

# RUNNING FOR GOVERNOR

BY RALPH WATSON

"HAVE you heard the news?" Polly Tician asked breathlessly as she came piling into T. Paer's front room. "Things've started up at last."

"What news?" T. Paer asked dourly, startled out of his after dinner nap. "What's started up?"

"Didn't you get a letter from John Bell?" Polly asked in surprise. "A lot of the fellow's did."

"I don't owe John no money," T. Paer said, "so what'd he be writin' me letters for?"

"To ask about Louie Bean," Polly told him. "John wants to know what people think of Louie before he starts to run for governor."

"Why don't Louie run 'nd save the postage?" T. Paer grunted. "The people'll tell him if he gives 'em a chance."

"But Louie don't want to run if there ain't no chance," Polly explained. "He's awful cautious, Louie is."

"I don't believe he's so cautious as anxious to run," T. Paer retorted angrily. "If he'd wanted to find what people really think of him he wouldn't of wrote letters to 'em 'nd asked 'em."

"Why?" Polly demanded. "I should think that'd be the cheapest 'nd the quickest way."

"It would," T. Paer responded. "If people had the nerve to say what they thought, but they ain't."

"Well," Polly conceded. "It would be a kind of a hard job to write 'nd tell John you thought Louie was a dead one."

"Did you get a letter?" T. Paer asked curiously. "nd if you did, what're you goin' to write back?"

"Sure I did," Polly answered proudly. "nd I'm goin' to tell Louie to hop to it 'nd eat 'em alive."

"Do you think he can?" T. Paer questioned, "or do you just intend to hand him a little salute?"

"Louie's a pretty good scout," Polly answered defensively. "I'd hate to hurt his feelings."

"nd so'll all the others," T. Paer prophesied. "It reminds me of the time John Manning ran for governor a long time ago."

"What did John do?" Polly asked. "I guess that was before my time."

"Well," T. Paer chuckled. "John wanted to be nominated for governor 'nd he went 'round every place 'nd asked everybody he seen 'nd they thought about his runnin' 'nd they all

told him he was a cinch."

"And then what happened?" Polly asked.

"Well," T. Paer said reminiscently. "It spoiled John's faith in human nature."

"Why?" Polly quizzed. "Was he disappointed?"

"Ever since that primary election," T. Paer said. "John's argued they're more liars in Oregon'n they is Democrats."

"Maybe he's right," Polly conceded. "I know some Republicans that're kinds forgetful once in a while. But what made John think that?"

"Because," T. Paer explained. "All the Democrats in the state'd told him they was for him strong, not to mention a lot of Republicans 'nd a whole lot of 'em forgot it 'nd voted for the other fellow."

"I don't blame John for being sore," Polly said sympathetically, "but that don't mean they'll do Louie the same way."

"What man has done man may do," T. Paer quoted. "It might be different if a candidate didn't always get sore if you told him he couldn't be elected, but they always do."

"Well," Polly said after a moment of deep thought. "I'm going to write Louie 'm for him 'nd just let 'em go at that."

"That'd be safe enough," T. Paer grinned. "He'd never know what you thought about his chances, 'nd after it was all over he'd think you'd sank with the ship 'nd be your friend for life."

"John says Louie's got an arable disposition," Polly said. "I guess I can get away with it all right."

"It'll be easy," T. Paer answered. "nd then if he was to be elected you could boss him for a job as bein' one of them that give him the hunch to run."

"There's only one thing about it," Polly said doubtfully. "If I kid him along too hard I'm afraid John'll write back and want me to dig up for the campaign fund."

"Well, you've got to take some chances in politics," T. Paer grinned. "You could tell John you never got the letter couldn't you?"

"I'll take a chance," Polly decided. "but I sure hope that Louie 'nd Ben Olcott 'nd George Baker 'nd George White 'nd all the other candidates don't get checkin' up on what I've told all of 'em one time or another."

# BRINGING UP FATHER



By George McManus

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# KRAZY KAT



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Paid in Full

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# ABIE THE AGENT



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He Suddenly Gets Interested

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# BURGESS' BEDTIME STORIES

Blacky Has a Talk With Dusky the Black Duck

EVERY morning Blacky the Crow visited the rushes along the shore of the Big River, hoping to find Dusky the Black Duck. He was anxious, was Blacky. He feared that Dusky or some of his flock had been killed and he wanted to know. You see he knew that Farmer Brown's Boy had been shooting over there. At last early one morning he found Dusky and his flock in the rushes and wild rice. Eagerly he counted them. There were nine. Not one was missing. Blacky smiled with relief and dropped down on the shore close to where Dusky was taking a nap.

"Hello!" said Blacky.

Dusky awoke with a start. "Hello, yourself," said he.

"I've heard a terrible gun banging over here and I was afraid you or some of your flock had been shot," said Blacky. "We haven't lost a feather," declared Blacky. "That gun wasn't fired at us, anyway."

"Then who was it fired at?" demanded Blacky.

"Have you seen any other Ducks about here?" inquired Blacky.

"Not one," was Dusky's prompt reply. "If there had been any, I guess we would have known it."

"Did you know that when that terrible gun was fired there was another terrible gun right behind those bushes?" asked Blacky.

Dusky shook his head. "No," said he.



"We haven't lost a feather," declared, Dusky.

"But I learned long ago that where there is one terrible gun there is likely to be more, and so when I heard that one bang I fled my flock away from here in a hurry. We didn't want to take any chances."

"It is a lucky thing you did," replied Blacky. "There was a hunter hiding behind those bushes all the time. I warned you of him once."

"That reminds me that I haven't thanked you," said Dusky. "I know there was something wrong over here, but I didn't know what. So it was a hunter I guess it is a good thing that I heeded your warning."

"If you come here in daytime instead of night now?"

"No," replied Dusky. "We come in here after dark and spend the night here. There is nothing to fear from hunters after dark. We've given up coming here until late in the evening. And since we did that we haven't heard a gun."

Blacky crossed a while longer, then flew off to look for his breakfast, and he he flew his heart was light. His shrewd little eyes twinkled.

"I ought to have known Farmer Brown's Boy better than to even suspect him," thought he. "I know now why he had that terrible gun. It was to frighten those Ducks away so that the hunter would not have a chance to shoot them. He was shooting at anything. He just fired in the air to scare those Ducks away. I know it just as well as if I had seen him do it. I'll never doubt Farmer Brown's Boy again. And I'm glad I didn't say a word to anybody about seeing him with a terrible gun."

Blacky was right. Farmer Brown's Boy had taken that way of making sure the hunter who had first baited those Ducks with yellow corn scattered in the rushes in front of his hiding-place should have no chance to kill any of them. While appearing to be an enemy he really had been a friend of Dusky the Black Duck and his flock.

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# Dyed Her Silk Stockings to Match Skirt

Each package of "Diamond Dyes" contains directions so simple any woman can dye or tint her worn, shabby dresses, skirts, waists, coats, stockings, sweaters, coverings, draperies, hangings, everything—even if she has never dyed before. Buy "Diamond Dyes"—no other kind—then perfect home dyeing is sure because "Diamond Dyes" are guaranteed not to spot, fade, streak, or run. Tell your druggist whether the material you wish to dye is wool or silk, or whether it is linen, cotton or mixed goods.

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# Death From Liquor Causes Arrest of 2

Roseburg, Nov. 25.—George Mattson and H. B. Vanvinkle of this city were arrested Wednesday, charged with selling moonshine, some of which caused the death of Oren Schultz, who was buried here Wednesday. When arraigned in the justice court they entered a plea of not guilty. They are being held in the county jail under bonds of \$500 each.

# Special Train May Bring in Caravan

The Dalles, Nov. 25.—The California highway caravan was supposed to be en route to Rufus Thursday from Moro by sleigh, a distance of 18 miles, and efforts were being made to send a special train from The Dalles Thursday night to bring them into the city. Fears are expressed, however, that the caravan, which is now almost a week overdue, will be unable to get through because of the deep snow.

# LITTLE JIMMY



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Anyway, His Intentions Were Good

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# JERRY ON THE JOB



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'Tain't Right, 'Tain't Right

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# US BOYS



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Emily Means No Good

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