

CAPITAL PUNISHMENT

BY RALPH WATSON

"Aren't it simply awful?" Ma gasped as she laid her paper down. "It's getting so our penitentiary's going to be a regular slaughter house."

"What do you mean, slaughter house?" T. Paer asked. "Has Harry Tracy come back to life?"

"No," Ma answered, "but the way things is going there's going to be hanging somebody up there every other day, pretty soon."

"You got the wrong picture, then," T. Paer said. "It ain't goin' to be a slaughter house, but a institution of higher education."

"Higher education?" Ma repeated questioning, "how do you make that out?"

"It's a place," T. Paer continued, "where the state learns everybody it can choke people to death quicker'n more scientific than any amateur that don't make a study of it."

"The thing I can't understand," Ma shuddered, "is why anybody'd want to go see anybody hung."

"Maybe they got it in for their mother-in-law or the landlord or somebody else," T. Paer suggested. "That'd be a horrible example to keep people from bumpin' each other off."

"It's a horrible example, all right," Ma agreed. "Decent people ought to thank Warden Compton for not allowing anybody to see 'em hung, like he says he's going to do."

"What for?" T. Paer asked. "What's the use of coopin' the show up inside the walls if it's such a civilizin' influence?"

"It's no a civilizin' influence," Ma insisted. "It's just a scheme to throw a real scare into everybody 'nd make 'em be good."

"A ghast that's kept looked up don't never scare nobody but its jailer," T. Paer contended. "We don't pull off hanging the way to get the biggest kick out of 'em."

"Mercy knows I get enough kick out of 'em," Ma said. "It makes me sick every time I think of it."

"If hangin's a good thing, to keep people from killin' each other they ought to let people see 'em," T. Paer argued.

"I don't know but what they ought to round everybody up 'nd make 'em watch 'em string 'em up."

"Oh, no!" Ma exclaimed. "That'd be barbarous."

"Not if hangin's a civilizin' influence for the protection of society," T. Paer contended. "It'd make a fellow think harder if he saw a fellow's neck snapped'n if he just knew it was goin' to be did up in the pen some mornin' just before breakfast."

"It'd make people callous 'nd cruel," Ma objected. "It'd be awful for young folks."

"Not if hangin's a good lesson to learn 'em," T. Paer insisted. "If we're goin' to get a hundred per cent result out of 'em we ought to make movie shows out of 'em and put 'em on free in The Auditorium 'nd all the movie houses."

"Are you crazy?" Ma demanded, aghast. "The people'd never stand for anything like that."

"Why shouldn't they?" T. Paer persisted. "They voted to hang 'em, didn't they?"

"But they didn't vote to make shows of 'em," Ma answered. "That'd be too much."

"But," T. Paer argued, "if hangin's goin' to stop people murderin' why not let 'em see what it looks like? Why not make a movie 'nd show the fellow eatin' his last meal?"

"Stop it," Ma commanded. "I don't want to hear no more."

"'Nd then make a picture of him tellin' his wife good bye, 'nd prayin, maybe, for the first 'nd last time."

"Won't you hush?" Ma pleaded. "I'm gettin' sick."

"'Nd it'd make a great picture showin' him marchin' down the cell house past the cell doors 'nd climbin' the 12 steps 'nd kinda steppin' cautious like on the trap like he was afraid it was goin' to let go too soon."

"I won't hear no more," Ma chattered, starting out of the room. "It's awful."

"All right, I'll quit," T. Paer promised, "but if hangin's such fine medicine to make people good, blamed if I see any use in givin' it to 'em sugar coated 'nd in broken doses."

BRINGING UP FATHER

Registered U. S. Patent Office

WHO DID YOU SAY THIS IS? OH, CAPTAIN SMITH. YES, I'LL TELL MR JIGGS. YES, ALL RIGHT GOOD BYE 'SIR

WHAT ARE YOU LAUGHIN' AT - DO I LOOK FUNNY

I'M HAPPY BECAUSE YOU ARE GETTING IN WITH BETTER PEOPLE - CAPTAIN SMITH CALLED UP AND WANTS YOU TO DINE WITH HIM - I'D LIKE TO MEET HIM

YOU'LL LIKE HIM - HE'S AN OLD FRIEND OF MINE

I WANT YOU TO CULTIVATE HIM - STRANGE - I NEVER HEARD YOU SPEAK OF HIM

OW!!!! A CANAL BOAT CAPTAIN

HELLO CAP - THIS IS ME - WIFE

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KRAZY KAT

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HOORAY I SEE THEY GOT HUNTING AROUND HERE

GREAT SPORT - KRAZY - YOU SHOULD TRY IT

I'M SO TERRA HEARTED I'M AFRAID I COULD NOT DO IT

MAYBE IF I SHOOTED IT EASY IT WOULDN'T BE SO BAD

WELL, KRAZY - I JUST SHOT THE CHUTES - GREAT FUN -

AH-H - IGNATZ - HOW YOU BELIEVE ME

YOU JUST SAVED ME FROM COMMITTING A BASSASSINATION

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Krazy Believes In "Live and Let Live"

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I POSITIVELY NEVER DREAMED UP THAT I WOULD LAND IN COURT OVER SIGMUND'S WEDDING!

WERE YOU AT SIGMUND'S WEDDING ON THE NIGHT OF SEPT 15TH?

YES!

WEREN'T YOU PICKED OUT TO READ THE TELEGRAMS TO THE GUESTS?

YES - I READ THEM OUT LOUD, ABOUT FIFTY OF THEM!

DIDN'T YOU HAVE A LONG TELEGRAM FROM A FELLOW NAMED GOLDMAN, THAT YOU ONLY PARTLY READ TO THE GUESTS?

YES!

HOW MUCH OF IT DID YOU READ OUT?

I ONLY READ TEN WORDS OF IT AND STOPPED - OTHERWISE THE GUESTS WOULD THINK IT WAS ONE OF THEM FAKE TELEGRAMS!

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Then Goldman Brought Suit

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"JIMMY HAND ME THAT BOOK ON THE TABLE"

"HERE HE IS PAPA."

"YOU SHOULDN'T SAY 'HERE HE IS' -"

"YOU SHOULD SAY 'HERE IT IS.'"

"BUT PAPA IT'S A HYMN BOOK ISN'T IT?"

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BURGESS'S BEDTIME STORIES

Why Paddy Wasn't Lonesome

By Thornton W. Burgess

For lonesomeness, I pray you note, in work you'll find an antidote.

ALL that day Paddy the Beaver missed the Quacks in his pond. But he was too busy to be really lonesome. One who keeps busy has no time for loneliness. "Mrs. Quack may not know how she knew it was time for them to be off, but she did know," thought Paddy. "I suppose it was just a feeling. Just as I have a feeling that we are to have a long, hard, cold winter. I know it, but I don't know how I know it. In just the same way Mr. and Mrs. Quack know that cold weather will soon be here and that it wouldn't have been wise for them to stay any longer."

"If the Quacks are right, and I don't doubt it in the least, I cannot afford to waste any time. That food pile of mine isn't big enough to last me. It would do for an ordinary winter, but not for an extra long one. One of these mornings I'll wake up and find that Jack Frost has covered my pond with ice. Then there will be no chance to add to my food pile."

So Paddy cut down another poplar tree and all that day he worked with might and main to trim off the branches and cut the trunks into logs and get them over to his food pile out in the middle of his pond. He was too busy to talk with Bobby Coon. He was too busy to talk with Honker the Goose. He was too busy to talk with Peter Rabbit. He was too busy to talk with the Deer. So did Bobby Coon. So did Honker the Goose. So did Peter Rabbit. So did the Deer.

"Honk, k'honk, honk, honk, k'honk, k'honk, honk, honk." It seemed that that voice was coming down from an empty sky.

It was Blacky's keen eyes that first saw two lines of tiny specks meeting in the form of the letter V high up in the sky toward the north. "I see them!" he cried. "I see them! They are flying high and I wonder if they will stop here?" Blacky flew to the top of a taller tree, that he might see better.

For a while all remained quiet listening and watching. "Honk, k'honk, honk, honk, k'honk, honk, honk, honk." Every minute it became louder and clearer. Soon even Paddy, whose eyes are not even good, could see those wedge-shaped lines, for they were now much lower and nearer.

"They are going to stop! They are going to stop!" shrieked Blacky. "Honk is leading the way down!"

Sure enough the leader had turned and was now glancing downward straight toward Paddy's pond and behind him his followers did the same thing. Down, down, down they came, twelve great birds with broad wings and long necks, and a few minutes later they sent the water of Paddy's pond flying in silvery drops as they landed on the pond. It was Honker the Goose and his flock, straight from the Far North.

And this is why Paddy the Beaver had no chance to be lonesome. The quacks had left in the morning and here were Honker the Goose and his flock with the latest news from the Far North.

The next story: "The News That Honker Brought."

ABIE THE AGENT

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LITTLE JIMMY

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GOSH = NO MATTER HOW HARD I TRY TO SAVE UP AND PAY MR GUNNEY THE \$4 HE LENT ME, I CANT DO IT.

I AINT GOT NO EXCUSES NEITHER = I GUESS THE BEST WAY IS TO TELL HIM THE TRUTH.

AWFULLY SORRY MR. GUNNEY BUT I CANT PAY YOU NO MONEY THIS WEEK.

WHAT ?? YOU TELL ME THAT AGAIN?

YESSIR = I CANT GIVE YOU NOTHIN' THIS WEEK.

BUT YOU TOLD ME THE SAME THING LAST WEEK.

WELL = I KEPT MY WORD = DIDN'T I?

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JERRY ON THE JOB

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YE BUTTERED FINGERED CAT FISH! SEVENTY SIX CENTS GONE FLOOY! - BY THE FROG EYED POP TOED MUSKRAT!

I GO AND FRAMEUP A SHOWER CONCERT AND SELL SEVENTY SIX TICKETS FOR PERMISSION TO CHUCK STUFF AT SKINNY WHEN HE STARTS TO SING, AND THIS IS WHAT I GET - JUMPIN' HORSE RADISH!

NOW I GET TIPPED OFF THAT VAN IS IN TOWN! - SKINNY WILL ASK HIM TO GO TO THE CONCERT AND EVERYBODY WILL BE AFRAID TO THROW STUFF AND THEN THEY'LL ALL JUMP ME FOR THEIR COIN BACK! - GOSH!

HAVE YOU ANY REASON TO BELIEVE THAT MASTER SHRIMP KNOWS I AM IN TOWN?

NOPE, NO REASON, I JUST FEEL IT, THAT'S ALL!!

MY GOODNESS, YOU MUST BE PSYCHIC!!

QUIT CHA KIDDIN' - YOU KNOW I'M 'AMERICAN'!

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US BOYS

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Van Ought to Know Better

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Plant Damaged When Steam Main Bursts

Roseburg, Nov. 30.—The explosion of the 8-inch steam main of the Douglas County Light & Water Co., at its power plant at Winchester, caused much damage to the engine room at the plant. Louis Woody, an employe, was burned about the neck and face. An elbow in the main gave way, and the force of the explosion lifted the roof from the building. The main was thrown 50 feet and a 50-gallon barrel of oil was thrown through the roof and outside of the engine room. As result of the accident all power in Roseburg is low, but repairs will be made within a short time.

NEW CHURCH PLANNED

Freewater, Nov. 30.—The Rev. H. C. Stover, pastor of the Freewater Federated church, left Monday for the coast, where he will look into data for the proposed new church for Freewater. He will also look at pipe organs and church equipment. He will visit Portland, Forest Grove, Corvallis and Salem. Excavation for the new church will commence next week.

MEETINGS LARGELY ATTENDED

Milton, Nov. 30.—The revival meetings being held in the Fair Street Methodist church of this city by the pastor, Rev. C. A. Rexroad, and Evangelists Cole and Cunningham of Los Angeles are largely attended. Sunday afternoon a meeting for men only was held. A choir of 70 voices led the singing, which is conducted by Evangelist Cunningham.

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