

# T THE LIVESTOCK

"There you go," Ma answered sadly, "always thinking of your stomach 'nd nothing else."

"That's what we raise 'em for, ain't t?" T. Paer insisted. "You don't feed

can't help my mouth waterin' a little bit when I look 'em over."

"Ain't that Os West over there on that gray herse?" Ma asked suddenly,

"I don't know?" T. Paer answered doubtfully, "If he didn't have them funny pants on I'd think he'd gone back to

was mad at something don't he?"
"Uh, huh." T. Paer grunted absently.
his eyes on a high stepping tandem,

"Maybe he's mad because he's got a

"Maybe he's nervous havin' to ride out before all these people," T. Paer mused, "Os never could set still when he was

to pat a horse on the nose again just to

'em."
"Well," T. Paer responded dreamly

rough horse that keeps bobbin' him up

out of the saddle that funny way," Ma

'He looks that way sometimes.'

em up to keep in the parlor."

working here?"

herdin' cattle again."

T. PAER settled himself comfortably in horses 'nd cow my life before."

coat about his knees, crossed his arms and spread his elbows on the railing in "Goah!" he excoat about his knees, crossed his arms and spread his elbows on the railing in front of him, took a long drawn, luxurious and reminiscent whiff of the surcharged aimosphere, and let the sheep and the goats and the buils and the beeves go by.

"Some show," T. Paer admitted.
"Goah!" he exclaimed wistfully, "just think of the tenderloins 'nd porterhouses 'nd corned beef 'nd pig sausages 'nd head cheese 'nd lamb chops 'nd everything walkin' around out in front to the state of the same of the same show," T. Paer admitted.

beeves go by. "What're you grinning at?" Ma do-manded, removing her eyes from the slow marching procession of the exposition's prize winners for a space. "Any-body'd think you was to a minstrel show

vom the looks of your face." "De you know who that fellah is out mere in the middle?" T. Paer saked his "Maybe not," Ma replied, "but I'd rather think of 'em alive 'nd happy instead of seeing pork chops 'nd roast beef every time I look at 'em."
"Keep 'em scrawny then." T. Pær answered. "When they get fat 'nd juicy I herrogator. "That big fellah that looks

like his suit was made special." "I sin't sure," Ma answered after a prolonged look, "but I think I've seen

his plature somewhere before."
"It's Frank Lowden that used to be governor of Illinois," T. Paer informed "He owns all the sleepin' cars 'nd runs for president when he ain't right

"I thought his face looked like I'd seen it before," Ma answered. "What's he doing out there in the middle?" "He's a great expert on fat stock," T. "Don't he ride funny?" Ma smiled their stalls," Ma pleaded, "I'd kinda like Paer explained, "bein' in the dinin' car

business it comes natural for him." "He's a fine looking man," Ma observed critically. "He'd made a fine locking president."
"You know," T. Paer chuckled, "I always wendered how he happened to pick

out Joe Dunn to be his manager when he run for president 'nd it's just come, to me." "Why did he?" Ma asked. "I'd never able to stick right to 'em when he was a picked a man in the ice cream 'nd cold boy."
storage business to run a campaign of mine."
befor

"Maybe Frank thought a ice cream man could freeze onto the women's vote." T. Paer suggested, "but that ain't my hunch about Frank's pickin' him for their stalls," Ma jleaded, "I'd kinda like manager."

"What is then?" Ma asked. "Joe's a see how it feels."

"Me too," T. Paer agreed, "nd scratch pretty nice fellah." "Well." T. Paer grinned, "seein' Frank a heg on the back 'nd see 'em wiggle out there in the judgin' ring I got a their tails 'nd grunt."

hunch he just figgered that Joe'd dress out better's anybody else that wanted the job." "Ain't they cute," Ma enthused a little later as she stroked a friendly velvet mussle outstretched towards her," I love I guesa he didn't know about Dew Walker," Ma smiled. "If he had maybe "Well," T. Paer responded dreamly while he rubbed a big bay behind the "Maybe not," T. Paer said, "but either ear and grinned to see him musale his

head against his chest when he stopped. "Well, you don't have to keep your hand one of 'em measures up pretty good on

"Ain't it wonderful?" Ma sighed con-tentedly, "I never saw so many presty clatin' with horses 'nd dumb brutes."

BRINGING UP FATHER



THERE GOES THE DOOR BELL-1 AWAY WUZ LUCKY TO OH FLY HEAR IT-AWAY-

ROE WHER'

GOT A DUAL

PERSONALITY.



AND THAT'S THE

KIND OF A' HET

I Am-



KRAZY KAT

YOU MAY NOT !

BUT 175 50.1

BELIEVE IT, 'HRAZY'

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IS THAT

So ?



( 1921 BY INT'S PEATURE SERVICE, INC

One and One Equals Two ONE FOR BACH PERSONALITY. FOOL .

LITTLE JIMMY

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Can't Fool This Youth



JERRY ON THE JOB



YOU SIPPOSE

"IGNATZ": C

DONT

SUPPOSE

ANYTHING





Hm.m.



By Thornton W. Burgess never seems to me quite fair mother should have all the care. —Mrs. Quack

OF COURSE in many cases she doesn't have all the care of properly raising the children, but more often she does than doesn't, or at least so much of it that it seems like all. Mra Quack is one of these. Mr. Quack has little to do with the proper bringing up of his family. It is only when they are almost full grown and ready for the long journey to the Sunny South that he shares in the

"Did you raise all your children?" asked Pater Rabbit as he sat gossiping with Mrs. Quack the Mallard Duck on the shore of the pond of Paddy the Heaver, deep in the Green Forest,

Mrs. Quack's bright eyes grew a little im. "Not all," said she sadly. "Accidents will happen no matter how watchful a mother may be, and it is very hard work to keep an eye on every one of such a big, lively family as mine. You have no idea, Peter Rabbit, what an anxious time it is for a mother Duck Mrs. Quack choked a little when she

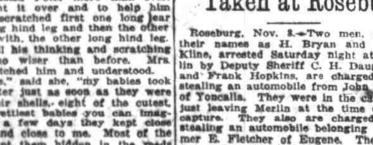
when her babies are small."
"I know." said Peter. "I have had

"I know." said Peter. "I have had a big family myself. Children are a great care, a great care."
"Peoh!" sniffed Mrs. Quack. "A lot you know about it! You know well enough that it was little Mrs. Peter who did all the worrying about those children of yours. I'll venture to say hat you were not home half the time." Peter looked guilty. Mrs. Quack tossed her head and continued: "I don't doubt, Mrs. Peter has worries a-plenty. but if she kept her eyes open she could always see any danger that might threaten her bables. It would be either in the air or on the ground. But there were dangers to my bables that couldn't be seen and they were never off my mind. I-I lest two of the darlings that way."
A tear shous in one of Mrs. Quack's

Peter was both interested and puzzled.
"How could there be a danger you couldn't see?" he demanded.
"It came from underneath," replied

Mrs. Quack, This pussied Peter more than ever. He shought it over and to help him think he scratched first one long lear with a long hind leg and then the other long ear with, the other long hind leg.

But for all his thinking and scratching he was no wiser than before. Mrs. Quack watched him and understood.



Hut for all his thinking and scratching he was no wiser than before. Mrs. Quack watched him and understood.

"Tou see," said she, "my bables took to the water just as soon as they were out of their shells, eight of the cutest, softest, prettiest bables you can imagine. For a few days they kept close together and close to me. Most of the time I kept them hidden in the reeds and grass growing in the water. There they were safe from Hawks by day and Owis by night. But it wasn't long before they began to scatter a little and venture outside the reeds and grass to swim in the open water.

"One day I led them across the pond to the other side. At first they followed close to me, for it was a great adventure to them. Then one began to drop behind. He was veturesome. Twice I waited for him and scolded him well, the Mark Pour New York Pour

Relieve baby's irritated skin with-

Has just the cooling touch to produce comfort

and permit sleep Does not smart or sting when applied

asked Peter Rabbit.

"Where had he gone?" asked Peter after a pause. "A Muskrat had followed us under water and had seized him from under-neath," sobbed Mrs. Quack. "It was a danger I couldn't see." "Did—did the same thing happen

to the other one you lost?" asked Peter. Mrs. Quack nodded. "Yes." said she, only it was a Mink this time. They were very little, those bables, or it wouldn't have happened. Bringing up a family on the water is a great care, Peter Rabbit, a great care. But it is worth all it costs," she added, glancing with pride at the six handsome young Ducks playing out in the middle of the pond. Again Peter nodded.

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The next story—"Blacky the Crow Makes a Call."

## Auto Theft Suspects Taken at Roseburg

Roseburg, Nov. 8. Two men, giving their names as H. Bryan and Glenn Kline, arrested Saturday night at Mer-

North Bend, Nov. 8 .- The county bud-North Bend, Nov. 8.—The county budget committee, in its enxiety to reduce the running expenses of the county and likewise taxation, has aroused a storm of pretest from the farming communities of the county, especially the community of Kentuch Inlet, on Coos Bay, by suggesting that the services of the county agricultural agent be dispensed with during the coming year. Several farmers' meeting have been called to protect such action and to request the county budget committee to continue the services of the county agent.

## Klamath Merchants Lose by Bad Checks

Elamath Falls, Nov. S.—A warrant was issued Monday for the arrest of J. E. Harvey, alias E. Andrews, who is alleged to have passed bad checks on merchants here totaling \$295, forging the name of Jack Nichols, a bakery proprietor. Harvey is believed to be the E. Andrews who rented from a local garage a Dodge car, which was recov-ored Sunday at Dunsmuir.











MIGOSH = DON'T



Red but Not Read

ABIE THE AGENT

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ONEH

Abie Felt Safe in Buying the Same









BELIEVE ME

THAT WAS SOME LICKIN'



ON THE LEVEL I DON'T THINK ILL BUER BE ABLE TO DO ANYTHIN' BAD ENGOGH TO EVEN IT.UP!

US BOYS

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Some Predicament

