



# SMALL POTATOES

BY RALPH WATSON

"It's an outrage, that's what it is," Polly Tician harangued heatedly as she swooped down on T. Paer and pounded the outspread palm of one hand with the doubled up flat of the other. "Rufe Holman ought to be recalled; that's what ought to be done to him."

"You don't tell me," T. Paer exclaimed in reply. "What's Rufe gone 'nd did now?" snapped Sam Martin on the wrist.

"Worse than that," Polly continued excitedly. "He sent a lot of potatoes down to the county jail from the county farm that wasn't any bigger than marbles."

"Is that what you're goin' to hang him for?" T. Paer asked. "I thought he'd kicked somebody on the shins or something from the way you're all bet up."

"Ain't it enough to get you bet up?" Polly flared at him, "sending them poor cooped up men little potatoes like that and keeping the big ones?"

"Maybe Rufe was tryin' to cheer the boys up," T. Paer suggested. "Don't hop onto him 'till you hear his side."

"Cheer 'em up?" Polly mumbled. "I'd like to know what's cheerful in potatoes the size of marbles. That's what the sheriff said they was."

"Maybe Rufe thought the boys could play koope with those poor fellows to eat," just think of it."

"They ain't got many games to pass the time with up there."

"No, he didn't," Polly insisted. "He sent 'em up there for those poor fellows to eat, just think of it."

"The poor bootleggers!" T. Paer lamented. "No wonder the thugs 'nd highwaymen don't like to stay in jail."

"You needn't get sarcastic," Polly retorted vehemently. "It's a shame for Rufe to expect men to eat little potatoes like that just because they happen to be in jail."

"Ain't it though," T. Paer agreed. "The taxpayers oughtn't to feed any spuds to the poor things little's punks. They ought to hire Sam Martin to tar 'nd feather Rufe 'nd then set fire to him."

"You can be just as hard hearted as Rufe is if you want to," Polly said disgustedly. "But the cook up at the jail ain't."

"Ain't he?" T. Paer asked curiously. "How tender hearted is he?"

"Enough that he dumped the marbles in the garbage can," Polly declared. "He won't stand for no such inhumanity."

"Why should he?" T. Paer answered

thoughtfully. "He don't have to pay for 'em."

"He ought to have done it," Polly argued. "I don't believe a county as rich as Multnomah ought to feed anybody little potatoes."

"Well," T. Paer mused. "I might get more excited if I hadn't saw them same spuds in the garbage can."

"Did you?" Polly exclaimed incredulously. "What was you in jail for?"

"To give the spuds-the once over," T. Paer answered. "They ain't pinched me for anything yet."

"Knock on wood," Polly advised ironically, "but what did they look like?"

"As near as I could make out," T. Paer pointed out. "They sort of come out of the same sack with what Ma'd bought over to that exclusive Irvington grocery where we run a bill."

"I can't believe it," Polly objected. "They don't sell marbles for potatoes over in Irvington at any of the stores."

"I didn't say they did," T. Paer pointed out. "I just said I hefted some in the garbage can 'nd they was the same as Ma had me wash for supper a little while after."

"But," Polly insisted, "they was little wasn't they?"

"You could get along pretty good with 'em," T. Paer answered sardonically. "If you didn't get in too big a hurry 'nd try to swallow 'em whole."

"Well, what do you know about that?" Polly said slowly. "I thought they wasn't any bigger a walnut."

"I have a hunch," T. Paer said, "that the jail's chief could've served 'em with the jackals on without their leakin' out through the holes in the collander."

"That's no way to serve potatoes," Polly shuddered. "They don't do it in polite society."

"They go all right with gravy at our house," T. Paer answered, "but of course maybe that ain't as high class as the county jail."

"You can cook 'em with the skins on if you want to," Polly said, "but I ain't so sure but the cook was right."

"Maybe he is," T. Paer conceded. "But I don't believe us felahs that pungle up the board money for that bunch of bootleggers 'nd bandits in the county jail really ought to hook it into Rufe too hard because he bent the big spuds for the poor devils out to the T. B. hospital 'nd sent the little ones to the jail for the highwaymen 'nd the hop heads. Do you?"

"That ain't a fair question," Polly demurred. "You'll have to ask the cook."

"You wouldn't get a fair answer," T. Paer chuckled. "It's too much worse to peel little spuds-when you don't have to pay for 'em."

## BRINGING UP FATHER

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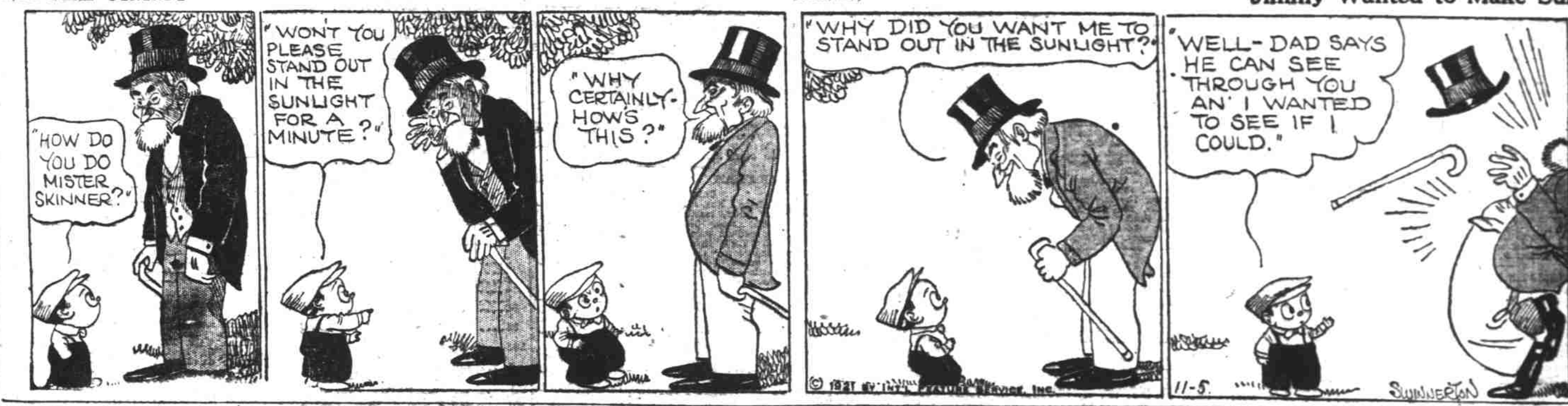


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## Putting Her at Ease

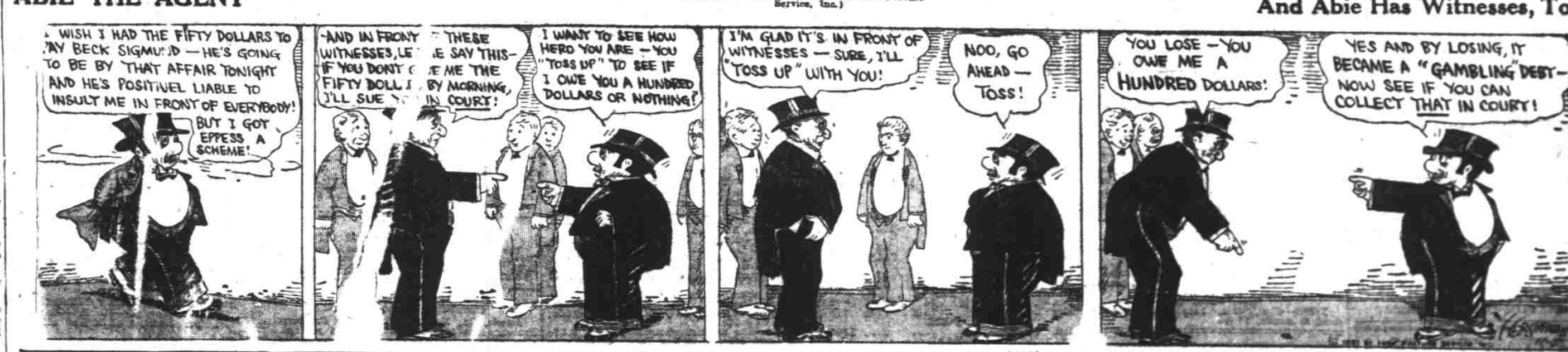


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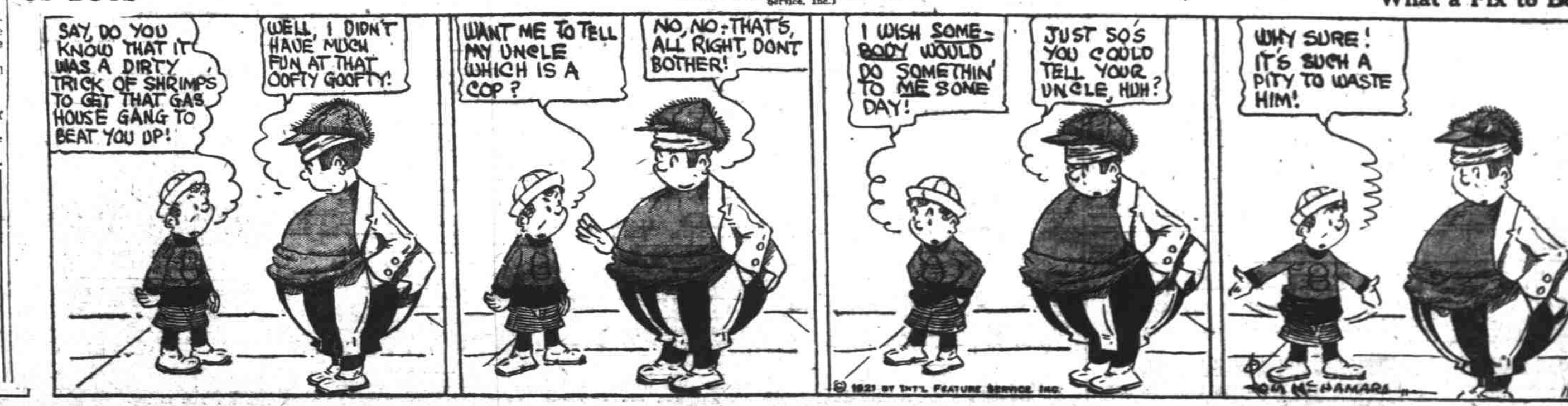


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## US BOYS

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## What a Fix to Be In



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# BURGESS' BEDTIME STORIES

News From the North

By Thornton W. Burgess.

Be thankful if you have a home from which you are not forced to roam.

—Mrs. Quack.

PETER RABBIT was overjoyed to see Mr. and Mrs. Quack the Mallard Ducks. He had seen them on their way to the Far North in the early spring, and many times he had wondered about them and if he ever would see them again. Now here they were, with their six children, in the pond of Paddy the Beaver, and how good it was to see them again.

Mr. Quack was as handsome as ever with his green head and white collar. Mrs. Quack wore her usual modest brown suit. Both seemed as glad to see Peter as he was to see them.

"Have you had a pleasant journey?" asked Peter.

"We've had a terrible journey," replied Mrs. Quack. "It seems to me it gets worse each year. It is a misery any of us are alive. It has been bang, bang, bang, bang by terrible guns ever since we started, and how we all escaped I don't know."

"I lost two feathers from one wing from shot from one of those terrible guns," spoke up one of the young Quacks.

"And I have a sore side where I was hit," added another.

"Let me talk about it now, my dears," said Mrs. Quack hastily. "It makes me shiver just to think of what we have yet to go through. This is the first place in days where we have felt that we could rest in peace, so we must make the most of it."

"Aren't you a little early this fall?"



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