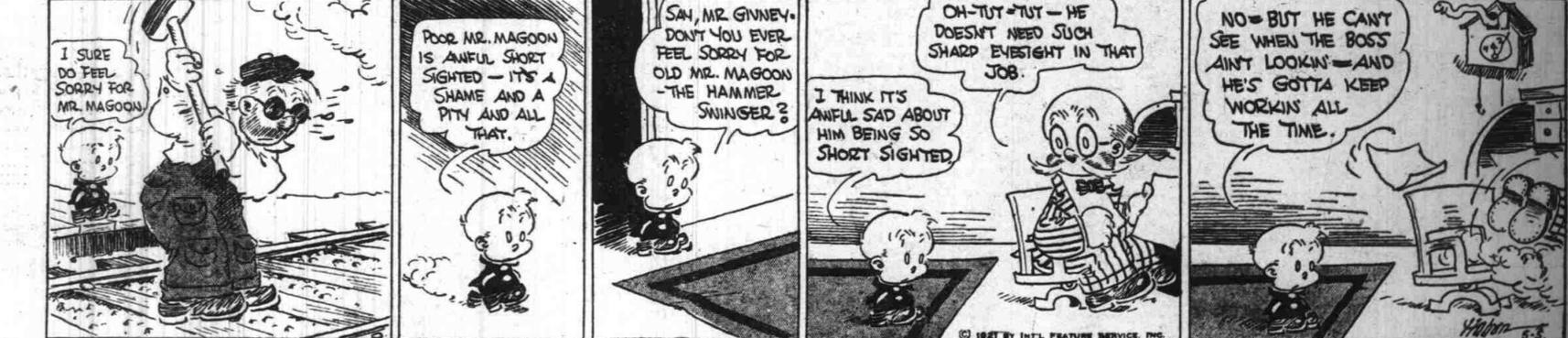
LITTLE JIMMY



KRAZY KAT



JERRY ON THE JOB



ABIE THE AGENT



US BOYS



BURGESS' BEDTIME STORIES

Boxer Becomes Independent

By Thornton W. Burgess

Don't judge a stranger by his looks. Last they should prove to be deceiving. The staid-looking may be smart. In ways almost beyond believing.

HAVING succeeded in getting his own breakfast, and a very good one at that, Boxer felt quite set up, as the saying is. He felt chesty. That is to say, he felt big, self important, independent. For a little cub who had cried most of the night from loneliness and fear, Boxer showed a surprising change. The light of day, a full stomach and the feeling that he was able to take care of himself had made a new Bear of that little cub. Anyway, he felt so and thought so.

"I'm not afraid of anybody or anything," boasted the foolish little Bear to himself, as he wandered along through the Green Forest. "I'm glad I left home. I'm glad I am out in the Great World. I guess I know about all there is in any need of knowing."

As he said this Boxer stood up and swelled himself out and looked so funny that Prickly Porky the Porcupine, who was walking along just then, had to chuckle down inside, and this is something that Prickly Porky seldom does. "That little rascal must have run away from his mother, and he thinks he is smart and knows all there is to know. I don't believe that even Mother Bear could tell him anything just now. She would be wasting her breath. He needs a lesson or two in practical experience. I believe I'll give him one, just for his own good."

There was something almost like a twinkle in Prickly Porky's usually dull eyes, as he slowly waddled straight toward Boxer. Boxer heard the rustle of Prickly Porky's tail dragging through the leaves and turned to see who was coming. What he saw was, of course, the stupidest looking fellow in all the Green Forest.

It was the first time Boxer had seen Prickly Porky and he had no idea who he was. Boxer stood up and stared in the rudest and most impolite manner. He wasn't afraid. The fellow was no bigger than he, and he was too stupid-looking and too slow to be dangerous.

Boxer was standing in a narrow little path and Prickly Porky was coming up the little path straight toward him. One of them would have to step aside for the other. It didn't enter Boxer's head that he should be that one. As Prickly Porky drew near Boxer growled a warning. "It was the best imitation of Mother Bear's deep grumbly, rumbling growl that Boxer could manage. It was hard work for Prickly Porky to keep from laughing right out when he heard it.

"But he acted just as if he didn't hear it. He kept right on. Then he pretended to be Boxer for the first time. "Step aside, little cub, step aside and let me pass," said he.

To be called "little cub," just when he



Bill to Incorporate Disabled Veterans Proposed in Senate

Washington, May 5.—(WASHINGTON BUREAU OF THE JOURNAL).—A bill to incorporate under federal charter the Disabled Veterans of the World War has been introduced in the senate by Pomeroy of Ohio, (Democrat), naming among the incorporators Cedric M. McKenzie and C. M. Haves of Oregon, Oscar R. Johnson of Washington and L. R. Stebbins of Idaho.

The purpose of incorporation is stated to be to uphold the constitution and laws, to work for the betterment of wounded veterans and to that end to cooperate with the federal vocational board, the war risk bureau, the public health service, the Red Cross and other public and private agencies.

Senator McKellar of Tennessee (Democrat) has introduced a bill for national incorporation of the International Association of Rotary Clubs, with Estes Snedeker of Portland as one of the incorporators.

Booth-Kelly Sale Rumor Is Ridiculed

Eugene, Or., May 5.—"I make no attempt at denial. It is too silly to discuss," said A. C. Dixon, manager of the Booth-Kelly Lumber company, when asked as to the truth of the rumor that the Long-Bell Lumber company had bought out the Springfield mill of the Booth-Kelly company. The rumor had gained much force in Springfield and Eugene during Dixon's absence on a business trip in the Southwest.

Grants Pass Home Destroyed by Fire

Grants Pass, May 5.—A spectacular fire destroyed the residence of Rodney A. Calvert, at 3 o'clock Wednesday morning. For some time the adjoining buildings were in danger, but hard work by the firemen saved them. A burning chimney is believed to have been the cause. The loss is estimated at about \$1500.

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