

# FAITH IN MASSACHUSETTS

BY RALPH WATSON

MA glanced indulgently at her nodding spouse from time to time until his hanging head and the rhythmic undulations of his chest proved that he had surrendered to the warm solace of the neighboring back log. Then she slipped the evening paper from his unheeding fingers, adjusted her specs and settled herself to read the news.

"My, my," she exclaimed in a little while with true feminine regard for her husband's dreams, "that was mighty thoughtful of Vice President Coolidge, wasn't it?"

"Umph," T. Paer responded compassionably as he lolled his head over to the opposite shoulder and let it sag still lower down.

"There isn't many vice presidents that'd go to all that trouble," Ma continued inexorably. "He must have a warm spot in his heart for Portland."

"Open the door then," T. Paer mumbled. "I'm comfortable."

"What?" Ma shot at him. "What're you talking about?"

"Close the door," T. Paer muttered. "Shut it 'nd let me be."

"Wake up," Ma commanded. "I ain't going to stay in this house alone all day 'nd then set 'nd listen to you sleep all evening."

"Oh, thunder," T. Paer groaned. "What's the use of havin' a home if you can't take a nap in it when you want to?"

"What's the use of my keeping a home cheerful," Ma retorted, "if all the thanks I get for it's snores from supper 'til bedtime?"

"All right," T. Paer said hopelessly. "I'm awake, so go ahead 'nd talk your head off."

"No, thank you," Ma replied politely, as she returned to her paper in dignified silence. T. Paer waited expectantly for several minutes, but he filled his pipe, whistling to himself in a sad, minor key the while. Then he grinned slyly to himself.

"Darlin', I am growin' old," he intoned soulfully, "silver threads—"

"Nobody'd know it from the way you act," Ma interrupted lily. "You act like a spoiled kid."

"I seems like 'yer butted in wrong," T. Paer answered humbly. "What was you sayin' about Calvin?"

"What's the use of repeating it?" Ma answered caustically. "You ain't interested."

"I'm all ears," T. Paer assured her, "nd all of 'em are yours."

## BRINGING UP FATHER



## KRAZY KAT



## JERRY ON THE JOB



## ABIE THE AGENT



## LITTLE JIMMY



## US BOYS



# BURGESS'S BEDTIME STORIES

The Mystery of the Basket

By Thornton W. Burgess

Who ventures nothing, gains nothing; who ventures often, gains often.

—Old Man Coyote.

LONG ago Old Man Coyote learned the truth of this. At the same time he learned that while he ventures nothing gains nothing, he loses nothing; but he who is overbold may lose everything. So, though Old Man Coyote is very bold at times, he is never reckless; he makes sure that he hasn't overlooked anything. At least, he tries to make sure of this so that the chances may be in his favor and not against him.

It was a bold thing for him to borrow under that stack of straw in Farmer Brown's barnyard and plan to stay there. Yes, sir, that was a bold thing to do. But he knew that no one would ever think of hiding so near. Now, as he lay there peeping out, he was tempted to do another bold thing. Just a little way from him was a basket. Farmer Brown's boy had taken it from a sleigh and set it down there while he and Farmer Brown unhitched the horse and put him in the barn. Both were inside the barn now. Old Man Coyote was tempted to find out what was in that basket.

He looked over to the house. No one was to be seen there. Bower the Hound was not about. It would take less than a minute to slip over the fence, find out what was in it and slip back under that stack of straw. Old Man Coyote hesitated only long enough for one more look about to make sure that there was no one to see him. Then he crept out and swiftly stole over to that basket. A moment later he was back under that stack of straw.

Hardly was he out of sight when Farmer Brown's boy and Farmer Brown came out of the barn. Farmer Brown's boy picked up the basket and they went over to the house. When the door was opened Bower the Hound met them wagging his tail.

"Here are the groceries and things you wanted from the store," said Farmer Brown's boy as he put the basket on the table.

"Where is the meat for dinner?" she asked as she took out the last package.

"Why, it is there, for I put it in there myself," said Farmer Brown, looking very much surprised at the question.

Mrs. Brown shook her head. "It isn't here," said she, once more going over the packages.

"Bower the Hound came over and went over everything himself, and such a

funny, puzzled look as there was on his face when he couldn't find that meat!

"I know I put it in the basket. It was the very last thing, and I put it right on top," said he. "It must have jumped off on the way home and we didn't notice it. So, run out to the sleigh; I guess you will find it there."

Farmer Brown's boy ran out to the sleigh and looked and looked. He shook out the robes. There was no sign of that package of meat. He even went into the barn and looked there, thinking his father might have taken it in there and forgotten about it.

When he returned to the house and reported that that meat wasn't to be found, Farmer Brown went to the telephone and called up the market where he had bought that meat to see it, after all, he had left it there. When he hung up he looked more puzzled than ever.

"The market man says it isn't there," said he. "He says he saw me put it in the basket, just as I told you I did. Where was Bower while we were un-harnessing?" he demanded with sudden suspicion.

"Right here in the house all the time," replied Mrs. Brown promptly. "He met you at the door when you came in. You can't blame Bower for that lost meat."

Farmer Brown shook his head. "Then it is a mystery to me who has become of it," said he. "I don't see how it could possibly have fallen out of the sleigh. Yes, sir, it is a mystery."

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## Competition Wins User Cheap Bread

Aberdeen, Wash., Jan. 10.—Aberdeen bakers Monday reduced the price of bread from 13-1/2 cents a loaf to 10 cents.

**If your skin burns**  
apply Resinol at once. See how quickly the irritation stops and healing begins. Aided by Resinol Soap, relief is even more prompt.



## AUTO WRECK VICTIM DIES

Corvallis, Jan. 10.—P. Ernest Jones, 22, of Philomath died Saturday night at a local hospital as a result of injuries received in an accident Thursday when the automobile in which he was riding crashed into a Southern Pacific freight train. Funeral services were held Monday and the body was taken to Medford for burial. Mr. Jones came to Corvallis from Marysville, Cal., eight months ago to engage in business with his brother, C. H. Jones, here.

## TELEPHONE BODY ELECTS

Corvallis, Jan. 10.—E. U. Rowland of Plymouth was elected president of the Benton County Mutual Telephone association at the annual meeting Thursday. Other officers are: J. B. Buchanan, secretary-treasurer; J. L. Russell, J. M. Aukers and C. A. Baringer, executive board; B. P. Cator, representative to the Oregon Telephone Federation. Committees were appointed to take charge of cooperative buying of materials for farm lines and plans for a membership campaign were formed.

## W. B. O. OFFICERS INSTALLED

Corvallis, Jan. 10.—Officers installed by the W. B. O. are: President, A. A. Tom; major vice president, Martha York; junior vice president, Carrie Strong; secretary, Ella Agee; treasurer, Sarah Williamson; chaplain, Elizabeth Wade; conductor, Lydia Bullis; guard, Clara Bullis; assistant conductor, Lizzie Beck; assistant guard, Alice Wick; color bearers, Jennie Bullis, Maude Prentiss, Kate Buchanan, Sarah Brown.