

SHEEP 'ND JOBS AINT ALL

BY RALPH WATSON

T. PAER was sitting on the front steps, the blinds drawn and the door shut, watching the shadows creep down among the trees across the street. "Why don't you go inside and get warm?" Polly Tician asked quizzically as she came stumping briskly up the steps from the street. "You look like you'd been evicted."

"The blamed clocks make too much noise," T. Paer answered slowly. "I set in there a minute 'nd they sound louder'n a base drum in a jazz band."

"Ma must be taking a nap," Polly smiled. "I haven't heard of you complaining that way before."

"I hope she is," T. Paer said simply. "She ain't at home for a while."

"Oh," Polly exclaimed. "I don't blame you for staying outside then. Empty houses are a real lonesome place."

"Uh, huh," T. Paer agreed. "What're you cavortin' around about this evenin'?"

"I was just wondering if you got to see Charley and Bob while they were in town," Polly asked.

"I saw Charley," T. Paer answered. "But I guess Bob's been in town much."

"I thought they were going to meet and talk about the rest of the jobs before Charley went back to Washington," Polly remarked. "That was what Bob said in the paper."

"Bob didn't show," T. Paer grinned. "I guess he's heard enough about 'em already without talkin' any more."

"What do you mean?" Polly asked. "There's a lot of 'em to give out yet that haven't been settled."

"From what I hear," T. Paer answered, "Bob's been so busy tellin' everybody how he happened to appoint George Piper that he's all wore out 'nd had to go to one of his sheep camps to rest up."

"I wouldn't wonder," Polly admitted. "He sure pulled a boner when he did that job. But I thought he was goin' to be back in Washington when congress started again today."

"What's the use of his bein' there," T. Paer asked curiously. "Senator Adams' on the job ain't he?"

"Why can't you quit harp' on E. J.?" Polly wanted to know. "He's making a good secretary, ain't he?"

"Must be," T. Paer remarked. "Bob ain't been around the senate much since he went back. He's been too busy fixin' it so his 'nd Bill Thompson could get money to loan to the sheep men."

"Well, the sheep men ought to have money, ain't they?" Polly insisted. "There's a lot of 'em need it bad."

enough."

"I guess so," T. Paer answered, "but they's a lot of other things that ought to be fixed up as well as them."

"What?" Polly demanded. "The jobs're all about attended to."

"Sheep 'nd jobs ain't everything," T. Paer contended. "Where was Bob when they pulled all the boats out of Portland? Seems to me havin' boats come in here's about as important as sheep."

"Chamberlain fixed that up, didn't he?" Polly contended. "He could do more good about that than Bob could anyway."

"They's something to that," T. Paer admitted, "but Senator Adams ought to've wrote a few letters about it anyway."

"You know," Polly said, lowering her voice confidentially, "and approaching as near a giggle as she ever permitted herself. 'It's a kind of a joke the way E. J. signs his name to Bob's letters, ain't it?'"

"Well," T. Paer answered slowly, "it ain't been no joke to some that's got the letters. 'It's a kind of a joke the way E. J. signs his name to Bob's letters, ain't it?'"

"He can't get in the senate," Polly objected. "Only real elected senators can do that."

"He sits in the back like a lookout at a roulette game while Bob's inside," T. Paer chuckled, "but he don't go unless Bob does."

"What do you suppose he does that for?" Polly queried. "I should think he'd be over to the office working at his own job."

"I don't know unless he's afraid Bob'll get his speeches balled up," T. Paer grinned. "They say Senator Adams' a close second to Dan Webster 'nd John Calhoun."

"Speeches don't count much," Polly contended. "It's in the committees where the work's done."

"Yes," T. Paer conceded. "A senator can get lots out of a committee if he drops in on 'em once in a while."

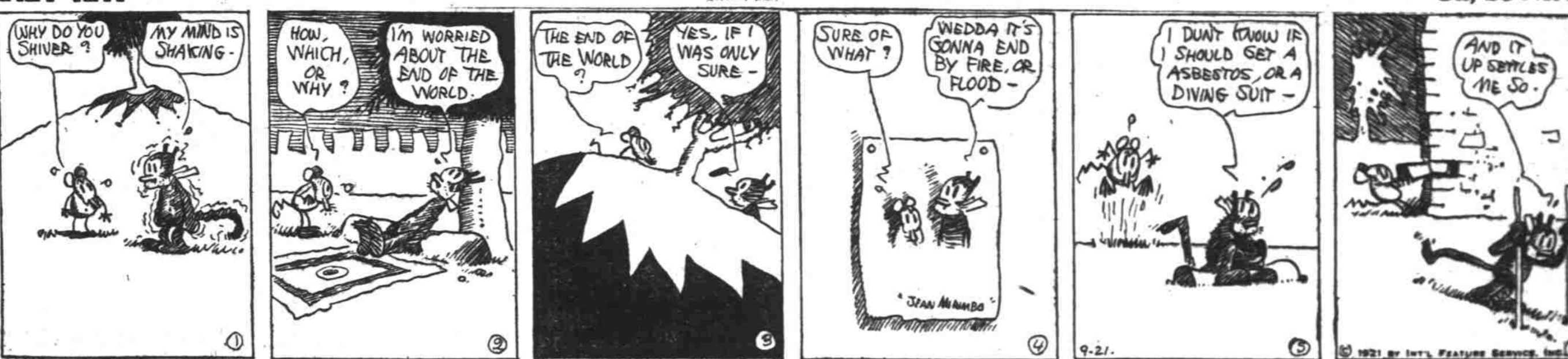
"Bob does that I guess," Polly said tentatively.

"Go ahead," T. Paer answered as Polly turned away. "Guessin' your good exercise."

BRINGING UP FATHER



KRAZY KAT



ABIE THE AGENT



JERRY ON THE JOB



LITTLE JIMMY



US BOYS



BURGESS' BEDTIME STORIES

Black Pussy's Dreadful Blunder
By Thornton W. Burgess

FOR four mornings Black Pussy had patiently watched the little hole in the middle of the path along one side of the Old Orchard, the hole which had been the doorway to Striped Chipmunk's home and which she supposed still was. On the first morning she had all but caught him as he had popped out, but since then he hadn't popped out. But she had been out each morning she thought he must either have come out before she got there or else had another doorway to that home.

This was the fourth morning and the fourth disappointment, in the middle of the path twitching her tail. Disappointment often makes folks angry. Black Pussy felt that somehow, she didn't understand how, Striped Chipmunk was making fun of her, and she couldn't stand being made fun of by a saucy little chap like him. The more she thought about it the angrier she grew. A little movement in the grass not far ahead of her drew her attention. Instantly she crouched until her stomach touched the ground. Then, darting from the grass beside the path came Striped Chipmunk. He didn't appear to see her, for he sat up and washed his face and combed his whiskers with his hands. Then he turned his back to her and sat there in the middle of the path as if trying to make up his mind what to do next.

Black Pussy's yellow eyes gleamed with a fierceness and looking quite dreadful to see. Inch by inch she crept toward Striped Chipmunk. She wasn't near enough to make a rush and she knew it. Inch by inch, inch by inch she crept nearer, and she knew it. She sat there as if there wasn't such a thing as danger in all the Great World. The end of Black Pussy's tail twitched faster, inch by inch she crept on. If he sat there a minute longer she would be near enough for a chance to catch him before he could reach the old stone wall. Now, all this time, while he appeared to be paying attention to nothing in particular, Striped Chipmunk was watching Black Pussy from the corner of one eye. He sat still just as long as he dared to, then, still pretending he didn't see Black Pussy, started slowly toward the old stone wall.

Black Pussy knew that it was now or never. As Striped Chipmunk disappeared in the grass beside the path Black Pussy rushed after him, and she can run fast when she wants to. Then Striped Chipmunk took to his legs for all they were worth. Through the grass and the bushes he raced for the old stone wall with Black Pussy almost at his heels. It was an exciting race, a terribly exciting race. Striped Chipmunk began to wonder if he had been too bold; if he had waited

Martin and Herman In Good Shape for Tonight's Encounter

TONIGHT, at the Milwaukee boxing commission arena, "Denver Ed" Martin, colored heavyweight, and "Tiny" Herman, Astoria bantler, are billed to lock horns in a 10-round contest.

Judging from the condition of the two men, the contest should prove to be an exciting one. Martin has been in better shape than when he fought Young Hector a fortnight ago, but whether he can travel 10 rounds is a question.

Herman is confident of winning. He has improved in his boxing since meeting Sam Langford here last season and his footwork seems to have been improved.

The semi-windup attraction between Gordon McKay and Tommy McCarthy should be a good attraction. Both are hard hitters.

Mickey Dempsey, the sensational knockout artist, will make his first appearance of the season, against Mike De Pinto. Mickey is favored to win because of his hitting ability.

Muff Brown and Willie St. Clair are billed for another six-round attraction. The curtain raiser will bring together Charley Helman and Bud Vance.

The advance ticket sale has been very good and it is expected that a good sized crowd will be on hand to witness "Denver Ed" in his second come-back test. Many fans stayed away from the first show at Milwaukee because they held the opinion that Martin was all in, down

Arleta School Wins Opening Grid Game

The Arleta grammar school independent football team played its first game of the 1921 season Tuesday afternoon, winning by a 20 to 0 score from Woodstock. It was the first football game ever played by the representatives of the Woodstock school, and despite the apparent one sided score, the losers put up a remarkable game against the opposition.

T. E. Steira, principal of Arleta school, is anxious to arrange games for his squad, and he is available any evening at Tabor 4284. If enough interest is shown by other grammar schools of Portland an independent league will be organized.

Miss Stirling and Miss Leitch Winners

Ottawa, Ont., Sept. 21.—(I. N. S.)—Miss Alexa Stirling of Atlanta, Ga., defeated Miss White, 2 up and 1 to play in the winning play of the Canadian women's golf title at the Rivermead Golf club Tuesday. Miss Stirling went to the seventeenth hole, one up and won the eighteenth and the match two up and one to play.

Miss Cecil Leitch, the British women's golf champion, defeated Mrs. Hope Gillespie, the Ontario champion, six up.