

By George McManus

UP IN MORROW COUNTY

"HELLO there, Judge," T. Paer remarked genially as he sauntered into the imperial lobby. "I just been up to the state fair. It's sure a great show, ain't it?"

"It'd have to be," the Judge answered confidently. "Morrow county's got a extra fine exhibit up there this year."

"Has it?" T. Paer said doubtfully. "I guess I must of overlooked it."

"Overlooked it?" the Judge snorted incredulously. "You're gettin' blind, ain't you?"

"Not that I know of," T. Paer retorted, "but after I got through lookin' at old Polk county's show I was all tired out 'nd went to the races. Happen to see 'Polk county!' the Judge sneered.

"That county don't grow much besides Jim Hill mustard that I ever heard of."

"Well," T. Paer grinned, "it can grow that pretty good, can't it?"

"Fair," the Judge answered, "but Morrow county could give it half a wason head start 'nd then skin it if it wanted to."

"Maybe it could. It does pretty good raisin' tumble weed," T. Paer answered. "But you ought to see the bumper cars off'n Curt Hawley's place. They was big as wash tubs."

"That's a pretty good size," T. Paer admitted, "but they had some corn up there so high you couldn't reach the tassels off'n a chair."

"That's nothin' to what Morrow county grows," the Judge objected.

"It grows so high they have to pick it off'n a step-ladder. The ears 're as big as six inch shells, 'nd they cook 'em in wash boilers 'nd od the stalks down with axes 'nd use 'em for cordwood in the winter."

"That's goin' some sure," T. Paer agreed, "but you can't skin old Polk on spuds. They're big around as your head."

"Just marbles," the Judge insisted. "Up to Heppner the women have to peel one of our'n to get it in the oven. He takes it. When it's done, he added didactically, "they have to put it on a turkey platter 'nd serve it in slices."

"I should think they'd have to run more'n one stove to get dinner on," T. Paer remarked. "I'll tell you, though,

they grew some fine lettuce up in Polk this season."

"Nothin' compared to Morrow county," the Judge argued, "but Heppner folks thought they was cabbage 'till they put labels on 'em."

"Say," T. Paer exclaimed enthusiastically, "you ought to see Tom Brunk's prize boar. By golly, it was big as a whole sausage factory."

"I seen it," the Judge said languidly. "It was just a sucklin' pig alongside of what Morrow county brought down."

"Your'n must a been a whopper, then," T. Paer insisted. "I'm sorry I missed it."

"Well," the Judge informed him, "they had to haul him down in a box car by himself 'nd most people'd 'ive thought he was a hippopotamus if it hadn't been for his grunt 'nd the rinky in his nose."

"Well, anyway," T. Paer contended, "they raise some blamed fine cows up in Polk that give milk that's most all cream."

"Oh, yes," the Judge admitted, "they do all right for cheese 'nd condensed milk, but up in Morrow the milk's so rich it's kinda hard to handle."

"How's that?" T. Paer asked curiously. "All you got to do's churn it, ain't it?"

"No," the Judge said, "they have to keep the cows lie up all the time to keep 'em from hurtin' themselves."

"I shouldn't think that'd be good for 'em," T. Paer objected. "Cows need to rustle a little."

"The trouble is," the Judge explained, "the milk's so rich if they walk around much it churns up 'nd caks their bags."

"I s'pose," T. Paer said sarcastically, "if you let 'em out in winter they'd give ice cream."

"I wouldn't wonder," the Judge conceded. "Morrow county raises some mighty good all round cows."

"They was some blamed good horse races at Salem," T. Paer remarked, seeking neutral ground, "nd some mighty fast time made."

"Uh, huh," the Judge grunted. "We've quit timin' anything less'n a mile up in Morrow."

"Why?" T. Paer asked.

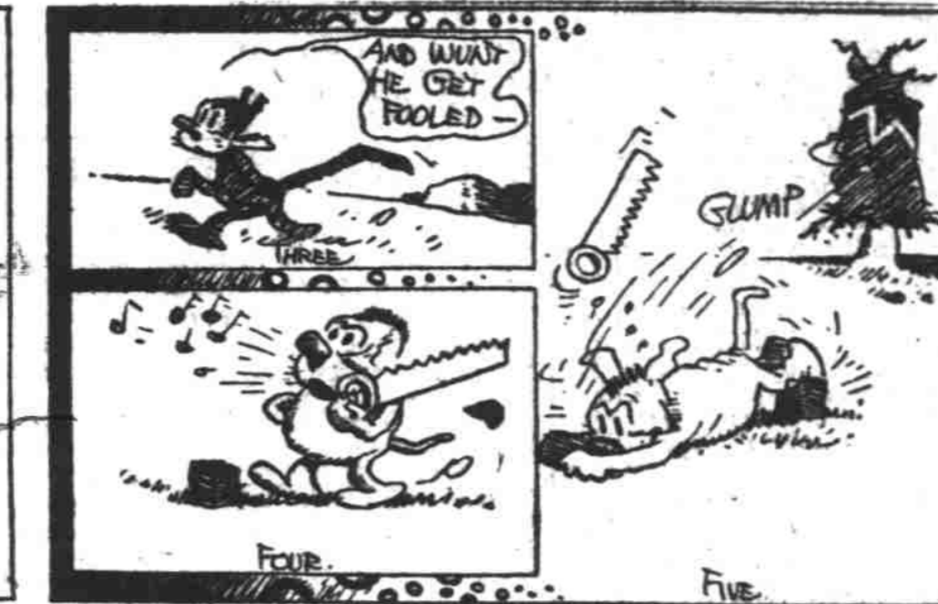
"Our horses 're so fast," the Judge answered imperturbably, "we can't get any 'watches that'll catch 'em under the tail."

"G'bye," T. Paer said.

"G'bye," the Judge answered.



KRAZY KAT



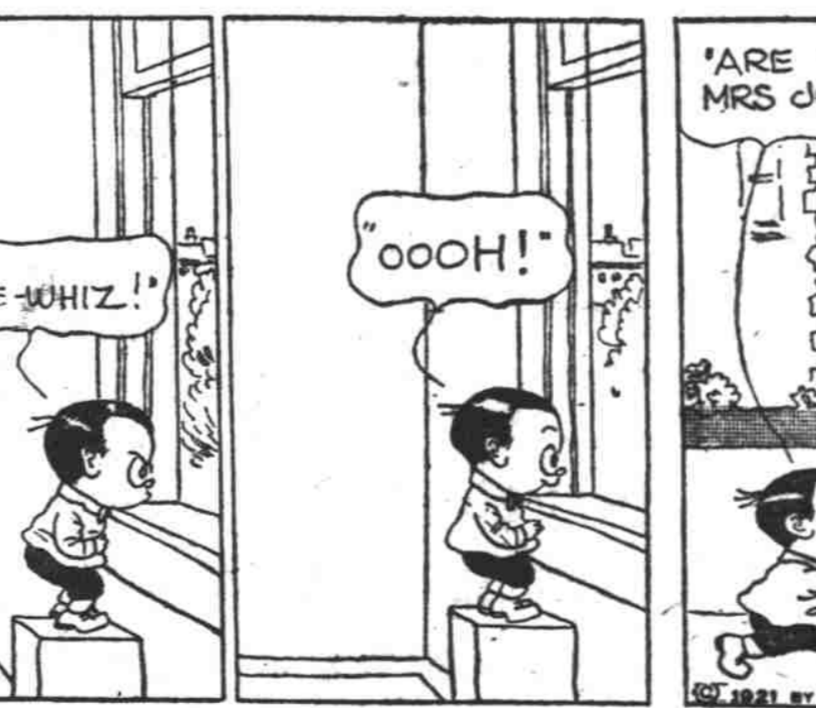
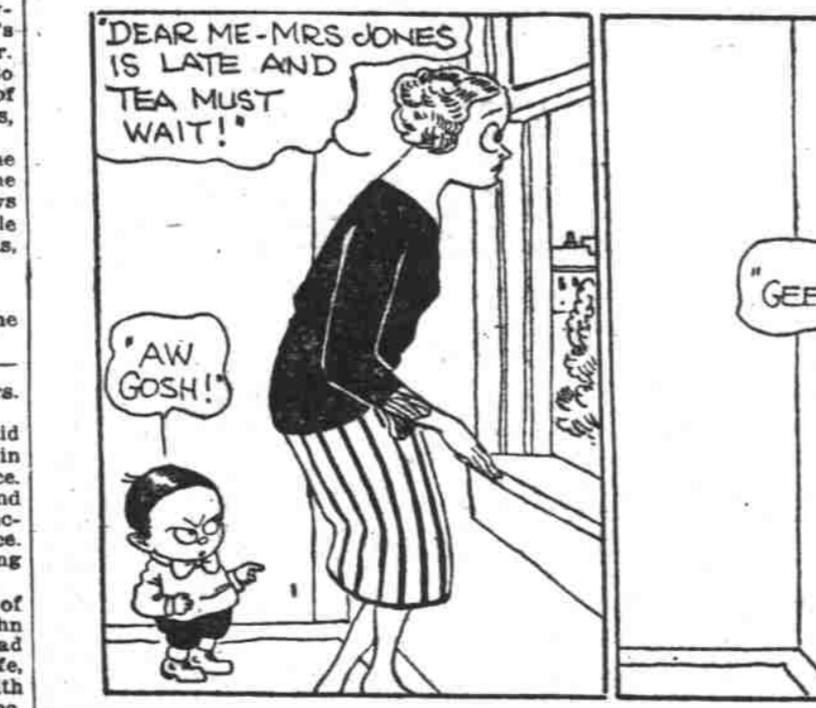
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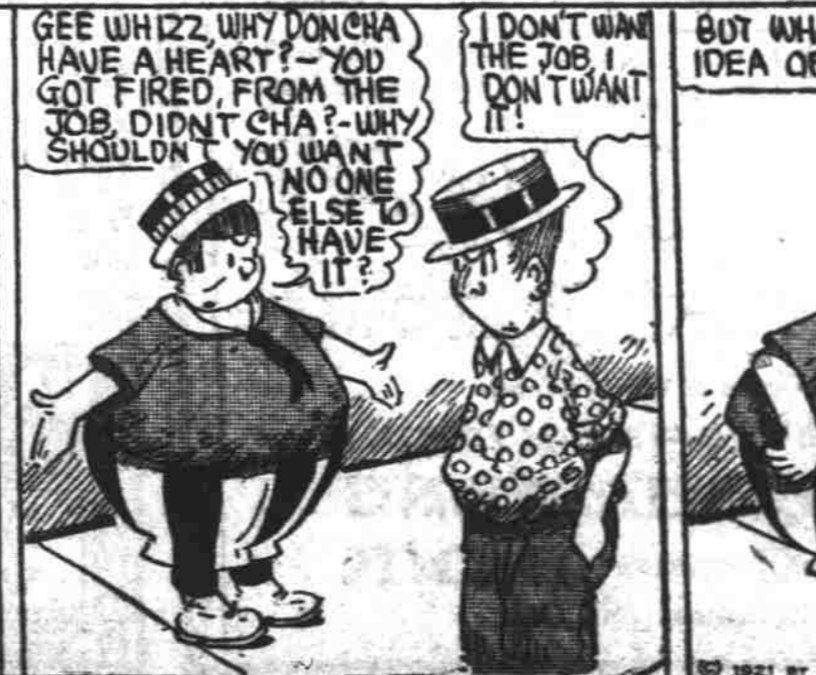
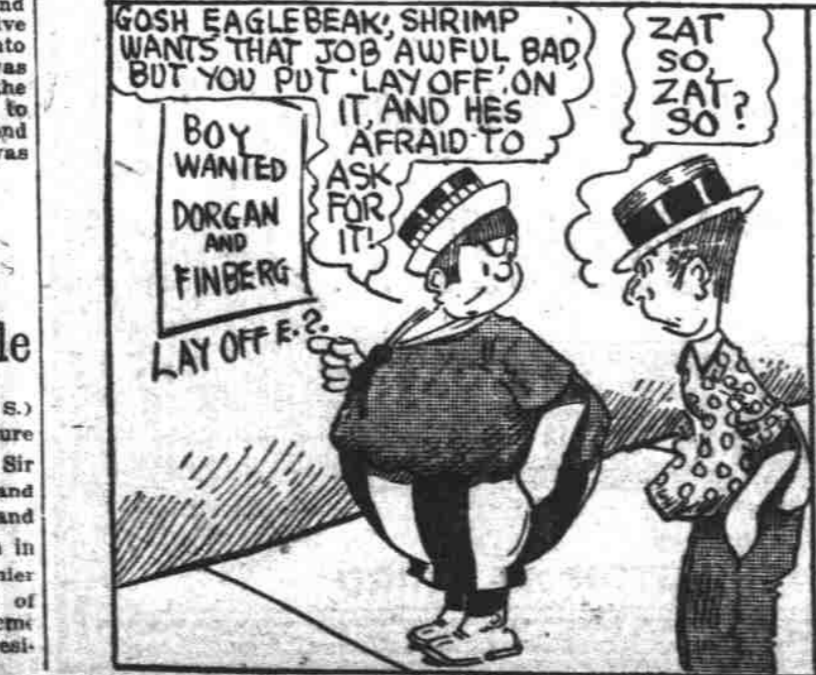
JERRY ON THE JOB



LITTLE JIMMY



US BOYS



BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES

Boxer's Rude Awakening

By Thornton W. Burgess

Be sure that you are never rude. And on your neighbor's don't intrude.

IT WAS a peaceful morning. It was a beautiful morning. In the upper end of the Old Pasture on the foot of the Great Mountain, where the blueberries were so thick that the ground seemed to be carpeted with blue, Mrs. Bear was contentedly eating berries. She had seen the two cubs lie down for a nap, first Boxer and a few minutes later Wolf-Woof. She herself would lie down after she had had her fill of those delicious berries.

Presently she heard some one coming through the bushes. She stopped eating and sat up to watch. In a moment a black head was thrust out from the bushes. Mrs. Bear dropped down and went back to the berries. The newcomer was Buster Bear. Buster stood up for a look around and his eyes fairly snapped with greed as he saw the blue feet spread before him. Then with a "woof" of greeting to Mrs. Bear he started in to enjoy those berries.

Meanwhile Boxer, asleep under a bush growing from a little mound, was having a dream. No one could eat as Boxer had eaten and not expect to dream. Boxer had them. Some were good dreams and some were bad dreams, and all were the result of having stuffed his stomach so well with blueberries.

Buster Bear shuffled along slowly toward Boxer. He didn't know Boxer was there. He had no thought for anything but those delicious berries he was stripping from the bushes as he moved along. Mrs. Bear kept an eye on him and moved over toward him. She wasn't certain just what he would do should he discover Boxer asleep there. His probably wouldn't know that Boxer was his own son, for he had seen Boxer and Wolf-Woof but once or twice since they were born, and if he happened to be feeling cross it might go hard with Boxer unless the youngster woke in time to run away. The twins were big enough now to keep out of their father's way when necessary.

Now, perhaps, you will remember that in that mound just above Boxer's hind feet was the entrance to the home of a colony of Wasps known as Yellow-Jackets. It was a little hole, just big enough for the Yellow-Jackets to pass through comfortably. It led to a hollow inside the mound, and in this was a wonderful house of the paper which certain Wasps know how to make. In it were many little rooms and in each room was a fat baby Yellow-Jacket. Those fat babies

Boxer awoke with a yell. "Wow!" he cried.

alone. So for a while Boxer slept in peace. But by and by he began to get uneasy. That was when he was having a bad dream. He twitched and squirmed and at last kicked out with one of his hind feet.

Dear me, that was a most unfortunate kick! It was when he brought his foot smack against the mound close to that little entrance to the home of the Yellow-Jackets just as one was coming out. Now Yellow-Jackets are a very quick tempered. Moreover, each is armed with a fiery little lance and never hesitates to use it. This particular Yellow-Jacket knew nothing about Boxer's dream and thought he had kicked at her. Anyway, he had no business there. So instantly she ran that little lance of hers into his foot. She stung him! Yes, sir, that is what she did.

Boxer awoke with a yell. "Wow!" he cried, and because that sting hurt so he kicked with all his might. His claws tore away the earth around that little hole. Out poured the Yellow-Jackets, every one of them fighting mad.

(Copyright, 1921, by T. W. Burgess)

The next story: "A Hot Time in the Blueberry Patch."

Two French Brides Of Same Man Agree; Second Steps Aside

New York, Sept. 29.—The war certainly is not over!

Both wives of Joseph Kunz, charged with bigamy, left the courtroom fast friends, Wednesday.

The first Mrs. Kunz is anxious to regain her husband for the sake of their

A standard treatment with thousands who know how quickly it heals the skin. Ask anyone who has tried it.

RESINOL

Soothing and Healing

Chaplin Shuffles His Feet Beneath Nobleman's Table

Lympe, England, Sept. 29.—(I. N. S.) Charlie Chaplin, famous moving picture comedian, was the guest today of Sir Philip Sassoon, former secretary and confidante of Premier Lloyd George, and one of the wealthiest young noblemen in England. Sir Philip entertained Premier Lloyd George and Premier Briand of France when the inter-allied supreme council met here at the Sassoon residence.

You Never Can Get Flip With a Turtle



An Ad That Covers Everything



This Is Revision Downward



Let the Joy Commence



Poor Old Eaglebeak

