

### T PAER AND WAFFLES

By RALPH WATSON

"SAT!" T. Paer exclaimed suddenly out of the silence of his reverie. "I got a notion—"

"No wonder you scared me," Ma said, sinking back into her chair. "It's so odd you get one you ought to break it on me gradually."

"I don't 'spose," T. Paer sighed resignedly. "I'd ever get to finish a sentence if I lived to be a hundred."

"Well," Ma smiled, "what's the use of waiting. If you've got something to say I know what it is before you're half through."

"Maybe you do," T. Paer retorted, "but don't you 'spose a fellow ever likes to finish anything he starts?"

"I expect," Ma admitted, "but how about the other fellow that's always waiting for you to get done ramblin' 'round Robin Hood's barn?"

"All right," T. Paer promised, "after this you can do all the talking 'nd I'll just set still 'nd make the gestures."

"When ever you don't say anything for more'n a hour I'll send for the doctor," Ma answered cheerfully. "What's the notion you got so sudden."

"I didn't get it sudden," T. Paer answered. "I got it last Monday."

"Well!" Ma said patiently. "Are you going to tell it or ain't you?"

"I thought you always knew what I was going to say before I said it," T. Paer grinned. "What's the use of my wastin' your time?"

"If you want to be stubborn, be it," Ma observed, gathering up the darning from her lap.

"I was just goin' to say," T. Paer began again, "I saw one of them waffle things down at the second hand store 'nd I've got a notion to buy it."

"Well," Ma flared, "is anything the matter with the pancakes I been bakin' for you?"

"Lord, no," T. Paer said hastily. "Just thought maybe you was tired of bakin' the same thing all the time."

"Well, I ain't going to have any second hand waffle irons in this house," Ma declared. "You've done very well on pancakes for 30 years, 'nd I ain't going to start all over now."

"I thought you could kinda experiment on the second hand ones," T. Paer suggested timidly, "nd if you liked 'em we'd get some of them new fangled electric ones."

"It ain't that I'm afraid I can't bake 'em," Ma said crisply, "just as good as anybody," she added fixing him with a level eye.

"Don't think I'm suggestin' such a thing for a minit," T. Paer pleaded diplomatically. "Anybody that can bake flapjacks like you could build waffles all right."

"Then why're you howling for 'em all of a sudden?" Ma demanded. "Besides," she charged, "you made a perfect plat of yourself the other day."

"That's just it," T. Paer contended energetically, "when you eat waffles it looks like you was eatin' a mountain of 'em 'nd you ain't."

"I saw the mountain you eat," Ma answered, "nd everybody musas thought you'd been starved at home for a month."

"Well, the trouble with you is you don't think," T. Paer argued. "If you eat a dozen waffles half of 'em's holes ain't they?"

"They got dents in 'em," Ma admitted, "but what of it?"

"They's this in it," T. Paer insisted, "If you'd put as many dents in a dozen flapjacks how many'd you have?"

"My pancakes don't have dents in 'em," Ma answered. "If they did they wouldn't be fit to eat."

"I ain't insinuatn' they do," T. Paer persisted, "but if they did what'd happen?"

"I'd feed 'em to the chickens," Ma informed him. "I certainly wouldn't feed 'em to a human."

"Maybe you would," T. Paer said, "but they'd be two dozen that the chickens'd get wouldn't they?"

"I don't see why," Ma said. "If I only baked a dozen I don't see how the chickens got twice as many."

"Because," T. Paer answered, "Half of 'em'd be dents wouldn't they?"

"Well, if they was," Ma asked, "what's the use of eatin' two dozen waffles to get the same food that's in a dozen pancakes?"

"Why?" T. Paer answered craftily, "when one bite of your flapjacks 's good as it is, can you blame me for wantin' to double the bites when I got the limited capacity I have?"

"But it's funny to me," Ma said, only half mollified, "that you got this waffle habit so sudden."

"If a fellow ever takes one shot of hop," T. Paer grinned, "he's a goner."

### BRINGING UP FATHER

(Registered, U. S. Patent Office.)

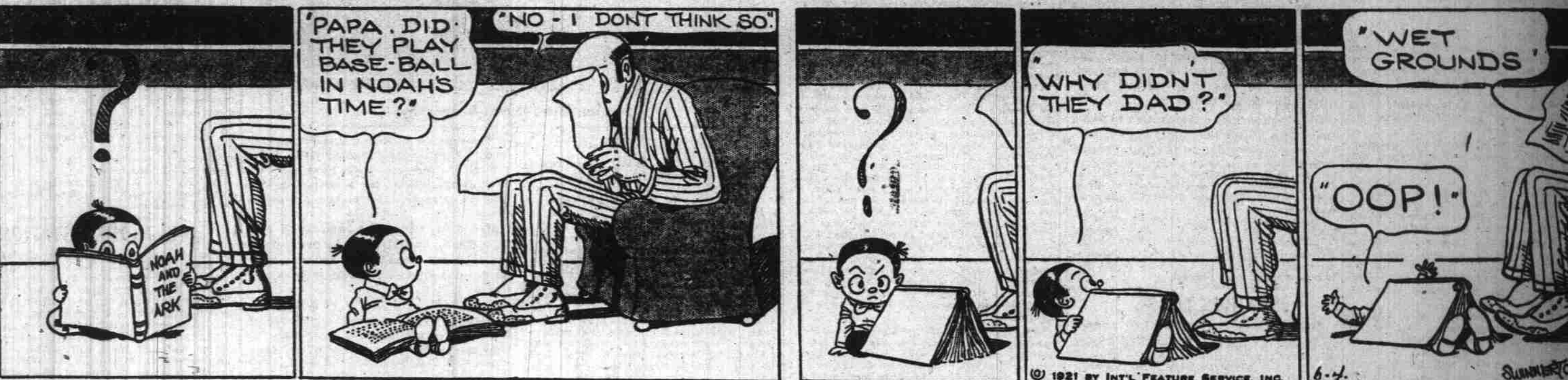
By George McManus



### LITTLE JIMMY

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

A Good Guess



### KRAZY KAT

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

Ignatz Drops His Card



### JERRY ON THE JOB

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

Mr. Givney Never Took a Lesson in His Life



### ABIE THE AGENT

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

That's Rubbing It In



### US BOYS

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

But Wait Till Shrimp Gets the Ice Cream



### BURGESS' BEDTIME STORIES

Mother Bear Arrives

By Thornton W. Burgess

When mother comes, ah, who shall fear? Mother I let no bars come - The Twins.

Boxer and Wolf-woof, the twin cubs of Buster Bear, fairly shook inside their little black skins as they stared at the fierce yellow eyes staring at them from under a big windfall. They were too frightened to run and afraid to stay. Now, wasn't that a dreadful situation!

They hadn't the least idea whose eyes those were glaring at them, unblinking, fierce, terrible. But they knew the owner of them had followed them and they felt that anyone who would dare to follow them, the children of Buster and Mother-Bear, must be a terrible person. You see, they were used to having nearly everybody run from them, or, at least, keep a safe distance. This was a new experience, and it sent little cold chills of fear chasing up and down their backbones.

"I want my mother," whimpered Wolf-woof under her breath, and Boxer wanted her, too, though he wouldn't say so. They felt that if only Mother Bear would come all would be well and there would be nothing to fear.

A stick snapped behind them. The little bears jumped and their hearts seemed to come right up in their throats with fright. Could this be another enemy stealing up behind them?

"Woof, woof," said a deep, grumbly, rumbling voice as they turned. Two little squeals answered and two little bears rushed headlong to meet Mother Bear, for it was she coming to see what they were about. In less time than you could draw a breath those two little bears were behind Mother Bear and crowding as close to her as they could get.

Mother Bear stopped. She looked surprised. She sat up and stared all about and way down in her throat an ugly growl rumbled. She didn't have to be told that those cubs were frightened almost out of their wits and she was looking for the cause. But though she looked and looked she saw nothing to cause them such fright, and though she sniffed and sniffed she smelled no enemy. You see, there wasn't a single Merry Little Breeze moving to bring her any scent.

"Well," she demanded in a deep voice, "what is the matter with you? What are you two sily cubs afraid of?"

"It-it-it's over there," chattered Boxer, pointing to the big pile of fallen trees.

"What's over there?" persisted Mother Bear, growling hard at the windfall. "The thing with the terrible eyes," whimpered Wolf-woof, and tried to crowd closer to Mother Bear. "I don't see any terrible eyes," growled Mother Bear.

"Under that big tree trunk," whispered Boxer.

Mother Bear looked. Nothing was to be seen under the big tree trunk. "There is nothing there, you sily little cubs," she growled.

"Sure enough, those terrible eyes were no longer to be seen. "But they were there," insisted Boxer. "The fiercest eyes I've ever seen." The he told Mother Bear all about how they had felt they were being followed but had seen no one until, just before they had seen those dreadful eyes glaring at them, Wolf-woof had thought she saw something move over there.

Mother Bear listened and looked thoughtful. Then she grinned, but it wasn't a pleasant grin. "If you really were followed by someone, it was someone with big feet padded to make no noise, and it was someone who is a coward. I think we will see who is under that old windfall. You stay right here, and watch."

Mother Bear started toward the big windfall.

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

The next story: "The Coward."

### Conference on Baby Health to Be Held

Grants Pass, Or., June 4.—A baby health conference under the direction of the home demonstration agent, and a nurse, will be opened at River Banks Farms next week. These ranches constitute almost a village in itself as there are 22 families with 39 children at present living there. Six years is the age limit for the baby clinic and there are 21 children under that age. Eight of the 14 babies of two years and under were born while their parents were living on the ranch, two this year, four last year and one each of the two years preceding.

### New Requests for Water Rates Made To State Engineer

Salem, June 4.—Application for permission to appropriate water from Little and Big Wild Horse creeks, Dry gulch and Fish river for the irrigation of 293 acres in Harney county has been filed with State Engineer Cupper by E. F. Seaward of Denio.

Other applications for water rights have been filed with the state engineer's office as follows:

By A. M. Dailey of Myrtle Creek, water from Bigler creek for the irrigation of a three-acre tract in Douglas county.

By D. Penrod and Jessie M. Penrod of Harford, Or., three second-foot water and sewage water from the Big Flat ditch for the irrigation of 130 acres in Baker county.

By E. S. Denio of Denio, 243 second-foot of water from Cottonwood and Dry creeks for the irrigation of 210 acres in Harney county.

By C. S. Fennell of Paisley, 73 second-foot from the Chawwascan river for developing 82 horsepower in Lake county.

By Martin Koenig of Gargbill, water from Cannery creek, in Tillamook county for a domestic water supply.

By John William Jennings of Baker City, two second-foot of water from Baker or Jennings creek, tributary to Kitches river, for a domestic supply and for use in a cheese factory.

### DANCE SUNDAY NIGHT!

ON THE SWAN—the Open Air Boat Given by the Bungalow Orchestra. Leaves Taylor Street 8:15. Main 4745.

### Resinol

For babies tortured by teething or a stomach rash, etc. there is immediate relief in a jar of Resinol Ointment. No smarting or stinging when applied. Gives just the cooling touch to produce comfort and sleep. Sold in two sizes by all druggists.