

WELCOME HOME

BY RALPH WATSON

T. PAER, filled with food, sat at ease upon the front porch, his chair tilted back, his feet on the railing in front of him, his hands clasped behind his head while he watched the industrious night hawk swooping above the arc light nearby in pursuit of the fluttering moths and millers.

"By Gummy," he soliloquized languidly, "them birds must be first cousins to the fellows that're always tryin' to land a political job."

"Why?" Ma asked drowsily from the hammock. "I don't see any likeness except they keep up a awful squawking all the time."

"It's more'n that," T. Paer muttered, "they all keep flyin' round the same candle huntin' a meal ticket that don't satisfy 'em if they get it."

"Good evening," Polly Tician hailed genially as she came clattering suddenly upon the front steps. "What're you two folks openin' around in the dark for?"

"Lettin' our supper settle," T. Paer grumbled inhospitably. "Nah," she suggested, "if you'd give your fodder more of a chance you skirtd' hang evenin'."

"Why?" Ma remonstrated. "Get up 'nd get Polly a chair," she directed. "Don't mind him, I don't," Polly pleaded imperturbably. "Did you know," she continued, addressing her unwilling host, "that Charlie 'nd Bob're coming home tomorrow?"

"That's their hard luck," T. Paer answered without interest. "They got to face the music, not me."

"I thought," Polly persisted, "it'd be nice and decent to get up a committee and go down to the train and welcome 'em home."

"I ain't holdin' you," T. Paer assured her. "What're you goin' to draft for service?"

"Well," Polly began, checking the names off on her fingers. "I've asked Clyde Huntley and Clarence Hotchkiss, A. N. Wheeler and Doc. Linville, George Piper and Ferd Reed and they're all going to be there."

"They ought to," T. Paer agreed, "but ain't you goin' to ask any of the rest of the boys?"

"I kinda hesitated," Polly admitted, "and I come over to see what you thought about it."

"Go the limit 'nd invite 'em all," T. Paer advised her. "You just as well make it a big party while you're at it."

"You telephone 'em," Polly urged.

"You know 'em all better'n I do." "All right," T. Paer groaned submissively. "I s'pose I'll have to or have no peace."

"I want to speak to Tom Neuhausen," he directed after a moment at the phone. "Say Tom," he commenced. "Polly Tician's settin' up a welcome committee to meet the senators 'nd wants you to go along. Sure, she's asked 'em all 'nd Ferd, too. Aw, come on, she'll put the new marching between you to keep the peace. All right," he concluded as he hung up the phone. "It ain't my funeral."

"What'd he say?" Polly asked curiously.

"What he said," T. Paer grinned, "ain't for publication, 'but he thinks he's goin' to be awful sick tomorrow."

"Hello," he continued, jiggling the receiver hook. "Gimme Ralph Williams a minute, please. * * * How's hops?" he asked cheerfully into the instrument. "Hurray for home brew. * * * Say, Polly 'nd some of the boys want you to go with 'em to meet Charlie 'nd Bob. * * * I ain't sat Jack Day yet but I'm goin' to. * * * Yes, George's goin' 'nd Ferd 'nd Tom, if he ain't sick. * * * Huh? I didn't know that. It ain't serious is it? Well, I sure hope you're able to be up in a day or so. Good 'bye."

"What's the matter with Ralph?" Polly asked solicitously. "Is he sick?"

"Ezactly," T. Paer answered laconically. "I'm kind of dubious. 'Tis possible. 'That's too bad," Polly said sympathetically. "Who else can we ask?"

"Well," T. Paer answered thoughtfully. "There's Jack Day 'nd Jesse Flans 'nd Sanfield Macdonald 'nd you might call up some of the Anti-Saloon league 'nd W. C. T. U. people."

"I'm kind of dubious," Polly responded after a moment. "I'm afraid things'd be kinda stiff if they were along."

"Maybe they would," T. Paer conceded, "but say," he suggested suddenly, "what you want's a crowd, ain't it?"

"Yes," Polly answered. "I'd like to get a whole bunch together."

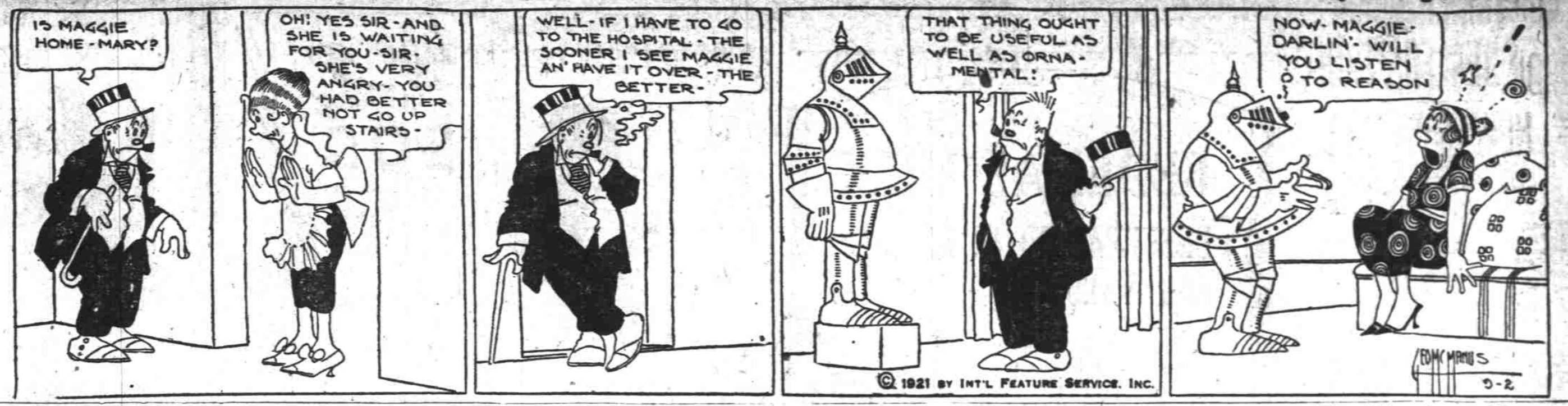
"Get hold of Ferd 'nd get him to bring all the fellows that want him to get 'em to be deputies 'nd that'll fix it."

"By George," Polly exclaimed, lapsing into masculinity. "I'll do it."

"Them boys'd chip in 'nd hire a hand," T. Paer suggested.

"I've got you," Polly chuckled. "I'm on my way."

BRINGING UP FATHER



KRAZY KAT



The Wonders of Nature

White Slave Trail From South Leads To Washington Jail

Walla Walla, Wash., Sept. 2.—Charged by E. F. McCurdy, special agent for the United States department of justice, with bringing Carrie Lovella Ramsey from Tennessee to the state of Washington, Floyd T. Maden waived examination before United States commissioner E. E. Wright Thursday, when he faced a charge of violation of the Mann act. He was committed to the county jail and placed under bonds of \$1000.

Maden arrived here last spring and his wife and child followed him. Miss Ramsey, according to the information arrived here on July 29 from her home in Tennessee, and was met at the station by Maden. Relative here, hearing of the woman's appearance in the city, ap-

Bootleggers' Fines In Few Days Total \$1125 in One Court

La Grande, Sept. 2.—Bootleggers paid tribute to the amount of \$1125 in fines, besides a smaller amount in court costs in Justice of the Peace A. C. Williams' court the past few days.

Mike Stiller tried to convince the court that he was innocent of running afoul of the dry laws, but the verdict was guilty with a \$200 fine.

Mr. and Mrs. Camille Calchino changed their pleas of not guilty to guilty and were let off with \$150 each.

Ella Cook had sold a secret agent of the sheriff's office a bottle of liquor and it cost her \$250.

Jack Elliott, one-time policeman here and now taxi driver, also changed his plea to guilty and was fined \$125 and costs.

Mrs. P. A. Patten demanded a jury trial and the jury disagreed.

Mother Collapses At Girl's Trial on Statutory Charge

Mrs. Anna L. Oida, mother of Mable Oida, collapsed with hysteria during the hearing in municipal court Thursday of the case of her daughter and Ernest Albright, age 18, both of whom are charged with statutory offense. Mrs. Oida was taken to the emergency hospital, where she recovered.

The case was postponed pending investigations by the health department, and may be given a hearing today.

Young Albright and Mable Oida were arraigned Wednesday on complaint of the girl's father. The two, it is charged, had been living together for two months, after the girl decided to run away when her parents refused her permission to marry Albright.

Lumber Business on Upgrade, Is Belief

Bend, Sept. 2.—The lumber business has passed its turning point and is now on the up-grade. The increased movement in stocks, however, will not be sufficiently rapid to prevent a quiet winter, says E. L. Carpenter, vice president of the Shevlin-Hixon company, who is visiting the plant here. Conditions are better here than in many of the plants he has visited, says Carpenter.

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