

# EGGS AND LONGEVITY

By RALPH WATSON

"SHALL I fry 'em or boil 'em or poach 'em on scramble 'em?" Ma asked generously as T. Paer emerged from his regular morning argument with the furnace in the basement. "Or, maybe," she suggested, "You'd rather have 'em in a omelet with jelly?"

"Have what?" T. Paer spluttered as he seized his spot streaked visage under the kitchen faucet. "The reason I don't like restaurants is because I have to pick out what I eat."

"Your eggs, Ma informed him patiently. "How do you want me to cook 'em?"

"Eggs?" T. Paer vociferated. "I don't want 'em. I don't want 'em kept in the house at all. Look, woman, ain't you read what they'll do to you?"

"No," Ma answered placidly. "All I know is I like 'em anyway so long as they're fresh."

"Don't eat 'em," T. Paer pleaded, earnestly. "they're dangerous 'nd we can't afford to monkey with 'em."

"What's got into you?" Ma demanded. "Yesterday you et both of 'em, 'nd one of mine 'nd then didn't have enough."

"Never again," T. Paer promised. "I'm through with that stuff, 'nd digestible."

"They're awful strengthening," Ma said in defense, "nd digestible."

"Do you want to live 500 years?" T. Paer demanded. "You'd look fine 500 years old, wouldn't you?"

"I don't know's I'd mind it," Ma answered, "nd besides," she added crisply, "I don't know but what I'd compare pretty fair with you at that age."

"I ain't denyin' that," T. Paer said hastily, "but do you want to weigh 2000 pounds?"

"Land of mercy, no!" Ma exclaimed, "who ever heard of a woman weighing that much?"

"You keep on eating eggs 'nd you'll be bigger'n an elephant the first thing you know," T. Paer informed her, impressively.

"Goodness," Ma said, horror in her tone, "what makes you think that?"

"Science discovered it," T. Paer answered, "I read where a doctor'd discovered that if you'd feed a woman up on eggs she'd live 500 years, 'nd weigh 2000 pounds 'nd have 300 children."

"Mightful heavens," Ma exclaimed, shuddering at the sight of the egg basket. "Do you suppose it's true?"

"The doctor says so," T. Paer answered, "nd if it's only half true

blamed if I want to take any chances with 'em."

"What would we do?" Ma asked in dismay. "We'd be bigger'n a house."

"You'd be too big for a house, anyway," T. Paer contended, "You'd have to have a giant's castle with double doors."

"I'd take a whole bolt of cloth for a shirt waist," T. Paer stated. "Think of the hoof you'd have to have to hold up that much beef."

"It's sickening," Ma shivered, "I don't believe they could get a pair out'n a whole hide."

"I doubt it," T. Paer conceded, "nd think what a fellow'd be up against if all his 300 children'd turn out to be girls."

"I can't conceive it," Ma answered helplessly, "every family'd have to own a department store."

"I'd sure play hob with the automobile business," T. Paer stated, "they wouldn't be much market for Ford's unless you used 'em for baby buggies."

"I hadn't thought of that," Ma observed, "it would kinda crowd 'em to get a whole ton of woman in one all in one piece wouldn't it?"

"Every five passenger car'd have to be a ten ton truck," T. Paer calculated, "nd if they was short 'nd dumpy they'd hang over the edges at that."

"It's awful," Ma said, breathlessly, "I don't think I'll ever be able to eat another egg, 'nd ready to help us."

"Well," T. Paer mused thoughtfully, "maybe the worst won't come to the worst."

"I'm at going to chance it," Ma said firmly, "eggs off'n our bill of fare from now on."

"When you get to thinkin'," T. Paer suggested, casting a wistful eye at the egg basket, "maybe nature's got a balance wheel ready to help us."

"I can see the eggs," Ma answered, "but the balance wheel ain't visible."

"But," T. Paer argued, "the more pounds you weighed the more eggs you'd have to eat or fall off."

"I'm fat enough," Ma retorted decisively, "I'm through with eggs."

"Well," T. Paer grinned, "I'm kinda skinny 'nd that 500 years sounds good to me. I guess I'll try a couple, straight up with bacon. We can't afford to waste what we got on hand."

## BRINGING UP FATHER

(Registered U. S. Patent Office)

By George McManus



## KRAZY KAT

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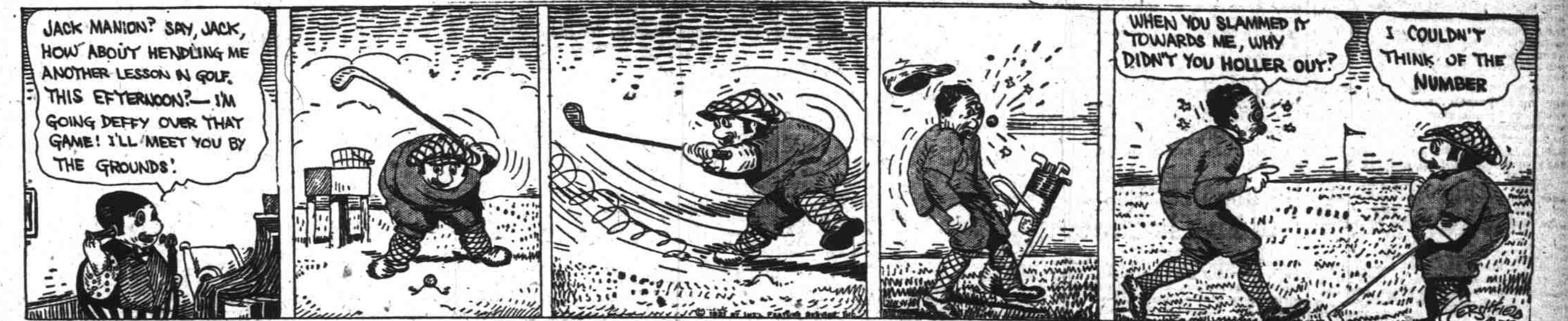
Now We Know Where They Get 'Em



## ABIE THE AGENT

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A Genius at Credit Management



## US BOYS

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Cave-Man Stuff



# BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES

The Merry Little Breezes Are Late

By Thornton W. Burgess

You often find when there is a good breeze that some people are possessed of great energy. So by the time the sun is up, Mr. Sun kicks off his rosy blankets to begin his daily climb up in the blue, blue sky. Old Mother West Wind usually is on her way from the Furnace Hills with her big bag, in which are her children, the Merry Little Breezes.

On this particular morning she emptied the Merry Little Breezes out of her big bag on the Green Meadows. "Jack Frost was around last night," said she, "so hurry over to the Green Forest to shake down the nuts for the little people there. I have had great fun of my own to do, so I must leave this for you."

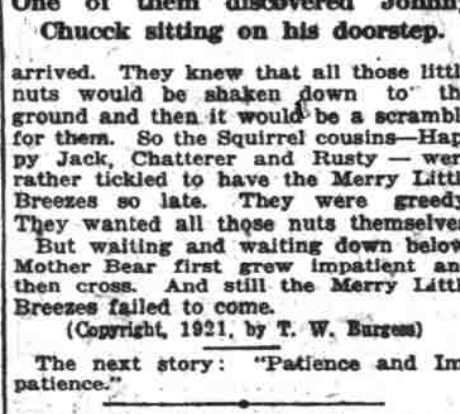
"Yes'm," cried the Merry Little Breezes all together, and started to dance away across the Green Meadows toward the Green Forest. But the Merry Little Breezes are much like other little people, in that they forget easily and put things off. One of them discovered Johnny Chuck sitting on his doorstep, and at once all of them danced over to rump up his hair and pull his whiskers and ask him questions about when he would go to sleep for the Winter, and if he expected to sleep right straight through without once waking, and if he ever had dreams when he was asleep that way.

Then they discovered Reddy Fox trying to catch Danny Meadow Mouse, and at once hurried over to tease Reddy, by carrying his scent to Danny, so that Danny might not be caught. After this they danced over to call on Digger the Badger to see if he was as grumpy as usual. And by this time they had quite forgotten the nut trees over in the Green Forest.

Now, all this time over in the Green Forest certain people were growing very impatient and certain other people were chucking to themselves. The impatient ones were Mother Bear and the twins, and the chucking ones were Happy Jack the Gray Squirrel and his smaller cousin, Chatterer the Red Squirrel, and his bigger cousin, Rusty the Fox Squirrel. You remember that Mother Bear had led the twins over to the beech trees in the night so as to be on hand the very first thing in the morning. She meant to be right on the spot just as soon as it was light enough to see to pick up the sweet, brown little beech nuts.

She was, but there were few sweet, brown, little beechnuts to pick up. You see they were still clinging to the little husks in the trees, the husks Jack Frost had opened in the night with his hard fingers. They must be shaken down before they could be picked up and eaten by the Bears. And with the coming of the first Jolly Little Sunbeams arrived Lightfoot the Deer and the three Squirrel cousins and the Deer family, all eager for sweet, brown, little beechnuts. You see, all knew that Jack Frost had been around the night before. They knew it because his white breath covered the grass and the bushes and the trees when they first popped out of bed that morning. And they knew that when he first comes the first thing he does is to pinch open the husks of the nuts. So no one had wasted any time in getting over to the beech trees that morning.

But now only the Squirrel cousins were wholly happy. They could and did climb the trees and pick the nuts out of their husks and chuckled and chuckled at the longing faces turned up toward them. They knew what would happen when the Merry Little Breezes



One of them discovered Johnny Chuck sitting on his doorstep.

arrived. They knew that all those little nuts would be shaken down to the ground and then it would be a scramble for them. So the Squirrel cousins—Happy Jack, Chatterer and Rusty—were rather tickled to have the Merry Little Breezes so late. They were greedy. They wanted all those nuts themselves. "Wait waiting and waiting down below, Mother Bear first grew impatient and then cross. And still the Merry Little Breezes failed to come."

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## The Dalles Orders a Chlorination Plant For Purifying Water

The Dalles, Oct. 19.—As a temporary means of cleaning up the city water supply, the water commission announced Tuesday that the installation of a chlorination plant had been ordered, that will be ready for operation within a few weeks.

The apparatus to be installed at wicks reservoir, eight miles southwest of the city, where the surrounding dam is located and whence the water is brought into the city by means of pipe lines.

The chlorination plant is being installed on the advice of Dr. Fred D. Strickler, state health officer, who was in The Dalles last week.

## New License Tags to Be Yellow and Black

Salem, Oct. 19.—Orders for 130,000 sets of automobile license plates for 1922 have been placed by Secretary of State Koser with the Irwin-Hodson company of Portland at a cost of 17¢ cents a pair, delivered in Salem, as compared with 21¢ cents a pair paid for the 1921 plates. The 1922 tags will be a bright yellow, with the numbers and lettering in a glossy black, a combination making for easy reading at a distance.

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