

By George McManus

# SWORDS AND THINGS

BY RALPH WATSON

"I KNOW a job I'd like to have," T. Paer remarked reflectively as he tapped the bowl of his pipe on the top of the andiron. "That is," he amended, "if they take 'em off 'nd leave 'em outside before they go in."

"Leave what outside before who go in?" Ma asked placidly. "You talk like a dog chasing its tail."

"Their guns 'nd their swords 'nd their pistols," T. Paer answered. "I'm talkin' about them peace fellows that've come to Washington on all togged out in shootin' irons 'nd frog stickers 'nd spurs to talk about how to shed 'em."

"You don't mean it?" Ma exclaimed. "They ain't totin' guns to that meeting are they?"

"Look at the pictures if you don't believe it," T. Paer advised her. "Every blamed one of 'em's got more dynamite on his hip than he could carry in a bottle, not to speak of swords 'nd things."

"Well, it looks kinda funny for 'em to wear guns to a meeting that's called to get rid of 'em," Ma argued. "You don't 'spose they expect to get into a fight do you?"

"Only with words," T. Paer answered. "I got a hunch they'll make 'em check their artillery in the coat room like they use to at dances over to Drewsey."

"I should think they'd feel more comfortable," Ma remarked. "Some of 'em look kinda high tempered in the pictures."

"It'd be a good idea I expect," T. Paer agreed. "If they was to all get to talkin' at once in their own language some quick-triggered fellah might think he was bein' insulted 'nd start to shootin' like Hank Vaughn did when Russian Nick got excited 'nd asked him to have a drink in his own home tongue."

"It must look awful funny," Ma giggled, "to see all them fellahs mooving around in shiny swords 'nd feathers like a Knights of Pythias parade."

"If you want to get a spurt," T. Paer grinned, "you'd ought to see Johnny Trant doin' the toddle with a fat lady 'nd his four-foot toad sticker down to some official function."

"I'd think he'd trip over it when he backed up," Ma observed. "Some of them lodge fellahs have a hard time handling theirs when they're marching straight ahead."

"If he don't somebody else does," T. Paer said, "but I'd like to have charge

of the check room back there at Washington."

"What good would that do you?" Mr. Paer asked. "You'd get to foolin' with some of them guns 'nd shoot your fool self."

"I don't think they'll wear 'em loaded," T. Paer contended, "unless it's at meal time."

"At meal time?" Ma repeated in amazement. "Wh would they want to have 'em on then?"

"Pat McArthur told me when he was home last time," T. Paer explained, "that the restaurants back there was run by highwaymen, so I guess a gurd'd come in handy if trade didn't happen to be good."

"Well, I wouldn't want to monkey with 'em," Ma shivered. "They give me the creeps just to look at 'em."

"Most women're that way," T. Paer remarked in a superior tone. "But," he continued, "I've kinda thought if them fellahs get that disarmin' stunt fixed up maybe they wouldn't want to pack all that hardware back home with 'em 'nd'd give it to the fellah that run the check room."

"What'd you do with it if you got it?" Ma asked disgustedly. "I'd fill a barn."

"I know," T. Paer agreed, "but I could ship it home 'nd sell it for a lot more'n the freight'd be couldn't it?"

"I don't know who'd want to buy the stuff," Ma said sarcastically. "Specially if they wasn't to be no more war."

"I could sell all the guns down in Chinatown," T. Paer answered. "They don't seem to be nothin' that can stop them from shootin' up the town every so often."

"I guess that's so," Ma admitted. "The district attorney's office 'nd George 'nd the police don't seem to have much kick when it comes to takin' the guns away from the Chinks. But what'd you do with all the swords?"

"Sell 'em to the Ku Klux Klan up to Fendleton," T. Paer answered. "Oh," he added, "if they didn't want 'em I'd get up a married woman's secret society 'nd give 'em away with life memberships."

"What kind of a society?" Ma asked suspiciously. "nd why should you get it up?"

"For the peaceful education of husbands," T. Paer grinned. "I think swords'd go fine with a club like that."

"You needn't waste the freight," Ma retorted. "Togues is better'n swords for a job like that."

## BRINGING UP FATHER

(Registered U. S. Patent Office)



## KRAZY KAT

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## As Long as There Is Something There to Hit

## LITTLE JIMMY

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## Jimmy Hasn't Any Choice, Though

# BURGESS' BEDTIME STORIES

Blacky Makes More Discoveries

By Thornton W. Burgess

Little things you fail to see  
May important prove  
— Blacky the Crow

ONE of the secrets of Blacky's success in life is the fact that he never fails to take note of little things. Long ago he learned that little things, which in themselves seem harmless and not worth noticing, may together prove the most important things in life. So no matter how unimportant a thing may be, Blacky examines it closely with those sharp eyes of his and remembers it.

The very first thing Blacky did as soon as he was awake the morning after he discovered that mass scattering corn in the rushes at a certain place on the edge of the Big River was to fly over to the pond of Faddy the Beaver and again warn Mr. and Mrs. Quack to keep away from the Big River if they and their six children would remain safe. Then he got some breakfast. He ate it in a hurry and flew straight over to the Big River to the place where he had seen that yellow corn scattered.

Blacky wasn't surprised to find Dusky the Black Duck, own cousin to Mr. and Mrs. Quack the Mallard Ducks, with a number of his relatives in among the rushes and wild rice at the very place where that corn had been scattered. They seemed quite content and in the best of spirits. Blacky guessed why. Not a single grain of that yellow corn could Blacky see. He knew the ways of Dusky and his relatives. He knew that they must have come in there



They seemed quite content and in the best of spirits.

just at dusk the night before and at once found the corn. He knew that they would spend the day in some little pond, where they would not be likely to be disturbed, or where at least no danger could approach them without being seen in plenty of time. There they would rest all day and when the Black Shadows came creeping out from the Purple Hills they would return to that place on the Big River to feed, for that is the time when they like best to hunt for their food.

Dusky looked up as Blacky flew over him, but Blacky said nothing and Dusky said nothing. But if Blacky didn't use his tongue he did use his eyes. He saw just on the edge of the shore what looked like a lot of small bushes growing together on the very edge of the water. Mixed in with them were a lot of the brown rushes. They looked very harmless and innocent. But Blacky knew every foot of that shore along the Big River and he knew that those bushes hadn't been there during the summer. He knew that they hadn't grown there.

He flew directly over them. Just back of them were a couple of logs. Those logs hadn't been there when he passed that way a few days ago. He was sure of it.

"Ha!" exclaimed Blacky under his breath. "Those look to me as if they might be very handy, very handy indeed for a hunter to sit on. Sitting there behind those bushes he would be hidden from any Duck who might come in to look for nice yellow corn scattered out there among the rushes. It doesn't look right to me. No, sir, it doesn't look right to me. I think I'll keep an eye on this place."

So Blacky came back to the Big River several times that day. The second time back he found that Dusky the Black Duck and his flock had left. When he returned in the afternoon he saw the same man he had seen there the afternoon before and he was doing the same thing—scattering yellow corn out in the rushes. And as before he went away in a huff.

"I don't like it," muttered Blacky, shaking his head. "I don't like it." (Copyright, 1921, by T. W. Burgess)

The next story: "Blacky Drops a Hint."

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## U. S. and Austrian Treaties Exchanged

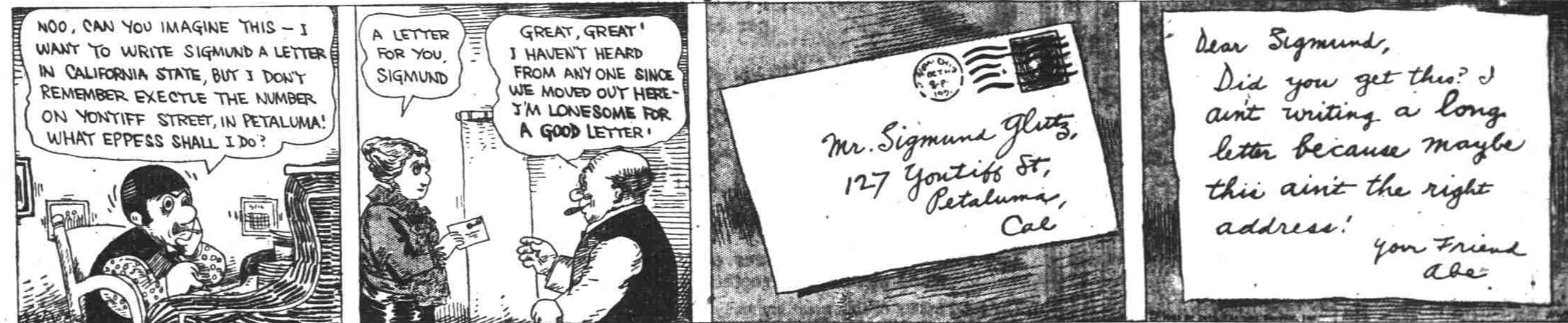
Washington, Nov. 15.—(I. N. S.)—Ratifications of the peace treaty between the United States and Austria have been exchanged, the state department announced today. The state department today sent cables inquiries to Budapest to determine the status of the exchange of ratifications with Hungary.

**MONUMENT IS PROPOSED**  
Ridgefield, Wash., Nov. 15.—At Armistice Sunday services Rev. George V. McClure appealed for funds to defray expense of a monument proposed to commemorate Ridgefield soldiers who lost their lives during the World war. The shaft will be erected on the Ridgefield high school grounds.

## ABIE THE AGENT

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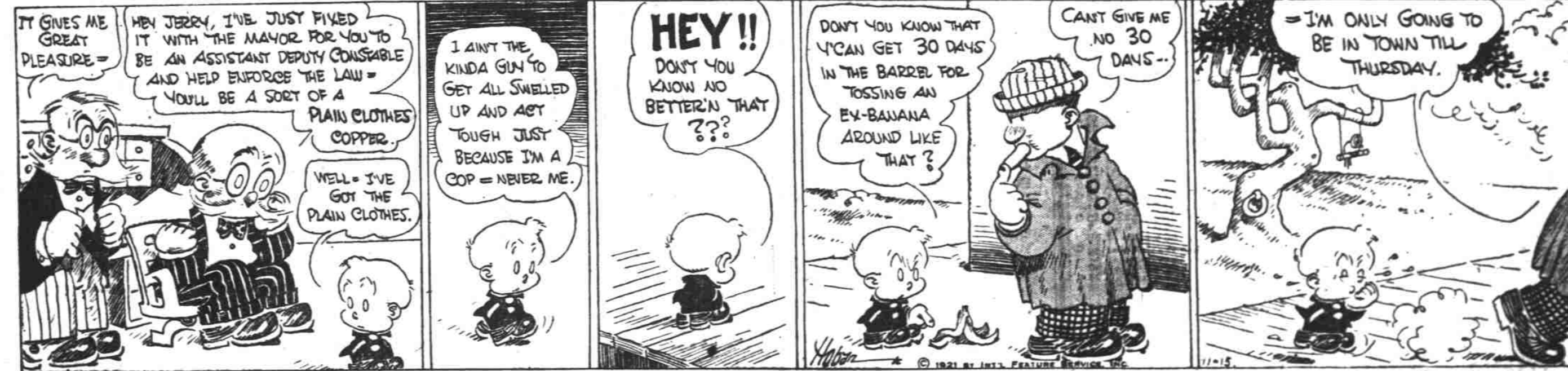
## Abie Can Afford to Go Wrong on a Few Words



## JERRY ON THE JOB

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## Utterly Impossible



## US BOYS

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## Shrimp Is a Bit of a Critic

