

ON WITH THE DANCE

BY RALPH WATSON

"You can't tell me," T. Paer declared positively, "that they ain't nothin' in a name."

"I ain't tryin' to, am I?" Ma retorted. "What's on your conscience this time?"

"Nothin' a-tall," T. Paer assured her, "but I just got to thinkin' about Martin Luther 'nd them other old reformers he used to train with."

"You must of been doing somethin' you oughtn't," Ma said thoughtfully, "or you wouldn't be thinkin' about preachers 'nd religion."

"No, I been behavin'," T. Paer boasted, "but I couldn't help thinkin' how Martin Luther used to holler about eternal hell 'nd damnation."

"Well, what of it?" Ma questioned. "He ain't hollerin' about it now, is he?"

"Not so far as I know, but Luther Maheon 'nd a lot of the preachers in 'round here don't," T. Paer answered. "I guess maybe Luther must be kin to Martin 'nd inherited some of his ideas."

"It seems to me I've heard of that fellow," Ma reflected. "Didn't he use to be in the legislature or somethin'?"

"He was," T. Paer answered. "Most everybody that was around the legislature in 1909 remembers Luther 'nd what a awful time he had votin' for senator that year."

"I thought it sounded like the same fellow," Ma said, "but what's the matter with him now?"

"He's hollerin' about the school kids goin' to dances," T. Paer explained. "Luther says they're straight for perdition to the tune of a jazz band."

"Well," Ma mused, "I don't know about that, but I ain't sure it don't take their mind off their studies to be goin' to dances all the time."

"I guess their minds ain't stuck to their studies so tight it's very hard to pry 'em loose," T. Paer answered. "I know when Luther's rest was goin' to ask the school board to put the kibosh on the kids' dances I'd go 'nd suggest a amendment."

"Would you?" Ma asked. "What sort of a amendment would you suggest?"

"Well, Luther 'nd the rest says the dances ain't clean 'nd sanitary," T. Paer explained. "nd I got a scheme to fix that up all right."

"I don't doubt it," Ma smiled. "What's the scheme?"

"Why," T. Paer answered, "I'd have the girls all wear nurses' uniforms 'nd the boys then aprons like doctors do operations in, 'nd have all of 'em wear rubber gloves."

"They don't have masquerades every time," Ma objected. "What's the idea?"

"Well, I don't see how," T. Paer insisted. "If they was all togged out like that where any of 'em could get infected much."

"You're talking foolishness," Ma told him. "Luther ain't objectin' to the way they dress, but the way they dance."

"I ain't done yet," T. Paer argued. "I'd move to make all the girls wear barbed wire sashes 'nd then even Luther could find some 'ole to holler over."

"Barbed wire sashes," Ma said in surprise. "What on earth'd they be for?"

"If the girls wore 'em they wouldn't be much coddlin' while they danced," T. Paer grinned. "not very many fellows'd try to hang on very tight with them sashes goin' into their arms."

"It'd be awful hard on their dresses," Ma objected. "The spikes'd wear holes in 'em in no time."

"No they wouldn't," T. Paer contradicted. "They'd wear the wire over them wide sole leather belts like the broncho busters wear at the Pendleton Round-Up."

"They'd look fine all trussed up like that," Ma said sarcastically. "What girl'd want to wear such a rig?"

"None of 'em," T. Paer admitted frankly. "but we got to surround 'em with every protection from the temptations of a big city."

"For the life of me I can't see what they're making so much fuss about," Ma remarked. "I don't think dancing ever hurt me any."

"Oh, well," T. Paer grinned, "you've always did most of your dancin' 'nd I ain't no vamps."

"I got a memory," Ma said sweetly. "I guess you don't want to dig up no old arguments do you?"

"It's gettin' late," T. Paer evaded. "Maybe we'd better put it off till some Sunday mornin' when we can take a whole day to it."

"Suit yourself," Ma smiled, "but I can make my talk in less'n a day."

"You've must be tired," T. Paer said amiably, "but we're gettin' away from Luther."

"Well, it's always seemed to me," Ma observed, "that most young folks ain't tryin' to do wrong half as much as some people think they do."

"What I think," T. Paer contended, "is that if Luther's the rest of 'em'd work as hard to help the kids dance right as they do to keep 'em from dancin' wrong in a little while they wouldn't have any reason to holler at all."

"Why," said Ma, "girls danced way back when Moses was leadin' his people out of Egypt."

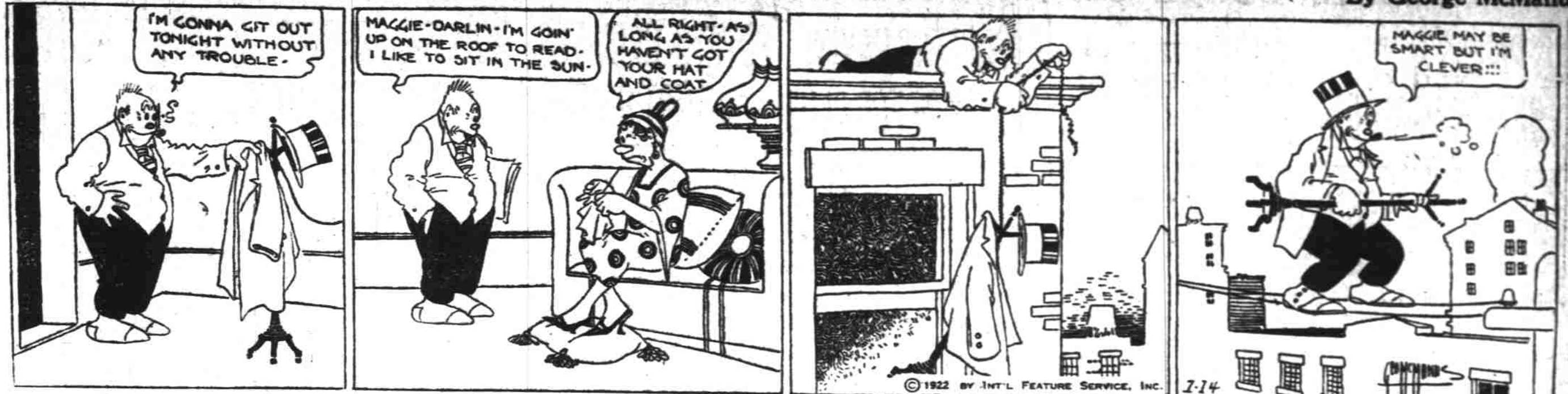
"That was B. C.," T. Paer replied. "nd they'll be in less'n a day."

"I H.," Ma repeated, "what does that stand for?"

"In Heaven," T. Paer grinned, "so we'd just as well get used to it before we get there."

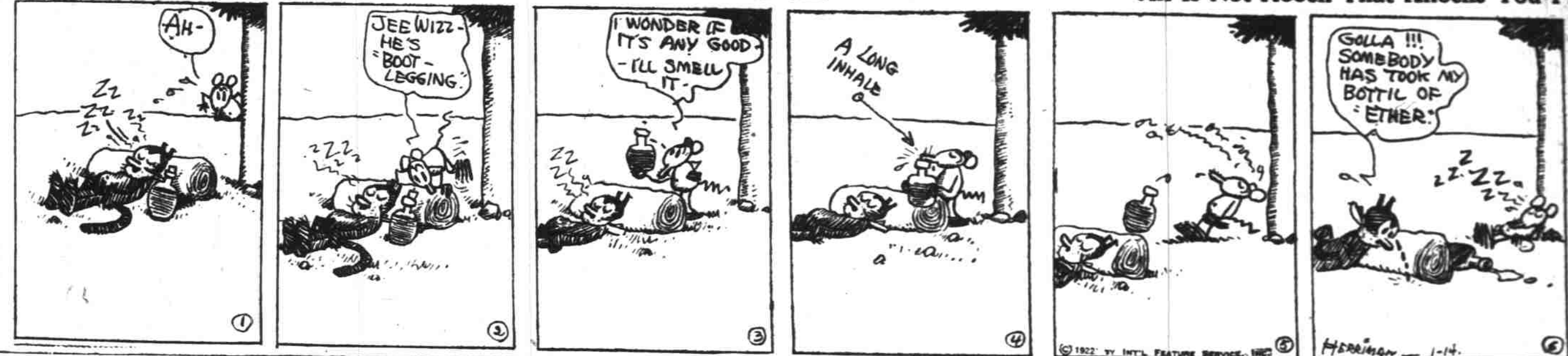
BRINGING UP FATHER

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KRAZY KAT

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All Is Not Hooch That Knocks You Flat

ABIE THE AGENT

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Abie Isn't Exaggerating a Bit

LITTLE JIMMY

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A Likely Place to Find 'Em

JERRY ON THE JOB

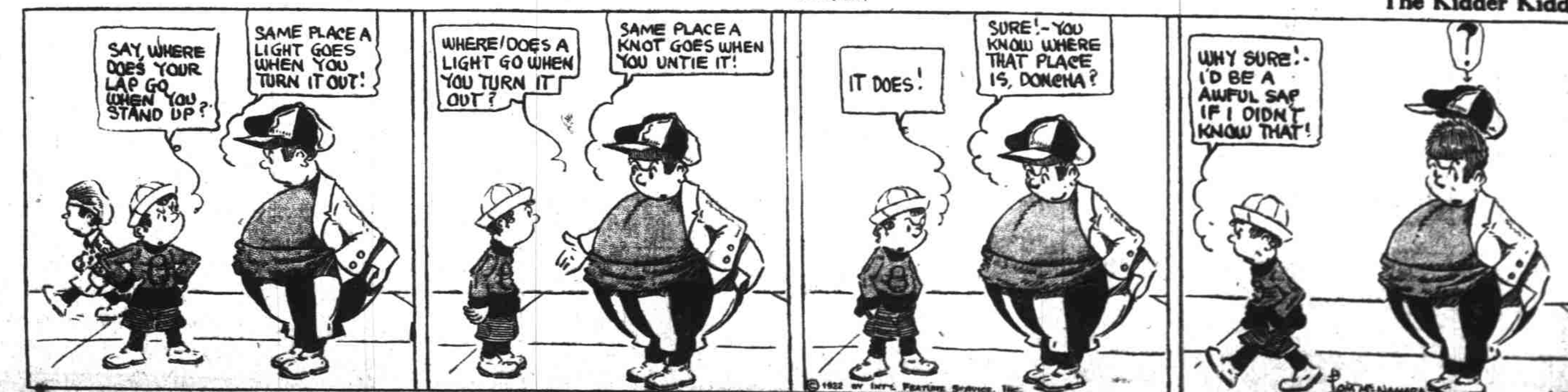
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And That Settles That

US BOYS

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The Kidder Kicked

BURGESS'S BED PUSSEY GETS A FRIGHT

By Thornton W. Burgess

He imagines lives who runs away when danger lurks beside the way.

OLD MAN COYOTE had begun to think that he would be able to spend the winter under that stack of straw in Farmer Brown's barnyard without being found out. There were times when he was tempted to be careless. But he wasn't. You see, that was too fine a place to run the risk of being found out. Several times he frightened Bower the Hound away from a good meal and ate it himself, but always he was careful to make sure that neither Farmer Brown nor Farmer Brown's Boy was anywhere about and that Mrs. Brown was in the house.



So she slipped out of the barn and stole safely over to the stack of hay.

Then, curiously proving too much for her, she poked her head in.

Right away she caught a scent that made her almost turn a back somersault in her haste to get away. She knew that scent. Once, in the Green Forest, she had been chased up a tree by a creature with just that scent. With every hair on her tail standing on end so that her tail looked to be three times as big as usual, Black Pussey raced for the house.

Farmer Brown's Boy happened to come out of the barn just then and saw her. "Now, what can have scared Black Pussey like that?" said he to himself. "She acts as if there is a strange dog about. She came from over by that strawstack. I'll look about and see if I can find out what has frightened her."

He went all around the stack and, of course, saw no one. There wasn't any strange dog. There wasn't anything or anybody to have caused Black Pussey to run like that. Once more Farmer Brown's Boy started around that stack of straw and this time he was looking at the stack itself. It had popped into his head that perhaps Black Pussey might have found someone hiding under that straw.

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The next story: Old Man Coyote's Secret is Out.

Seattle Proffers Concessions to Get Yakima Wool Trade

Yakima, Wash., Jan. 14.—A delegation of Seattle business men in conference with Washington wool growers here today proposed the financing of a wool warehousing plant at Seattle. If Yakima valley and other Washington wool growers will ship their wool there, the Seattle men will pledge \$2,500,000 in loans on wool warehouse receipts, 100,000 square feet on the docks for wool storage and space for 20,000 tons of cold storage for mutton.

Dead Man Pilots Car Two Blocks in Fog

Tacoma, Jan. 14.—(U. P.)—A dense fog, which has hung over Tacoma for three days, claimed its first death last night. Albert A. Schmidt, 60, who was found dead in his car, is believed to have died from a weak heart, aggravated by the fog. Tracks on the pavement showed the car was declared, that he piloted the car for more than two blocks after his death.

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