

FAMILY STUFF

By RALPH WATSON

T. PAER, slugging along towards the home plate and supper, drew alongside of Polly Tolan, drawing along on her ground grippers, her square jaw set in concentrated and oblivious thought.

"Boo!" T. Paer barked at her after he had walked half a block unnoticed. "What's the matter; can't George get Ben to lay down so he can run around him?"

"Good Governor!" Polly exclaimed, coming out of her trance with a start. "Why don't you scare a person to death?"

"I didn't know you was so afraid of anything but probs," T. Paer grinned. "You must have something awful heavy on your chest to pull your head down that way."

"Did you see," Polly asked abruptly, "where Bob's gone and appointed Asa Thomson and Wes Caviness to good jobs?"

"I don't worry me none," T. Paer retorted. "I didn't vote for him."

"I didn't say you did," Polly snapped. "But he's sure picked a fine bunch of birds ain't he?"

"Maybe you can call 'em birds," T. Paer answered, "specially," he added. "If you want to be polite 'nd not be more delicate about 'em."

"I've just been thinking over the list," Polly said absently, "and I'm wondering if it ain't about time Bob give a job to somebody that really deserved it 'nd needed one."

"I didn't know you wanted a job," T. Paer answered guilefully. "You've been sayin' all the time you didn't."

"I think it's going to be a hard winter," Polly said, enigmatically, "but I wonder if it ain't about time."

"That depends on two things," T. Paer answered didactically. "If you can tell me about them maybe I can tell you whether it's time or not."

"What are they?" Polly questioned. "I don't know what you're hinting at."

"Well," T. Paer responded, "if they ain't none of Bob's sheep herders or brother-in-laws that ain't fixed up yet maybe you've a chance."

"Ain't it the truth," Polly mused dejectedly. "Everybody he's appointed's one or the other except George Piper and the Lord knows why he picked him."

"If the Lord knows," T. Paer answered, "he probably thinks it's coincidental 'nd won't tip it off."

"I'd like to get a line on it," Polly muttered. "It's darned hard to make excuses about it all the time."

"What are you goin' to strike for?" T. Paer quizzed. "Have you got anything special in mind?"

"No," Polly answered candidly, "but I just thought if them other birds could land one apiece I ought to be able to."

"Why don't you jab at a diplomatic job 'nd get to be arbitrator between the collector of customs 'nd the prohibition director?" T. Paer suggested. "They'll have to do some arbitratin' the first thing you know."

"What've they got to arbitrate?" Polly asked doubtfully. "They won't get mixed up any way do they?"

"Maybe not," T. Paer conceded, "but you never can tell."

"I don't want a big job," Polly confided, "and I'm willing to work for all the pay I get."

"That boosts your chances," T. Paer stated knowingly. "Bob's family's got all the soft snaps cooped up 'nd labeled."

"The trouble is," Polly confessed, "I'm not very well acquainted with Bob and don't know just how to get started right."

"Why don't you ask Ferd," T. Paer suggested. "He could tell you."

"Well," Polly said thoughtfully, "if I landed a job I'd want my own meal ticket, you know."

"Blamed if I know how to head you then," T. Paer said. "I guess you'll have to butt in 'nd bone him for it."

"I'm going to," Polly assured him, "jutting out her jaw, 'but I ain't so sure it'll do any good."

"I'll tell you," T. Paer grinned, "just tell him Ralph Williams won't recommend you 'nd maybe that'll jazz things up a little."

"It might," Polly admitted, "but it'd be just a gambler's chance."

"Well, then," T. Paer broke in eagerly, "I'll tell you how to land a good one and no chance to fail."

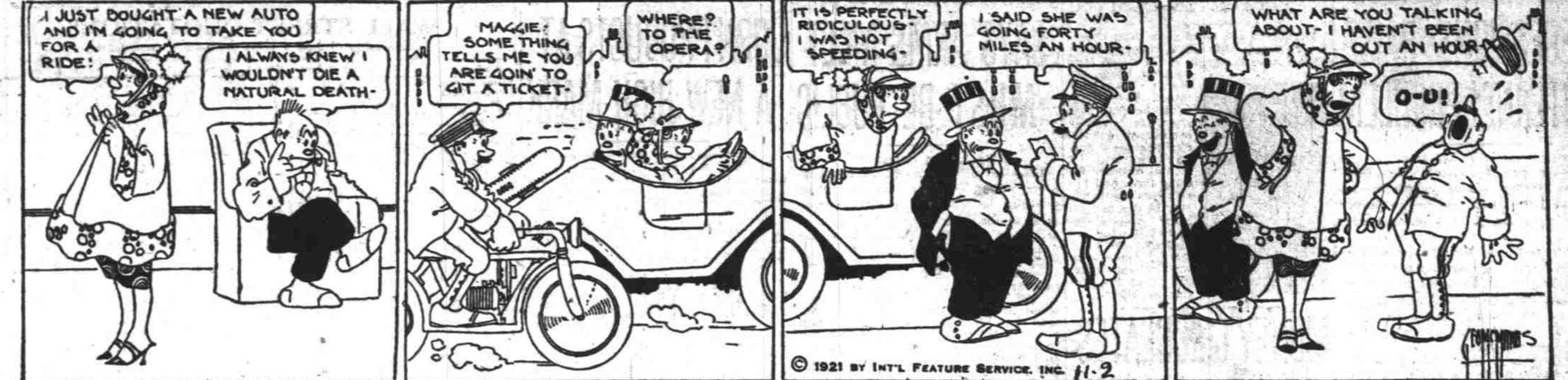
"How?" Polly asked hopefully. "I'd sure like to get your tip."

"Marry into the family," T. Paer advised optimistically. "Do that 'nd it'll be a cinch."

BRINGING UP FATHER

Registered U. S. Patent Office

By George McManus



KRAZY KAT

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Getting Up in the World



LITTLE JIMMY

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A Regular Little Chesterfield



BURGESS' BEDTIME STORIES

Jerry Muskrat Also Has the Feeling

By Thornton W. Burgess

Who heeds my warnings never will through unpreparedness suffer ill. —Old Mother Nature.

PETER RABBIT reached the Smiling Pool without mishap and looked eagerly for Jerry Muskrat. Jerry wasn't to be seen. Peter looked over at Jerry's house, near where the Laughing Brook entered the Smiling Pool. Was it his imagination, or was Jerry's house bigger than it had been the last time he had seen it? Peter couldn't be sure. It was some time since he had visited the Smiling Pool, and then he hadn't taken any special notice of Jerry's house.

But now he looked at it very hard, and the more he looked the more the feeling grew that it was bigger than it had been. Certainly, Jerry had been at work on it. But that might not mean anything more than that Jerry was getting it ready for winter. He did this every fall. Still he couldn't get rid of the feeling that it was bigger than it ever had been before.

Presently he saw something moving out from among the rushes on the far side of the Smiling Pool. At first it looked as if some fallen rushes were floating out of their own accord. Then he made out a little brown head in the middle of them. Peter knew instantly that it was Jerry Muskrat, bringing more rushes for that house.

"Hello, Jerry!" called Peter.

Jerry didn't reply. He couldn't. You see, his mouth was full of those rushes. He knew better than to try to talk with his mouth full. When he reached his house he climbed out of the water and dragged the rushes up on the roof. Then, without saying a word, he carefully worked them in place where he wanted them. When he had fixed them to suit himself he sat down to rest.

"Hello, Peter," said he, his eyes twinkling. "What is new in the Great World?"

"Nothing much that I know of," replied Peter. "Isn't your house bigger than it was?"

"I hope so," replied Jerry. "If it isn't I have wasted a lot of time and worked hard for nothing. It will be bigger still before I am through with it. This roof ought to be twice as thick as it is."

"Why?" asked Peter.

"Because we are going to have a long, hard, cold winter," replied Jerry, "and the thicker this roof is the warmer my bedroom will be."

"Foolish!" exclaimed Peter. "Probably you are doing a lot of hard work for nothing. Winter is a long way off yet."



so how can you know what kind of a winter it is going to be?"

"I know," replied Jerry. "It is going to be long and hard and cold, and I am going to be prepared for it."

"That is what Johnny Chuck said, but I don't believe he knows and I don't believe you know anything about it."

"Johnny Chuck is right," declared Jerry Muskrat. "What has he been doing to get ready for it?"

"He has dug his house deeper than ever before, and he has stuffed himself until he is so fat that it is a wonder to me that he doesn't burst," replied Peter.

"It is so. But you haven't told me how you know the winter is going to be long, hard and cold. Who told you so?"

"Nobody," replied Jerry. "That is, nobody, unless Old Mother Nature whispered it in my ear while I was asleep. It is just a feeling."

"I guess that is it, just a feeling, but all the same I know. You mark my words, Peter Rabbit, we are going to have one of the worst winters ever. But I don't care; I'll be ready for it."

"With this Jerry dived into the water and started for more rushes."

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The next story: "Peter Tries Paddy the Beaver."

JERRY ON THE JOB

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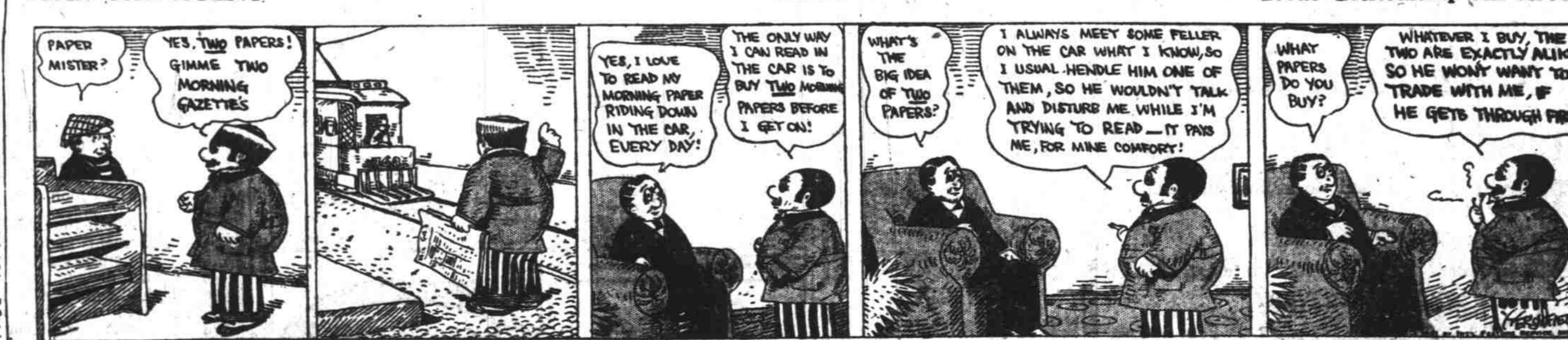
The Evidence Favors the Kid's Plan



ABIE THE AGENT

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US BOYS

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Skinny Has His Own Idea



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JACK O'LANTERN IS FATAL TO BOY

Halloween cruelly claimed a victim early Tuesday morning.

Little William Lloyd Baldwin, 7-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. Melvin Baldwin, 811 First street, avenue southeast, clad in a sheet, was playing with a Jack o'lantern at 7:30 Monday evening, when the candle accidentally ignited the white wrapping. Immediately the boy became a mass of flames.

Neighbors, summoned by the lad's cries, hurried to the scene and the flames were stifled with an overcoat, but not until the little fellow was fatally burned. He was placed under a physician's care, but from the first it was apparent that the boy's life was lost.

At 3 o'clock Tuesday morning, after a night of suffering, the little boy died.

335 Acres Burned In Oregon National Forest; Loss \$1000

During the summer 61 fires occurred in the Oregon national forest in the northern portion of the Cascades, according to a report just compiled in the office of Supervisor T. H. Sturtevant. Of these, 26 were on government land within the national forest, 19 were on private lands inside the boundary, and six were just outside the boundary.

Forty-seven fires were less than one-fourth of an acre in size. Nine were under 10 acres. Nine fires were caused by the railroad, five by lightning, four by brush burning and 42 by careless campers.

A total of 335 acres were burned; the total damage was \$1000. The cost of suppression was \$2000, as compared with the average for the previous 10-year period of \$10,000.

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