



T. PAER GOES SWIMMING

By RALPH WATSON

"MERCY GOODNESS, I'm hot," Ma panted, as she sprayed the hose over the surrounding landscape with one hand while she fanned herself vigorously with the other.

"It's only been a couple days since you was hollerin' because you was cold," T. Paer grinned. "You can't please a woman."

"I'm not hollerin'," Ma insisted. "I'm just telling the way I feel."

"Why don't you let me turn the hose on you?" T. Paer said. "That'd cool you off in good shape."

"If I just had my bathing suit on I'd do it," Ma answered wistfully. "That is," she amended, "if I wasn't afraid the neighbors'd see me."

"Let's go swimmin'!" T. Paer suggested hopefully. "That'd take the fire out of the sunshine."

"I'd like to," Ma answered wistfully, "but I ain't seen my bathing suit since 1906."

"I seen it," T. Paer answered insouciantly. "It's hangin' on a nail way back in the big closet up in the attic."

"But you ain't got any," Ma demurred. "If you had I believe I'd go."

"Yes I have," T. Paer boasted. "I got a new second-hand red one."

"What've you been buying a red bathing suit for?" Ma asked suspiciously. "Is that the reason you ain't been gettin' home till dark these hot days?"

"I didn't buy it," T. Paer insisted defensively. "When I was up to Salem the other day Ben Olcott give me his'n that was too little for him 'nd too big for the twins."

"But that don't explain about you're not getting home nights," Ma persisted. "Where you been going in?"

"I just tried the thing out a couple a times," T. Paer contended. "They ain't any harm in that is there?"

"I guess," Ma said firmly. "I'll get my suit 'nd go along this afternoon. I been reading about these new fangled swimming holes they've got now days."

"Come ahead," T. Paer answered doggedly. "You'd just as well get educated now as next year."

"Is there any decent place to dress where we're going?" Ma asked hesitatingly as she appeared, a large bundle under one arm, a few minutes later. "If they ain't we'll stay home."

"Of course they is," T. Paer assured her. "But what all've you got in that bundle?"

"My bathing suit," Ma answered crisply. "nd my stockings, 'nd slippers, 'nd a bath robe 'nd some towels 'nd soap."

BRINGING UP FATHER

(Reprinted U. S. Patent Office)



By George McManus

LITTLE JIMMY

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



Which Makes It O. K.

JERRY ON THE JOB

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



Not a Word Wasted

BURGESS' BEDTIME STORIES

Peter Finds the Young Heron

By Thornton W. Burgess
Somehow friendship always develops when it shows kindness.

THE more Peter Rabbit thought about it that young Heron who had met with an accident, the more he felt that he ought to go see if there was anything he could do to help. Then quite suddenly he remembered that he had forgotten to ask that Merry Little Breeze who had told him of it what kind of an accident it was.



There stood the young Heron on the edge of the Laughing Brook.

"Stupid, stupid, stupid," muttered Peter to himself. "I don't ask a few questions while I had the chance? I don't see what could happen to a young Heron anyway!"

Right then and there Peter's curiosity was aroused. That settled the question of whether or not he would go hunt for that young Heron. He just had to know what had happened and he wouldn't give him any peace at all. What kind of an accident was it? How had it happened? What did the Merry Little Breeze mean by saying that something worse might happen if word of it reached the ears of certain people? Peter had got to know. That was all there was to it—he had got to know!

It was not yet dark, though it would be soon. If he hurried he could get down to the swamp before the Black Shadows made it too dark. Up he bounced Peter and away he went, lipperty-lipperty-lip, as fast as he could go. He forgot all about wanting to keep cool. He forgot how he had suffered from the heat all that day. Lipperty-lipperty-lip, he scampered along the bank of the Laughing Brook toward the swamp over near the Big River.

"Let me see the Merry Little Breeze said that that young Heron had met with an accident on the edge of the swamp, but didn't say which edge and I forgot to ask," Peter thought as he scampered along. "If it is the edge next the Big River I'll never find him tonight; it will be too dark before I can get there. The thing for me is to hunt along the edge where the Laughing Brook enters the swamp. If I don't find him there I'll wait until morning to look along the other edge."

So Peter kept along the bank of the Laughing Brook to the edge of the swamp. When he reached it he stopped running. He moved slowly and carefully and every few steps he sat up to look and listen. He didn't know where to look. That young Heron might be in a tree. However, Peter felt sure he wasn't for he remembered that the Merry Little Breeze had said of the danger from Reddy Fox and Old Man Coyote. To be in danger from them he must be where they could get him and they couldn't do that if he were in a tree.

Peter stole softly along. The great ferns growing about him. He peeped out from under them just in time to see a great bird alight beyond a little turn in the Laughing Brook. Peter knew who it was. Of course it was Mrs. Longlegs. Then he heard certain sounds that he knew could be made only by a young Heron being fed. He knew then that he would have no trouble in finding what he was seeking. Around that little bend in the Laughing Brook he would find that young Heron who had met with an accident!

Slowly, carefully, taking the greatest care not to move a single fern, Peter crept forward. He had no wish to be discovered by Mrs. Longlegs. He had had one experience with Longlegs and that was enough, quite enough. Peter had a very great respect for that long, sharp bill and those stout wings.

So he was very, very careful and at last reached a place where he could peep out. There stood the young Heron on the edge of the Laughing Brook.

The next story: "The Dreadful Accident of the Young Heron."

Attack on Boy by Japanese Charged

Hood River, Or., July 27.—A Japanese named H. Kamei was arrested Monday night at Dea on a charge of attacking a white boy and was placed in jail here. Four weeks ago he was arrested on a similar charge, but was released on lack of evidence. If proven guilty on this latest charge he will be recommended for deportation by District Attorney Baker.

"You'll Always Find"

says the Good Judge

That you get more genuine satisfaction at less cost when you use this class of tobacco.

A small chew lasts so much longer than a big chew of the ordinary kind. And the full, rich real tobacco taste gives a long lasting chewing satisfaction.

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

KRAZY KAT

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



A Distinction With a Difference

ABIE THE AGENT

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



Abie Slams One Over

US BOYS

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



We Doubt Shrimp's Sincerity