



DISARMAMENT

BY RALPH WATSON

T. PAER smoothed the evening paper out across his knee, transferring its wrinkles to his thoughtful brow. "Blame it if I can see the use of it," he muttered half to himself. "I can't for the life of me."

"What's it?" Ma asked calmly from her bedside nook. "I can't give you any information unless you speak plainer."

"I don't know you could anyway," T. Paer retorted. "But I can't get it into my noodle why they've got to have so awful much conversation in so many languages about this disarmin' business."

"I guess they got to talk things over," Ma said. "How're they going to know what they want to do if they don't talk about it?"

"They know what they want to do," T. Paer answered. "Every man jack of 'em could tell that with their hands tied behind 'em, even the Frenchmen 'nd the Italians."

"What do they want to do then, if you're so smart?" Ma asked. "I 'spose you got it all figured out."

"I sure have," T. Paer answered quickly. "What they want is to stop spendin' money for armies 'nd navies ain't it?"

"That's what the paper says," Ma admitted. "but you can't ways all get these politicians' up to by what's in the papers."

"That ain't the paper's fault," T. Paer stated. "It's the politicians' fault. I think 'nd mean three others."

"I ain't acusin' the papers," Ma answered, "but they're a lot of politicians at that meeting back at Washington ain't them?"

"The foxiest that they make 'em," T. Paer answered. "And of 'em could talk a wrist watch out of the right time of day if I didn't hide it'd face 'nd keep goin'."

"Well then," Ma smiled. "I guess that answers your question don't it?"

"Huh?" T. Paer grunted. "How does it?"

"If they're all such good politicians how'd you expect 'em to get together without making a few remarks?" Ma asked. "They'd just simply have to talk or blow up 'nd adjourn."

"But what good does it do to talk?" T. Paer persisted. "They've all got a different lingo. Why don't they let them interpreter fellows do the talkin' while they just walk out 'nd pile their hardware in a vacant lot 'nd forget it?"

"I have a idea," Ma answered. "that each of 'em's afraid to take off his gun first."

"They might call in the chief of po-

lice 'nd have him frisk 'em?" T. Paer suggested. "That'd be fair 'nd even up wouldn't it?"

"It would," Ma answered. "unless the sheriff was in cahoots with some of 'em."

"Well," T. Paer argued. "The way to disarm 'em is just to disarm 'em. It looks to me. Shuf 'em off, belt 'nd scabbard 'nd oss 'em in the cistern 'nd forget 'em."

"That'd be all right," Ma said. "if they could find a cistern that was so deep they couldn't fish 'em out again; one that wasn't in the back yard of any of the fellows."

"But dog gone it," T. Paer swore. "if they're goin' o' figger on fishin' 'em out they're no use gettin' good guns all rusted up 'nd havin' to ream 'em out fresh 'nd get 'em oiled up new."

"Maybe," Ma suggested. "that's what they're talkin' about so much."

"What?" T. Paer asked. "Tryin' to make sure that all of 'em're willing to throw 'em out in the sage-brush 'nd not go huntin' for 'em when the other fellows've gone home?" Ma answered. "It sounds reasonable don't it?"

"Spendin' all your pay check buyin' guns 'nd battalions ain't reasonable in the first place," T. Paer contended. "All of the nations'd be better off if none of 'em had any armies or any navies."

"I guess you're right," Ma conceded. "but everybody'd be awful unprepared if somebody's start to kick up a row."

"Well, if a couple of fellows was to get into a row 'nd had any guns or nothin', 'nd had t' twist a club over a oak grub before they could baste each other over the bean what'd be the most natural thing for 'em to do?" T. Paer demanded.

"Go hunt a ax," Ma suggested. "or else a piece of cordwood or something."

"You're wrong," T. Paer contended. "They'd shake their fists 'nd curse each other first 'nd nine time out of ten that'd be all they was to it."

"But they got too mad 'nd went after the ax?" Ma asked. "then somebody'd get chopped up wouldn't they?"

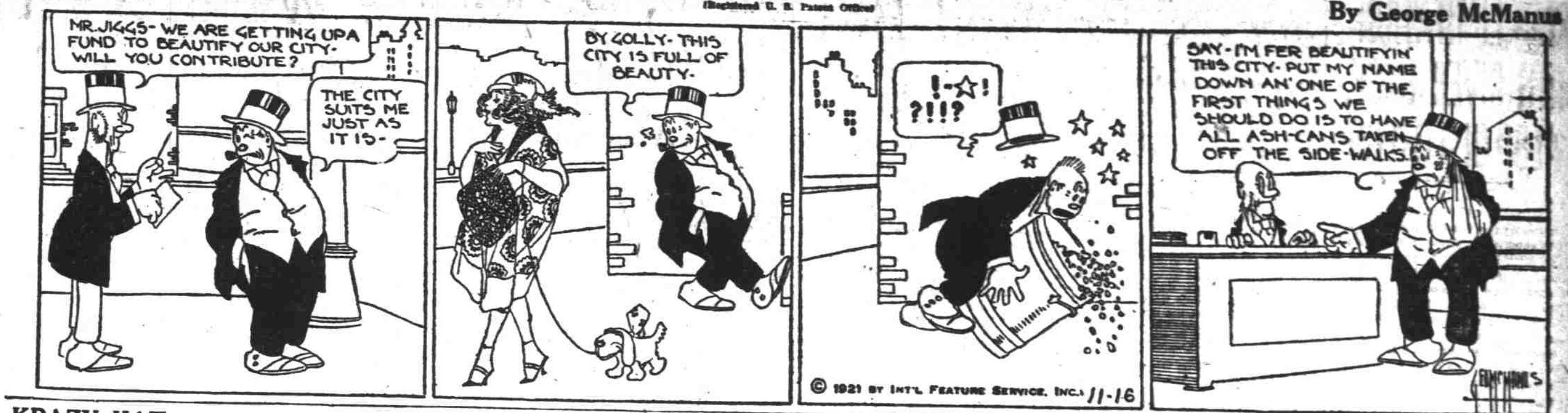
"No," T. Paer grinned. "their wives'd set 'em to cuttin' kindlin' 'nd the next mornin' both of 'em see what blamed fools they'd been 'nd the fight'd be all off."

"But what's that got to do with this Washington meeting?" Ma asked.

"Well," T. Paer answered. "if the nations spend more time doin' the chores 'nd less time whettin' their ax by the time they got their kindlin' cut they'd be thinkin' more of supper 'nd war clubs 'nd things like that."

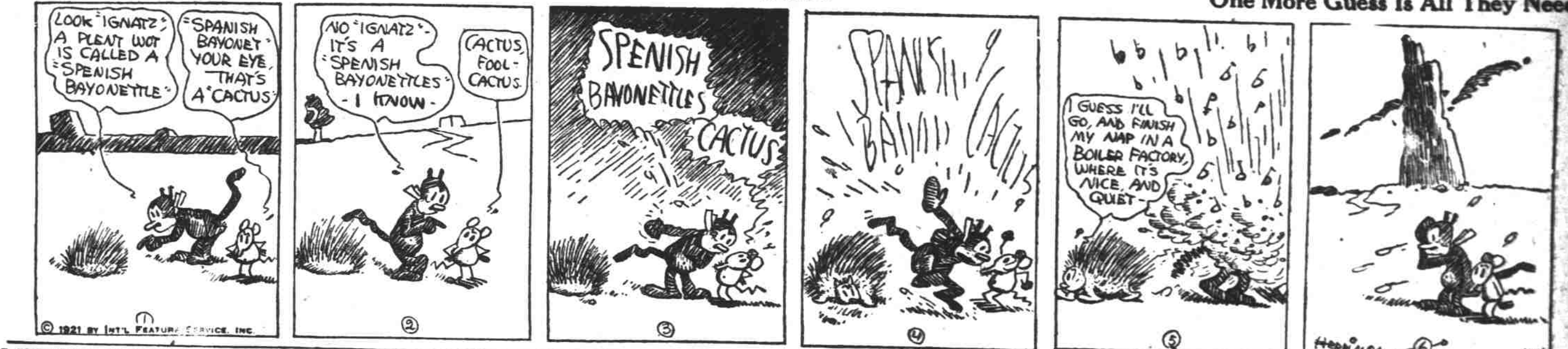
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ABIE THE AGENT

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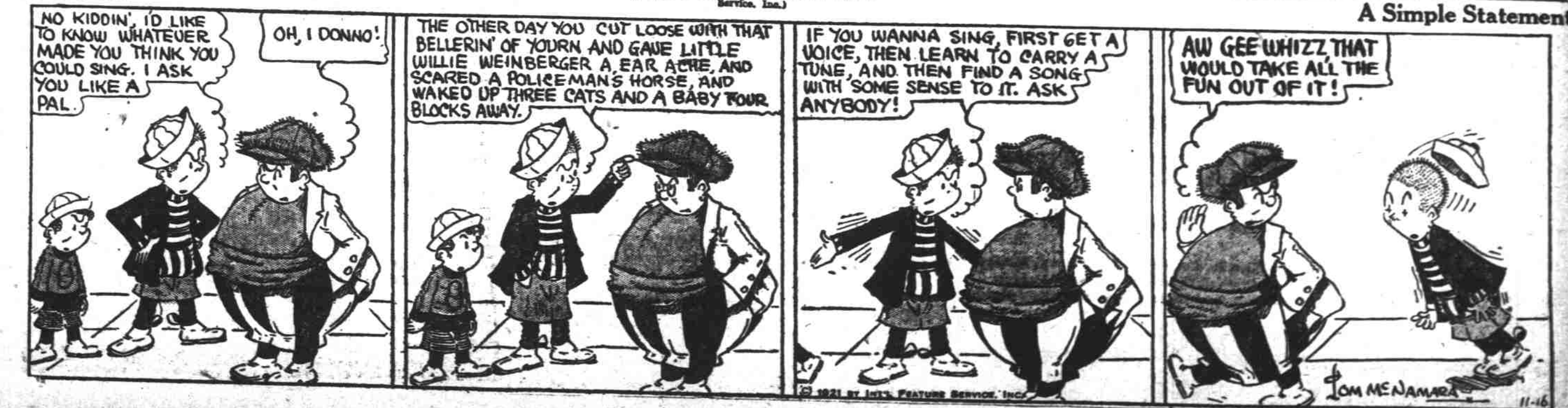
JERRY ON THE JOB

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US BOYS

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BURGESS' BEDTIME STORIES

Blacky Drops a Hint

By Thornton W. Burgess
When you see another's darkness, warn him, though he be a stranger.
—Blacky the Crow.

EVERY day for a week a man came in a boy to scatter corn in the rushes at a certain point along the bank of the Big River, and every day Blacky the Crow watched him and shook his black head and talked to himself and told himself that he didn't like it, and that he was sure that it was for no good purpose. Sometimes Blacky watched from a distance and sometimes he flew right over the man. But never once did the man have a gun with him.

Every morning very early Blacky flew over there and every morning he found the man with his gun and his flock in the rushes and wild rice at that particular place, and he knew that they had been there all night. He knew that they had come in there just at dusk the night before to feast on the yellow corn the man had scattered there in the afternoon.

"It is no business of mine what these Ducks do," muttered Blacky to himself, "but as surely as my tail feathers are black something is going to happen to some of them one of these days. That man may be fooling them, but he isn't fooling me. Not a bit of it. He hasn't a gun with him once when I have seen him, but just the same he is a hunter. I feel it in my bones. He knows that after they have been here a few times and nothing has frightened them they will be so sure that it is a safe place that they will not be the least bit suspicious. Then he will hide behind those bushes he has placed close to the edge of the water and wait for them with his terrible gun. That is what he will do or my name isn't Blacky."

Finally Blacky decided to drop a hint to Dusky the Black Duck. So the next morning, he stopped for a call. "Good morning," said he as Dusky swam in just in front of him. "I hope you are feeling as fine as you look."

"Quack, quack!" replied Dusky. "When Blacky the Crow flatters, he hopes to gain something. What is it this time?"

"Not a thing," replied Blacky. "On my honor, not a thing. There is nothing for me here, though there seems to be plenty for you and your relatives. Judge by the fact that I find you in this same place every morning. What is it?"

"The next story—"At Last Black Is Sure."

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Wage Raise Refused; Librarian Leaves

Medford, Nov. 18.—Refusal of the library board to allow a contract for three years at a salary of \$2100 a year has caused the resignation of Miss Clara Vansant, librarian of the county library here. Miss Vansant has been receiving a salary of \$1500 yearly and asked for a \$60 increase. Miss F. Woolsey, assistant under Miss Vansant, will be acting librarian until the first of the year, when a librarian will be appointed. Miss Blanch Lyman of Union Creek has been appointed to serve as assistant librarian.

Arrested Man to Be Brought to Portland

Bend, Nov. 18.—C. J. Hampshire, arrested in Redmond on a charge of sending obscene matter through the mails, waived hearing before H. C. Ellis, U. S. commissioner, and was taken to Portland by Deputy United States Marshal Pace. The charges were preferred in Spokane.

POSTMASTERS NAMED

(By Universal Service)
Washington, Nov. 16.—The president today sent to the senate the nominations of John J. Kasabewsky as postmaster at Cle Elum and J. Frank Hall as postmaster at Edwall.