

NEUTRAL ALIENS

BY RALPH WATSON

By Ralph Watson
 "WELL, I'll be—" T. Paer began with a rising and expressive emphasis.
 "You certainly will," you finish that sentence," Ma observed caustically. "I'm not going to listen to that kind of language."
 "They ain't no other kind that'll do," T. Paer retorted. "I don't see what we fought the war for if they keep this up."
 "What's the matter now?" Ma asked. "You're always getting an awful shock every time you pick up a paper."
 "Oh, they're nothing the matter," T. Paer said ironically. "Every thing's fine and dandy for slanders 'nd spies 'nd everybody but the fellich's that're sleepin' over in France."
 "What's excited you?" Ma insisted. "You're all het up."
 "Nothin's excited me," T. Paer said calmly. "I'm just waitin' till Kaiser Bill gets ready to escape from Holland and come over 'nd take out his citizenship papers 'nd get a job in the naturalization service or the department of justice."
 "What're you talkin' about?" Ma exclaimed. "They'd never let the Kaiser come to this country let alone being admitted to citizenship."
 "They wouldn't," wouldn't they?" T. Paer asked. "I look 'em over 'nd keep 'em out after what they done with all the other enemy aliens that bucked the government durin' the war, don't it?"
 "What've they done now?" Ma asked. "It must have been something awful the way you're hollerin' about it."
 "They ain't done nothin'," T. Paer replied, "except to tell all the naturalization department men to let all the Germans 'nd Austrians that refused to fight for America be citizens if they want to."
 "I can't believe that," Ma exclaimed. "Why, mercy," she added. "Those men did everything they could to keep our country from winning."
 "Well," T. Paer answered, "now Commissioner of the German name 'nd his assistant with the German name 'nd wardin' all the Kaiser's loyal subjects that wouldn't fight him by lettin' 'em be citizens if they want to."

"I don't understand it," Ma said. "I thought a citizen or a neutral country that wouldn't join our army couldn't be admitted to citizenship because the law wouldn't let him."
 "They can't," T. Paer said. "But they're neutral and they got shut out because they come over here 'nd get all the benefits of livin' here 'nd then won't stand the gaff when the time comes."
 "But," Ma insisted, "when a German or an Austrian that'd started to be a citizen refused to join the army it pretty near showed he was for Germany 'nd wouldn't make a loyal citizen if he was let in after he'd acted that way."
 "It look's like it," T. Paer admitted, "nd I guess it was so plain to congress that they didn't think it was necessary to put it in the law that they couldn't be citizens after acting that way."
 "Well then," Ma asked, "how does it happen that Commissioner Davis says to let 'em become citizens."
 "I don't know," T. Paer said. "Unless he wants the Kaiser to come over 'nd help saw wood."
 "But what'll the judges 'nd the courts say about it?" Ma asked. "I bet Judge Wolverton 'nd Judge Bean won't let that kind of men get by their courts."
 "That's what makes me so hot," T. Paer told her.
 "All the federal courts but one've said they oughtn't to be made citizens," nd Davis 'nd his deputy with the German name've picked out that one court as an excuse."
 "It's beyond me," Ma admitted. "I don't see how a real America could do it."
 "I don't know anything about that," T. Paer answered, "but it looks kind funny to me when they turn Albers loose, 'nd Harry Daugherty chums around with Jack Dempsey who wouldn't join the army, 'nd now they offer to give citizenship to all the enemy aliens that held back when we needed help."
 "I don't think it's right," Ma said. "I bet they wouldn't do anything like that in France or England."
 "I won't take that," T. Paer said. "But I'll bet a dollar to a crooked penny that I know what'd happen to anybody over in them countries that try it."

BRINGING UP FATHER

(Registered U. S. Patent Office)

By George McManus



JERRY ON THE JOB

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No Problem to This



LITTLE JIMMY

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He's Hard to Convince



KRAZY KAT

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It Offends Krazy's Sense of Economy



ABIE THE AGENT

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That's Some Case of "Control"



US BOYS

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Skinny Has an Elastic View on Life



BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES

The Prettiest Twins

By Thornton W. Burgess
 Some people know not what is fine; Theirs is the way to see how to live.
 —Mrs. Lightfoot.
 BOXER and WOOF-WOOF, the twin cubs of Buster Bear, were not the only twins in the Green Forest, though until the time of the great fright from the Red Terror they were the only twins. They saw them for the first time when all the forest folk gathered on the shore of the pond of Paddy the Beaver, but hardly noticed them because of the great fear of the Red Terror. In fact, no one noticed the other pair of twins at that time.
 But after the danger was over and the forest folk had separated, more than one remembered those twins. Buster Bear was one. It was the very next evening. Buster was sitting down, trying to think what he wanted most for dinner that night, and all of a sudden those two popped into his head.
 "Pretty little things. As pretty little things as ever I have seen," he growled to himself, for he was quite alone. "Must be tender," he continued, and scratched his nose thoughtfully. "I think I would like one of them. In fact I am quite sure I would. Can't think of anything I would like better. Funny I haven't thought of them before. Might have known there was a pair of them somewhere in the Green Forest. Now, I wonder where I am most likely to find them?" He scratched his nose some more and finally shuffled off among the trees. He was on his way to look for those twins.
 Old Man Coyote was another who remembered them. The truth is, no sooner had the falling rain removed the fear of the Red Terror than Old Man Coyote had begun to think of his stomach, for with fear gone his appetite had returned. Right away he thought of those twins and his mouth watered. The thought of them made him hungrier than ever. He looked about hastily, but the twins and their mother had disappeared. He put his nose to the ground and ran this way and that way, but the rain had washed away their scent. Old Man Coyote sighed.
 "Well, anyway, I know about them, and that is more than I knew before," said he.



And so it happened that just about the time Buster was scratching his nose and thinking about those twins, Old Man Coyote was scratching his nose in the Old Pasture headed for the Green Forest. He, too, was thinking about those twins.
 Yowler the Bob Cat was the third who remembered them. Just about the time Buster Bear started to look for them and Old Man Coyote was leaving his home in the Old Pasture for the same purpose, Yowler yawned and stretched on the doorstep of his home. Then, like a gray shadow, he noiselessly sneaked away, and in his fierce yellow eyes was a hungry look. He also was starting out to look for those pretty twins.
 They were not pretty. They were the prettiest twins in the Green Forest. At least that is what their mother thought, and for once a mother was right. Their dainty coats were beautifully spotted. Their legs were slim and long. Their eyes were big and soft. And until the Red Terror had threatened to destroy the Green Forest their mother had kept them so well hidden that no one knew of her secret. You see, she knew just how Buster Bear and Old Man Coyote and Yowler the Bob Cat would think of her babies. Can you guess who those pretty twins were?

For baby's sake - watch his feeding. The food for baby's health if mother's milk fails is

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22 Astorians Lined Up in Contest for Chamber Directors

Astoria, June 18.—Twenty-two business and professional men of Astoria have been nominated for the 12 directorships of the Astoria Chamber of Commerce. The balloting will begin June 25 and continue until June 30.
 Those nominated were: C. A. Smith, merchant; W. A. Tyler, banker; W. F. Gratie, present secretary of the chamber; J. Fred Larson, importer and exporter; Lee D. Drake, newspaper manager; J. T. Allen, insurance man; W. H. Fellman, merchant; W. P. O'Brien, lumberman; J. A. Rankin, lumberman; F. S. Harsden, salmon packer; William Silvo, iron works manager; Mike Gorman, garage man; Oscar Wirkkala, cannery man; A. C. Strange, school superintendent; John H. Smith, attorney; H. Burke, merchant; O. B. Setters, attorney; J. B. Roman, banker; J. D. Strauss, merchant; J. A. Buchanan, attorney; J. S. Dellinger, publisher; E. J. McClanahan, Standard Oil manager.

Off on Long Motor Trip
 Gladstone, June 18. A party composed of Mr. and Mrs. Ralph McCaskey, Mr. and Mrs. M. E. Turner and Miss Todd, brother of Mrs. Turner, left Thursday on a motor trip to the East, following the old Oregon trail. They will return in September.

A New York man is the inventor of apparatus to send an alarm by radio telegraphy should a fire occur in a building and start automatic sprinklers.



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