



# PINCHING

**"BY GOLLY!"** T. Paer chuckled, as he laid the paper down and grinned across the porch to where Ma was hunting slugs in the porch box. "I sure'd like to've seen that ball game."

"You're always wanting to see ball games," Ma retorted, "so I don't do anything special in that way."

"But I bet this was a good one," T. Paer insisted; "it had a lot of dramatic possibilities."

"Where'd you learn them words?" Ma asked sarcastically. "You talk like you'd been running around with John Stevenson."

"I ain't seen John since he quit driving a Ford," T. Paer answered; "I guess I can talk when I want to without takin' lessons of him."

"No body's ever said you couldn't talk," Ma smiled. "Talk's your middle name."

"Well," T. Paer admitted, "I guess I do pretty good, considerin' the time I get for practice when I'm around this dump. But just the same I'd like to've been at that game."

"Where was it?" Ma asked. "nd what made it so different?"

"It was at Salem, in the penitentiary," T. Paer explained, "between the cops 'nd the Portland cops."

"Who beat it, the cops with some interest. 'It might've been good to watch at that."

"The cops beat, of course," T. Paer chuckled. "You don't think they'd be any chance of the cops puttin' anything over on them felahs, did you?"

"They're in the pen, ain't they?" Ma asked, suggestively.

"That's no sign," T. Paer argued. "They mighta give themselves up for all you know."

"The cops ought to beat," Ma insisted; "they got more time to play ball'n the cops have."

"I don't see how you make that out," T. Paer objected, "when the cops're supposed to play ball eight hours a day."

"No wonder taxes're high," Ma exclaimed; "the idea of George Baker 'nd Chief Jenkins standing for anything like that these days."

"It'd be all right if they just'd play inside ball at the time they were on shift," T. Paer insisted, "but every time

George 'nd the chief wants to raise the battin' average they have to send in the moral squad to do the pinch hittin'."

"Well," Ma observed, "the moral squad ought to play clean ball, anyway."

"Humph," T. Paer grunted. "That's a awful one."

"It's just as good as what you try to pull," Ma observed calmly. "It could be sprung in polite society, anyway," she added cryptically.

"All right," T. Paer answered hastily, "but the cops had a cinch from the pitch off."

"Maybe they did, but I don't see it," Ma insisted, "specially if the cops play every day."

"Well," T. Paer diagrammed professionally, "the cops've been tryin' for a long time to get onto the cops' curves, but some way they don't seem able to solve 'em."

"They're the same as anybody else, ain't they?" Ma asked.

"Maybe," T. Paer admitted, "but the cops don't seem to be able to judge 'em till they've got three strikes on 'em."

"Why don't they hit at 'em, anyway?" Ma asked, "they might land once in a while."

"I got a hunch," T. Paer grinned, "the cops had the cops baffloed."

"Why?" Ma asked in surprise. "No Portland cop'd be afraid of any of 'em, would they?"

"Well," T. Paer asked, "How'd you like to stand up 'nd hit a guy that you'd helped put in jail have a pill at your middle sector?"

"Mercy," Ma exclaimed, "I hadn't thought of that. It'd be kinda risky, wouldn't it?"

"Yeah," T. Paer agreed, "nd how'd you like to be a catcher with a gas pipe artist wavin' a bat right in front of your beezee?"

"I wouldn't like it," Ma responded; "I believe I'd rather be a umpire."

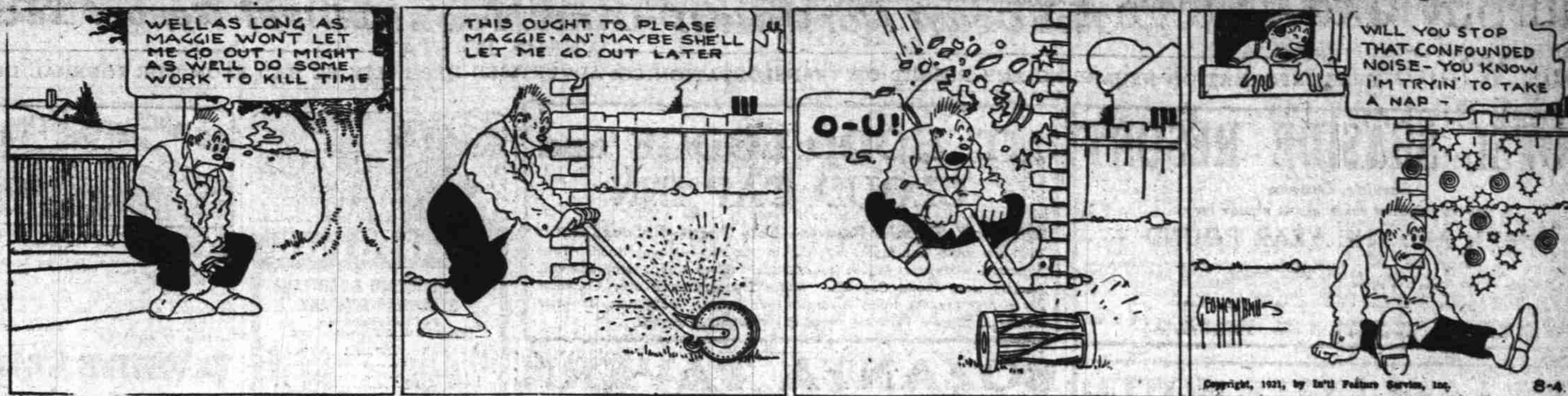
"No," T. Paer continued, "how'd you like to slide into second or dive onto the plate with a highwayman dancin' around in spiked brogans close to your unprotected ear?"

"I'd take no chances, 'nd go out standin' up," Ma answered. "No wonder the cops beat 'em."

"They had it on the boys a little," T. Paer mused, "I'll say they did."

## BRINGING UP FATHER

(Registered U. S. Patent Office)



By George McManus

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## LITTLE JIMMY

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No Cause for Conceit

## JERRY ON THE JOB

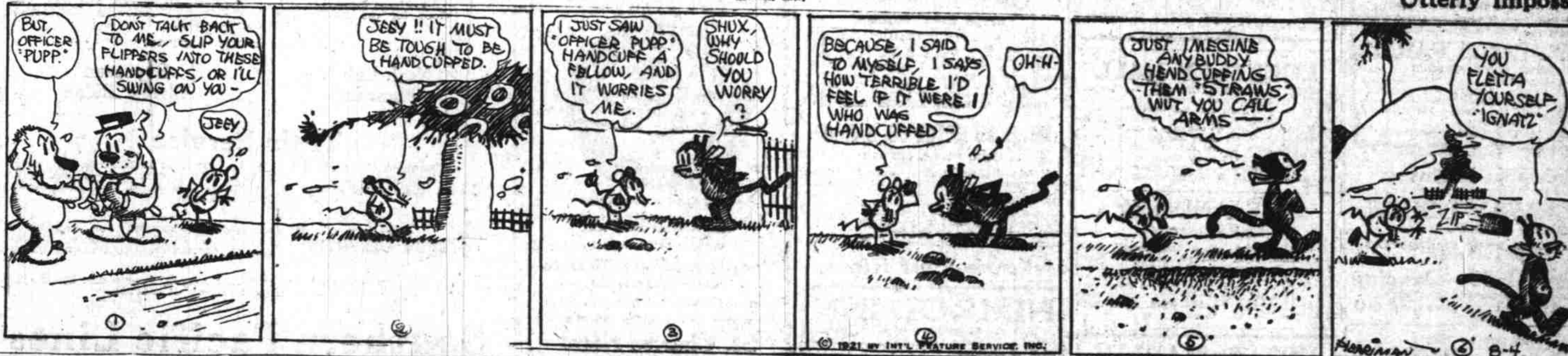
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Always Save Something From the Wreck

## KRAZY KAT

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Utterly Impossible

## ABIE THE AGENT

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Minsk Wants Something for His Money

## US BOYS

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Skinny Surely Is Mad

# BURGESS' BEDTIME STORIES

A Test of Patience

By Thornton W. Burgess  
Impatience loses; patience wins.  
It sticks to what it once begins.



**REDDY FOX** felt very smart as he lay in a clump of ferns back of the old log in which Peter Rabbit had found safety. "Peter Rabbit thinks I have gone to the Old Pasture," he thought, "but I didn't want to arouse his suspicions, for I know just as well as I do that he watched me out of sight," thought Reddy. "I'm a crafty, sly, wicked grin. That old log is open only on one end so Peter can see only in one direction without coming out," continued Reddy to himself. "He'll wait a while, then come out. He'll wait until he is sure that I have had plenty of time to reach the Old Pasture, then out he will come, or I don't know Peter Rabbit. I am afraid Peter's next race with me won't have so happy an ending—for him. But for me—Reddy didn't finish; he licked his lips as if he already tasted that Rabbit dinner."

Reddy lay hidden in a clump of ferns behind the old log and was very comfortable and his thoughts were very pleasant. It didn't enter his clever head that there could be a doubt about the Rabbit dinner. It was merely a matter of being patient. He could afford to be patient. Such a dinner was worth being patient for.

Meanwhile inside that old hollow log Peter Rabbit was resting and also doing some thinking. Reddy Fox would have been surprised could he have known Peter's thoughts. He would, indeed, and he wouldn't have been quite so sure of that dinner.

Reddy trotted off quite as if he were going just where he said, back to the Old Pasture. He was altogether too friendly in his talk and he left too soon and in too much of a hurry. While he was in sight he didn't once look back. He all but caught me that time and the red-coated sinner isn't one to take a disappointment so easily unless he has another plan. I know him. I ought to be by this time, and I do.

"He wants me to think that he has gone straight back to the Old Pasture. If that is what he wants me to think the thing for me to do is to think exactly

So Peter made himself comfortable and went to sleep.

the opposite. Of course, I don't know where he is, but I can guess, and my guess is that he is somewhere close by where I can't see him from the open end of this log. I wish there was a hole at the other end. I do so. Well, I can tell him one thing, and that is, that if he waits for me to come out he'll have a long wait. I need a good sleep, anyway, and this is the time to get it."

So Peter made himself comfortable and went to sleep. Reddy Fox wanted to take a nap, for he had been out all night, but he was afraid that if he did Peter might slip out a way and he know nothing about it. Had he known that Peter was taking a nap he would have kept his eyes open watching that old log.

Jolly, round, bright Mr. Sun crept higher and higher in the blue, blue sky and the heat grew and grew until even down there in the swamps under the ferns and trees it became hard to bear. Reddy began to pant. He wished he was back in his home deep in the ground in the Old Pasture. It was always cool in there. Mosquitoes and flies tormented him. But a Rabbit dinner would be worth all this and so he was patient.

Meanwhile Peter Rabbit had a good nap. When he awoke he peeped out. Everything seemed safe. But Peter knew that very often things are not as they seem. "It is a matter of saving my life I can afford to be patient," thought he. "I have got to know that Reddy Fox has gone before I venture out." And Peter stared himself for another nap.

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The next story: "Peter Finds a Peep Hole."

**Drink Coca-Cola**

DELICIOUS AND REFRESHING AS the dance brings thirst Coca-Cola brings refreshment.

THE COCA-COLA COMPANY  
Atlanta, Ga.

**Resinol**

Minor hurts which occur in every home—cuts, burns, scratches, etc.—can be quickly relieved by Resinol Ointment. It stops the smarting at once and cools the inflammation.

Your druggist sells it. Keep a jar on hand.

### Building Program Outwits Rent Hogs.

Birmingham, Ala., Aug. 4.—(I. N. S.) Rent hogs of this city are on their last legs. This has been accomplished by men who have instituted a building program of over four houses daily for the first six months of 1921. The effect of the building boom is already being felt, and apartment tenants are chuckling with glee over the disappearance of "tenant hounds" who cannot rent their expensive apartments and houses. Various individuals and companies built 770 houses (which do not include apartment houses) during the first half of the year at a cost of \$1,591,968. Real estate men look for an appreciable reduction in rents in the "moving day," which is October 1, comes around.

### Town Is Jazzing Way Into Limelight

Kansas City, Mo., Aug. 2.—(I. N. S.)—Northmore, a new hamlet, populated by 20 families, has developed a "get it done" spirit. Recently the citizens met and formed the East Platte County Booster club. Since that time the club has obtained a right of way for a road, elected a road committee, asked for donations, and 20 minutes later had "the coin" all pledged—some in cash and some in monthly payments. Northmore does not want to be known as a "dead" town, therefore the boosters have built a community house. They are planning to use this for entertainments, banquets and dances at regular intervals.