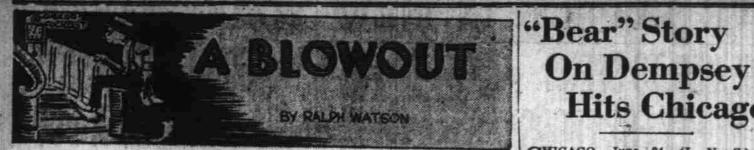
FRIDAY, JUNE 24, 1921.



PAER eased himself through the "I only heard it strike twice the last door with a deft and experienced time." "Maybe you went to sleep 'nd misse

groped his careful way to a friendly Inremonstrating chair and removed 10 of 'em." T. Paer suggested. "Anyway that clock ain't been strikin' right and his shoes with fingers that needed no eyes to guide them in the darkness. The lately.' Seth Thomas, faithful guardian of the "I gu "I guess they ain't anything much the matter with it," Ma answered as she switched on the light, glanced at Big fleeting hours, from its station on the mantel shelf, twice challenged the noise-Ben's honest dial and snapped the cur-rent off again. "I thought so," she added caustically. less progress of his sock-shrouded feet.

filling the night with its accusing voice. "Darn !" T. Paer muttered vindic-tively, "I never could see no need of clocks that strikes, anyway." Then he

waited, polsed, until the consistent rhythm of Ma's sleeping song again re-assured him before he resumed his burglarious advance up the stairs. By slow degrees he shed his garments, one by one, easing them gently to the floor about him, until, at last, enfolded in his nightgown, he quietly raised one corner of the bedclethes, sank gingerly upon the rail, slipped first one foot and then the other with infinite care under the covers and sank back with an in-

audible sigh of triumph. "Are you home?" Ma murmured drowsily but with a note of trailing sarcasm in her tone. T. Paer sighed and stirred as men do when disturbed in innocent slumber and then checked the cadence of his breathing with an incipient snore.

a fairy story about a blowout," Ma told him, "'nd he wouldn't take his shoes off in the parlor." "What time is it?" Ma asked, not so drowsily. "This is a nice time for you to be sneaking in."

"U-u-u-mp," T. Paer groaned, his voice trailing off into the abyss of sleep as he stretched in protest.

What time is it?" Ma insisted relentlessly. "They ain't no use of your trying to play possum." "Huh!" T. Paer exclaimed, starting

in apparent surprise. "What's the matter?"

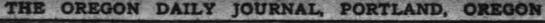
"That's what I want to know," Ma retorted, "I asked you twice what time it is?"

"How do I know?" T. Paer answered petulantly. "What's the use of wakin' a fellah up to ask a fool question like that?"

"What time was it when you come upstairs?" Ma persisted. "If you'll tell me that I can add a couple of minutes

to it 'nd get a fair idea." "I didn't look," T. Paer answered evasively. "I heard it strike 12 when I was down the street a ways."

"They must be something the matter with our clock." Ma said innocently.



fracas. He says the "yes" men at Dempsey's headquarters have been so busy "yeasing" everybody that the true condition of the fighter has been kept under a cloud. "If we were judging on mere surface conditions we wouldn't give Carpenties much more than a fair outside chance of

"In all frankness," Smith says, "Dempsey does not look as fit and per-fect, as normal mentally and as gen-erally in as good condition as he did on **Hits Chicago** his birthday two years ago. He's 26 to-day and added age hasn't improved him down to a fine line in an athletic and especially a fighting sense.

CHICAGO, June 24.-(I. N. S.)-A "bear" story upon Jack Dempsey's condition and his prospects of winning "He is heavier, they say only about six pounds-but it is so placed it doesn't the championship fight against Georges improve his appearance to the critical eye. It looks like a vigorous massage might take off this weight. Carpentier was furnished the Chicago American today by Ed W. Smith, sport-

THE "BIG PUNCH"

ing editor of that paper and recognized boxing authority, who is in the East. He says the champion is heavier than "Dempsey acts wind-broken. That in his go against Willard two years in his go against Willard two years ago, acts wind broken and that the gloom in his camp is evident. Smith, it will be remembered, pre-dicted Jack Johnson would defeat Jim Jeffries, that Willard would win the title from Johnson and that the pre-dicted Jack Johnson would defeat Jim

"You don't have to tell me?" Ma re torted ambiguously. "I could tell that

torted ambiguously. "I could tell that even with your back turned." "When a woman gets just so suspi-cious," T. Paer said with poignant re-gret in his voice, "a fellah'd just as well tie himself up to the doghouse 'nd never get out of the back yard."

"I've seen some inhabitants of dog-houses," Ma retorted, "that wouldn't have to be tied up to make 'em behave better'n some people I might mention." "Yes, 'nd I've seen some that wouldn't

"We had a blowout," T. Paer pleaded in defense, all the sleep gone out of his voice. "We-"

growl every time the clock struck," T. Paer mumbled, "What's the use of a fellah tellin' why he's late if he ain't belleved ?"

"A honest Airedale wouldn't com home at '2 o'clock in the morning with

"No." T. Paer retorted, "he'd walk right in 'nd raise a rough house if any-thing was said to him."

"It takes nerve to raise a rough house," Ma answered calmly, "just as it does to tell the truth about the time of night."

"A feliah's nerve gets kinda wobbly after 30 years," T. Paer sighed, "'nd besides I didn't want to disturb you."

"If husbands," Ma informed him, "would open the front door the same at night as they do in the daytime, 'nd drop their shoes on the kitchen floor,

'nd walk right in, 'nd turn on the light no matter what time it is-" "They'd ride in a ambulance," T. Paer concluded for her. "I got nerve, but

not that much." "Well," Ma said as she drew the covers under her chin. "It's easier to

science than with one that ain't." "I tell you it was a blowout," T. Paer insisted.



JERRY ON THE JOB

carrying the title back to France. But there is an underlying something that even the 'yes men' cannot obliterate with all their three-cheer stuff."

LONDON, June 24.-(I. N. S.)-Mile. Suzanne Lenglen, French singles champion, and Miss Elizabeth Ryan of California, playing together as doubles team, today defeated Mrs. R. J. McNair

and Miss Kathleen McKane in the Wim-bledon championship tournament, 6-0, Ridgefield, Wash., June 24.—Kelso defeated the Ridgefield Amateur Ath-letic club baseball squad 2 to 1 in 12 innings last month, and as a result Miss Elizabeth Ryan, paired with Rana return game was scheduled. It will be played here Sunday.

The Jackson Park contingent would like to secure an out-of-town battle for July 4. White to Julius Sax at 626 Fifth street or telephone Marshall MINOR BASEBALL

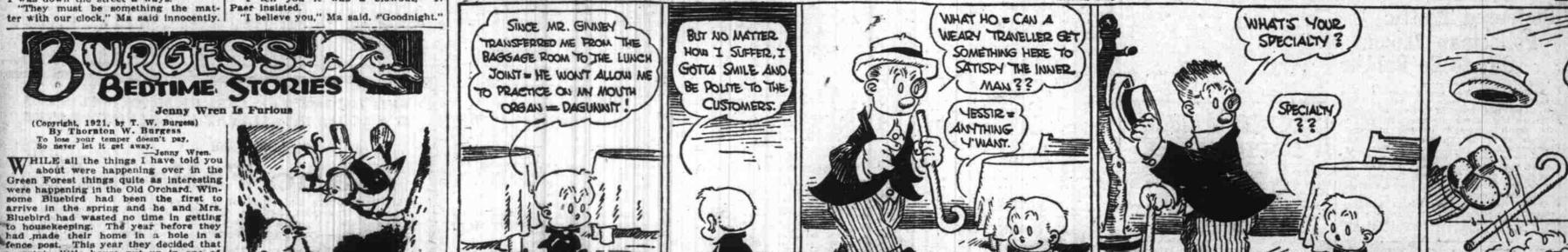
BROWNSVILLE, Or., June 24.—The local baseball tossers thought they had everything their own way against Lebanon here Wednesday, but the re-sult turned out differently. With the score 6 to 0 in favor of Brownsville at the end of the sixth, Pitcher Damon Grants Pass, Or., June 24.—"Hub" Pernoll, ex-big leaguer, will pitch for Grants Pass Sunday in their game with the Medford nine. The Grants Pass team has been practicing consistently this spring and expects to take the Medfordites into camp. and his support went to pieces in the seventh, Lebanon scoring six times and tying the count. In the next frame the visitors scored the winning run and the final was 7 to 6.

Jess Not to Attend Battle

Kansas City, June 24.—(1. N. S.)—Jess Willard will not be among the celebrities of the ring who will gather at the Demp-sey-Carpentier fight. The Potawotomic giant was here Thursday on his way to the Montana oil fields. "Can't take time from my business," he said, when asked if he would attend the fight. Walter McCredie. Just why Sutherland is being returned to the Beavers is a puzzle to some of the local fans, as it was thought that Ty Cobb had made up his mind to retain Sutherland as utility pitcher. With the Tigers this season, Sutherland won five and lost two games. He par-ticinated in 11 sames. His batting aver-

Umpire Hurt in Ball Game





ticipated in 11 games. His batting aver-age with the Tigers was .423 for 15 dicted Jack Johnson would defeat Jim Jeffries, that Willard would win the title from Johnson and that Dempsey would defeat Willard, in each instance days before the fight took place. "TES," MEN BUSY Smith declares Dempsey's camp foi-lowers talk bravely but that in their hearts they know the champion is not the man he should be for the coming "TES," MEN BUSY Smith declares Dempsey's camp foi-the man he should be for the coming the man he Art Berg, southpaw of the University of Oregon, has also joined the Mackmen



MOUTH ORGAN

Kansas City, June 24 .- (I. N. S.)-Jess

And Parks to Join **Portland Beavers**

HARVEY G. (SUDS) SUTHERLAND, ace of the Portland Beaver pliching staff, and Vernon Parks, who pliched for Portland last year under the name of Harold Brooks, will join the Mackmen next week at Seattle, according to an-

nouncement made Thursday by Manager

"Suds" Sutherland

a certain little house put up in one of the apple trees by Farmer Brown's boy suited them better, and they moved in-

Bully the English Sparrow had al-ready taken possession of the hollow in which Jenny and Mr. Wren had made their home the year before, and their old home had been taken by a pair of their relatives. So it was that when Jenny and Mr. Wren arrived, a little late and rather tired from their long journey up from the South, they found the best homes in the Old Orchard al-ready occupied. They had gone straight to their for-

mer home, expecting to take possession at once. In the doorway sat Bully the English Sparrow. Instantly Jenny Wren became furious. The same thing had happened the year before, so perhaps it is not to be wondered at that Jenny's always quick temper flared up. It was rather provoking to make such a long journey to find the old home occupied. "Robber! House stealer! Get out of there this instant! Do you heat? Get out of there this instant! That is our home!" shricked Jenny.

On Your Vacation Keep Mosquitoes Away and take with you Sloan's Liniment (Patri **Cares** For Your Skin And Hair Daily use of,

the Soap. keeps the skin fresh and clear, es of the Ointment now and

then as needed soothe the first redness, roughness or scalp irritation. Cuticura Taleum is also excellent for the skin, it is delicately medicated and exquisitely perfumed.



"My, my, my, such a temper! Such a temper!" retorted Bully in the most provoking way.

Bully would have had to be stone deaf not to have heard, but he didn't budge, simply ruffled up his feathers until he quite filled the doorway. "My, my, my, such a temper!" re-torted Bully in the most provoking way. "If you want this house, just put us out. If you can put us out you can have the house."

the house." Now Bully and Mrs. Bully are, as you know, much bigger than Jenny and Mr. Wren. Moreover, they love a fight. They are never happier than when fighting or quarreling with their neighbors, and for this reason are heartily disliked. I suspect that Bully had been looking for-ward with a great deal of pleasure to the arrival of Jenny and Mrs. Wren. He looked actually happy as he sat

He looked actually happy as he sat there with his feathers ruffled up. there with his feathers ruffled up. Poor Jenny Wren! She knew she was helpless. She knew she was no match for Bully in a fight. The only thing she could meet him on even turns with was her tongue, for she has the sharpest tongue in all the Old Orchard. And she used it now. My, my, my, how she did use it! She cafled Bully every bad thing she could think of and Jenny can think of a lot. All the other birds in the Old Orchard ardened around and en-

think of a lot. All the other birds in the Old Orchard gathered around and en-couraged her, for none liked Bully and Mrs. Bully. And they loved to hear Jenny scold and see her jerk her tail. Finally Bully had enough of bad names and suddenly darted out at Jenny, while Mrs. Bully took his place in the doorway and urged him on. Bully is a regular little feathered, fighting ma-chine and Jenny and Mr. Wren together were no match for him. He drove them clear to the edge of the Old Orchard. Then he flew back in triumph. Jenny is smart enough to know when

Jenny is smart enough to know when a thing is hopeless and she wasted no more time on Bully. Scolding as only she can scold, she led the way to look for another house, and as she found one after another occupied she grew more

one after another occupied she grew more and more furious. Her tongue flew so fast that, as Welcome Robin said, ft was a wonder it didn't break loose at the roots. And in the end the only empty house Jenny and Mr. Wras could find was the hollow post on the edge of the Old Orchard where Winsome Biuebird had lived the year before. The next story: "Jenny Wren Makes Discovery."

Astoria Planning For Annual Regatta

Astoria, June 23.—Reviving many of the features of the regattas which were be the illuminated marine parade which will sweep up the river in front of astoria Saturday evening, July 2, the comment of the celebration here. The water fate, which is under the il-frection of R. D. Pinneo, general traffic the most of the harbor craft of this port in line, brilliantly illuminated and dec-orated. By virtue of the larger num-der of boats available and improved intends of illumination and display, the ison of the old regattas. Beside the marine parade, races be-fing craft will be held and an endeavor is being made to secure entries for speed boat contests.

