By A. Posen



MA!" T. Paer called querulously on Sunday with all them preachers in to his spouse busy in the kitchen with the evening meal, "where in the "I don't see how working'd break name of goodness did you put that oil the Sabbath any more'n fishing would, can that goes with the sewin' machine Ma smiled, "besides, if you got to break

"It's down in the basement on the thing useful."
workbench where you left it," ma an"But I told swered 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 rouble finding somebody to go along." ought to be up in the machine where it

belongs. but I ain't had any occasion to go get it from where you left it."

sors for a hour 'nd l've give up findin' it home." them at all." "I saw that pair you use under the

"Tomorrow's Sunday ain't it?" T. ''nd I got to get some use out'n that cold." fishin' license I bought or waste the

money I paid for it." back to her frying pan. "Well," T. Paer remarked cheerfully as he hegan wielding his fork a few moments later, "I got my reel all "Where are the blamed chores? I'll do greased up, 'nd my line fixed 'nd my 'em tonight."

I'll start about daylight in the morn- sides you can't do 'em in the dark." "That's a little sooner'n I'd planned," Monday some time," T. Paer argued, Ma replied, quietly, "but I guess you

won't have to keep at it steady all basement." after we'd et it."

"Is the Judge goin' to help you?" Ma asked, in apparent surprise, "That's gustedly, "that's a fine job for Sunday, real kind of him, ain't it?" aln't it." aln't it." Just as good as fishing." Ma said

"Not eatch fish." Ma replied, "but into the telephone after he had barked I'm thinkin' of all them chores you been puttin' off to do 'till tomorrow." the mornin'. My lumbago's landed on "Chores," T. Paer exclaimed, virtu- me all unexpected 'nd I'm feeling ously, "you wouldn't have me workin' blamed miserable."

town would you?"

"I don't see how working'd break

t you'd just as well do it doing some-

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

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

"Yes," Ma snapped, "I remember the last lunch he took along. You "Well, anyway." T. Paer paused to the last lunch he took along. You inform her, "I been lookin' for the sels-couldn't hardly carry your share of

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

table in that room where you won't let me clean up." Ma informed him. "From the way it looked to me." Ma "What're you going to do with all that oil ind stuff?" "It was cold ind rainy that day." T. Paer pleaded in defense. "If it hadn't Paer asked as he started down stairs, been for that I'd of caught a awful "I'd hate to have you get one; you

I paid for it."

Ma said, simply, and turned o her frying pan.

T. Paer remarked cheerfully 'round the house."

To hate to have you get one, you have 'em so bad," Ma said, sympathetically, "They won't be no danger of it," she added, quietly, "working 'round the house." "Well, doggone it," T. Paer snapped.

greased up, 'nd my line fixed 'nd my 'em tonight."
hooks sorted, 'nd now all I need's some salmon eggs 'nd my boots. I think up," Ma told him sorrowfully. "Be-

"I'll go right down 'nd clean up the "I ain't caring for that so much," day."
"No," T. Paer agreed, "Judge said Ma told him, "but the lawn's got to be we'd take some lunch 'nd lay up in the mowed, 'nd the back porch's got to be sun 'till the middle of the afternoon painted 'nd the roses've got to have that enrichment put on 'em 'nd-"
"Enrichment," T. Paer snorted dis-

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

Just as good as fishing." Ma said implacably, "'nd more useful." "Hello," T. Paer said mournfully

IT'S ALL TONKYTALK

Sing This Sweetly



(Registered U. S. Patent Offices

BRINGING UP FATHER

KIN LEAVE

I TOLD MAGGIE I DIDN'T WANT STOP AT THE CHINESE LAUNDRY FIRST - I HAVE TO GO TO CHINA- NOW SHE INSISTS ON GOIN'- I'LL FIND OUT SOME THING YERY WHEN THE BOAT LEAVES SO DINTY IMPORTANT TO FIND OUT: AT THE SAME NEARLY YELLOW CAB CO. @ 1922 BY INT'L FEATURE SERVICE, INC.

JOHN-HOW NO SUCH WORDEE. DO YOU SAY BESLIDES IN CHINA CORNED WE NO HAVE KLORH BEEF AN BLEEF AND CABBAGE CABBAGE CHINAMEN NO LIKEE; 114

By George McManus DINTY-I DON'T THINK. I'LL GO: I JUST HEARD SOME BAD NEWS . FOR GOODNESS SAKE MAN TELL

CHAPTER 12 HE PROTESTED FEEBLY. "Now, call a florist and tell him to send you I didn't mean that—I didn't want some orchids. I suppose you've—"

was your mother said that."

"No. I did, too." 'Well, if you did, it was only be-cause you'd heard her." She shook her head, then kissed him.

and rose decisively. voice became quickly louder: "You'd have a little talk with you. I didn't mean to start any — your mother "Now, papa!" Alice spoke cheerful-

'Now, papa!" Alice spoke cheerfully again, and smiled upon him. "I want you to quit worrying. Everything'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 pity; and her moth-er, waiting for her in the opposite room, spoke sympathetically.

"What's the matter, Alice? What did he say that's upset you?"
"Wait a "minute, mama." Alice found a handkerchief, used it for eyes and suffused nose, guiped, then suddenly and desolately sat upon the bed. "Poor, poor papa!" she whispered.

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

"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 new."

Mrs. Adams looked thoughtful. that's what he was up to!"
"Mama, I think we ought to give it up. I didn't dream it had really hurt

"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 that 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 us well 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 borrible place. It provides bare food horrible place. It provides 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 fixed through the works, and stopped doesn't know that things have changed. the clock. The two hands were fixed 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 correct time is not indicated with the 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 time must have been, not neglecting the time he's stood still. He doesn't the clue provided by position of the know it; he thinks because they've given him a hundred dollars more every two years he's quite a prosper-ous 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 lin quivered, she was not

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

Copyright, 1921, by Doubleday, Page & Co. "You have?" Mrs. Adams was pite-Published by arrangement with the Bell ously satirical. "I suppose you've go ously satirical. "I suppose you've got a limousine to go to that dance to-night. I suppose you've only got to

to trouble you"—
She looked at him through winking eyelashes. "I'm sorry I called it a tion left her, and she became businesslike, as one in the midst of trifles re-"No, no," he protested, gently. "It minded of really serious matters. She got up from the bed and went to the door of the closet where she kept her dresses. "Oh, see here," she said, briskly. "I've decided to wear my briskly. white organdie if you could put in a new lining for me. I'm afraid it'll "I'm going to talk to her," she said, take you nearly all afternoon."

She brought forth the dress, played it upon the bed, and Mrs. Adams examined it attentively. "Do you think you could get it done,

"I don't see why not." Mrs. Adams answered, passing a thoughtful hand over the fabric, "It oughtn't to take more than four or five hours."

"It's a shame to have you sit at the machine that long," Alice said, ab-sently, adding: "And I'm sure we ought to let papa alone. Let's just give it up, mama."

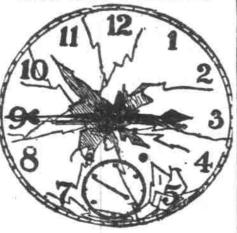
Mrs. Adams continued her thought-ful examination of the dress. "Did you buy the chiffon and ribbon Alice?"

"Yes. I'm sure we oughtn't to talk to him about it any more, mama." "Well, we'll see."

"Let's both agree that we'll never say another single word to him about it," said Alice. "It'll be a great deal better if we just let him make up his

(To Be Continued Monday) A synopsis of the preceding chapters will be published with Monday's installment.

BRAIN TEST By Sam Loyd Fifteen Minutes to Auswer 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 pisto struck the face of a ciock. It struck the exact center of the dial, driving the post on which the hands were in the straight line they formed at the time, although not pointing as shown in the picture; for it is evident that a 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 second hand. Can you tell the time?

Answer to Yesterday's Puzzle The rebus represents NEW MAR-

Plan Greater City For Grays Harbor

Aberdeen, Wash., Sept. 9 .- Consolidation of Aberdeen, Hoquiam and Cosmopolis is being agitated again after the subject had lals 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.

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Never Satisfied

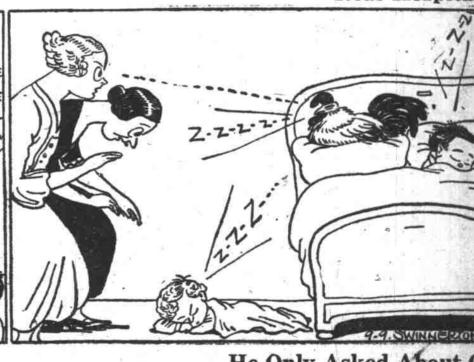
LITTLE JIMMY

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JIMMY, HAVEN'T I TOLD YOU NOT TO BRING YOUR WHY SISTER HOW LOVELY OF YOU TO MAKE US A VISIT. I HOPE YOU CAN STAY A LONG TIME! FOR THE ROOSTER IN THE HOUSE ANDS SAKE LOOKU







JERRY ON THE JOB

(Copyright, 1922, by International Feature

He Only Asked About One











ABIE THE AGENT

(Copyright, 1922, by Interns Service, Inc.)

He's Been in Business for a Few Years







