

JACKSON DAY

BY RALPH WATSON

"A PENNY for your thoughts," Ma offered generously, after she had glanced intermittently during some little period of "time" at her brooding spouse. "What have you got on your mind?"

Andrew Jackson, T. Paer answered, coming out of his reverie with a sudden start. "He was some double-fisted old strapper—wasn't he?"

"He lived before my time," Ma smiled slyly. "I wasn't acquainted with him."

"Well," T. Paer rejoined, "being able to read when the print's big enough, I don't have to live with 'em to know about 'em."

"No," Ma suggested, "but sometimes you can hear more about a person by reading the papers than by being their house friend."

"Yes," T. Paer replied, "and sometimes the papers get used for libel for printin' things about people, too."

"Maybe they do," Ma answered, "but more often the people that get things printed about 'em thank their lucky stars that the reporter only got part of the story."

"Uh-huh," T. Paer grinned. "I've always thought that most people wouldn't pick the Star-Spangled Banner for the national anthem if it was left to a referendum."

"Why, the idea?" Ma exclaimed.

"That ain't a very charitable thought," Ma objected. "But what're you thinkin' about Andy Jackson for?"

"It's Jackson day today," T. Paer explained, "and I heard some of the fellows talkin' about it."

"I see they're going to have a big band down to the Benson," Ma said, "but they're one thing I ain't never been able to understand."

"I'm glad you've got things figured down that fine," T. Paer grinned. "But what is the one thing that's escaped you?"

"I never could understand," Ma answered, "why the Democrats picked Andy Jackson out for their chief 'emblem."

"Because of his temper 'nd his vocabulary," T. Paer replied. "He had a disposition like a powder keg 'nd a lingo like a plate when he was hot."

"But why," Ma asked, "do the Demo-

cats like that kind of a combination?"

"The best way I can answer that," T. Paer chuckled, "is for you to go to a meeting of the Jackson club 'nd listen mostly to Bill Vaughn 'nd Doc Marrow tell each other who's runnin' the Democratic party."

"I don't think I'd like to hear it," Ma rejoined, "not from what I read about it in the papers."

"Well, anyway," T. Paer contended, "Andy's been the chief idol ever since he invented the slogan of the Democratic party down at New Orleans that time."

"I ain't sure I remember it," Ma said doubtfully. "What was it?"

"Well," T. Paer related, "Andy crawled up on a bale of cotton 'nd waved his sword 'nd yelled at all the other Democrats, 'Don't shoot 'em till you can see the whites of their eyes!'"

"Mercy!" Ma exclaimed. "Was that the way they used to do at Democratic conventions?"

"That was a battle," T. Paer corrected her, "but that was the way Andy always fought, though."

"It was a battle," Ma said doubtfully. "How do you know all the soldiers was Democrats?"

"If anybody ever heard of any Republican boys in New Orleans, they've got something on 'em," T. Paer retorted. "If they was any down there, Andy wouldn't have let 'em serve in his army except as cooks."

"He must of been a cantankerous old coddler," Ma said reflectively. "He must of been kinda hard to get along with."

"Oh, I don't know," T. Paer answered. "Everybody always knew just what foot he was standin' on."

"I well," Ma mused. "I don't know but what I'd rather be around a person like that in the long run."

"One thing that made Andy famous," T. Paer insisted, "was that he wasn't afraid to fight when he had to fight, 'nd he wasn't afraid to call a fellow a horse-thief if he was one."

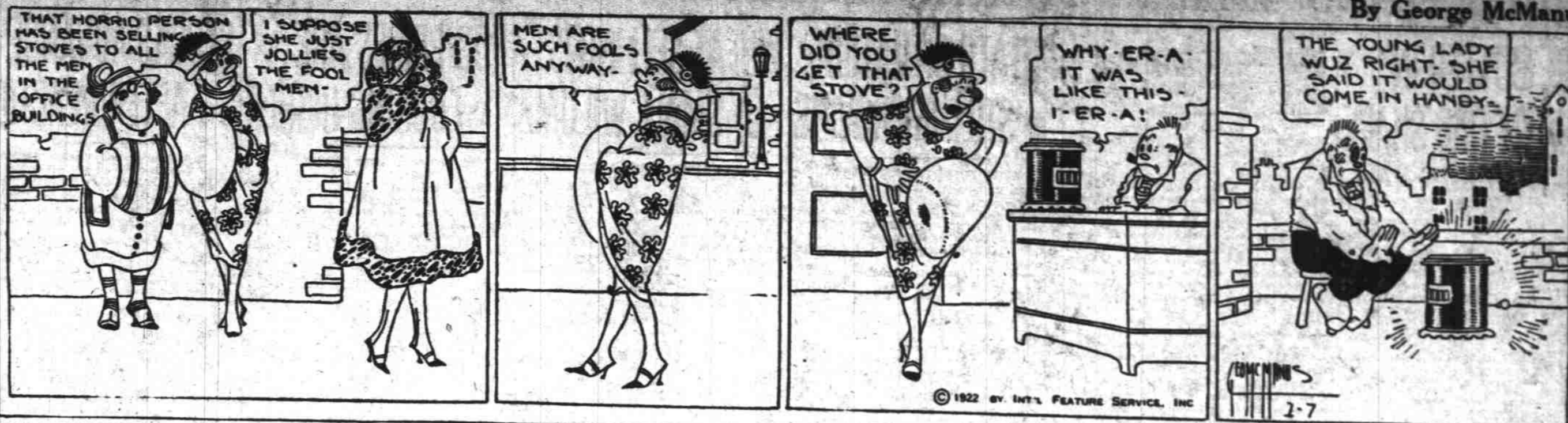
"I expect it brought him trouble," Ma said, "but even the people he was fighting must have respected him."

"I guess you're right," T. Paer agreed. "The poor boob that's always tryin' to keep the other fellow from kickin' him in the stomach by always roottin' on the fence is bound to get his slats caved in sooner or later, no matter which way he jumps."

BRINGING UP FATHER

(Registered U. S. Patent Office.)

By George McManus



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KRAZY KAT

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Unrequited Love



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There's an Exception to All Things



He Never Went Out Much, Anyway



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Sorta Built the Wrong Way



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Eaglebeak Is Finished Now



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BURGESS' BEDTIME STORIES

Old Man Coyote's Great Lie

By Thornton W. Burgess
Who never has a new idea
Will not stay much from life I fear.

OVER at his home in the Old Pasture Old Man Coyote had gnawed a splendid big bone until it was polished. There wasn't a scrap of anything left on it. Then with his strong teeth he cracked that bone and feasted on the sweet marrow that was inside. When there wasn't as much as the smell of this left he gave a little sigh of satisfaction and contentment and stretched out for a rest in the sunshine.

He licked his lips and grinned. Then he licked his lips and grinned. Then he was thinking of Bowser the Hound and how he had fooled Bowser over in the Green Forest and by so doing had made a chance to get that splendid big bone.



One by one the hens came out into the henyard.

"I suppose," thought he, "Bowser has bones like this often. My, but he is lucky. He certainly is lucky. I wonder how it would seem to never have to wonder where the next meal is coming from. I'll have to visit Farmer Brown's again soon. I wish there was a place over there for a fellow to hide."

Just then he remembered the stack of straw in Farmer Brown's barnyard from behind which he had watched Mrs. Brown give Bowser that bone, and in a flash a great idea came to him. He grinned so much that it was a wonder he didn't laugh right out.

The next morning, just as the Black Shadows were disappearing, Old Man Coyote once more was over back of Farmer Brown's barn. All was still. No one was yet moving in Farmer Brown's house. Bowser was in his own snug little house asleep. Old Man Coyote stole over to that stack of straw and there he went to work. What was he doing? He was burrowing under that stack of straw.

He worked fast and it wasn't long before he had a hole under that straw, a hole big enough for him to crawl into. Once out of sight under that straw he made a place big enough for him to turn around in. It was snug and warm, very, very comfortable indeed. Old Man Coyote grinned as he lay down in there feeling so that he could peep out and see all that went on in Farmer Brown's yard.

All this Old Man Coyote watched. Presently the pleasant odor of frying ham tickled his nose and set his mouth watering. He sniffed longingly, but they were noiseless and sniffling. Black Pussycat came out and sat on the doorstep while she washed her face. One by one the hens came out into the henyard. How Old Man Coyote did hate the wire fence around that yard! Farmer Brown and his boy went into the house for breakfast. Everybody seemed to be having breakfast, everybody but Old Man Coyote.

The next story: "Old Man Coyote Lies Low."

Garage Man Accused Of Selling Poor Grade Of Oil Is Acquitted

The sixth Portland garage man to be prosecuted on a charge of selling oil that was inferior to the oil ordered by patrons, resulted in the acquittal by a jury in District Judge Delich's court, Friday afternoon, of James P. Jensen, owner of the Viaduct garage.

The jury reported that "if any misdeemeanor was committed suit was instituted against the witness," individual, leaving the impression that the jury considered that perhaps someone at the

garage had substituted oil, but doubted if it was Jensen.

Deputy District Attorney Crumpacker has handled the prosecution in all six of the garage cases. Those convicted were: C. R. Uphan of the Columbia River garage, H. C. Hendrickson of the garage at 2025 Hawthorne avenue, owners of the Long & Silva garage, C. I. Winters' garage at Sixteenth and Jefferson, and the Twenty-third Street garage.

Night and Day Bank Closed; Knights of Green Cloth Nipped

St. Louis, Jan. 7.—(U. S. N. S.)—The operations of the gambling fraternity of this town are likely to be hampered for awhile, due to the closing of the Night and Day bank, according to members of the police gambling squad today.

The bank, according to the police, was patronized to a great extent by gamblers, who found its late evening hours a great help in putting the winnings away where the mobs couldn't get at them, and, on occasion, in getting enough funds quickly to continue the "little game." Half a million dollars of gamblers' money is said to be tied up in the closed bank.

HOT LAKE ARRIVALS
Hot Lake, Jan. 7.—Arrivals at Hot Lake Sanatorium Wednesday were: J. W. Starkey, Boise, Idaho; Mrs. C. Thompson, Union; Clyde Kiddle, Island City; Ralph Butler, La Grande; R. B. McClelland, Salt Lake City; A. C. Burke, Boise, Idaho; William Giffels, Weiser, Idaho; W. G. Bowers, Baker; W. C. Pierce and family, Boise, Idaho.

The handle of an electric flat iron of German invention can be spread to form a support when the iron is inverted to permit cooking to be done on its surface.

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