

WANTED

BY RALPH WATSON

T. PAER looked up from the large blue sheet of paper he was industriously studying and fixed his placid, bespectacled eyes on the man who stood before him.

"Are you goin' to mark your ballot or ain't you?" he asked. "I brought a sample home for you to use."

"I guess," Ma asked with offended dignity. "I can wait to mark it 'till I want to, can't I?"

"Of course," T. Paer conceded, "you can do what you want to when you want to, but I thought maybe you wanted to talk about some of the measures."

"My mind's made up," Ma answered calmly. "I ain't goin' to get in any argument about it either."

"Who's tryin' to argue," T. Paer demanded. "I ain't said anything about arguin', have I?"

"No," Ma answered, "but I ain't going to vote the way you are 'nd they's no use talking about the election at all."

"All right," T. Paer grinned, "but I kinda thought maybe I'd want to ask some advice of you."

"I'm not going to answer any questions either," Ma retorted. "I know what you're tryin' to start."

"Very well," T. Paer said reluctantly, "when're you goin' to vote?"

"Some time before eight tonight," Ma answered evasively. "I ain't in any hurry."

"You never are unless you want me to do something," T. Paer grunted. "I thought I'd wait 'nd walk over to the polls with you."

"They ain't any need of it," Ma said. "I may go shopping 'nd stop on my way home."

"Say?" T. Paer asked suddenly, "did you get your registration changed since we moved?"

"Why," Ma said in surprise, "I was sworn in over here last election."

"Well, for the love of Mike," T. Paer said, disgustedly, "I told you a hundred times you'd have to do it."

"I been busy," Ma said, "nd I don't know's I want to vote anyway."

"You're goin' to," T. Paer insisted heatedly. "Do you want to get around 'nd let us be et up with taxes 'nd never raise any holler while we'll do any good?"

"No I don't," Ma answered, "nd if you're going to get all het up about it I'll go get sworn in over again."

"That's more like it," T. Paer told her. "How're you goin' to vote about giving the legislators more days 'nd money up at Salem?"

"I don't think they get time enough," Ma answered, "nd you're always hollerin' that three dollars ain't a day's wages any more."

BRINGING UP FATHER

(Registered U. S. Patent Office.)

By George McManus

QUICK - GO TO THE DOOR HERE COMES MR. TENNIS - THE SOCIAL LEADER - I'VE ALWAYS WANTED TO MEET HIM - I WONDER WHAT HE WANTS?

OH! PARDON ME - I THOUGHT MR. SMITH LIVED HERE - I JUST NOTICE ON HIS CARD THAT HE LIVES ON THE NEXT BLOCK - MY ERROR - I'M SORRY - SIR!

WHAT DID HE HAVE TO SAY?

OH! HE WANTS ME TO JOIN HIS CLUB - WHAT DO YOU THINK ABOUT IT?

THINK ABOUT IT? IT'S THE DREAM OF MY LIFE TO HAVE YOU GET IN WITH HIM!

I'M TO MEET HIM TONIGHT - SO I GUESS I'LL GET READY TO GO OUT NOW.

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LITTLE JIMMY

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Jimmy Adds Another Chapter to the Lesson

LISSUN, JIM DO YOU BELIEVE IN WHAT OUR SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHER TOLD US ABOUT IF ANOTHER GUY SOAKED YOU ON ONE JAW - YUDDORTER TURN THE OTHER ONE FOR HIM TO SOAK?

"ER-YE-E-EAH"

"OOH, GOODIE!"

BUT LISSUN - WHEN HE'D SOAKED BOTH OF 'EM -

"I'D WALLOP HIM A COUPLA BUSTERS RIGHT ON HIS NOSE!"

"AW - TH' TEACHER DIDN'T SAY NUTHIN' LIKE THAT."

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KRAZY KAT

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Can't Fool Krazy

OOO - LOOKS LIKE RAIN.

GOLLEE ALSO WIND.

BUT IT CAN'T STOP ME.

DAW-GUWWA, WIND YOU'VE MET YOUR EQUAL -

HEY, DON'T YOU KNOW THE STORM IS OVER?

YEH?

LIL JESTA HE WILL HAVE HIS JOKE.

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JERRY ON THE JOB

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Please Pass the String to Mr. Givney

WELL - WHAT'S THE PLOT OF THE ROPE ON THE FINGER?

I'M SUPPOSED TO REMEMBER SOMETHING, BUT I CAN'T THINK WHAT IT IS.

OH, I GOT IT!! I PUT THIS HANSEK ON THE FIST TO MAKE ME REMEMBER TO MAIL A LETTER FOR YOU.

POO - YOU DUMBELL - SO YOU'VE GOTTA TIE UP A FINGER TO REMEMBER SUCH TRIFLES - DID YOU MAIL IT?

UH - NO SIR -

YOU FORGOT TO GIVE IT TO ME.

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ABIE THE AGENT

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More Chance of Getting It That Way

JAKE OWES ME THE \$50 LONG ENOUGH ALREADY - HE GOT TO GIVE IT TO ME, THAT'S ALL!

LISTEN, JAKE, I WANT MY \$50.

I AIN'T GOT A CENT, ABE, BUT I'LL GET YOU THE FIFTY - COME WITH ME!

WELL, THERE'S OLD MEYERFELD - I'LL TACKLE HIM!

I'M SORRY, JAKE, BUT I AIN'T GOT \$50.

LISTEN, JAKE, I'LL GO AROUND WITH YOU TOMORROW, ALSO - BUT TODAY, MABE IT'S BETTER YOU SHOULD ONLY ASK FOR \$25.

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US BOYS

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It's Possible That Shrimp May Soften

GOSH I'M SMART! - I BULLED SKINNY INTO PAINTIN' SIGNS ALL OVER TOWN - WONDER HOW HE DONE IT SO QUICK!

ROPE? TURNED WHILE YOU WAIT BY HAND - 1 PIN 10 TURNS UNITED STATES ROPE TURNING COMPANY S. F. FINN, GEN. MGR.

SAY, WHAT'S ALL THIS ABOUT?

ROPE? YOU'LL PLAN TO - COME TO -

I HAD MY MIND ALL MADE UP TO MAKE YOU SUPERINTENDENT OF MY COMPANY, BUT YOU'RE SO SLOW!

GEE WHIZZ, I PAINTED TWENTY TWO SIGNS TO-DAY ALREADY!

WELL, OF COURSE, YOU SEE, YOU AIN'T GOT NO ROPE, AND -

WELL, I CAN GET ONE, MAYBE, I BET - GEE WHIZZ, GIVE A FELLER A CHANCE.

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BURGESS' BEDTIME STORIES

Mother Bear Becomes Uneasy

By Thornton W. Burgess

An Mr. Boxer, it is clear, is he who says he knows no fear.

MORE and more were the twins growing to feel that there was nothing in all the Great World for them to fear. The poison people of the Snake family they could keep out of the way of, so there was no one and nothing for them to fear. At least, that is the way they felt about it until they told each other, though for some reason or other they never allowed Mother Bear to overhear them say such a thing.

Perhaps they felt this way because they were just at that age where they thought they knew all there was to know and so felt very much bigger and more important than they were. Perhaps it was because Mother Bear never showed fear of anything, so they had come to believe that there was nothing for Bears to be afraid of.

"Mother Bear isn't afraid of a single thing in all the Great World," declared Woof-Woof one morning as the twins rested after a wrestling match.

"And I don't suppose that big black Bear she says is our father is afraid of anything in all the Great World, not a single thing," added Boxer. Of course, he meant Buster Bear, the twin he hated.

"Excepting Mother Bear," Woof-Woof reminded him.

"That's so," admitted Boxer, remembering how Buster Bear had run from Mother Bear the time he had chased the twins up a tree, not knowing they were his own children.

"What is it?" ventured Boxer at last, as Mother Bear again stood up and sniffed.

"It would give me a funny feeling all over to see Mother Bear afraid of anything," continued Woof-Woof. "I can't imagine her afraid of a single thing, not one. Why, when we are with her I just know that nothing can happen to us, no matter if we aren't grown up yet."

It was that very afternoon that Woof-Woof noticed Mother Bear acting queerly. At least it seemed that way to Woof-Woof and to Boxer, too. They didn't know just what to make of it, for they hadn't seen her act that way before. The twins had been hunting wild strawberries along the edge of the Old Pasture where it joins the Green Forest. Mother Bear had been sitting down watching them. Suddenly she put her head up and sniffed long and hard. Then she stood up on her hind feet and sniffed. For what seemed to the twins ever and ever so long she stood there sniffing the air and her face looked as if she smelled something she didn't like.

"Of course," the twins did exactly as Mother Bear was doing, but though they sniffed up their funny little noses and sniffed and sniffed they couldn't smell anything unusual. Presently Mother Bear dropped down and began to shuffle about uneasily. Every few minutes she would put her head up and sniff, and her face wore a worried look. Two or three times she stood up as at first. Then when she dropped down to all fours she walked about in that same uneasy manner.

The twins forgot all about strawberries. It was plain that something was making her very uneasy, and so they became uneasy. A queer feeling very like fear crept over them. They couldn't think of anything to be afraid of, but because Mother Bear, who never feared anything, seemed worried, they felt strangely anxious way down inside. So they kept close to Mother Bear's heels.

"What is it?" ventured Boxer at last as Mother Bear again stood up and sniffed.

"Nothing," growled Mother Bear way down deep in her throat. "I think we'll go back in the Green Forest."

"There is something," whispered Boxer to Woof-Woof, as the two snuffled along at Mother Bear's heels. "She is worried about something. I wonder what it can be." But he didn't venture to ask again.

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


The next story: "A Great Fear Spreads."

Milk, the finest food in the world, comes to you pure and doubly rich in handy tins labeled Alpine Milk.

All the good of the finest western milk is kept for you in those tins, always ready to add a delicious richness to all milk dishes.

Use it in cooking, on cereal, and in tea and coffee, too.

Ask your grocer for



ALPINE MILK

OREGON MILK

Resinol

Brings a smile of relief as soon as it touches that itchy, irritated skin. Save yourself hours of irritation by keeping a jar on hand. Cool, soothing, and so nearly flesh color it hardly shows at all. Your druggist sells it. Ask for it.

Engineers Indorse Soldiers' Bonus

Indorsement of the soldiers' bonus bill to be voted on at the special election Tuesday, and of the measure vacating certain Portland streets to facilitate terminal development, were voted Monday by the executive board of the American Association of Engineers, Oregon chapter. The board, meeting in the association rooms in the Tilford building, debated both measures and unqualifiedly approved them as worthy of the support of the membership, comprising a great many of the state's leading engineers.