

Page the Prohibition Director Crow and Pepper in the Senate

By Ralph Wilson

"USED TO BE," T. Paer mused reflectively, dividing his attention between the glowing embers of the open fire and Polly Ticker's steaming ground grippers protruding between them and his fascinated gaze. "It used to be," he repeated, "that when Bojes Penrose the United States senate trembled."

"Yes," Polly whispered, "the Pennsylvania-delegation used to give the rest of the senate some mighty smart knock."

"Good, Polly," T. Paer shuddered, "that one was worse'n mine."

"Well," Polly asked defensively, "who started it?"

"I'm guilty," T. Paer admitted, "but they got a good team from Pennsylvania now if what everybody says so."

"Ralph Williams says they're strong characters," Polly concurred, "but their names were slipped my mind."

"The Quaker state," T. Paer informed her, "is now represented by Senator Pepper 'nd Senator Crow."

"Well, well," Polly giggled, "between 'em they ought to be able to hand out a pretty hot line of chatter."

"Help," T. Paer pleaded, "I didn't mean to start anything like that."

"I think it's pretty good," Polly replied proudly, "it ain't often I let myself go like that."

"I hope you're done," T. Paer retorted, "but speakin' of the future it seems to me the senate ought to be able to shed some of its dignity 'nd jazz up quite a bit from now on."

"Why?" Polly asked curiously, "what's happened to it to make it change its gait?"

"Well," T. Paer grinned, "wouldn't you feel kinda jazy if you had both old Crow and old Pepper mixed up in your mind continuous?"

"I suppose you're trying to spring a joke somehow," Polly said dutily, "but I don't get it."

"You must be registered as a Prohi instead of a Republican," T. Paer scoffed, "I'll bet Mr. Gup'd see the point right off the bat."

"Maybe he would," Polly conceded, "but he's had a lot more experience than I have."

"I'll say he has," T. Paer agreed, "but I should think the federal prohi director'd pull the whole United States senate for violatin' the Volstead act."

"What?" Polly exclaimed, "What on earth'd he do that for?"

"For havin' both Crow 'nd Pepper in the senate without any revenue license on 'em," T. Paer answered, "it seems to me what's rauce for the goose ought to be sauce for the gander."

"Well, I don't know," Polly said thoughtfully, "I should think it'd be good public policy not to bother about it."

"Why not?" T. Paer asked, "I thought you was strong for law enforcement."

"I mostly smile, but it just seems to me that the more Pepper 'nd Crow you could get into the United States senate the better it'd be for the country."

"It's jagged with its idea of its own importance now," T. Paer demurred, "The lord knows how many white elephants it'd see if it went to mixin' 'em."

"Mixing what?" Polly asked maliciously, "White elephants?"

"Crow 'nd Pepper; that's what I'm talkin' about," T. Paer responded with dignity, "My words may be mixed but my mind's clear."

"I'm glad you told me," Polly snickered, "sometimes I've wondered about it."

"Oh, that's all right," T. Paer said magnanimously, "You ain't to blame if I sort of shoot over your head once in a while."

"No," Polly retorted sweetly, "I ain't responsible, but now 'nd then you say something that's got some sense in it."

"Humph," T. Paer grunted, "have your own way. But," he added, "they's one good thing about that this Crow 'nd Pepper situation."

"What's that?" Polly asked suspiciously, "You ain't going to get kitchin' again, are you?"

"No," T. Paer assured her, "but I remember back in the good old days they use to tell us boys they wasn't a headsche in either of 'em."

"That'll depend some," Polly suggested, "on how much we get of 'em 'nd how often."

"Oh, well," T. Paer grinned, "the senate ought to be able to control that easy enough."

"How?" Polly asked.

"Whenever they get to flowin' too free," T. Paer explained, "the other feller can get Senator Capper 'nd bottle 'em up."

Elwell Appeal Is to Be Heard February 2

Salem, Jan. 16.—The case of C. A. Elwell, on appeal from Clackamas county, has been set for argument before the supreme court for February 2, according to Arthur S. Benson, clerk of the court. Elwell, found guilty on an arson charge and sentenced to serve two years in the state penitentiary, appealed. Argument in the case of L. Rosasco, on appeal from Columbia county, has been set for January 31. Rosasco was convicted on a liquor charge and fined \$500.

TELEPHONE DIRECTORS NAMED
Melonia, Jan. 16.—The Molalla Telephone company elected the following directors: L. A. Shaver, W. W. Ewerhart, G. V. Adams, E. L. Palfrey, George J. Case. H. A. Hibbard was re-elected to take charge of the telephone office.

REVIVAL MEETINGS OPENED
Milton, Jan. 16.—The Christian church commenced revival meetings last week. The pastor, Rev. O. D. Harris, is assisted by the Rev. A. R. Liverett of Walla Walla.

HER OWN WAY

By VIRGINIA TERHUNE VAN DE WATER

CHAPTER I
(Copyright, 1922, Star Company)

"YOU don't mean to say that you are going away from the town in which you were born?"

The question was asked by an elderly man, stern of visage and harsh of manner.

The girl whom he questioned looked at him unflinchingly.

"Yes, Uncle, I am going away," she said.

It was now 10 days since her mother's death. It seemed to the daughter that a year had passed since she had looked the last time into the eyes of the only person she really loved.

She admitted to herself that this man, her mother's brother, had done what he considered his duty by his invalid sister. And Helen, his niece, had been obliged to accept favors from him for her mother's sake. She must care for the invalid, therefore could not take

such a self-supporting position as she longed to occupy.

"I will help you and your mother and will pay for the physicians and medicines that my sister needs," Daniel Sloane had told his niece. "But I am old-fashioned enough to be certain that a daughter's place is with her sick parent. Therefore I shall expect you to stay with her as long as she lives."

Helen Gorman had submitted without protest to the verdict. Mrs. Gorman had been a widow for 18 years, and Helen was now just 22. There had seemed to be but one course for her to pursue—and that was to obey her uncle's orders.

Secretly, she had resented her relative's attitude toward his only sister. He did not take her home to live with him—as he might have done. For he was a bachelor and had inherited the old homestead.

"He has everything, mother has nothing. Yet he treats her as if she were a family servant to whom he must show charity. But for her, I would starve before I would accept a cent from him," she often mused.

"I have always done my duty to your mother," he said now, breaking the silence that was becoming awkward. "I am willing to do it by you."

"Thank you!" Helen looked him squarely in the eyes. "But I am able to take care of myself. I have a little money, you know."

"Mighty little!" he snorted. "A few hundred dollars that your father's mother left you! How long do you suppose that is going to last you?"

"At least until I am able to earn my own living, I hope," the girl replied.

"I guess a good part of the paltry legacy went for what you called art lessons," Sloane accused. "That was a bit of rank folly, and I told your mother as much."

"I know you did," Helen retorted. "Yet you kept right on with your nonsense," the man reminded her, "It was a waste of good money."

"I did not spend much for my lessons, for the teacher from Boston made special rates for me," Helen said. "And, anyway, but for that course, I might not be able to support myself in the future."

"You mean to tell me that you expect to make an honest living out of the little you know about drawing and painting?" Daniel Sloane queried, scornfully.

"No," Helen shook her head. "But I do expect to make an honest living out of it when I have added to it the skill I hope to attain by studying for a while in New York. Perhaps I may take up interior decorating."

"So New York is where you are going, is it?" the man burst forth. "As you are of age, I cannot forbid it. But I can and do remind you of all I have done for you and for your mother."

"It is because I remember all that, that I am anxious to get away," Helen said, quietly.

"What do you mean?"

"I mean that, were I to stay here, I might have to be a burden to you—as my mother was. And I would regret that. Indeed, I do not think I could bear it."

"You could support yourself here."

"How?"

"Well," the man said, "I was thinking of letting you stay in my house as a kind of a housekeeper, when I am at home. You could look after affairs there, do the mending, marketing, and so forth. Even during my absence you could stay on there, for I might pay some woman to stay with you, for her home. The money you now have would buy your clothes for some time to come."

"And when that money was gone?" Helen asked.

"I would not see you really want for anything," Daniel Sloane said magnanimously. "But, of course, I make no promise. What is your answer?"

Once more the cool, gray eyes looked into the narrow black ones.

"I thank you for your suggestion," Helen said. "But I prefer to be independent."

(To Be Continued Tomorrow)

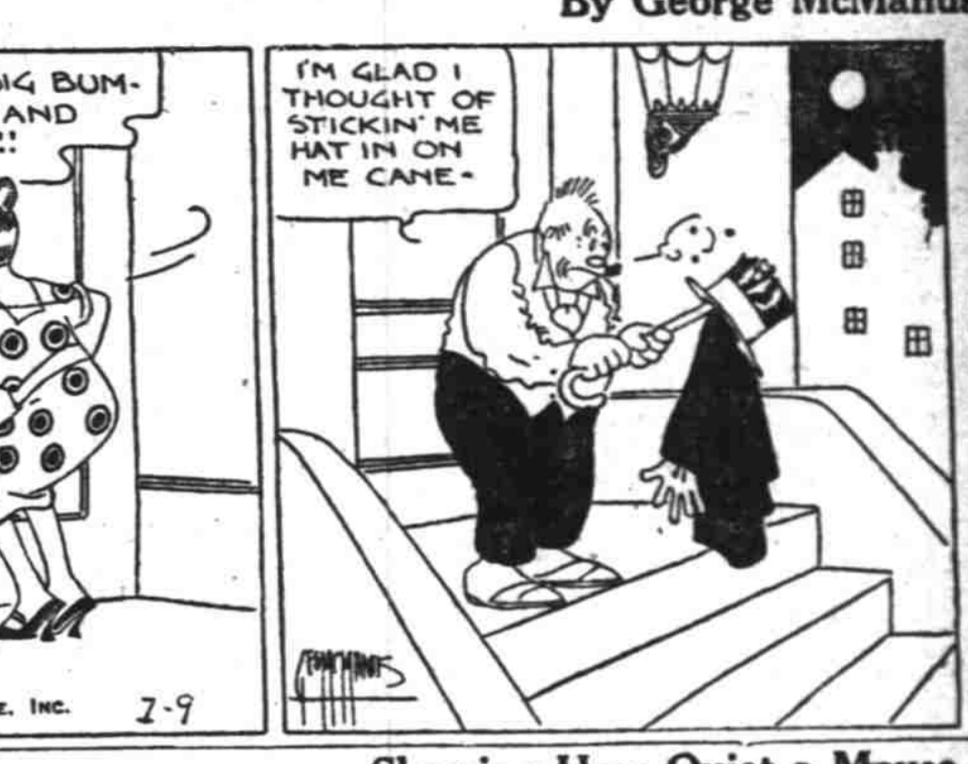
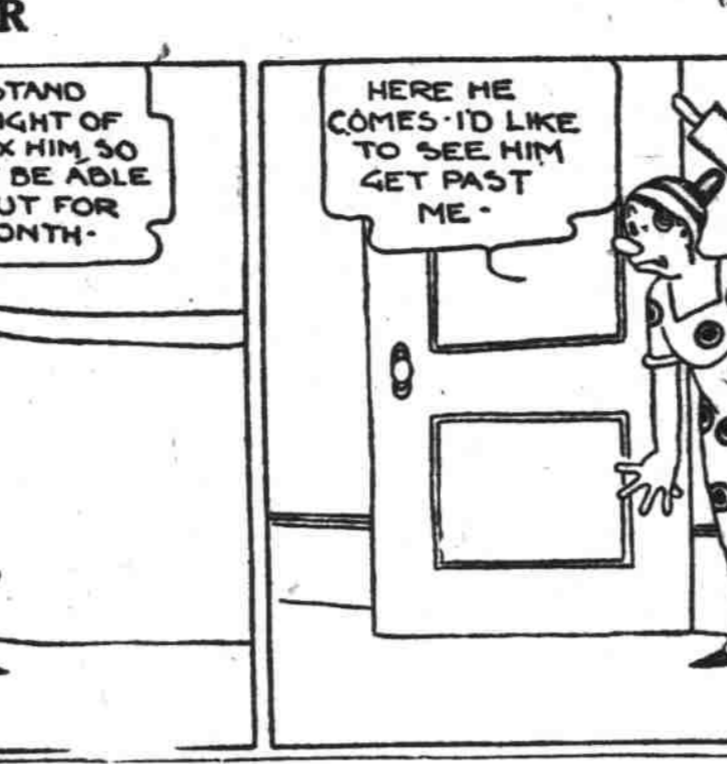
BRINGING UP FATHER

"I'll not stand another night of this—I'll fix him, so he'll not be able to go out for a month."

"Here he comes—I'd like to see him get past me."

"Now you big bum—take that and that!!!"

"I'm glad I thought of stickin' me hat in on me cane."



BURGESS' BEDTIME STORIES

Old Man Coyote's Secret Is Out

By Thornton W. Burgess

All secrets, 'tis the law of fate,
Will be discovered soon or late.
—Old Man Coyote.

FARMER BROWN'S BOY gave a long whistle of surprise as he stared at an opening under the stack of straw in the barnyard. The hanging straw partly hid it, but plainly it was the entrance to a hiding place under the stack. Had he found a small opening he wouldn't have been surprised, for he knew that a strawstack is often made use of by some of the smaller people who wear fur. But this opening was big enough for a Dog.

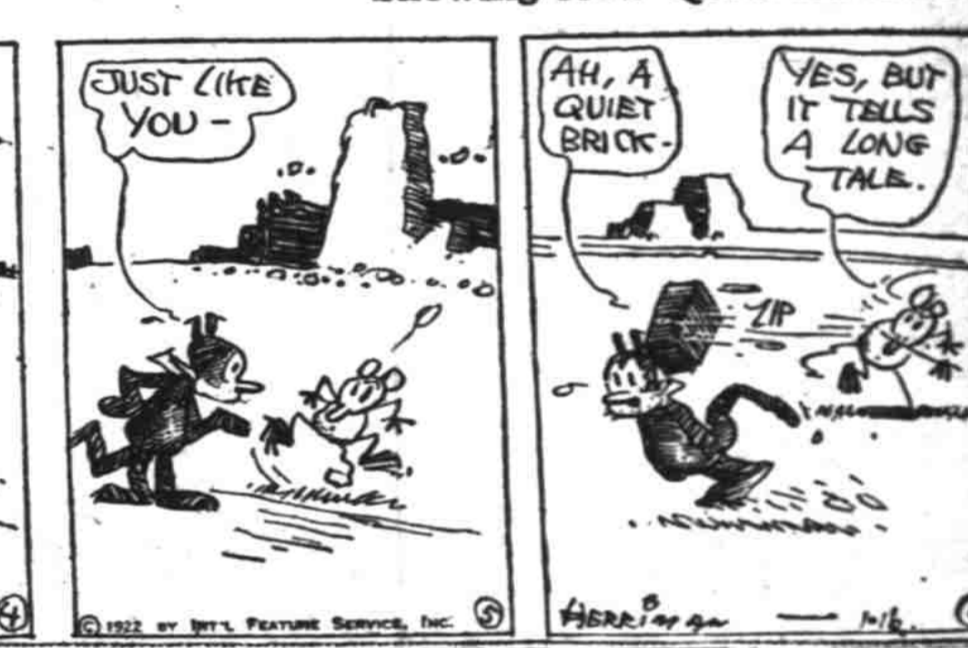
Farmer Brown's boy knelt down and peeped in, but it was too dark under that stack for him to see anything. Right away he thought of Reddy Fox. "I wonder," said he, "if that sly scamp has been making his home here right in our very barnyard. And I wonder if he is in here now. Bower will soon find out."

He stood up and whistled for Bower the Hound, who was up by the house. Bower came at once, wagging his tail as he trotted along.

"Here, Bower; see if anybody is in there," commanded Farmer Brown's boy as he pointed down to the opening under the stack. Bower put his nose down and sniffed. He took only one good sniff and then backed away in a hurry, growling way down in his throat. The hair on his back and neck stood up and he started to run back to the house. It was only when his master spoke to him sharply that he stopped. Sheepishly he came back part way, but nothing that Farmer Brown's boy could do would make him come close up to that opening again.

Farmer Brown's boy didn't know what to make of it. Black Pussey was scared any now Bower is scared," said he, talking to himself. "Bower wouldn't be afraid of a fox. Perhaps Jimmy

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Jury List of 200 Includes 50 Women

Dallas, Or., Jan. 16.—Fifty women have been selected by the county commissioners to serve as jurors in the circuit court during 1922. Two hundred names were put in the box for jury duty, 150 of whom were men.

RETIRED RAILROADEE DIES

Dallas, Or., Jan. 16.—Henry E. Muscott, 62, died at his home in this city January 11. Muscott was recently placed upon the pension list of the Southern Pacific Railway company after more than 20 years of service as a bridge and building carpenter in the employ of the railway company.

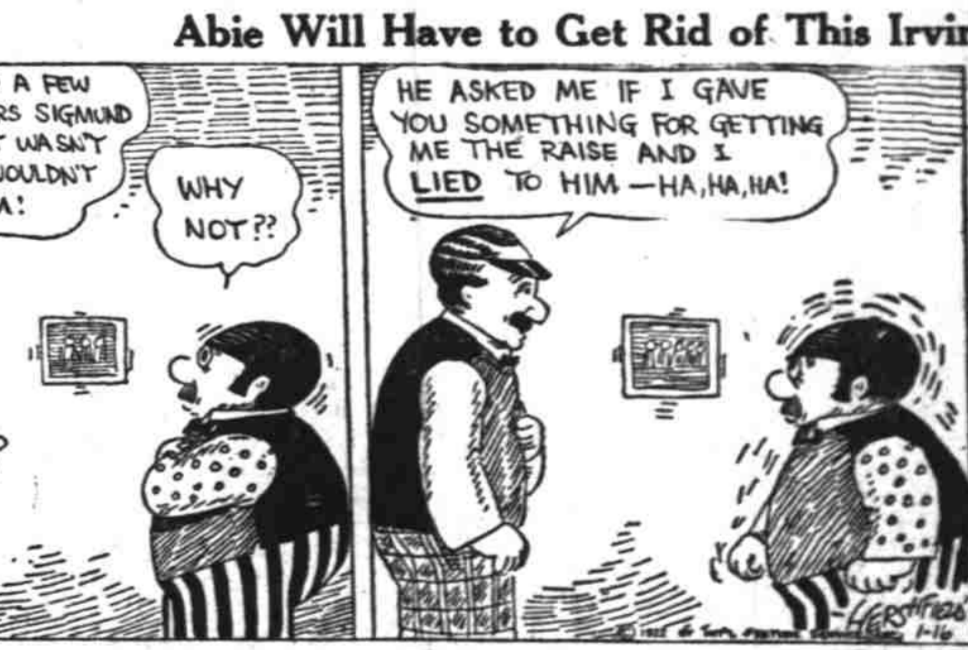
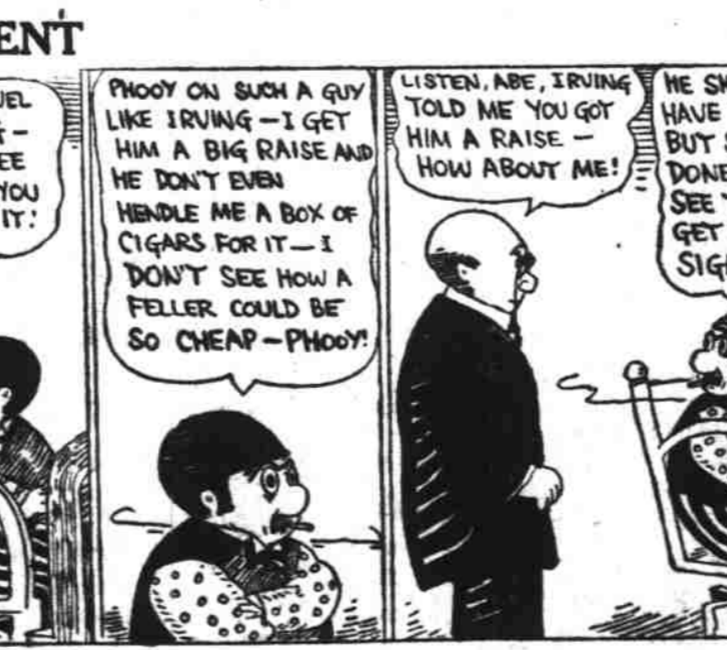
MRS. ANNA McCOY

Roseburg, Jan. 16.—Mrs. Anna McCoy, aged 73 years, died here Friday night after a short illness. She had lived here 28 years and was an active church worker. Two children, Clara McCoy of Roseburg and Albert McCoy of Bremerton, Wash., survive. Following funeral services here the body will be taken to Portland for cremation.

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