

COLUMBUS DAY

BY RALPH WATSON

"YOU know," T. Paer mused half to himself but with audible thoughtfulness nevertheless, "it can make a whale of a difference which queen looks the crown jewels, can't it?"

"What're you thinkin' about now?" Ma quizzed from her corner. "I didn't think queens had any jewels to pawn much nowadays."

"I don't know as they do," T. Paer answered, "but you can't help thinkin' on Columbus day what a big mistake old Chris made when he kidded that Spanish dame into makin' her sparklers to but him, a boat to hunt America in."

"I don't see why he did," Ma said. "They ain't many queens would a done it."

"Oh, I don't know," T. Paer philosophized, "you can't tell much difference between a queen 'nd a kitchen mechanic if you dress 'em both in dish aprons."

"That ain't so," Ma objected. "A woman's got to have brains to be a queen, 'nd she don't much to wash dishes 'nd mop floors."

"Then," T. Paer answered, "if some of the history I've read about's true they's been a lot of dishwashers wore crowns."

"I ain't denyin' that," Ma retorted, "but they's been a lot of good ditch diggers spoiled by puttin' 'em on thrones."

"Sure," T. Paer admitted, "nd I've saw some queens with brooms for a scepter in my time."

"I've seen you looking at 'em," Ma observed caustically. "I don't know anybody more observin' 'n you are in some things."

"I didn't start out to do any braggin'," T. Paer grinned. "I was just thinkin' what a big difference it made because a Spanish queen instead of a China one got stuck on Chris 'nd bought his boat."

"I don't see as it could of made much difference," Ma said doubtfully, "unless he'd a got one of them junk ships they have over in China instead of one of them Spanish galleons like he did get."

"That's just it," T. Paer insisted earnestly. "If he'd got a junk he'd got it in China instead of over in Spain 'nd that'd sure raised hell with New York."

"I don't like that language," Ma snapped. "If you can't talk decent you needn't talk at all."

"I didn't mean to," T. Paer apologized, "but when I get to thinkin' of what a boob of a queen picker Chris was I kinda get excited."

"What difference is it to you?" Ma questioned. "I don't see as it affects you none."

"I don't, don't it?" T. Paer exclaimed. "If Chris'd coaxed a few jade necklaces off 'er, some of 'em could 've been sold on the east side'd been worth mo'n a million dollars."

"Dream on," Ma smiled, "you'll wake up with a headache sooner or later."

"Well," T. Paer argued, "when Chris got his boat started he just headed straight west, didn't he?"

"Yes," Ma answered, "he couldn't of gone east without putting his ship on a wagon."

"That's just it," T. Paer agreed, "nd if he'd started from China he couldn't of gone anyway but east 'nd cross the ocean, could he?"

"No," Ma admitted, "but what of that?"

"What of it?" T. Paer repeated. "Lots of it. If he had Portland'd be New York now, 'nd Washington'd be where Salem is, 'nd they'd have the Palm Beach hotel down at Shoreacres 'nd instead of it bein' Plymouth Rock 'nd the histories it'd be Booster Rock 'nd we'd eat duck on Thanksgiving day instead of turkey."

"My sakes," Ma exclaimed, "I had'n't thought of that way."

"Of course you hadn't," T. Paer retorted, "but it's a cinch I'm right just the same."

"I wouldn't be surprised," Ma conceded. "I've thought lots of times 'n was too bad our ancestors didn't know about our part of the country first."

"They'd been nothin' to it," T. Paer enthused. "If Chris'd only had the right hunch they'd be givin' monkey dinners over to our Newport instead of the other one, 'nd Coney Island'd be at Seaside 'nd they'd be pushin' them grown up baby carriages along a board walk over to Tillamook. Columbus sure was a nut like they said he was when it come to drawin' to the right queen."

"I wonder," Ma mused thoughtfully, "what'd been where New York is now if he had a done it?"

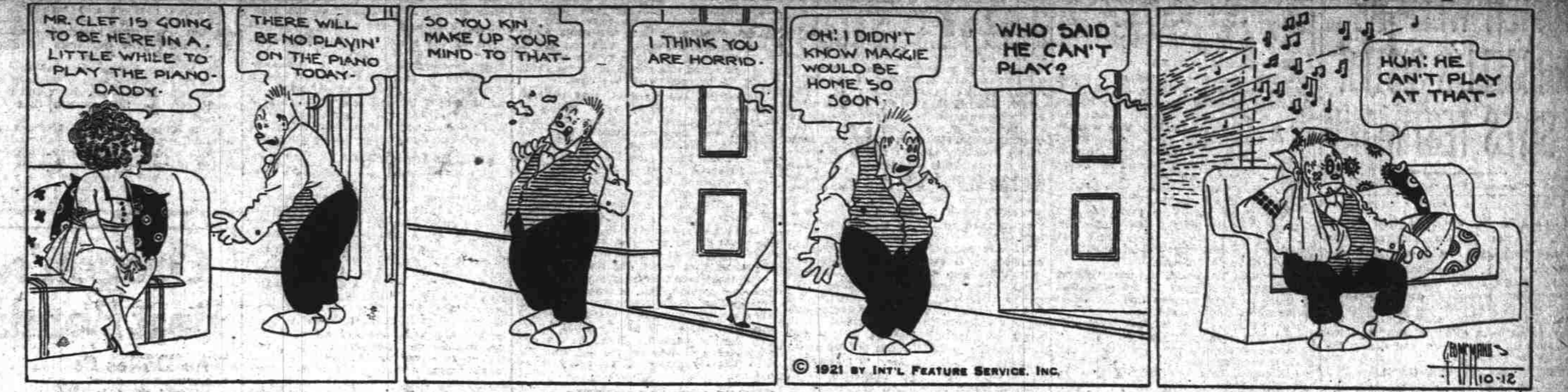
"Woods," T. Paer answered. "If Chris'd discovered us first I don't think anybody'd ever been stingy enough to want to take that part of the country away from the Indians."

"I believe you're right," Ma said. "They wouldn't be much reason to want to live there if they'd move Coney Island away."

BRINGING UP FATHER

(Registered U. S. Patent Office)

By George McManus



KRAZY KAT

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Officer, Do Your Duty



LITTLE JIMMY

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A Perfect Description



BURGESS' BEDTIME STORIES

Farmer Brown's Boy's Berries

By Thornton W. Burgess

For everything that's really nice, you'll find that you must pay a price.

FARMER BROWN'S BOY, perched in a treetop, was so interested watching the Bear family in the berry patch that he forgot all about the two pairs of berries he had left there the day before when those Bears had frightened him away. They didn't enter his head until he noticed that Buster Bear was very near the bush under which one of those pairs had been hidden.

"Gracious," exclaimed Farmer Brown's boy, "I hope that black rascal doesn't find those berries!"

But Buster did. He poked his head under that bush, then abruptly backed away. It was plain that he was suspicious. He walked around that bush two or three times, and then sat up and stared at it. He sniffed carefully in every direction. He stretched his nose out and tested the air. Then once more he walked around that bush, only to sit up again in the same place. Once, long ago, Buster Bear found a pair of berries and it got him into a great deal of trouble. The handle of the pail caught over his head and he cut himself half to death. He was suspicious of this pail.

But the temptation of those berries was too much for him. He went near enough to reach out and touch the pail with the claws of one paw. Then he did the same thing with the other paw. Nothing happened. He cocked his head on one side and studied the pail. Then he tried touching it again. This time he pushed the pail over and jumped back with a funny little growl. But the pail lay there on its side motionless and seemed harmless. Buster ventured to cut some of the berries that had rolled out. The pail remained harmless. Buster gained courage. He fairly gobbled up those berries. There were no sticks and leaves to get in his mouth, as there



He finished by sitting up with the pail in one arm while he tried to scoop out the last of the berries with the other paw.

were gone he tried again. After the third time he made up his mind that that particular pail was harmless, and he finished by sitting up with the pail held in one arm while he tried to scoop out the last of the berries with the other paw.

Farmer Brown's Boy, watching from the treetop, saw all this. When Buster finished the fun of seeing what he will do," muttered he, "this is better than a circus. Besides, there is that other pair of berries. I'm willing to divide with Buster Bear."

So he said nothing and was glad of it. For he almost laughed aloud as he watched Buster Bear's antics. Buster didn't make much of a success in scooping the last of the berries from the pail as he held it with one arm around it, and he began to lose patience. Then the pail slipped from his grasp and spilt the last of the berries on the ground. Buster licked these up and then looked in the pail. Of course, it was empty. This seemed to anger him. He appeared to think that somehow it was cheating him. Anyway, he suddenly struck it with a big paw and sent it flying. It landed with a clatter close to Mrs. Bear and frightened her so that she jumped and ran a short distance. It was all very funny and quite worth the loss of those berries. At least Farmer Brown's Boy thought so, and they were his berries.

The next story: "The Twins Have Great Fun."

HOME PAPERS ARRANGED University of Oregon, Eugene, Oct. 12. The Oregon freshman who grows lonely for his home town may at least have the solace of reading the home paper regularly. Librarian M. H. Douglas has arranged to receive 99 newspapers, most of them printed in Oregon.

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JERRY ON THE JOB

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ABIE THE AGENT

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Many Will Agree With Abie



US BOYS

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Shrimp Is Unfair to the Fair Sex

