

MA, sitting at the front window in the gathering dusk, peered out in amazement at the antics of her lifetime trouble,

clasped across his stomach.

"What on earth's the matter?" Ma demanded in much concern. "Are you chok

"Haw!" T. Paer exploded, tears in his eyes. "T'm chokin' to laugh. Oh, gosh, my sides ache!" "Have you got the hysterics?" Ma

ironically, "or is it a laughing jag?"
"I ain't got 'em," T. Paer groaned, "but George has. Golly, Moses, but he's

"Well, I must say," Ma retorted;
"what's so funny about that?"
"George's busted his record," T. Paer chuckled. "He got pinched out'n the picture 'nd the parade."

"What picture 'nd what parade?" Ma demanded. "Stop your foolishness 'nd

talk sense." "Polly was tellin' me about it just now," T. Paer explained. "She's about as mad as George is, 'nd I don't think they'll ever recover."
"I don't get it," Ma told him. "What's

all the fuss about?" "I'm tellin' you," T. Paer answered "You know George was supposed to ride up to the head of the parade with Mar-shal Foch 'nd Ben Olcott 'nd General White the other day when they had the big doin's."
"Yes," Ma said, uncertainly; "but

what of that?" "Well, he didn't," T. Paer chortled. "He went down to the depot 'nd got up close to Marshal Foch's private car, 'nd got his speech all ready 'nd all posed, 'nd everything, 'nd then Foch come through a side gate 'nd nobody told George anything about it."

through a side gate 'nd nobody told George anything about it."

"Why, that's too bad," Ma said sympathetically. "What'd George do then?"

"Well," T. Paer chuckied, "when George heard the band playin' out in front 'nd the people all hollerin' he climbed over a blind baggage 'nd beat it out there."

"He must have looked funny shinning over spill milk."

"It wasn't spilt milk that was troublin' George," T. Paer grinned, "but it was not bein' up where the hurrahs 'nd the cameras was that got his goat."

"Well," Ma said with firm conviction in her tones, "somebody must of framed it on George."

"Framed it?" T. Paer repeated.

very dignified for a mayor to do."

"It was up to him or get left," T.

Paer responded, "but that wasn't all of lieve nothin'd ever've shut George out of a parade if somebody hadn't of." over the car," Ma smiled. "That wasn't

"What else happened?" asked Ma, uriously. "I bet George caught up with

who was ambling up the walk, his face expanded in a wide-mouthed grin, while loud guffaws smote the slient twilight.

"Haw!" he chortied, as he tumbled into the room. "Haw!" he repeated, as he cast his hat toward the hatrack in the corner. "Haw!" he gurgled, as he slumped into the first convenient chair and rocked back and forth with his hands clasped across his stomach.

"Mercy!" Ma said in horror. "They

"Mercy!" Ma said in horror. "They didn't have a parade without George in it, did they?"

"Just that," T. Paer answered solemn-ly. "George had to get back with the citizens on foot 'nd in flivvers 'nd lis-ten to 'em whoop it up while the main guys up to the head of the line went by." "That was a shame," Ma said earnest-y, "'nd George liking to be where the whooping is so much, too."

"He couldn't stand it all the way," T. Paer chuckled. "So he ducked out 'nd beat it for the hotel shead of Ben 'nd

"But he got a hand there, didn't he?" Ma asked. "'Nd all the picture men was Ma asked, "'Nd all the picture men was at the hotel waitin,' anyway, wasn't they?"

"They was nothin' doin' there," T. Paer told her. "Everybody was lookin' for the general 'nd the picture boys was all waitin' to shoot him 'nd savin' their "But I should thought they'd of rec-

ognized George," Ma objected, "him being the mayor of the city 'nd big like he is." "I guess that's what made him so mad," T. Paer answered. "Polly says he

bawled 'em out proper when he got a chance at 'em." "George surely didn't say anything to General Foch about it?" Ma said, in astonishment. "He didn't have anything to do with it, did he?" "Not to him," T. Paer answered, "but

he sure panned the fellahs that run the parade, Polly says."
"What was the good of panning 'em?"

"Framed it?" T. Paer repeated







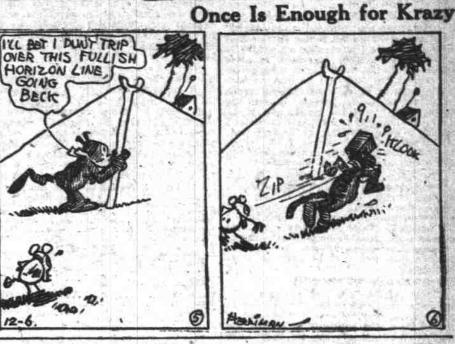
KRAZY KAT HERE ARE WONDER 1, 16NATZ" WHERE THAT FOOL "HAT" 0



YES.

SIR!





ABIE THE AGENT

might, 1921, by Intern

He Puts One on Abie



The Craft of Buster Bear

By Thornton W. Burgess When there is something you can't do Let those who can do it for you.

A WISE head has Buster Bear on his big shoulders. He knows full well what he can do and what he cannot do, and it is seldom that he wastes time trying to do a thing that it is at all doubtful that he can do.

When Buster discovered those sleeping Geese in the pond of Paddy the Beaver he understood at once what had brought Yowler the Bob Cat over there that night. He knew all about Yowler and his ways. He knew that Yowler had far more patience than he had. He knew that Yowler would watch hours at a The scent of those Geese made Bus-

ter's mouth water just as it had the mouths of Yowler and Old Man Coyote and Reddy and Mrs. Fox and old Granny Fox. He wanted one of them. He wanted one of them very much indeed. But he knew that his chances catching one were not nearly as good as the chances of Yowler the Bob Cat. Buster can move quickly when he wants to, but Yowler can move much more quickly.

Buster's small eyes twinkled shrewdly as he stood up to look over the pond, and in the moonlight saw those big birds sleeping. "They are safe enough where they are now," thought he. There will be no chance to catch one unless they drift in close to shore. Even then it will take some one who

TASTES LIKE A DATE

tent 50 Per Cent When Profitable. Confection: 30 Prolific: ORCHARDS BEING DEVELOPED ON A PECIAL PLAN.



Send 15 cents for Sample Box OREGON NURSERY COMPANY ORENCO, OREGON, OR TI THIRD ST., PORTLAND, OREGON

> Because its Burns Chafing Scalds Rashes

> > Cuts Cold Sores

Stings



are now," thought he.

can spring swiftly. Yowler can do just that. He is the one to catch one of those Geese. I'll leave it for him to do. I'll pretend to go off and then he'll come down from that tree and watch those Geese. If he catches one I'll have a good dinner with no trouble at all; I'll simply take that Goose away from Yowler."

Buster chuckled to himself, sniffed once or twice, then dropped down to all four and shuffled away through the roods. He didn't take any pains not to make a noise. Honker the Goose heard him, for Honker is a light eleeper. He awoke and listened for a few minutes. He knew by the sound that whoever had been there was going away. He looked his flock over and saw that all were there. Then he went to sleep again, satisfied that no harm could reach any of them out there in the water.

Yowler the Bob Cat heard Buster leave. He listened sharply as the sound of Buster's shuffling feet grew fainter and fainter and finally ceased. Then Yowler came down from the tree he had climbed at Buster's approach. He snarled under his breath as he glanced snaried under his breath as he glanced in the direction in which Buster had disappeared. Then he turned his attention to those Geese and in a few minutes had forgotten Buster Bear and everything else. You see, it seemed to him that the nearest Goose was drifting in a little. Yowler crouched flat and prepared for a long patient wait.

Meanwhile Buster Bear had gone off about other business. "It will be a long time before any of those Geese come in near enough to be caught," he muttered. "Yes, sir, it will be a long time. I'll have plenty of time to get a lunch of

So Buster hunted up some acorns and had a very good lunch. After this he silently stole back toward the pend of Paddy the Beaver. You know, he can move very quickly indeed when he wants to. Some little distance back from the pond Buster stopped. He didn't want Yowier to suspect he was about. He knew that if Yowier should catch one of these Geese he could not carry such a great, heavy bird far or fast and there would be no trouble in catching up with Yowier and taking that

Goose from him.
A crafty old fellow is Buster Bear.
(Copyright, 1921, by T. W. Burges)

The next story: "The Watchman's

Gritty Woman Kills **Bandit Who Demands** Money and Jewelry

Los Angeles, Cal., Dec. 6.-(U. P.)-Whipping out two revolvers when an aleged black hand agent demanded of her \$500 and all her jewelry, Mrs. Esther Albano, 42, of 554 East Thirty-sixth street. emptied the revolvers in the man's body and killed him.

The dead man is said to have been Frank Humphrey, formerly a partner of her husband. Angelo Albano. Albano



BY GOLLEY IT'S

HARD TO GET



I WANT ANCHOVIES, CELERY

OLIVES, LOBSTER COCKTAIL,



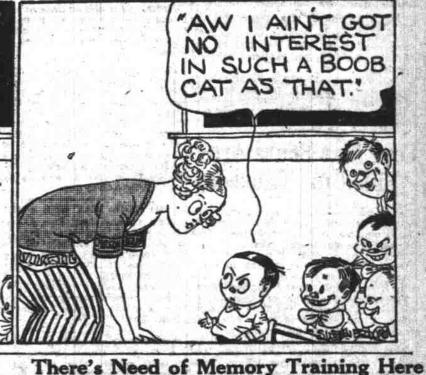












JERRY ON THE JOB

GOT IT, MR GIVINEY:









US BOYS

Shrimp's Advice Is Good







