

By George McManus



# JUST GAS

BY RALPH WATSON

"FOR the land of mercy," Ma exclaimed as she passed in the kitchen door, her hands uplifted in amazement, "what on earth're you holding that umbrella over the gas stove for?"

"To cheer the gas up," T. Paer growled. "It seems like it's got so weak it can't work in a draft no more."

"No wonder," Ma retorted. "Nothing could work with all the doors 'nd windows open like you got 'em."

"Leave 'em alone," T. Paer commanded. "Leave 'em alone. Do you want to choke me to death?"

"It does smell awful," Ma admitted, "but you can't get supper with the wind howlin' a gale through the kitchen."

"I'll take a chance on it," T. Paer answered grimly. "Supper won't do me much good if I ain't conscious enough to eat it when it's cooked."

"I don't see what's got into that stove," Ma said uncertainly. "It's been setting up worse 'nd worse here lately."

"Uh huh," T. Paer growled. "Every time you turn it on it acts like it was sick at its stomach."

"It just flickers 'nd smelts," Ma said wearily. "They must be something wrong inside."

"They be," T. Paer answered. "You'd be wrong inside, too, if you was full of what it is."

"I was talking to Fred Williams about it," Ma continued. "nd he said it must be the B. T. U., whatever that is."

"Don't you know what that means?" T. Paer asked. "Anybody that uses a gas stove ought to know that."

"Well, I don't," Ma confessed. "What does it mean?"

"B. T. U. stands for Bummer Than Usual," T. Paer explained. "They just use the initials for short."

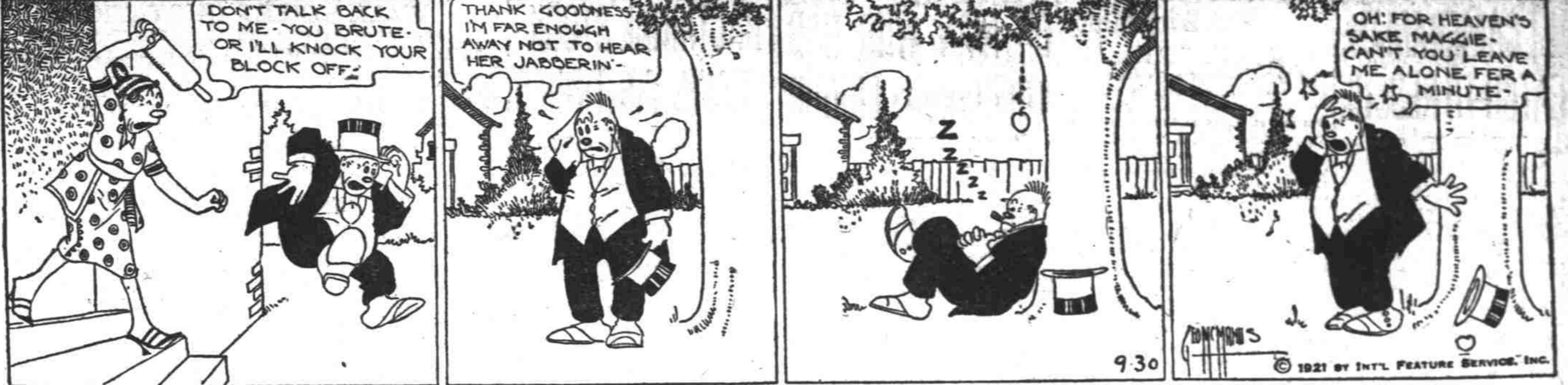
"Is that it?" Ma said. "I don't know any more about it now'n I did before."

"Well," T. Paer continued, "that's a kind of a divider line where if you light a match on one side the gas won't ketch 'nd on the other side it will."

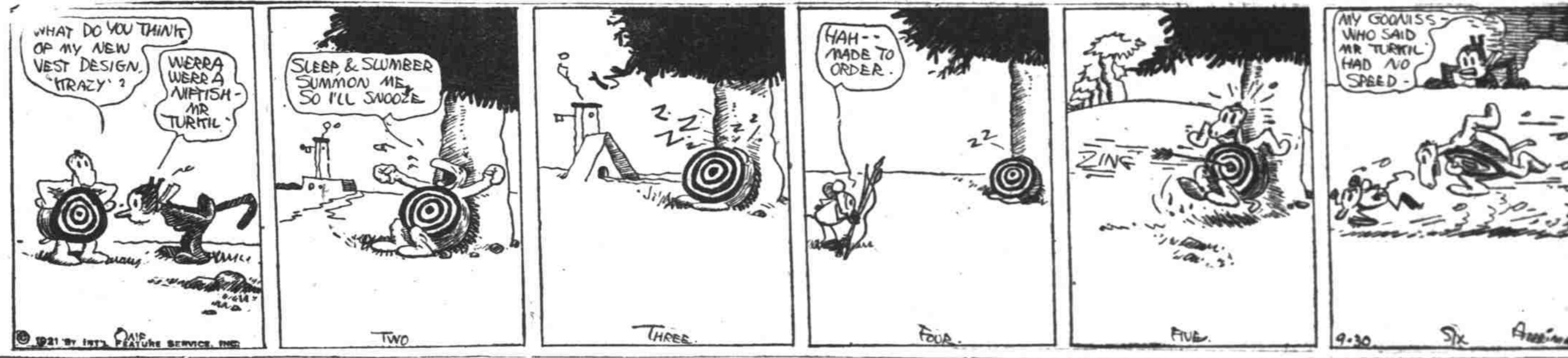
"Oh," Ma exclaimed. "It's a kind of a standard or something like that."

"Yeah," T. Paer responded. "nd from the way this blamed stove acts they

## BRINGING UP FATHER



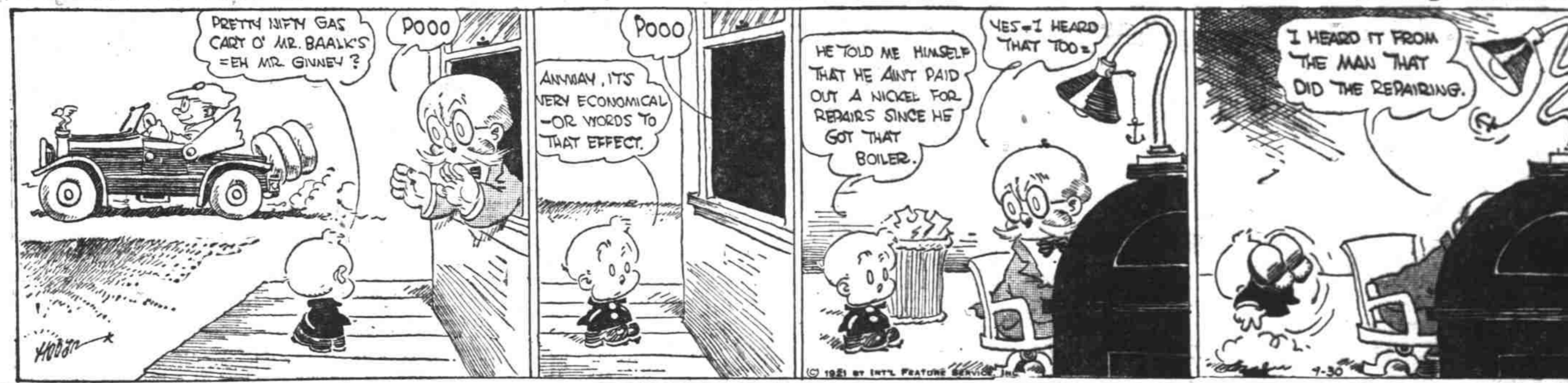
## KRAZY KAT



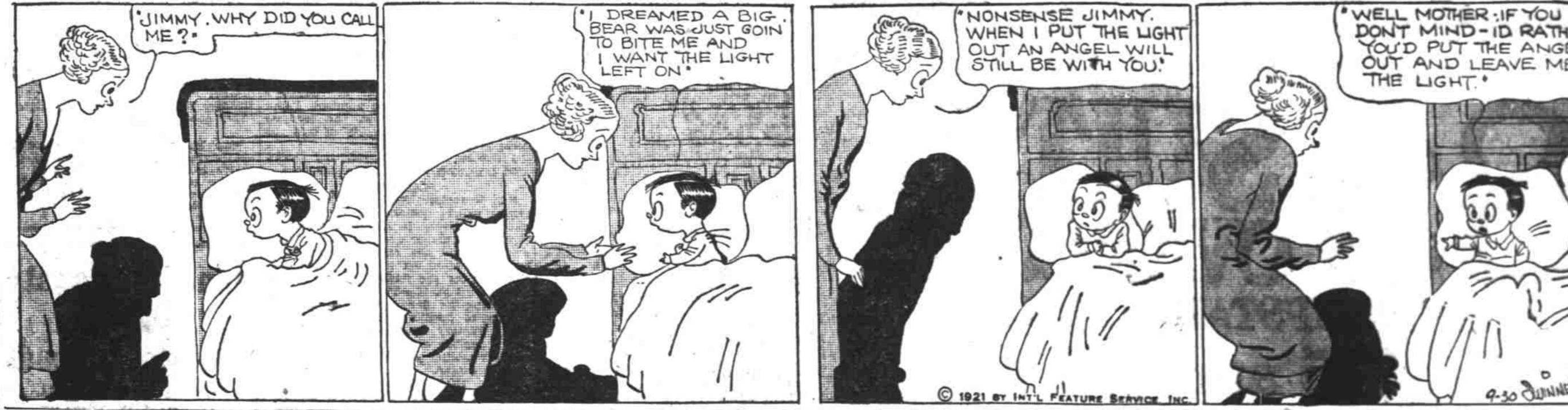
## ABIE THE AGENT



## JERRY ON THE JOB



## LITTLE JIMMY



## US BOYS



# BURGESS

## BEDTIME STORIES

A Hot Time in the Blueberry Patch

By Thompson W. Burgess

If only you slept right under the stars, you'd know how innocent we do. Also, if all the stars were innocent, you'd know how innocent we do.



WHAT little saying is very true. And sometimes the innocent do most of the suffering. It ought not to be so, but it is so. People often suffer as a result of a deal, a very great deal, through no fault of their own.

Now it happened that great big Buster Bear, coming home with a bunch of blueberries from the bushes as he shuffled along, reached the bush under which, unknown to him, his small son, Boxer, was taking a nap. Just as Boxer had the bad dream and kicked out with one foot, you remember what happened. You remember how he angered a Yellow-Jacket just coming from her home and how she promptly used her sharp little lance, stinging that foot and rudely awakening Boxer. In his pain Boxer kicked with both feet, tearing open with his claws the entrance to the nest of the Yellow Jackets, and instantly out had poured all the Yellow Jackets at home, each one fighting mad.

Boxer's sharp yell when he was stung by the first Yellow Jacket startled Buster Bear, and he promptly stood up to see what was going on. Boxer scrambled to his feet and away he went, running as he never had run in his short life before and squealing at the top of his lungs for several of those angry Yellow Jackets stung him before he got well started. Being small, Boxer slipped under the bushes and in no time at all he was out of sight, though not out of hearing.

So it happened that most of those Yellow Jackets didn't see him at all. But they did see great big Buster Bear there right in front of them and they promptly blamed him for their trouble. They didn't stop to ask questions. That isn't their way. They were fighting mad, and before poor Buster really knew what had happened they were all about him and he was stung in a dozen places.

Now the sting of a Yellow Jacket is like a touch of fire. My, my, my, that berry patch was a hot place for a few minutes! At first Buster stood up slapping with both paws at the angry Yellow Jackets and snarling and growling terribly. The Yellow Jackets were all about his head. They stung his ears. They stung him on the nose. One got in his mouth and stung him on his tongue. They seemed to know where the hair was shortest and they could sting easiest.

Then Buster took to his heels, the

They seemed to know where the hair was shortest and they could sting him easiest.

crashed and tore his way through. The branches brushed off some of the Yellow Jackets clinging to his coat. He knew that his only safety was in getting out of sight and he intended to get there as quickly as possible.

Of course the noise had awakened the other twin, Woolf-Woolf, and she had run to her mother. Mrs. Bear had guessed what the trouble was and promptly started to get away from the berry patch in a hurry. Some of the Yellow Jackets flying about wildly looking for other enemies, discovered them but they could reach the shelter of the bushes, and both Mrs. Bear and Woolf-Woolf were stung several times. Yes, indeed, it was a hot time in the berry patch! And the queer part of it is the cause of it all suffered least.

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The next story: "A Badly Frightened Little Bear."

## Big Entry Expected In Multnomah Club Handicap Golf Play

Handicaps for the entrants in the first golf tournament of Multnomah Amateur Athletic club are being arranged by the handicap committee, of which George Gammie is chairman. The games are to start from 8 to 11:30 on the municipal greens at Eastmoreland, Sunday, October 2. Among the handicaps already arranged are these:

C. N. Sampson, 18; Arthur D. Hoesfeldt, 18; W. E. Ramsey, 24; Dr. T. R. Baldwin, 24; W. F. Cox, 25; L. F. Dowd, 19; S. N. Boquist, 25; F. G. Lynch, 25; W. P. Loder, 25; E. L. Roth, 18; W. B. Fletcher, 24; W. W. McMath, 25; G. A. Wilkinson, 25; S. C. Holbrook, 20; M. C. Holbrook, 18; A. D. Wakeman, 18; J. Hefty, 20; E. Robertson, 18; Adrian Miles, 14; E. B. Martin, 25; Daniel Upp, 18; William Studier, 15; Fred Kribs, 20; George Stanley, 20; William W. Banks, 18; Sidney Goodwin, 11; E. L. Mesereau, 25; Charles Osborne, 20; G. W. Gammie, 12; T. Morris Dunne, 18; Dick Grant, 19; Walter Nash, 10.

LANE IS P. U. CAPTAIN

Pacific University, Forest Grove, Or., Sept. 30—James Lane, formerly star halfback of the University of Washington team, who has been playing a wonderful game of football in practice, has been elected captain to succeed Captain Snyder, who was unable to return to school. The team has its first game Saturday afternoon on McCready field here with Mount Angel college. Coach Frank realizes his men are greater, but is determined to put up a stiff fight against the Catholic boys.

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