

IN THE WAKE OF THE VOTES

BY RALPH WATSON

"WELL," T. Paer remarked as he laid the late election returns to one side and puffed contentedly on his pipe, "I wonder what them bankers think about us common people now?"

"Probably," Ma remarked easily, "they ain't seen nothing to change their minds much."

"Maybe not," T. Paer answered, "but we ain't such blamed fools as we look when it comes to puttin' our votes in the box."

"I don't know whether you ain't or not," Ma remarked, "I don't want to serve on no jury 'nd I ain't goin' to."

"They ain't much danger," T. Paer grinned. "Any lawyer that'd ask you half a dozen questions would fire you off if he was a good one."

"Why would he?" Ma asked bridling. "If I ain't got more sense than some jurors I've seen, Lord help the jury system."

"I know you're awful smart," T. Paer admitted, "but," he added, "you're so blamed contrary you'd hang up the other 11 just out of habit."

"I ain't contrary when the other fellow's right," Ma responded, "but I don't aim to have anything shoved down my throat just because someone else wants it."

"But say," T. Paer chuckled, veering away from a dangerous argument, "didn't they allow any county bonds that \$200,000 bond business? I bet them fellows're so hot they need a whole new fire department to cool 'em off."

"I guess," Ma answered, "the people're kind tired of pugging up every time the commissioners want more money to spend."

"They're goin' to get the boys back to normalcy," T. Paer grinned. "From now on if their shoes're too little they'll have to trim their feet any more. They take a wallop at it every chance they get."

"I ain't thought of that," Ma answered. "What makes you think so?"

"Why," T. Paer explained, "look how they swatted that amendment to give 'em a 60-day session 'nd pay 'em \$5 a day, 'nd then they turned around and

BRINGING UP FATHER

(Registered U. S. Patent Office.)

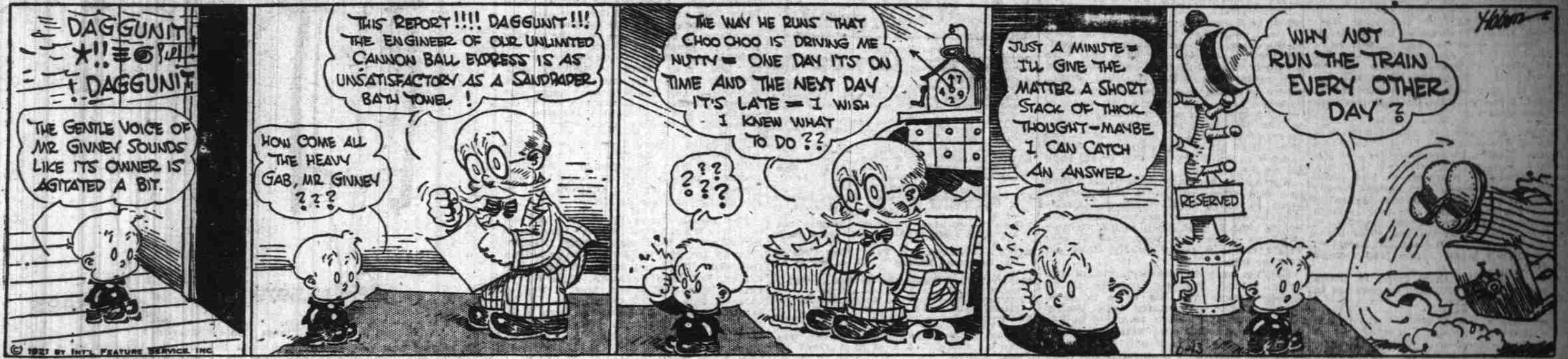
By George McManus



JERRY ON THE JOB

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The Trouble Adjusted



LITTLE JIMMY

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The Observant Young Man



BURGESS' BEDTIME STORIES

King Eagle's Story

By Thornton W. Burgess

A moment's carelessness may end what all of time may never mend.

— King Eagle.

"TELL us about the Man who started the Red Terror on the Great Mountain," begged Bobby Coon of King Eagle, sitting on a branch of a tall, dead tree near the pond of Paddy the Beaver.

"Why did he do such a dreadful thing? Those two-legged creatures called Men are the most awful creatures. They do the worst things. Every fall they hunt me, when I haven't done a thing to them. And they seem to think it is fun to try to kill me."

"Yes, and some of them set traps, and that is the most unfair thing I know of," spoke up Billy Mink.

"Farmer Brown doesn't, and he doesn't let anybody else do either of those things if he can help it," spoke up Chatterer the Red Squirrel. "I don't believe he would start the Red Terror. Did that Man do it purposely, King Eagle?"

"I don't think he did," replied King Eagle, shaking his snowy-white head. "But it is just as bad. I was sailing round and round way up in the air above the Great Mountain. You know I have very good eyes."

"Wonderful eyes," interrupted Sammy Jay.

"And I saw a Man way down near the foot of the Great Mountain," continued King Eagle, just as if he hadn't been interrupted. "He was walking along a little path. By and by he stopped and put something in his mouth and then he took a tiny stick and struck the end of it on a stone and the Red Terror sprang up on the end of that tiny stick and he touched the thing in his mouth with the Red Terror. Then he threw the tiny stick down the path and didn't once look to see where it fell. I guess he thought there was no longer any Red Terror on the end of that tiny stick."

"But he didn't look to see. He didn't even look to see where that tiny stick fell. But I saw where it fell. It fell in some dry leaves. A few minutes later I saw the breath of the Red Terror rising from those leaves and then the Red Terror itself. It ate up those leaves and then jumped to the leaves beside the path. It ate faster and faster and the faster it ate the greater the Red Terror grew. It began to climb the trees, and in a short time it was racing up a side of the Great Mountain as fast as Lightfoot the Deer can run."

"It was then that the Man discovered it. I saw him stop and look behind him. Then he began to run, and he ran away from the Red Terror, although the Red Terror was not running toward him. He ran as if he wanted to get away from there without being seen by other Men. I know, for I saw it all, looking down from high up

KRAZY KAT

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Krazy Becomes Krazier



ABIE THE AGENT

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Meyer Can Look Ahead All Right



Millionaire Idaho Mine Owner Dead

Wallace, Idaho, June 12.—James Callahan, millionaire mining man, original discoverer of the Callahan zinc lead mine, died here Sunday following a stroke of paralysis.

A pneumatic hammer has been designed for breaking pig iron and castings for remelting.

"You Save Money" says the Good Judge

And get more genuine chewing satisfaction, when you use this class of tobacco.

This is because the full, rich, real tobacco taste lasts so long, you don't need a fresh chew nearly as often.

And a small chew gives more real satisfaction than a big chew of the ordinary kind ever did.

Any man who uses the Real Tobacco Chew will tell you that.

Put up in two styles

W-B CUT is a long fine-cut tobacco
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US BOYS

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Now Skinny Is Satisfied

