



INSIDE POLITICS

T. PAER GIVES ADVICE

BY RALPH WATSON

"MY Golly," the inoffensive applicant exclaimed, as he slipped unobtrusively into room 618. "My golly, but it smells good in here."

The girl with the horn-rimmed glasses stopped the insistent clicking of her typewriter to gaze at the intruder with a cool and level eye.

"I beg your pardon?" she intoned with the rising intonation.

"You ain't done nothin' to me," T. Paer said genially, "but I ain't smelled nothin' as sweet since I bucked good sacks in Illinois in the fall."

"Are you from Salem?" the young lady asked, a glint of friendly interest showing in her eyes.

"I used to be," T. Paer admitted, "but when Doc Steiner began to get so interested in how I felt I moved down here. Say," he asked, lowering his voice to a confidential key, "is the new assistant postmaster general comin' here today?"

"You mean Mr. Williams?" the young lady smiled.

"You said it," T. Paer grinned back at her. "Ralph E. Williams, A. P. G. Tell him they's a constituent out here that don't want to be prohibition officer or anything."

"Mr. Williams says to come in," the young lady said from the door of the inside office.

"Y'mornin', General," T. Paer said, backing up against the radiator by the window. "How was Warren and Will when you left D. C.?"

"Both the president and Mr. Hays were well," Williams answered. "How do you feel since the inauguration?"

"Well," T. Paer answered thoughtfully, "I ain't seen no difference in my lumbago, yet."

"What's that got to do with your lumbago?" Williams asked. "You don't think we're running a hospital, do you?"

"No," T. Paer answered, "but it was promised that Harding's election would cure everybody of what ailed 'em, and that's about all that bothers me."

"Hold the thought," Ralph advised him, "and maybe you'll get relief yet."

"As long as it ain't my breath," T. Paer grinned, "maybe I can stick it out. But say," he continued, "how's Charlie 'n Bob 'n Pat 'n Nick 'n that other fellow—what's his name?"

"Hawley!" Williams suggested.

"That's him," T. Paer admitted. "Not havin' a pension he kinda slipped my

mind."

"They're all right, I guess," Williams informed him. "I didn't see much of them while I was there."

"Humph," T. Paer grunted. "Didn't they tell you who they was goin' to give the offices to?"

"I didn't discuss politics with them," Williams answered, the glint of a smile in his eye, "and," he continued, "they didn't discuss politics with me."

"Oh, all right," T. Paer said. "Then you tell me," he insinuated.

"I haven't anything to do with the appointments," Williams insisted.

"I know," T. Paer chuckled, "it's the rope that hangs the man, not the fellow that punches the button."

"Well," Williams said, fixing his visitor with a poker eye, "I'm not pushing the button."

"Maybe you might accidentally lean up against it when you was lightin' a cigar."

"I've quit smoking," Williams countered.

"Gosh," T. Paer exclaimed, "the election bet's you won musta been pretty bad. But when they goin' to dish the pie to the boys?"

"They tell me," Williams answered cautiously, "that it won't be done until the terms of the present incumbents end."

"My gracious," T. Paer exploded, "all of 'em are dyin' of starvation now. What'll they do?"

"Well, meekly wait, and murmur not," Ralph quoted, a little off the key.

"Oh, they'll wait all right," T. Paer grinned, "but I can't see that meekly and murmurin' stuff. They're growlin' like a pup with a last year's soupbone already."

"Well," Ralph replied, "I told you I didn't have anything to do with it."

"I heard you the first time," T. Paer responded, "but if anything'd happen 'n you do, keep it dark."

"Why?" Williams asked him.

"All the boys," T. Paer answered, "are mad because they have to wait, 'n all that don't get a job 're goin' out 'n take the hide of 'n everybody in sight."

"There may be a lot of truth in that," Williams admitted.

"Blessed are them what give, but damned are them what give it to the other fellow."

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BURGESS'S BEDTIME STORIES

Old Man Coyote Drops Some Hints

By Thornton W. Burgess

When straight statement will not do
Just try a little hint

Old Man Coyote.

OLD MAN COYOTE is one of those crafty people who rarely say things right out. He prefers to hint at things and let others guess at just what he means. Then if they guess wrong they cannot say that he told them wrong. There are many people like Old Man Coyote in the Green Forest and they do a great deal of mischief and get a great many others into trouble without getting into trouble themselves.



Now, Old Man Coyote was not at all pleased with the idea of another Bear in the Green Forest. Buster Bear was quite enough to Old Man Coyote's way of thinking. In fact, he would not have had another Bear, Mrs. Buster, in the Green Forest was most disturbing. But you would never have guessed this could you have seen him and heard him the first time he met Mrs. Bear. It was near the place where Peter Rabbit had seen Mrs. Bear digging roots. He came trotting along through the Green Forest quite as if the last thought in his shrewd head was that any one else was about. When he saw Mrs. Bear he stopped short and sat down with such a look of surprise on his sharp face that you never would have guessed that he had been following Mrs. Bear's scent with his keen nose. In fact, he had been looking for her. "Well, well, what a surprise!" exclaimed Old Man Coyote, grinning in a way that was intended to be pleasant. "Welcome to the Green Forest, Mrs. Bear! Have you come for a visit, or do you intend to stay?"

Mrs. Bear stopped digging long enough to look at Old Man Coyote, and in her small eyes—by her size her eyes were small—was a gleam of suspicion which might have made Old Man Coyote uneasy had he seen it. "I rather think I will stay," said she in a deep, grumbly, rumbling voice, which she tried to make sound pleasant. "This seems to be quite the nicest place I have ever found. I've about decided to make my home here."

"Splendid!" exclaimed Old Man Coyote, trying to make his voice sound hearty and as if he were delighted. "Splendid! Permit me to welcome you to the Green Forest. We shall all feel very proud to have you for a neighbor, and I am sure you will like the Green Forest."

"I like it now," grunted Mrs. Bear. "Of course you do, of course you do," agreed Old Man Coyote. "It really

is a wonderful place. If it were not for two or three trifling things it would be quite perfect."

"What do you mean by trifling things?" demanded Mrs. Bear, sitting up and looking very hard.

"Oh nothing serious, nothing serious," Mrs. Bear replied Old Man Coyote. "Nothing to be alarmed about. I was just thinking I am very fond of the Green Forest. I don't suppose there is any place in all the Great World that is quite perfect. Now, I must be on my way; I hope I'll see you often, Mrs. Bear, and that you'll find this quite as pleasant a place as you expected."

With this Old Man Coyote made her a polite bow and trotted off. Once out of Mrs. Bear's sight he grinned. "I reckon those hints about the hunters and the dog will spoil her appetite," he muttered. "She probably won't think of much else for a while. Now, if Reddy Fox will do his part and lead Bowser the Hound over here, and Farmer Brown's boy will just come poking about so that she can see him or smell him, I guess we will soon be rid of her."

Fordney Works on Tariff Schedule to Favor Pacific Coast

Washington, March 19.—(I. N. S.)—Railroad rates within the United States, discriminating in favor of imported goods, counteract the effect of practically all tariff provisions on goods coming through Pacific coast ports, Representative Fordney (R., Mich.), chairman of the house ways and means committee, today declared.

Effort will be made to have tariff schedules revised that goods made on the Pacific coast and produced in the Mountain and Pacific coast states will be placed on practically the same freight rate basis as imported commodities.

Sedalia, Mo., March 19.—(I. N. S.)—The preliminary trial of three men charged with kidnaping and drugging City Attorney Chester Bennington broke up in a small sized riot here today.

Bennington opened hostilities when he broke a chair over the head of W. B. O'Bannon, defense attorney, who was cross-examining Bennington's father, O'Bannon, although badly hurt, struck

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Court Riot Starts When Witness Breaks Chair on Attorney

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Portland-to-China Lumber Rate Same As to Walla Walla

A carload of lumber can be shipped from Portland to China or Japan by boat for about the same price as it can be shipped to Walla Walla by rail, and it costs as much to ship lumber to Salt Lake City as to Australia, according to H. B. Van Duser, manager of the Inman-Poulsen Lumber company, who addressed a meeting of the Portland Realty board at the Portland hotel Friday.

High freight rates on transcontinental shipments have delivered the Eastern lumber market into the hands of the Southern pine manufacturers Van Duser stated, and cheap sea tonnage is responsible for the meagre prosperity of Portland mills.

The average weekly output of Northwest lumber mills is about 60 per cent of normal and mills of Portland and other river cities are producing approximately 75 per cent of their normal output.

WATERPOWER FOR OLD MILL SITE AT SALEM IS ASKED

Salem, Or., March 19.—Application for the appropriation of 465 second feet of water from Mill creek and north fork of the Santiam river has been filed with the state engineer's office here by the Oregon Pulp & Paper company of Salem.

This water is to be used in the development of 1300 theoretical horsepower at the old mill site on North Front street and will utilize a fall of 25 feet. Other applications covering water

rights have been filed with the state engineer as follows:

By the town of Scappoose, water from Gourley creek for a municipal supply.

By H. Sordy, water from Rich gulch for irrigation of land near Merlin, Josephine county.

By S. H. Clinton of Bandon, water from an unnamed tributary of Coquille river for domestic use in Coos county.

By Robert Finley of Kerby, water from an unnamed tributary of west fork of Illinois creek for irrigation of a five acre tract in Josephine county.

Shee Fong, Yee Guck and Wong Wen Teung, Portland tong men, whose sentences were affirmed by the supreme court, will soon be numbered among the convicts at the penitentiary here. The mandate of the court directing their delivery to the prison was forwarded to the sheriff of Multnomah county by Arthur S. Benson, clerk of the court here, Friday.

Only one fatality appears in the list of 307 accidents in Oregon industries filed with the state industrial accident commission here for the week ending

March 17, Steve Baker, feller of Hoskins, Or.

The complaint of the state highway department against freight rates on road making material will be aired before the public service commission at a public hearing in Portland, March 30.

On the same date the commission has set for hearing applications of the Beaver Portland Cement company for reduced rates on cement and limerock.

allowed to remain for the full time of the Wilson administration, eight years, especially when it is recalled that the term of his predecessor, a Republican, lapsed over into the Wilson administration for 13 months.

The local postoffice, which has never paid a heavyweight salary, was advanced from fourth to third class about eight years ago, but owing to local conditions, due to the world war, it was relegated to fourth class in 1918. On October 1, 1920, it was again advanced to third class and, although it has since been entitled to allowances for clerk hire, rent, heat and light, the postmaster has never received these allowances for the reason that the department has no funds available to meet them.

Regardless of this the job looks most inviting to the "pie boys" some of whom imagine they see prestige, popularity, political pull and easy pickings in the postmastership, hence are anxious to annex the job as speedily as possible.

Medford Librarians Addressed

Medford, March 13.—Miss Cornelia Marvin, state librarian, addressed the boards, librarians and other employees of the county branch libraries.

Job Hunters Pick Sutherland Office As Postal Snap

Sutherland, Or., March 19.—The local postoffice appears to have considerable attraction for the "pie boys" and reports indicate that no less than half a dozen citizens are lining up with petitions and endorsements for the job.

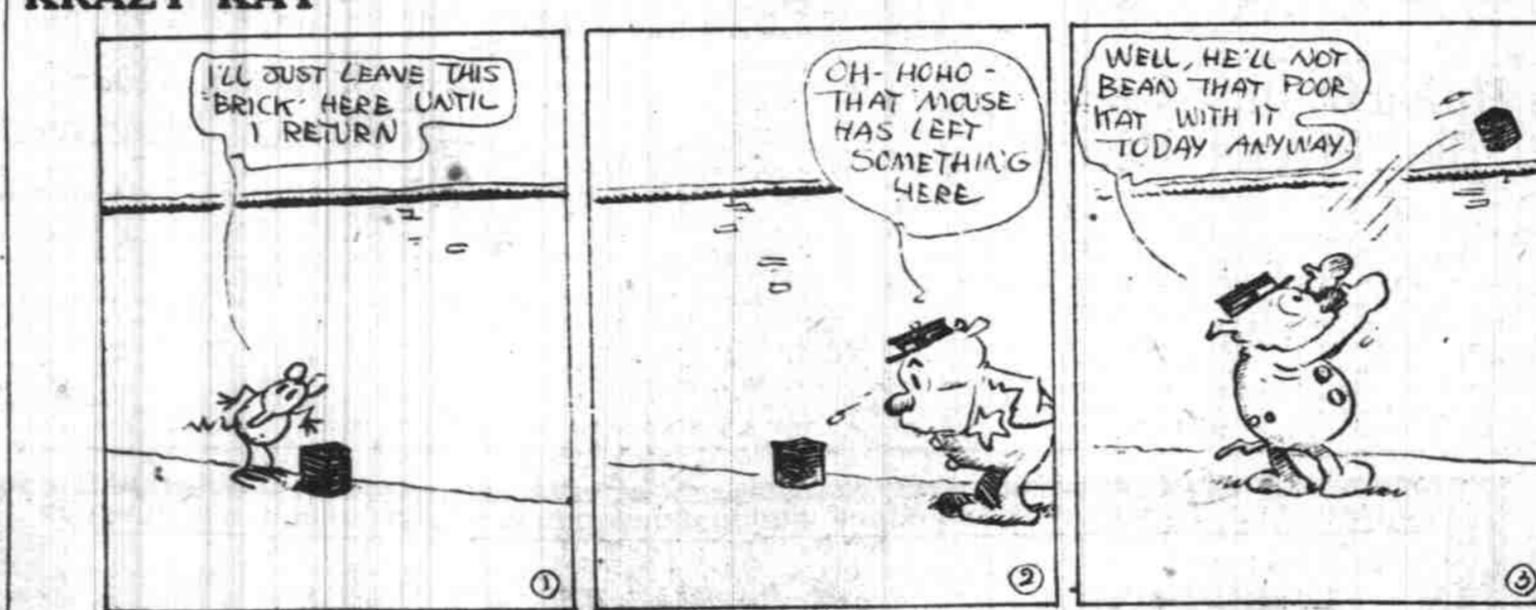
The incumbent has been on the job less than seven years and many substantial citizens here feel he should be

BRINGING UP FATHER



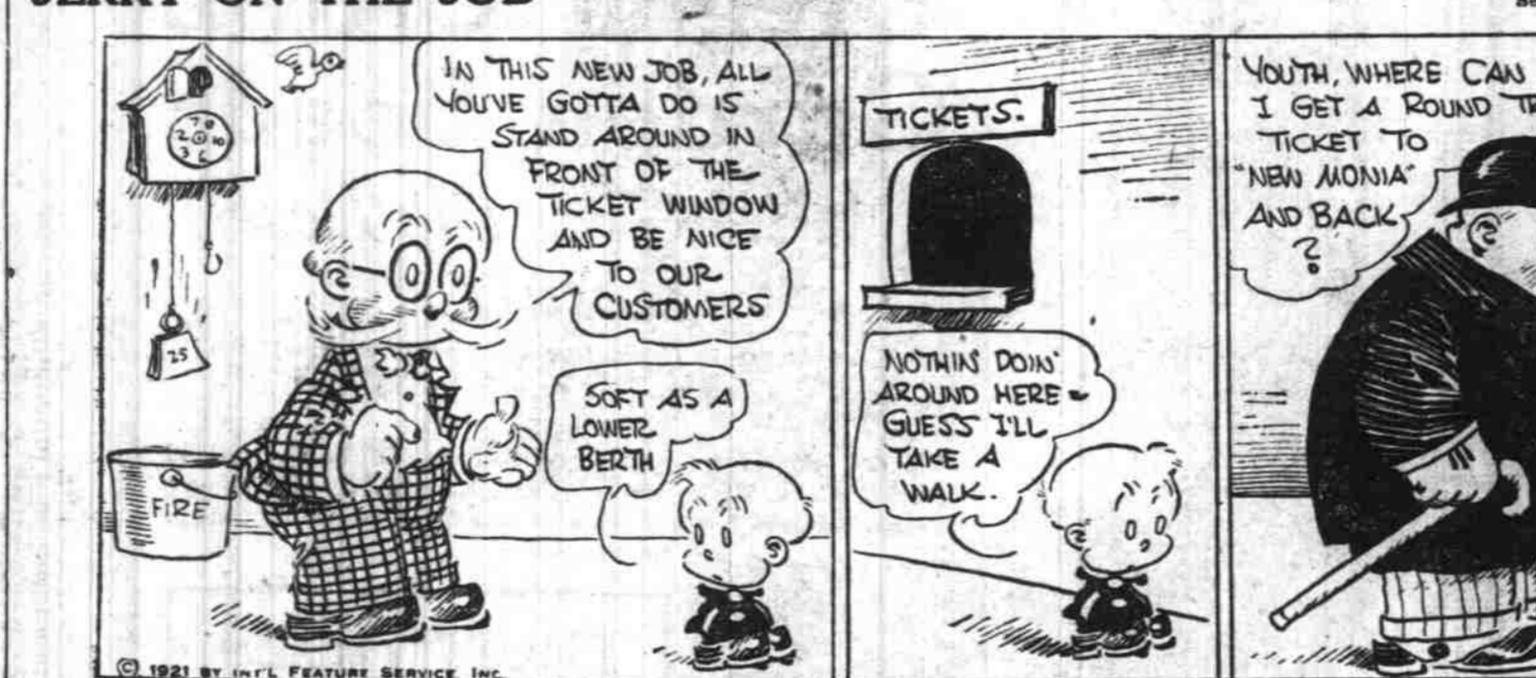
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KRAZY KAT



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JERRY ON THE JOB



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HON AND DEARIE



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ABIE THE AGENT



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And Still Business Keeps Up



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A Point Well Taken



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We Hope Dad's Right



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Some Crooks Are Particular

