

IN THE WAKE OF THE SENATOR

BY RALPH WATSON

"SAY!" Polly Tician hailed breathlessly, her ground grippers flapping excitedly up the terrace steps. "Did you know that Bob's in town?"

T. Paer gazed cautiously towards the house to see if Mrs. Wren was in sight before he expertly inquired a careless snail in the pansy bed as a necessary preliminary to possible speech.

"Bob, who?" he asked. "I thought you was too much of a man hafer to get so fussed about any male human."

"Bob Stanfield," Polly Tician answered, ignoring the sarcasm. "He's here someplace and I can't find him."

"Poor Bob," T. Paer grinned ironically. "Did he know you was lookin' for him?"

"You needn't be so snippy," Polly Tician barked at him. "I want to see him about a friend of mine."

"No wonder he's hidin' out," T. Paer said. "That's about all anybody wants to see him for, ain't it?"

"That's part of his job," Polly Tician retorted. "What'd we vote for him for if it wasn't because of our friends?"

"I thought it was because he was the best man," T. Paer answered guilelessly. "That's what you generally vote for a fellow for, ain't it?"

"Aw, quit your kidding," Polly Tician retorted crossly. "What I want's to find Bob, not to be peddled any bunk."

"Well, what you askin' me for?" T. Paer demanded. "I ain't his chaperon. Why don't you call up Ralph Williams?"

"I did," Polly Tician answered shortly. "He ain't seen him."

"What'd you know about that?" T. Paer exclaimed. "Ain't Ralph the vice chairman of the party?"

"What of it?" Polly Tician asked truculently. "That's no sign Bob's got to hot foot it up to the Board of Trade building the first time he goes, is it?"

"What're you askin' me questions I can't answer for?" T. Paer grinned. "Why don't you try Tom Neuhausen? Maybe he's checked in there."

"Tom ain't heard from him," Polly Tician answered. "But thought sure he'd head in there the first thing."

"That ain't possible, is it?" T. Paer exclaimed. "If he don't look out Tom'll get mad 'nd won't give him any more advice. Did you ask Bill Thompson down at the bank?"

"Bill was figuring up some interest 'nd just grunted," Polly Tician told him. "I don't suppose he'd told me if he'd know."

"Bill ought to know if anybody would," T. Paer mused. "Say," he asked suddenly. "Maybe Ferd Reed's seen him."

"I ain't on speakin' terms with Ferd," Polly Tician answered. "He's trying to hog the whole show as the main squeeze in telling Bob who ought to be give nthe jobs."

"I ain't lookin' for a job, so I ain't scared of him," T. Paer chuckled. "I'll call him up, if you say so."

"Will you?" Polly Tician said hopefully. "It'd be awful kind of you."

"Gimme Ferd Reed's phone," T. Paer instructed central a moment later. "What you want the number for?" he bawled in response to central's request. "You ain't been workin' very long, have you? Naw?" he added. "I don't want information. I want Ferd Reed. If I want any information I'll ask for it. Well," he gibbered into the mouthpiece, "you don't have to give any number when you want the fire department or the police, so get off your foot 'nd give me Ferd. I thought we was goin' to get service when you raised the rattle," he babbled. "What in the—"

"The number's Main 3521," Polly Tician suggested. "You never get any place trying to talk to a telephone girl."

"All right," T. Paer muttered, "then gimme Main 3521," he said. "I want to talk to Bob Stanfield, ain't he there?"

"I'm expecting him," Ferd's voice purred over the wire. "Who is this?"

"This is T. Paer," the little man answered testily. "What're you tryin' to do, give me a Edison examination?"

"Oh, hello, T. Paer," Ferd cooed. "Bob's in for you. I thought maybe it was some of them pie hunters after him. Just hold the wire."

"Hello, old man," Bob's hearty tones broke in. "I'm awful glad you called up. What can I do for you?"

"Not a blamed thing," T. Paer answered. "I been tryin' to locate you 'nd called Ralph Williams 'nd Tom Neuhausen, but they didn't know you was in town."

"Well," Bob answered evasively. "I just got in and I thought maybe there was some mail here for me, so I dropped in to see Ferd first."

"Polly Tician's lookin' for you," T. Paer informed him. "She wants me to appoint a friend to some office."

"Tell Polly," Bob said earnestly, "that I'll go anywhar in the world for her. Of course I'm not committing myself, but I'll do anything I can for the good of the state of Oregon."

"You know how to make 'em all feel good, Goodbye," Bob said.

"After this," T. Paer said as he hung up the receiver, "when you want to know anything about Bob ask Ferd first."

"Can you beat it?" Polly Tician muttered.

"You worry," T. Paer chuckled. "I ain't."

BRINGING UP FATHER

(Registered U. S. Patent Office)

By George McManus



JERRY ON THE JOB

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Utterly Impossible



LITTLE JIMMY

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They All Look Alike to Jimmy



BURGESS' BEDTIME STORIES

Jenny and Mr. Wren Argue

By Thornton W. Burgess

Argument, as you may find, will seldom change a stubborn mind.

Mr. Wren.

JENNY WREN was excited. She is quite apt to be excited, but this time she was more excited than usual. From a hook to which was fastened the clothesline in Farmer Brown's dooryard was hanging an old coat. Farmer Brown's boy had hung it there that very morning. It had been wet for there had been a shower, and he had hung it there to dry. Jenny Wren was looking that old coat all over and growing more and more excited. She had discovered the armhole of one of the sleeves and actually had crept down inside that sleeve.

When she came out she had a look of triumph in her bright little eyes. "Here it is," said she in a most decided way.

"What is here?" demanded Mr. Wren, looking much puzzled.

"Our new home," retorted Jenny. "We must get right to work on it."

Mr. Wren blinked and stared about him foolishly. "Where is it?" he asked.

"Didn't you see me come out of that hole just now?" snapped Jenny, meaning the sleeve of the old coat. "That is where we are going to make our home."

Mr. Wren was quite upset. "Make our home in that thing?" he exclaimed.

"Jenny Wren, are you wholly crazy in your head? Whoever heard of making a home in such a place as that?"

"If no one ever heard of it before, someone is hearing of it now," retorted Jenny in her most decided tone, the tone that Mr. Wren knew meant that she had fully made up her mind and that it would be useless to argue with her. Still, this was such an unheard of thing that it shocked him and he couldn't give in right away.

"We can never build a nest in that thing," said he.

"We certainly can't if we don't try," retorted Jenny, once more poking her head in at the armhole of the old coat.

"This is no place for a nest," argued Mr. Wren. "It swings in every puff of wind."

"So does the nest of Goldie the Oriole hanging from the tip of one of those long branches of the big elm tree," retorted Jenny Wren.

"So does the nest of Goldie the Oriole hanging from the tip of one of those long branches of the big elm tree," retorted Jenny Wren.

"But that thin doesn't look like me as if it is fastened," grumbled Mr. Wren, examining the old coat with disapproval. "Supposing it should blow down."

KRAZY KAT

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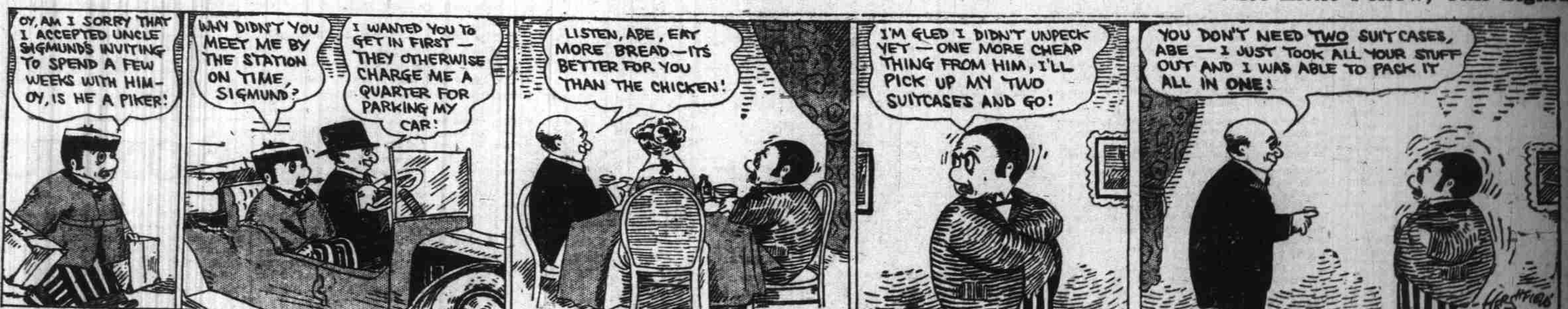
Not So Krazy as He Looks



ABIE THE AGENT

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Nice Little Fellow, This Sigmund



"NOW-A-DAYS" says the Good Judge

A man can get a heap more satisfaction from a small chew of this class of tobacco, than he ever could get from a big chew of the old kind. He finds it costs less, too. The good tobacco taste lasts so much longer he doesn't need to have a fresh chew nearly as often. 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
RIGHT CUT is a short-cut tobacco

US BOYS

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Now He Has Skinny Guessing

