

A CAMPAIGN SLOGAN

BY RALPH WATSON

"Ma!" Polly Tician asked of that gentle lady as she ushered herself into the kitchen through the open back door, "where's the old man?"

"Down in the basement," Ma answered with an amused twinkle in her eyes, "but you'd better stay away; the furnace's smoking 'nd he's fuming worse'n it is."

"I'll offer to help," Polly suggested. "Maybe that'll cheer him up some."

"It might," Ma answered ironically. "It'd surprise him into a good humor."

"Hello, old timer," Polly shouted genially through the fog of smoke and obnoxiousness. "D'you need anybody to help you powder your nose?"

"Good Governor," T. Paer sputtered, "ain't they no place I can go to get away from your chatter? Get out of here or I'll leave a flock of clinkers at you."

"Shoot," Polly invited genially, "you're too mad to hit anything. Why don't you come up for air and think it over?"

"I guess I got to do on the field of battle," T. Paer grumbled. "I'm goin' to buy a gas mask if I got to fuss with this blasted thing much more."

"That reminds me of what I came to talk about," Polly told him. "I'm goin' down on an upturned tub on the back porch while he inhaled great gulps of fresh air. 'You know,' she confided, 'I've about made up my mind to run for the legislature.'"

"Go ahead 'nd run," T. Paer advised her listlessly. "The more freaks we get in the easier we can forgive what it does 'nd doesn't do."

"You ain't got all the smoke out yet," Polly said sarcastically. "I don't know as I'm more of a freak than some I could mention with my eyes shut."

"All right," T. Paer answered. "What kind of a platform're you goin' to run on?"

"Low taxes," Polly announced instantly. "It's the suffering taxpayers got relief."

"It'll skin you," T. Paer prophesied. "If you'd go out 'nd promise not to reduce 'em maybe the voters'd think you was honest with 'em anyway 'nd not tryin' to bull 'em before the election 'nd hook 'em after."

"Well," Polly mused, "I thought that'd

get the votes right now, but if it won't what will?"

"Do you know what I'd cop for a slogan if I was goin' to run?" T. Paer asked. "I got one that'd cut four ways."

"No," Polly said eagerly. "Tell me about it 'nd I'll nail onto it."

"If I was goin' to run," T. Paer grinned, "I'd just go rampin' over the county yellin' 'I'm for the consumption of more juice 'nd more ice cream.'"

"What?" Polly exclaimed, her jaw dropped open. "What're you trying to do, cater to the fat man's vote?"

"Maybe," T. Paer chuckled, "but that's a peach of a slogan. It means a lot if you study it."

"It sounds kinda dangerous," Polly objected. "It sounds like you was trying to hook up with the wets 'nd the dries at the same time."

"Well," T. Paer argued, "that's one angle, 'nd you want all the votes you can get don't you?"

"Yes," Polly admitted, "but you can't play both ends against the middle so often as that."

"Does it say what kind of juice?" T. Paer asked craftily. "It might be electricity mightn't it?"

"O-o-h!" Polly said slowly. "I get the hunch. And it might mean grape juice."

"It might," T. Paer admitted. "Did you notice where Joe Dunn 'nd Jack Day 'nd their county central committee ain't goin' to support any body for the legislature that won't pledge to fix it so the committee can pick the ticket every year?"

"Yes," Polly admitted, "and I've been figuring how I can get by without seeming to get tied up 'nd still not make 'em mad."

"I don't know's it'd make much difference," T. Paer said, "about all Jack 'nd Joe can do is to meet and resolve."

"I know," Polly answered thoughtfully, "but every little thing helps."

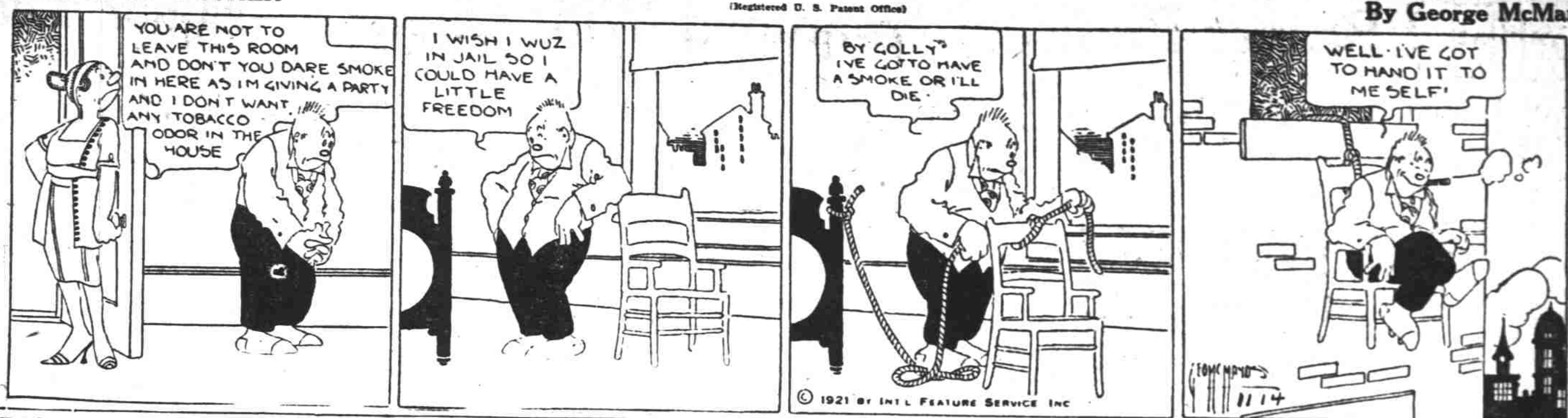
"Well," T. Paer insinuated, "I give you a slogan don't I?"

"Yes," Polly answered, "but what's that got to do with the central committee?"

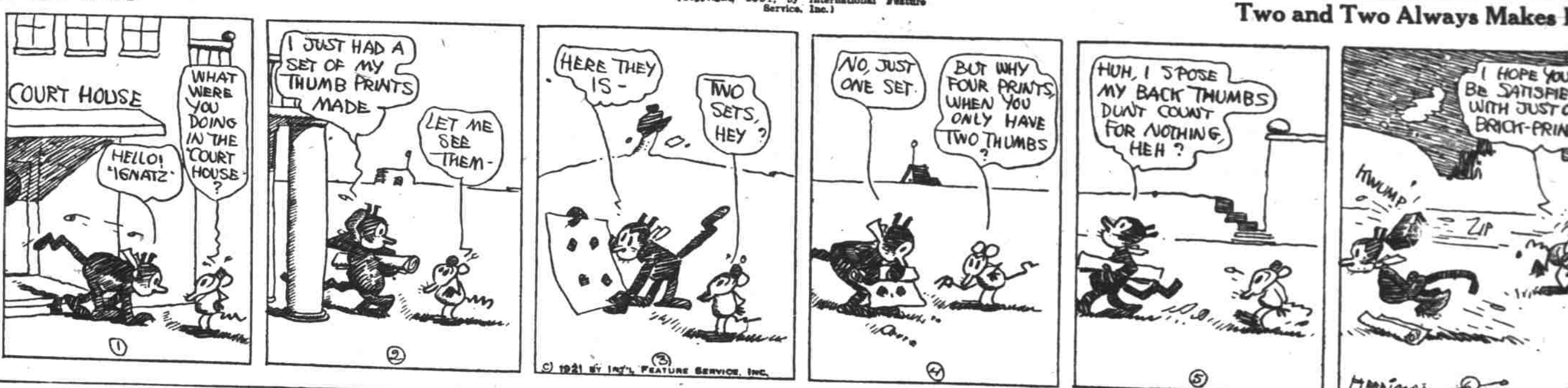
"It's a good slogan," T. Paer insisted. "It can be twisted to hook four ways from the deuce. Think it over."

"Juice 'nd ice cream," Polly muttered. "I believe I got you. Good Bye."

BRINGING UP FATHER



KRAZY KAT



Two and Two Always Makes Four

LITTLE JIMMY



Quite Likely

ABIE THE AGENT



One Way of Insuring Safety

JERRY ON THE JOB



A Very Dangerous Risk

US BOYS



Skinny Is a Rasping Tenor

BURGESS' BEDTIME STORIES

Blacky Becomes Very Suspicious

By Thornton W. Burgess

Of things you do not understand, beware! They may be wholly harmless, but—beware! You'll find, the older that you grow, That only things and folks you know are truly to be trusted, so—beware!

—Blacky the Crow.

THAT is one of Blacky's wise sayings, and he lives up to it. It is one reason he has become regarded by all his neighbors as one of the smartest of all who live in the Green Forest and on the Green Meadows. He seldom gets into any real trouble, because he first makes sure there is no trouble to get into. When he discovers something he does not understand he is at once distrustful of it.

As he watched a man scattering yellow corn in the water from the shore of the Big River he at once became suspicious. He couldn't understand why a man should throw good corn among the rushes and wild rice in the water, and because he couldn't understand he at once began to suspect that it was for no good purpose. When the man left in a boat Blacky slowly flew back over the rushes where the man had thrown the corn, and presently his sharp eyes made a discovery that caused him to exclaim right out.

What was it Blacky had discovered? Only a few feathers clinging to the corn, and a few downy feathers. No one with eyes less sharp than Blacky's would have noticed them. And few would have given them a thought if they had noticed them. But Blacky knew right away that those were feathers from a Duck. He knew that a Duck, or perhaps a flock of Ducks, had been resting or feeding in there among those rushes and that in moving about they had left these two or three downy feathers.

"Ha!" exclaimed Blacky. "Mr. and Mrs. Quack or some of their relatives have been here. It is just the kind of a place Ducks like. Also some Ducks like corn. If they should come back here and find this corn they would have a feast and they would be sure to come again. That man was scattering the corn here for a terrible gun, but that doesn't mean that he isn't a hunter. He may come back again and then he may have a terrible gun. I'm suspicious of that man. I am so. I believe he put that corn here for Ducks and I don't believe he did it out of the kindness of his heart."

McNary Wants Data From Finance Corp. As to West's Loans

Washington, Nov. 14.—(WASHINGTON BUREAU OF THE JOURNAL)—Senator McNary contemplates offering a resolution in the senate calling upon the War Finance corporation for a report of its activities to date, particularly as to where loans have been made and in what amounts.

In this move he is collaborating with

Senator Gooding of Idaho and other senators of the Far West, who say that no advances of consequence have been made west of Colorado, and only sprinkling through Montana, Wyoming and other mountain states, as compared with the Dakotas, Kansas, Texas and states of that group, and through the South, where large advances to cotton growers have been made.

McNary believes that a showing of loans actually made will be so conclusive as to accelerate loans on applications in the Pacific Northwest. Amendment of the law to provide for a member of the board from the Far West has also been suggested.

Western members are discussing plans for continuation of federal assistance to Western agriculture after the War Finance corporation act expires next July, particularly as to livestock. One plan is to create a division for such loans is to place authority for such loans under an organization of the federal reserve system, and a third idea is to continue the life of the War Finance corporation.

Hoquiam Contest Winners Are Named

Hoquiam, Wash., Nov. 14.—In two essay contests in the high school auditorium in connection with observance of Armistice day, Zelpha Galloway, Margaret Stinchfield, Clara Lamb and Ruth Williams were chosen as writers of Hoquiam's best essays, or "Great Americans." Miss Galloway, a student in Emerson school, won first prize in the high school contest, with Miss Stinchfield in second place. Miss Lamb took first in the high school contest and Miss Williams second.

HOQUIAM BEATS OAKVILLE

Hoquiam, Wash., Nov. 14.—The Hoquiam high school debating team won a two to one victory over Oakville high school Friday night, at Oakville. The Hoquiam team is composed of Arnold Johnson, Mary Baker and Alton Vaughn, all veterans of last year's debating team and all seniors in high school.



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