

By George McManus

IN AND OUT

BY RALPH WATSON

"How do you do? How're you?"

Collector of Internal Revenue Miller exclaimed in affable greeting to Soon to Be Collector of Internal Revenue Huntley as the latter was ushered into the office in the customs building. "Have a chair," Miller insisted hospitably. "Have this one," he added indicating the official and easy swivel. "You'd just as well get used to the way it feels."

"I thank you so much," Clyde beamed gratefully, "but I'd better sit over here till I belong over there. When I get there once I won't want to get out again."

"Maybe," Miller answered absently, "it's a comfortable place to sit."

"It's a nice day," Clyde suggested tentatively after a minute or two of silence. "It's a nice day to be out in."

"Yes," Miller grinned back at him. "It's a nice day to go out in, too."

"That wasn't what I meant," Clyde hastened to say, "what I meant was that today's a nice day to get out in if you don't have to stay in out of it."

"I get you," Miller assured him. "What you mean is that today's a nice day to get out in if you haven't got anything that'll keep you in out of it."

"What're you fellah's arguin' about?" T. Paer asked as he wandered into the office on a friendly visit of Mill and farewell. "It seems to me you could find something more'n the weather to fuss over."

"We're not fussin'," Miller and Clyde chanted in unison. "There isn't anybody we think more of than of each other."

"That's right," Clyde continued insistently. "I was just trying to tell Mill that this was a nice, warm sunny day to get out in if you want to get out in it."

"You're both right," T. Paer said judicially. "It's a nice day for Mill to get out in when he has to get out in it, 'nd it's a nice day for Clyde to get out in because he can't get in out of it just yet."

"What I meant," Clyde said in desperation, "is that it's damned fine weather we're havin' today."

"Oh?" T. Paer chuckled, "now you're talkin' politics so we can understand you."

"You know," Clyde mused as he leaned back and forth in Mill's easy chair. "I think I'm going to like this place when I get in it."

"It's a fine place to stay in," Miller assured him, "a trifle of wistfulness in his tone. "Of course," he added, "there's lots to do to keep you busy."

"Yes," Clyde agreed, "but then there're lots to do it and maybe we'll have reinforcements."

"If you do you'll have a cinch," Miller assured him. "But with me working as I do, it's kept me awful busy."

"Well," Clyde half boasted, "I'm a fast worker myself when I get started. You know," he said tentatively, "I think I'll take that picture of Wilson down and hang up Harding and show Bryan out and put Coolidge in his place."

"There's a rule against it," Miller argued with a partisan glint in his glance, "you're not allowed to deface the walls of a federal building."

"Deface?" Clyde questioned, "where do you get that stuff? Harding and Coolidge are a beauty show beside those birds."

"Look at that chin," Miller commanded heatedly as he pointed to the Wilson portrait. "And look at that lofty brow," he said directing his finger towards the likeness of Bryan."

"Harding's got the fine jaw," Clyde contended, "and the Coolidge nose is a classic."

"Yes," Miller retorted, "that's what you notice most about this administration, jaw and nose."

"It's still got its hair on anyway," Clyde replied casting his eye at the Bryan dome, "that's one comforter."

"So the patient ox," Miller answered sarcastically, "and his horns, too," he added suggestively.

"Say," T. Paer interrupted diplomatically, "Don't you s'pose we could arbitrate this?"

"I'm going to strike in a minute," Miller threatened, "and if I do," he promised, "all lands'll go out."

"What's your arbitration," Clyde asked doubtfully, "I'm going to hang Harding and Coolidge or bust?"

"You won't have to," Miller interpolated ambiguously, "give 'em time and they'll do it themselves."

"Why not put Mill's picture up 'nd call it square?" T. Paer suggested.

"That wouldn't bust any rule would it?" "That's not a bad idea," Miller admitted, "but if you'd put Clyde's up too it would keep things more balanced."

"It'd be a good precedent," Clyde said thoughtfully, "I'll arbitrate."

"Then," T. Paer grinned, "they can't be no quarrel about which administration's got the best jaw."

"Of the best nose," Clyde said rubbing his own tenderly.

"Or the best hair," Miller remarked as he ruffled his temperamental mane.

"And," T. Paer said, "each administration can hang the other."

"Fine," said both in unison "that suits me."

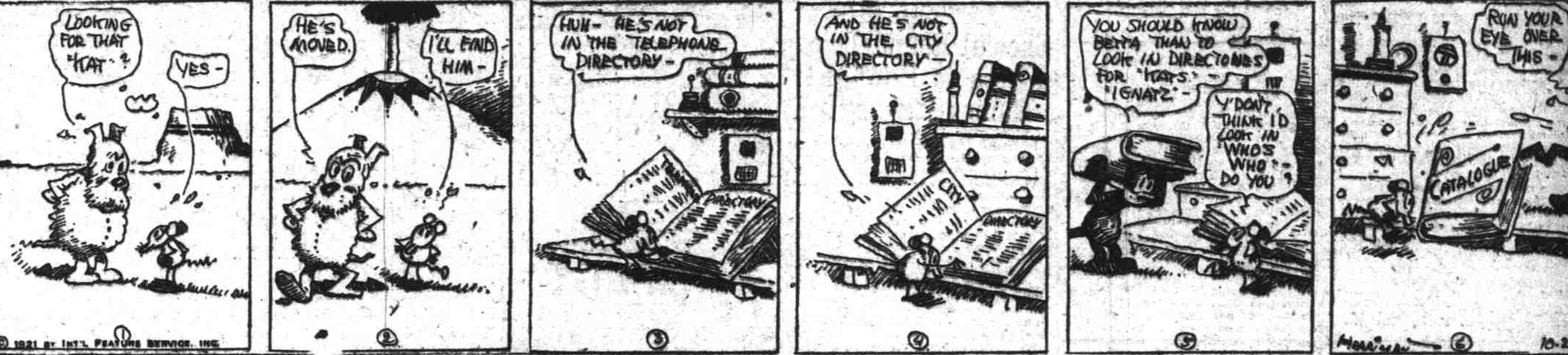
BRINGING UP FATHER

(Copyright, 1921, by International Feature Service, Inc.)



KRAZY KAT

(Copyright, 1921, by International Feature Service, Inc.)



The Place to Look for It

ABIE THE AGENT

(Copyright, 1921, by International Feature Service, Inc.)



In Fact, the Man's Working

LITTLE JIMMY

(Copyright, 1921, by International Feature Service, Inc.)



Not a Chance

JERRY ON THE JOB

(Copyright, 1921, by International Feature Service, Inc.)



The Doc Doesn't Know So Much

US BOYS

(Copyright, 1921, by International Feature Service, Inc.)



The Changeableness of Women

BURGESS' BEDTIME STORIES

At Last the Merry Little Breezes Arrive

By Thornton W. Burgess

Good things quite often are belated. But amply repay those who wait.

Merry Little Breezes.

IT WAS almost the middle of the morning when one of the Merry Little Breezes of Old Mother West Wind remembered the tumble-down nut trees in the Green Forest and rejoined the other Merry Little Breezes. Instantly all stopped playing on the Green Meadows.

"What shall we do?" cried one in dismay. "We should have shaken those trees the very first thing this morning. You know that is what Old Mother West Wind told us to do."

"We'll do it now," declared the Merry Little Breeze who had remembered. "There is nothing else for us to do. Come on!"

Away raced the Merry Little Breezes straight for the Green Forest, and they were in such a hurry that they brushed all the red and yellow leaves from the tops of the maple trees as they passed, and sent them tumbling down in all directions. They would have liked to stay and blow those beautiful red leaves and yellow leaves about, but there wasn't time.

So on they rushed straight to the beech trees. There, waiting patiently, were the Deer family and the Grouse family and a few other timid people who are fond of the little, sweet brown beech nuts. And there, growing at each other and in a very bad temper, were Buster Bear, Mother Bear and the cubs, Boxer and Wolf-Wolf.

The Merry Little Breezes understood, and they were sorry and ashamed that they had kept these friends of theirs waiting. With a rush they seized the branches of the beech trees and shook and shook and shook with all their might. The little, sweet, brown nuts flew out of their little husks and rattled down through the branches and tumbled and rolled among the leaves on the ground. Back and forth rocked the tops of the trees. Up and down and from side to side flew the branches. The yellow-brown leaves flew off in clouds, and by the time the Merry Little Breezes



Happy Jack Squirrel scolded as fast as his tongue could go.

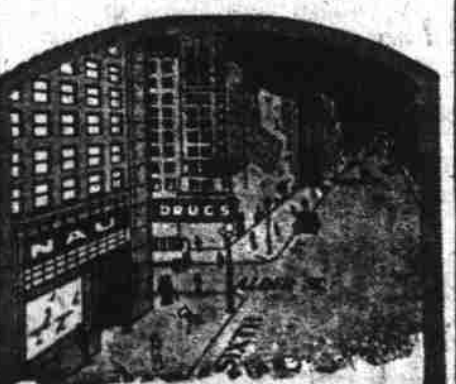
were so out of breath that they couldn't shake another branch there wasn't a single little, sweet, brown nut left clinging in its husk on one of those beech trees. No, sir; there wasn't one.

Buster Bear had stopped growling. Mother Bear had stopped grumbling. Boxer and Wolf-Wolf the cubs had stopped quarreling. All the bad temper of the Bear family had vanished. Where had it gone? Well, you might have thought it had gone into the Squirrel cousin to have heard them scold. Happy Jack Squirrel scolded as fast as his tongue could go. Rusty the Fox Squirrel scolded as fast as his tongue could go. Chatterer the Red Squirrel—well, Chatterer scolded as fast as his two big cousins together. You know Chatterer is a famous scolder.

The truth is the Squirrel cousins were the only ones who were not glad because of the coming of the Merry Little Breezes. Before they had all those little, sweet, brown nuts to themselves; now they must divide with all who wanted a share, and it seemed to them that that included everybody in the Green Forest. Of course it didn't, but there were so many busy people down there on the ground that it seemed that way.

But sitting up in those trees scolding wouldn't put any little, sweet, brown beechnuts in their storehouses. Besides, no one paid the least attention to their scolding. So Happy Jack and Rusty decided that if they wanted their share the only way to get it would be to join the others on the ground and hunt for it, and this is just what they did. Chatterer scolded a little longer and then he, too, scampered down and began to rustle about among the dry leaves looking for little, sweet, brown nuts. And there was great contentment on the coming of the Merry Little Breezes.

(Copyright, 1921, by T. W. Burgess.) The next story: "The Truce of the Beechnuts."



Side Lines

WITHOUT dropping the least part of its special service to the public in filling prescriptions, and selling dependable drugs, Nau's has gradually added many lines of merchandise, largely to serve its customers still more efficiently.

You will find here all sorts of toilet necessities, Parisian ivory articles, mirrors and billfolds, candy, fountain pens and Eversharp pencils, and many other articles too numerous to mention.



King Baby-deserves the food which has been building better babies for 63 years.

