THAT SPECIAL SESSION

BY RALPH WATSON

"WELL!" Polly Tician asked enthusiastically as she clambered onto a high stool beside where T. Paer was inhaling a bowl of clam chowder, "what do you think about it now?"

"It's got a lot more heat in it than it has clams," T. Paer answered crossly after he had cooled a chunk of potato with a gulp of water. "Blamed if I can see what they call this stuff clam chowder for when it ain't never saw a clam."

"Why don't you try corned beef?" Polly grinned, "they got to put a little something solid in that."

"They sure do," T. Paer retorted. "You can't even cut the fat."

"You've got a grouch," Polly suggested, "stop scalding your tongue and answer my question."

"What question?" T. Paer asked testily, "I did answer it."

"No, you did'nt," Polly denied. "I'm talking about the special session."

"Where'd you get that stuff," T. Paer asked; "who said special session?"

"The voters," Polly assured him. "They whooped it up for the fair last Saturday didn't they?"

"Yes," T. Paer answered, "but what's that got to do with it?"

"Where's your bean?" Polly asked sarcastically. "We've got to have one now to put this fair business up to the whole state."

"I know that T. Paer admitted, "but that ain't what you're wantin' one for is it?"

"Well," Polly answered slowly, "as long as we've got to have it there's a few other things that ought to be attended to, ain't there?"

"You tell me," T. Paer answered. "Every time I think of a legislature I get a headache."

"We'll have to fix this jitney law for one thing," Polly suggested, "and then there's a whole lot of business that's coming up."

"Who wants it done?" T. Paer asked. "They's too blamed many laws now."

"I ain't going to deny that," Polly conceded, "but a lot of them need fixing up here and there."

"Maybe they do, maybe they do," T. Paer mused, "but every time I hear anybody talking that way it reminds me of what Tom McBride told me one time."

"Tom's got a pretty good noodle," Polly admitted. "What'd he say?"

"He said," T. Paer related, "that if they'd repeal the constitution 'nd all the laws 'nd just have the Golden Rule 'nd the Ten Commandments 'nd let the supreme court enforce 'em it'd be all the laws we need."

"It's all right for Tom to say that," Polly contended. "He's part of the supreme court already."

"Well," T. Paer grinned, "he's had a chance for a long time to see what's wrong with us, ain't he?"

"Maybe he has," Polly answered, "but I bet the Bar association could pass some ringing resolutions against Tom's scheme."

"I won't take the bet," T. Paer chuckled, "but I'll bet you they's about 90 members of the legislature 'nd a thousand that'd like to be that'd be ready to recall Tom if he talks that way too much."

"What'd we do without lawyers?" Polly insisted. "And what'd we do without legislatures?"

"Put 'em to grubbin' stumps 'nd reducin' taxes instead of uprootin' laws 'nd increasin' 'em," T. Paer answered. "If we had more golden rule 'nd ten commandments we wouldn't have to pay lawyers to learn us about torts 'nd the statute of frauds."

"Maybe that's so," Polly admitted, "but what'd we do for orators on the Fourth and times like that?"

"Well, you don't have to be a lawyer to holler 'nd wave your arms," T. Paer pointed out. "Look at George Baker, 'nd General Kilfeather, 'nd Citizen Parker, 'nd fellahs like that."

"That's so," Polly conceded. "They sure can pull tail feathers out of the eagle, but it'd sound awful silent if all the lawyers was to quit talking at once."

"Humph!" T. Paer chuckled, "A fellah'd feel like he'd gone away from a boiler factory to spend his vacation in the country, wouldn't he?"

"I guess," Polly mused, "there's not much use worrying over Tom's scheme coming true so there's no use talking about it."

"I guess not," T. Paer agreed. "They's too many fellahs want to get on the payroll to ever cut it out."

"All right then," Polly said, "I guess we'll have the special session."

"I guess so," T. Paer said sadly. "But they's one thing about a legislature that's cheerin'."

"What's that?" Polly asked.

"It's like a boil on your neck," T. Paer told her. "You always feel so relieved after it's gone."

BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES

Farmer Brown's Boy Does Some Thinking

By Thornton W. Burgess

Wherever I am, whate'er I do,
To right and self I will be true.
—Farmer Brown's Boy.

FARMER BROWN'S boy sat on the bank of the Big River in a brown study. That means that he was thinking very hard. Blacky the Crow sat in the top of a tall tree a short distance awhy and watched him. Blackey was silent now and there was a knowing look in his shrewd little eyes. In calling Farmer Brown's boy over there he had done all he could and he was quite satisfied to leave the matter to Farmer Brown's boy.

"A hunter has made that blind to shoot Black Ducks from," though Farmer Brown's by, "and he has been baiting them in here by scattering corn for them. Black Ducks are about the smartest Ducks that fly, but if they have been coming in here every evening and finding corn and no sign of danger they probably think it perfectly safe here and come straight in without being at all suspicious. Tonight, or some night soon, that hunter will be waiting for them.

"I guess the law that permits hunting Ducks is all right, but there ought to be a law against baiting them in. That isn't hunting. No, sir, that isn't hunting. If this land was my father's I would know what to do. I would put up a sign saying this was private property and no shooting was allowed. But it isn't my father's land and that hunter has a perfect right to shoot here. He has just as much right here as I have. I wish I could stop him, but I don't see how I can."

A frown puckered the freckled face of Farmer Brown's boy. You see, he was thinking very hard, and when he does that he is very apt to frown. "I suppose," he muttered, "I can tear down his blind. He wouldn't know who did it. But that wouldn't do much good; he would build another. Besides, it wouldn't be right. He has a perfect right to make a blind here and having made it it is his and I haven't any right to touch it. I won't do a thing I haven't a right to do. That wouldn't be honest. I've got to think of some other way of saving those Ducks."

Blacky the Crow watched him go.

The frown on his freckled face grew deeper, and for a long time he sat without moving. Suddenly his face cleared and he jumped to his feet. He began to chuckle. "I have it!" he exclaimed. "I'll do a little shooting myself!" Then he chuckled again and started for home. Presently he began to whistle, a way he has when he is in good spirits.

Blackey the Crow watched him go and Blackey was well satisfied. He didn't know what Farmer Brown's boy was planning to do, but he had a feeling he was planning to do something and that all would be well. Perhaps Blackey wouldn't have felt so sure could he have understood what Farmer Brown's boy said about doing a little shooting himself.

As it was, Blackey flew off about his own business quite satisfied that now all would be well and he need worry no more about those Ducks. None of the little people of the Green Forest and the Green Meadows knew Farmer Brown's boy better than did Blackey the Crow. None knew better than he that Farmer Brown's boy was their best friend.

"It is all right now," chuckled Blackey. "It is all right now." And as the cheery whistle of Farmer Brown's boy floated back to him on the Merry Little Breezes, he repeated it: "It is all right now."

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The next story: "Blackey Gets a Dreadful Shock."

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Land Lighthouses For Highway Use Is To Be Gives Test

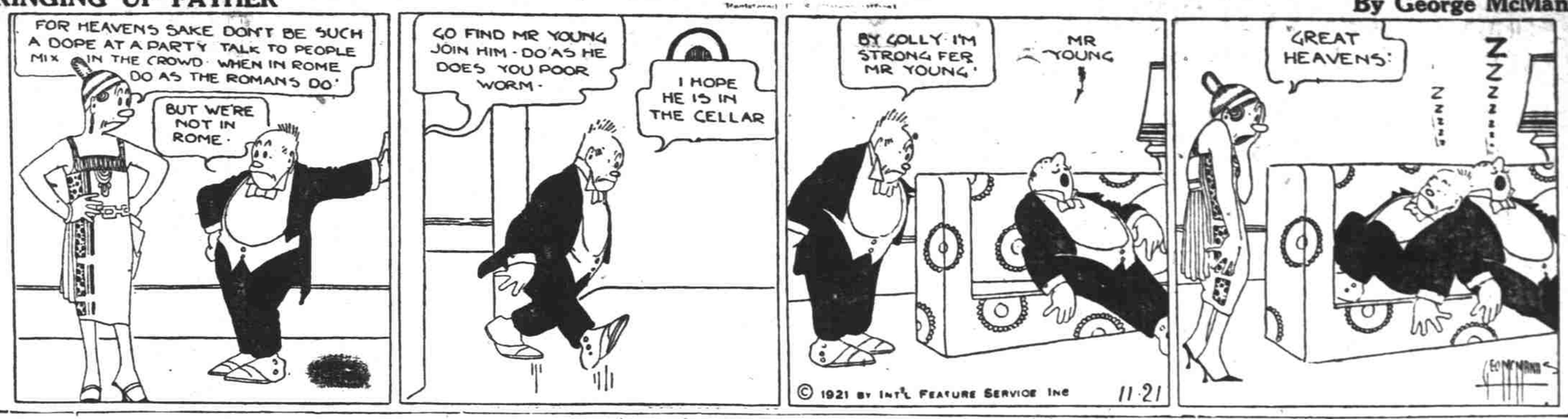
Astoria, Nov. 21.—The first two of the land lighthouses which will be built as safeguards at dangerous points on the Columbia river highway have arrived here and one has been set up for a test on an Astoria street. The members of the state highway commission will reach here Tuesday to inspect it and see to its installation at the overhead crossing of the Big Creek logging railway near Knappa. The other lighthouse will be built at the grade crossing of the Benson Timber company's railroad at Clatskanie. The lighthouses are intended as a warning and not to illuminate the road. They flash an intermittent beam from an acetylene light which burns for six months without refilling.

Casing Is Received For Trigonia Well

Medford, Nov. 21.—The new casing which was ordered for the Trigonia oil well near here was received the latter part of the week and has been put in place. Almost all of the new casing is now in place and bailing of the well is in progress. As soon as the new casing is in to the present bored depth drilling will be resumed. A good showing of crude oil, apparently of parrafin base hase been skimmed from the water which has been bailed from the well.

BRINGING UP FATHER

By George McManus



KRAZY KAT

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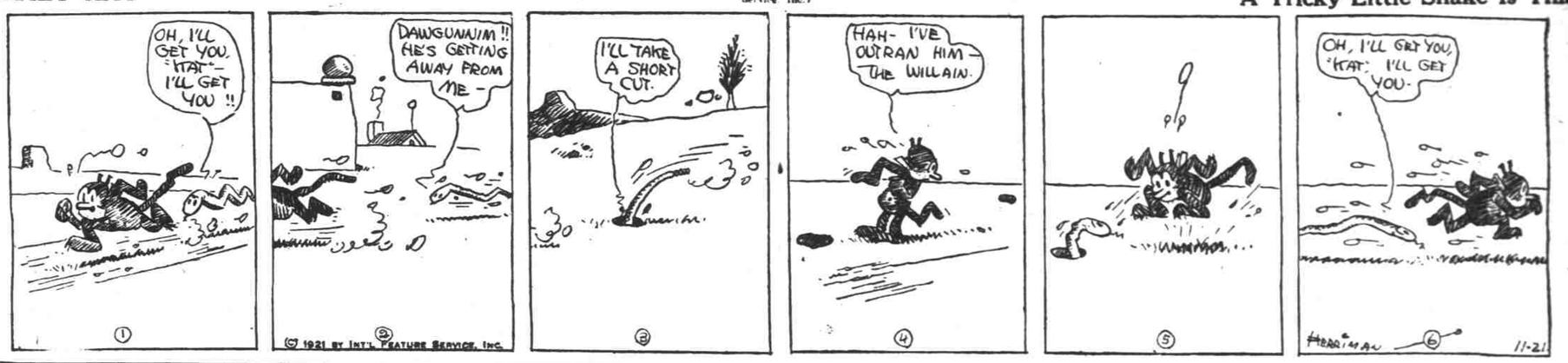
A Tricky Little Snake Is This



ABIE THE AGENT

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It Must Be One of Those "Good" Shows

LITTLE JIMMY

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A Fact, Gladys Is Most Certain of It

JERRY ON THE JOB

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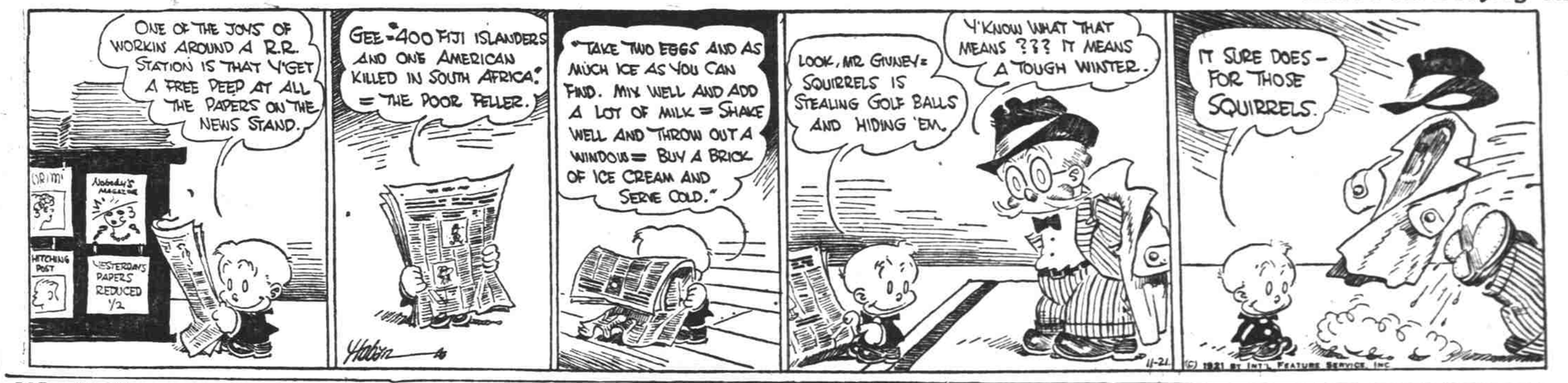
There's No Denying This



US BOYS

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Be Prepared for Something