

CHORES

BY RALPH WATSON

"Ma!" T. Paer called querulously to his spouse busy in the kitchen with the evening meal, "where in the name of goodness did you put that oil can that goes with the sewing machine this time?"

"It's down in the basement on the workbench where you left it," ma answered calmly, "what're you going to use it for?"

"I ain't used that can for two months," T. Paer grumbled as he started down into the basement, "it ought to be up in the machine where it belongs."

"I know it," Ma retorted, sweetly, "but I ain't had any occasion to go get it from where you left it."

"Well, anyway," T. Paer paused to inform her, "I been lookin' for the scissors for a hour 'nd I've give up findin' them at all."

"I saw that pair you use under the table in that room where you won't let me clean up," Ma informed him, "what're you going to do with all that oil 'nd stuff?"

"Tomorrow, Sunday ain't it?" T. Paer asked as he started down stairs, "nd I got to get some use out'n that fishin' license I bought or waste the money I paid for it?"

"Oh," Ma said, simply, and turned back to her fryin'.

"Well," T. Paer remarked cheerfully as he began wielding his fork a few moments later, "I got my reel all greased up, 'nd my line fixed 'nd my hook sorted, 'nd now all I need's some salmon eggs 'nd my boots. I think I'll start about daylight in the mornin'."

"That's a little sooner I'd planned," Ma replied, quietly, "but I guess you won't have to keep at it steady all day."

"No," T. Paer agreed, "Judge said we take some lunch 'nd lay up in the sun 'till the middle of the afternoon after we'd eat it."

"Is the Judge goin' to help you?" Ma asked, in apparent surprise, "That's real kind of him, ain't it?"

"Help me," T. Paer said, uneasily, "I don't need nobody to help me catch fish."

"Not catch fish," Ma replied, "but I'm thinkin' of all them chores you been puttin' off to do 'till tomorrow."

"Chores," T. Paer exclaimed, virtuously, "you wouldn't have me workin' on Sunday with all them preachers in town would you?"

"I don't see how workin' d break the Sabbath any more'n fishing would," Ma smiled, "besides, if you got to break it you'd just as well do it doing something useful."

"But I told the Judge I'd go," T. Paer groaned, "nd he's all togged out 'nd ready."

"I know that man," Ma said, implacably, "nd he won't have any trouble findin' somebody to go along."

"I don't 'spose he will," T. Paer said miserably, "nd he said he'd take the lunch along so you wouldn't have to bother about it."

"Yes," Ma snapped, "I remember the last lunch he took along, 'if it hadn't been for that I'd of caught a awful cold."

"It was some lunch," T. Paer agreed, reminiscently, "I'll say it was."

"From the way it looked to me," Ma said, "you musta spent more time drinkin' up the lunch than fishin'."

"It was cold 'nd rainy that day," T. Paer pleaded in defense, "if it hadn't been for that I'd of caught a awful cold."

"I'd hate to have you get one; you have 'em so bad," Ma said, sympathetically, "but he won't be no stranger of it," she added, quietly, "workin' 'round the house."

"Well, doggone it," T. Paer snapped, "where are the blamed chores? I'll do 'em tonight."

"You've left too many of 'em pile up," Ma told him sorrowfully, "Besides you can't do 'em in the dark."

"I could do part of 'em 'nd the rest Monday some time," T. Paer argued, "I'll go right down 'nd clean up the basement."

"I ain't caring for that so much," Ma told him, "but the lawn's got to be mowed, 'nd the back porch's got to be painted 'nd the roses've got to have that enrichment put on 'em 'nd—"

"Enrichment," T. Paer snorted disgustedly, "that's a fine job for Sunday, ain't it?"

"Just as good as fishin'," Ma said implacably, "nd more useful."

"Hello," T. Paer said mournfully into the telephone after he had raked at Central, "Judge, I can't make it in the mornin'. My lumbago's landed on me all unexpected 'nd I'm feelin' blamed miserable."

IT'S ALL TONKYTALK

Sing This Sweetly

By A. Posen

BRINGING UP FATHER

(Registered U. S. Patent Office)

By George McManus

KRAZY KAT

(Copyright, 1922, by International Feature Service, Inc.)

Never Satisfied

LITTLE JIMMY

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Real Hospitality

JERRY ON THE JOB

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He Only Asked About One

ABIE THE AGENT

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He's Been in Business for a Few Years

ALICE ADAMS

BY BOOTH TARKENTON

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CHAPTER 19

HE PROTESTED FEEBLY. "Now, I didn't mean that—I didn't want to trouble you!"

She looked at him through winking eyelashes, "I'm sorry I called it a 'note' papa!"

"No, no," he protested, gently, "it was your mother said that."

"No, I did, too."

"Well, if you did, it was only because you'd heard her."

She shook her head, then kissed him. "I'm going to talk to her," she said, and rose decisively.

But at this her father's troubled voice became quickly louder: "You'd have a little talk with you. I didn't want to start any—your mother won't."

"Now, papa!" Alice spoke cheerfully again, and smiled upon him. "I don't mean to worry you. Every thing's going to be all right and nobody's going to bother you any more about anything. You'll see!"

She carried her smile out into the hall, but after she had closed the door her face was all pitey; and her mother, waiting for her in the opposite room, spoke sympathetically.

"What's the matter, Alice? What did he say that upset you?"

"Wait a minute, mama," Alice found a handkerchief, used it for eyes and snuffed nose, gulped, then said, "I'm sorry, but I'm just a little bit upset."

"Poor, poor papa!" she whispered.

"Why?" Mrs. Adams inquired, mildly. "What's the matter with him? Sometimes you act as if he weren't getting well. What's he been talking about?"

"Mama—well, I think I'm pretty selfish. Oh, I do!"

"Did he say you were?"

"Papa? No, indeed! What I mean is, maybe we're both a little selfish to try to make him go out and hunt around for something he doesn't want."

"Alice looked thoughtful. "Oh, that's what he was up to!"

"Mama, I think we ought to give it up. I didn't dream it had really hurt him."

"Well, doesn't he hurt us?"

"Never that I know of, mama."

"I don't mean by saying things."

Mrs. Adams explained, impatiently, "There are more ways than one of hurting people. When a man sticks to a salary that doesn't provide for his family—isn't that hurting them?"

"Oh, it provides for them enough, mama. We have what we need—if I weren't so extravagant. Oh, I know I am!"

But at this admission her mother cried out sharply, "Extravagant! You haven't one-tenth of what the other girls you go with have. And you can't have what you ought to as long as he doesn't get out of that horrible place. It proves bare food and shelter for us—but what's that?"

"I don't think we ought to try any more to change him."

"You don't?" Mrs. Adams came and stood before her. "Listen, Alice. Your father's asleep; that's his trouble, and he's got to be waked up. He doesn't know that things have changed. When you and Walter were little children we did have enough—at least it seemed to be about as much as most of the people we knew. But the town isn't what it was in those days, and times aren't what they were then, and these fearful prices aren't the old prices. Everything else but your father has changed, and all the time he's stood still. He doesn't know it; he thinks because they've given him a hundred dollars more every two years he's quite a prosperous man. And he thinks that because his children cost him more than he and I cost our parents he gives them—enough!"

"But Walter—" Alice faltered. "Walter doesn't cost him anything at all any more." And she concluded, in a stricken voice, "It's all—me!"

"Why shouldn't it be?" her mother cried. "You're young—you're just at the time when life should be fullest of good things and happiness. Yet what do you get?"

Alice's lip quivered; she was not unsusceptible to such an appeal, but she contrived the semblance of a protest. "I don't have such a bad time—not a good deal of the time, anyhow. I've got a good many of the things other girls have—"

BRAIN TEST

By Sam Loyd
Fifteen Minutes to Answer This

The above picture of a clock dial was important evidence in a criminal case, where it was established that a stray bullet from an assassin's pistol struck the face of a clock. It struck the exact center of the dial, driving the post on which the hands were fixed through the works, and stopped the clock. The two hands were fixed in the straight line they formed at the time, although not pointing as shown in the picture; for it is evident that a correct time is not indicated with the hour hand at 3 and the minute hand at 9.

It provided quite a problem for the authorities to prove what the correct time must have been, not neglecting the clue provided by position of the second hand. Can you tell the time?

Answer to Yesterday's Puzzle
The rebus represents NEW MARKET.

Plan Greater City For Grays Harbor

Aberdeen, Wash., Sept. 9.—Consolidation of Aberdeen, Hoquiam and Cosmopolis is being agitated again after the subject had lain dormant for five years. A greater Grays Harbor city is to be the slogan again. Hoquiam, which has not favored the plan, is said to be in line for it. Cosmopolis has always voted against the plan.