MA GLANCED indulgantly at her nodding apouse from time to time until his hanging head and the rythmic undulations of his chest proved that he had surrendered to the warm solace of the neighboring back log. Then she slipped the evening paper from his unheeding fingers, adjusted her space and settled herself to read the news.

"My, my," she exclaimed in a little while with true feminine regard for her husband's dreams, "that was mighty thoughtful of Vice President Coolidge, wasn't it?"

"Well," Ma said, her dignity thawing a little, "I was just saying it was awful aloe in the vice president to send that book to the City club."

"What book?" To Paer asked. "I ain't heard a chance to read the paper this evening."

"What's that?" Ma asked ominously.

"What's that?" Ma asked ominously.

"What book?" T. Paer repeated hast-lip. "I ain't heard about it."

"Why," Ma explained, "he sent his book 'Have Faith in Massachusetts' to the club with his compliments."

"Umph," T. Paer responded companionably as he loiled his head over to the opposite shoulder and let it sag still lower down.
"There isn't many vice presidents that'd gone to all that trouble," Ma continued inexorably. "He must have a

warm spot in his heart for Portland."
"Open the door then." T. Paer mum-bled. "I'm comfortable."
"What!" Ma shot at him. "What're

you talking about?"
"Close the draft," T. Paer muttered.
"Shut it 'nd let me be."
"Wake up," Ma commanded. "I ain't going to stay in this house alone all day 'nd then set 'nd lister.

day 'nd then set 'nd listen to you sleep all evening." "Oh, thunder," T. Paer groaned.
"What's the use of havin' a home if you can't take a nap in it when you want

What's the use of my keeping a home cheerful," Ma retorted, "if all the thanks I get for it's snores from supper 'til "All right," T. Paer said hopelessly. "I'm awake, so go ahead 'nd talk your

bead off."
"No, thank you," Ma replied politely. as she returned to her paper in digni-fied silence. T. Paer waited expectantly for several minutes. Then he filled his pipe, whistling to himself in a sad, minor key the while. Then he grinned slyly

'Darlin' I am growin' old," he intoned soulfully, "silver threads-" "Nobedy'd know it from the way you act." Ma interrupted icily. "You act lie?" ilke a spoiled kid." "It seems like I've butted in wrong." "Cal

T. Paer answered humbly. "What was you sayin about Calvin?"

"What's the use of repeating it?" Ma answered caustically. "You ain't inter-"I'm all ears," T. Paer assured her, 'nd all of 'em are yourn."

the club with his compliments." "What does that bunch want to have faith in Massachusetts for?" T. Paer bridled. "They got enough to do to boost their own home state"
"I don't know what his idea was."

Ma confessed, "but he wrote on the front page that he was sendin' it in memory of Wallie McCamant."
"In memory of him?" T. Paer chuck-"Does Calvin think Wallie's a dead

"He says Wallie was a distinguished citizen of Oregon," Ma answered, "'nd people don't usually say them things about anybody 'til after they're dead." "I guess that ain't it," T. Paer said

thoughtfully. "I got a hunch it's a cipher message." "Cipher message?" Ma repeated dully.
"How could it be a cipher message?"
"Well," T. Paer diagramed, "Wallie's waitin' to be appointed federal judge, ain't he?"

"Yes," Ma admitted, "they say he wants to be one awful bad." "'Nd," T. Paer progressed, "he's bankin' a lot on Calvin to land the job for him, because he made that speech at Chicago, ain't he?"

"That's what they say," Ma agreed, "but where does the book come in?".
"I'm gettin' to that," T. Paer assured "Calvin's from Massachusetts. ain't he?"

"He is," Ma answered, "Go on." "Well, then," T. Paer concluded triumphantly, "What do you 'spose 'Have Faith in Massachusetts' means to Wal-

"I get you," Ma exclaimed admiringly. "Calvin's pretty slick, ain't he?"
"He makes no promises," T. Paer pointed out, "but just sort of winks at him,"
"The Bible says," Ma piously remind

ed him, "that faith'll move mountains." "It'll do more'n that in politics," T. Paer grinned, "sometimes."



By Thornton W. Burgess ventures nothing, nothing gains; beldness often much obtains. —Old Man Coyota ONG ago Old Man Coyote learned Let the truth of this. At the same time be learned that while he who ventures nothing gains nothing, he loses nothing;

but he who is overbold may lose every-thing. So, though Old Man Coyote is very bold at times, he is never reckless; he makes sure that he hasn't overlooked anything. At least, he tries to make sure of this so that the chances may be in his favor and not against him.
It was a bold thing for him to burrow ler that stack of straw in Farmer Brown's barnyard and plan to stay there. Yes sir, that was a bold thing to do. But he knew that no one would ever think of hiding so near. Now, as he lay there peeping out, he was tempted to do another bold thing. Just a little way from him was a basket. Farmer Brown's Boy had taken it from a sleigh and set it down there while he and Farmer Brown unhitched the horse and

in the barn. Both were inside n now. Old Man Coyote was to find out what was in that He looked over to the house. No one was to be seen there. Bowser the Hound was not about. It would take less than a minute to slip over to that basket, find out what was in it and slip back under that stack of straw. Old Man Coyote hesitated only long enough for one more look about to make sure that there was no one to see him. Then he crept out

moment later he was back under that Hardly was he out of sight when Farmer Brown's Boy and Farmer Brown

Mrs. Brown at once began to unpack it. "Where is the meat for dinner?" she saked as she took out the last parkage. "Why, it is there, for I put it in there ery much surprised at the question.

Mrs. Brown shook her head. "It isn't

Competition Wins

erdeen, Wash, Jan. 10.—Aberdeen rs Monday reduced the price of d from 121-3 sents a loaf to 10

If your skin burns

apply Resinol at once. See how quickly the irritation stops and healing begins. Aided by Resinol Soap, relief is even more prompt.



father might have taken it in there and forgotten about it. When he returned to the house and reported that that meat wasn't to be found, Farmer Brown went to the tele-

came out of the barn. Farmer Brown's Boy picked up the basket and they went over to the house. When the door was appened Bowser the Hound met them with wagging tail.

"Here are the groceries and things you wanted from the store," said Farmer the basket, just as I told you I did. the basket, just as I told you I did. Brown's Boy as he put the basket on Where was Bowser while we were un-the table.

Then he crept out and swiftly stole

over to that basket.

funny, puzzied look as there was on his face when he couldn't find that meat!
"I know I put it in that basket. It was the very last thing, and I put it right on top," said he. "It must have jounced off on the way home and we didn't notice it. Son, run out to the slaigh: I guess you will find it there."

sleigh; I guess you will find it there."

Farmer Brown's Boy ran out to the sleigh and looked and looked. He shook

out the robes. There was no sign of that package of meat. He even went into the barn and looked there, thinking his

"Right here in the house all the time," replied Mrs. Brown promptly. "He met you at the door when you came in. You can't blame Bowser for that lost meat." here," said she, once more going over the packages.

Farmer Brown came over and went over everything himself, and such a packages.

Copyright, 1922, by T. W. Research. Farmer Brown shook his head.

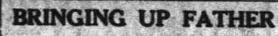
cents. One baker will sell a 20-ounce loaf at this price while another will sell a standard loaf of 19 ounces. The cut User Cheap Bread was made to meet competition of out of town baking companies, which have been shipping bread here.

AUTO WRECK VICTIM DIES Corvallis, Jan. 16.—F. Ernest Jones, 32, of Philomath died Saturday night at a local hospital as a result of injuries received in an accident Thursday when the automobile in which he was riding crashed into a Southern Pacific freight train. Funeral services were held Monday and the body was taken to Medford for burial. Mr. Jones came to Corvallis from Marysville, Cal., eight months ago to engage in business with his brother, G. H. Jones of Philomath. He had charge of the mail stage between Corvallis and Philomath.

TELEPHONE BODY ELECTS

Corvallis, Jan. 10.—H. U. Rowland of Plymouth was elected president of the Benton County Mutual Telephone association at the annual meeting Thursday. Other officers are: J. B. Buchanan, secreother officers are: J. B. Buchanan, secre-tary-treasurer: J. L. Russell, J. M. Ackers and C. A. Bareinger, executive board: B. P. Cator, representative to the Oregon Telephone Federation. Com-mittees were appointed to take charge of cooperative buying of materials for farm lines and plans for a membership campaign were formed.

W. B. C. OFFICERS INSTALLED w. R. C. are: President, Add secretary, Ella Agee; treasurer Wilkinson; chaplain, Elizabeti conductor, Lydia Bullis; guard











KRAZY KAT

THOUGHY.









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Higher Mathematics

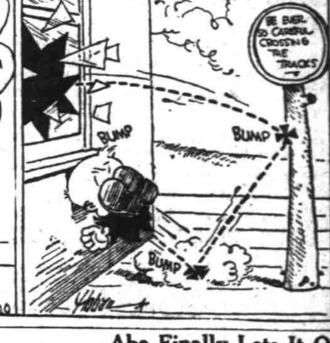
JERRY ON THE JOB

WHATS ALL THE DEED THOUGHT ABOUT-YOU'RE LIKEY TO HURT YOURSELF DOING THAT ITS A MYSTERY = THAT'S WHAT IT IS-A MUSTERY

I WAS JUST TRYING TO FIGGER OUT SOMETHING



(Copyright, 1922, by International Feature Service, Inc.) OH I SEE = IN THE WINTER BUT WE DON'T AN HOUR OF RAIN WILL DO NEED AS MUCH MORE GOOD IN FIVE RAIN IN THE MINUTES THAN A MONTH WILLIES: OF IT COULD DO IN DON'T YOU A WEEK DURING SEE 3 THE SUMMER = RIGHT ? (Copyright, 1922, by International Feature Service, Inc.)



ABIE THE AGENT

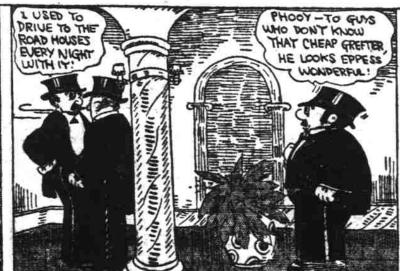
HATE TO GO BY THAT

AFFAIR ON ACCOUNT OF

THAT MINSK GREFTER -

HE ALWAYS SPOILS BY

ME THE WHOLE BURNING!









LITTLE JIMMY









US BOYS

BOY!

L WAS UP TO SEE SHRIMP. FLYNN JUST NOW HE IS NOT FEELING ANY BETTER, THE POOR









OOH GOSH, I THOUGHT HE WAS TOO SICK TO BE 'WISITED'! GOSH, I'M GONNA BUST

I'M GONNA BUST RIGHT UP AND SEE HIM!

