By George McManus



"T SAYS in the paper," Ma remarked frugally, "that they're selling coal ind everything cheap this month."
"Let 'em sell it," T. Faer growled, "them robbers 've got all my money they're goin' to for a while."
"But we've got to have some," Ma insisted, "they ain't more'n a bucketful in the basement."
"What?" Ma asked.
"They could'nt bump each other," T. Paer explained, "because they're the same fellah. But they've got it all figured out why you ought to get your coal before the ice man begins to tap you."
"Why?" Ma asked. "I don't see's it

asement."
"All right, all right," T. Paer conceded, "but I been shovelin' that stuff for nine months now 'nd I'd like to forget it a few

months now 'nd I'd like to forget it a few minits if you'd let me."

"It would'nt hurt you to have it handy," Ma contended. "You don't have to shovel it if you don't need to."

"Maybe not," T. Paer admitted, "but it hurts my back just to know it's there." "Besides," he added, "It makes me mad for the coal man to give me the horse laugh when he delivers it."

"Yes," T. Paer objected, "ind spend all next winter luggin' ashes 'nd blowin' dust out'n my nose."

"Well then order some slab wood," Ma directed. "I don't care what you get so long's you get something."

"I don't want any slabwood," T. Paer demurred, "I'm full of splinters yet from what we had."

"For mercy sakes." Ma exclaimed, "is

"Why would be give you the horse laugh?" Ma asked. "They're all urging everybody to buy it now while it's

they put the coal in the basement winporch."
"Yes," T. Paer grunted, ""nd they's another reason better'n that."

"But we've got to have some." Ma insisted, "they ain't more n a bucketful in the basement."

"You don't need it." T. Paer argued, "Its summer ain't it?"

"It may be on the calendar." Ma admitted, "but I ain't so sure of it in the house."

"Well, wear a sweater mornings." T. Paer advised. "Besides." he suggested. "It would'nt be so cold if you'd move about a little bit."

"Move about," Ma flared. "I would'nt need any coal either if I did'nt have anything to do but sit on the sunny side of the barn."

"You was just savin' they was'nt any "But them gas ones we had made a

"You was just sayin' they was'nt any sun," T. Paer reminded her. "How can I sit in it if it ain't?"

"But them gas ones we had made a swful hot fire," Ma insisted, "'nd you don't have to fuss with any ashes." "I don't care how you do it," Ma said, "No," T. Paer said, "maybe you don't, "what I want's something to burn in the basement."

the kitchen floor."
"Then get the coal kind," Ma suggested, "they burn fine."
"Yes," T. Paer objected, "'nd spend

"For mercy sakes," Ma exclaimed, "is they anything you would like to burn?"
"No," T. Paer answered testily, "I'm
tired of the doggonned furnace 'nd everything you put in it."
"What're we going to do?" Ma de-

"Sure they are," T. Paer agreed with her. "'Nd they got a blamed good reason for it too."

"What?" Ms asked. "They're trying to help us save money ain't they?"

"Not on your life," T. Paer grumbled, "they're just tryin' to fix it so the coal man comin' in won't bump into the ice man goin' out."

"They would'int do that," Ms argued, "they trut the coal in the basement win-" warm."

"they trut the coal in the basement win-" warm."

"Men're strange animals," Ma sighed

"they'd provoke a saint."
"You're fight," T. Paer agreed, "specially if you're talkin about coal men."









LITTLE JIMMY

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Looks Like War Is Declared

-KICKED BACKWARD ON ME

TOES





KRAZY KAT

By Thornton W. Burgess

THIS is one of the first laws of life all through the Green Forest and all over the Green Meadows. And it is one of the hardest of all the rules for the children of the Green Forest and the Green Meadows to obey, and for some of the older folk, too, for that matter. This is because of curlosity. Anything new, anything seen for the first time. awakens curiosity, and curiosity leads many little people and some big ones into great trouble or danger by urging

Mother Bear had done her best to make, the twins understand this. Over and over she had charged them never to go near a thing until they had found out all about it. But often the twins forgot, as children will. Or sometimes they thought they knew all about a thing when they didn't. That is a mistake often made by those old enough to know better. know better.

One day Mother Bear left them for a little while to play on a ledge of rocks, the very ledge in which their father, Buster Bear, had spent the winter, They liked to play there. It was great fun to climb about over the recks, to hunt for little caves and to play hide and

They had been playing for some time when they happened to approach a spot on which jolly, round, bright Mr. Sun was shining his broadest. As they drew hear this spot Boxer's quick ears caught a strange sound. Instantly he stopped, with his head cocked to one side, that he might listen better. Woof-Woof stopped and did the same thing, just because Boxer was doing it. Then she also heard that queer sound. It was a sharp whirring sound. and somehow those two little Bears didn't like it.

began again.
"What do you suppose makes it?"
asked Woof-Woof.



What Do You Suppose Makes It? Asked Woof-Woof.

"I haven't the least idea," replied Boxer. "It sounds to me sort of ugly." "You can't tell anything by sound,"

said Woof-Woof. "Oh, yes, you can!" retorted Buster You can tell a great deal by sound. You know well enough by the sound of Mother Bear's voice when she is angry.

You know you do." Woof-Woof grinned, "Well," said she,

Since his experience with Prickly Porky the Porcupine and his experience with Jimmy Skunk, which you know all about, Boxer had grown cautious. Somehow it seemed like a warning. For a minute or two they stood perfectly still listening. The queer sound stopped. But the instant one of them moved it began again.

The difference of them moved it began again.

The difference of them moved it is began again.

"Fraidy! Fraidy!" taunted Woof-Woof. "You're afraid, Boxer Bear. That's what's the matter with you-you're afraid!"

Now, Boxer didn't like that. No lit-tle Bear would. Besides, if the truth told, his curlosity was just as great Woof-Woof's. He wanted to know what that queer whirr in the rocks meant and what made it. So Boxer joined Woof-Woof in hunting for the maker of the queer sound. (Copyright, 1921, by T. W. Burgess.)

The next story: "The Twins Find

Class of 44 Will Receive Diplomas At Pendleton High

Pendleton, May 19.—Dr. W. T. Me-Elveen, pastor of the First Congregational church of Portland, will deliver the commencement address to the grad-uating class of Pendleton high school,

The class comprises 44 students, 26 girls and 18 boys, and as a whole has girls and 18 boys, and as a whole has been unusually high in scholarship, according to Principal Austin Landredth. Practically all the graduates have expressed the intention of continuing work in some Western college, he said.

Commencement exercises include class day, May 27, and baccalaureate, Sunday, May 29. Rev. George L. Clark, nester.

May 29. Rev. George L. Clark, pastor of the First Presbyterian church of Pendleton will deliver the baccalaureate ser-

mon.

The memebrs of the class are: John Beckwith, Helen Blake, Thelma Blanchette, Grace Blanchette, Nellie Bruce, Mary Chisholm, Mary Clarke, Perry Davis, Evalyn Davis, William Deherty, Nellie Eldrigage, Katherine Grandhodm, Harold Goedecke, John Henderson, Ethelyn Harsman, Ivan Houser, Mabel Hudson, Carmen Jones, Blaine Kennedy, Edith Laing, Tottie Laing, Hilda Lorenzen, Alberta McMonies, Marjorie McMonies, Lucius Matthewson, Uetel's Mills, Daphne Mohlstrom, Geraldine Morrison, Harry Mytinger, Sam Oliver, Nellie Oliver, Genevieve Phelps, Meldred Roger's, Davis Swanson, Lois Swaggart, John Saunders, John Simpson, Glibert Struve, Lee Temple, Jens Torgeson, Lawrence Warner, Helen Williams and Donald Woodworth.













JERRY ON THE JOB

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OH-TUT TUT = THINK HEY - THIS TRICK OF THE WORDS OF HARD = NOW WHAT IS IT roping up a finger is THE STAR YOU WANT TO REMEMBER A LOT OF BUNK =







ABIE THE AGENT

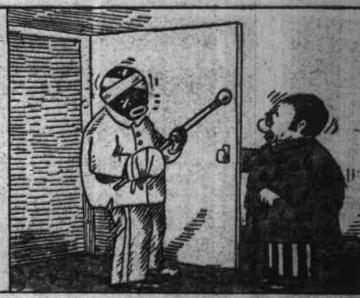
OY VAY, WHAT A NIGHT-I DOMA ENEW KNOW HOM I GOL HOME EVEN! EFTER THIS, I DON'T CARE WHOSE PARTY IT IS -NO MORE FROM THIS











US BOYS

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