

DID you look the basement door?"
Ma queried from her snug retreat
beneath the blankets. "You was down there after apples just before we come to bed, you know?"

"Now, I didn't lock the basement door," T. Paer retorted glaring at his snuggling spouse while the east wind brought the goose pimples out on his skinny shanks. 'That's your job 'nd you

"But I forgot it," Ma admitted con-tritely, ""nd they's been lots of burglars prowling 'round this neighborhood

"Let 'em prowl," T. Paer chattered diving for the blankets. "They ain't nothin' 'round this dump a burglar'd carry off anyway."

"I'll not sleep a wink with that door open," Ma announced firmly. "You've just got to get up 'nd lock it." "I've got the lumbago now." T. Paer shivered pettishly. "If you want it seeked, pasidle down in the cold 'nd lock

"I will not." Ma said in alarm. rouldn't go down in that dark house for

of gettin' shot," T. Paer snapped. "If you don't think I'm cold, just feel my "Keep them off'n me." Ma commanded

"Of course I am," T. Paer agreed, " 'nd you askin' me to go down 'nd get frose clear through."

"What's the use of us both getting that way?" Ma asked logically. "Besides it's as much your job to look the door as mine. You was through it last."
"All right." T. Paer grumbled. "I'll go down 'nd fix it if you want to get up and make mustard plasters when I get knot. beard. "It won't be the first time I've done it," Ma answered complacently. meter refused to do nothing for you'

"I'm sufferin' new," T. Paer groaned he put his bare feet gingerly on the froze till you get good'nd warm." cold floor, "Go ahead 'nd be comfort-able while I freeze to death." "Oh, dear!" Ma called as her mutter-

stairway again. porch neither." "Good Bord !" T. Paer exploded. "Is

lows today 'nd she leaves 'em unfas- time."

"You might look at the front door, too, while you're at it," Ma suggested. You've got me all nervous and excit-"If I wasn't too dog gonned cold 'nd froze I'd get a little excited myself." T. Paer flung at her. "It's a wonder you couldn't of thought of all this before I

got my pants off." "I think I'm going to have a chill," Ma responded. "Thinking of burglars Ma responded. got my feet just like ice." "I hope you get chillblains," T. Paer

chattered. "You ain't even got the front door locked." "I remember I was afraid it would blow shut when I swept the porch," Ma

answered. "I'm sorry I forgot it." "Oh, that's all right," T. Paer shouted "Are you?" Ma asked hopefully. "Then

maybe you'd just as leave fill the hot water bottle. I don't believe I'll ever get warm without it." "Well, for the love of Mike," T. Paer

stuttered. "Wouldn't you like me to make you some hot soup while the water's gettin' hot?" "No. thank you," Ma answered grate-

"You're colder's a chunk of fully, "but you'd better hurry up before you catch a cold." "Catch a cold?" T. Paer shouted up the stairs. "If I ain't caught one it's because I'm proof against 'em.' "Oh, my!" Ma sighed contentedly as she propped her feet luxuriously against

the hot water bag, "don't that make you feet good?" "It does not," T. Paer retorted as he doubled himself up into a shivering knot. "It makes me feel like a Blue-

"Don't you want to put your feet on "T've it?" Ma invited hospitably. "It'll warm 'em up in a jiffy."
"I don't want 'em warm." T. Paer retorted stubbornly. "I want 'em to stoy

"What a funny disposition," Ma ob-served sleepily. "I don't see what you want ao punish yourself like that for." ing companion began to patter up the stairway again. "I don't believe I warned her, "I'm goin to plant 'em locked them French doors on the back right square in the middle of your

"Oh, well," Ma mumbled drowsily, "I'll they anything else loose that you can be asleep by that time 'nd we...' mind. "Can you beat it?" T. Paer asked the "Well." Ma answered uncertainly, "the chattering alarm clock. "They ain't no serub weman was helping wash the win-satisfaction in fussin' at a woman no

Northwest Boys to Confer at Astoria

Astoria, Jan. 20.—One hundred boys from other cities are expected to foin with the youths of Astoria today, Saturday and Sunday in the Northwest older boys' conference to be held in Astoria under the auspices of the Y. M. C. A. Nationally known speakers "I knew it," T. Paer yelled back up are on the program for the meetings. the stairway as he turned to retrace his Dr. Clarence True Wilson and Estes steps. "If you could punch a hole in Spedecor will be among the principal

> RED CROSS NURSE RESIGNS Baker, Jan. 20 .- Miss Elizabeth Burrows, Red Cross secretary for Baker since 1920, has resigned, effective Pebru-ary 1. She plans to enter the Red Cross medical social service at the Cushman hospital in Tacoma to work with dis-

JAMES H. MCGUIRE DIES died at the hospital wednesday manual cap. He was born in Wisconsin in 1859 and cap. "Where shall I take it, Miss?" he

HER OWN WAY By VIRGINIA TERHUNE VAN de WATER

CHAPTER V. (Copyright, 1922, Star Company)
TT WAS late afternoon when the train in which Helen Gorman was traveling rolled into the Grand Central station. For the past hour the girl had been gazing eagerly from the car windows, She had not been to New York since

she was a little girl, and had forgotten much of that experience. But she had been to Boston, and fancied that she knew something about big cities. So when, after going through many suburban towns, comfortable homes were left behind, and blocks of city treets came into view, Helen suppos that her journey's end was in sight. Hastily she put on her hat, coat and gioves, and sat up very straight pre-

paratory to leaving the car.

When she stepped from the car at the Baker, Jan. 20.—James H. McGuire, for many years a resident of Baker county, died at the hospital Wednesday night. Carry her bag smiled as he touched his travelers by those waiting to receive

"Why-I don't know," she stammered

"I can't tell until I see If my friend seets me," the girl replied. Elizabeth Mayo had written that there was just a chance that she could get away from a case she was nursing in time to meet this train. If not, Hel was to "take a taxi and drive over to

the apartment. It sounded very easy, and Helen had thought of it as simple. Now, however, she was dazed by the crowd about her and conscious of her lack of experience. ... "I guess we'd best go right to the

waitin' room," the porter advised. Helen followed the uniformed figure As they emerged at the station-end of

Indeed, she felt as if she wert alone in a great big world as she gased around the waiting-room for a familiar face.

"Your friend knew what train you was comin' on?" the ported asked.

"Oh, yes, she knew," Helen told him. "I suppose she was detained, so I will just take a cab to her home. Where do I get the cab, and where, do I find my trunk?"

"Come with me!" the man said, lead ing the way through one of the doors.

Here be summoned a taxi, and, when it drew up at the curb, he deposited Helen's bag in it and helped her to her

Then he told the chauffeur to-drive travelers by those waiting to receive "Oh, you don't go there with me?" Helen asked, again assailed by a pain"Oh, here you are!" and "Oh, my ful timidity.

dear, how good it is to see you!" were sentences that came to the stranger's ears. And she felt sadly lonely in this

laid it in the man's hand.
"Thank you, Miss." The grin expressed surprise and grati-fication. Women were not in the habit of tipping as concrously as this. It was plain to be seen that the young

He was still grinning as he clos door and touched his cap. At the bag-gage-room entrance, the cab stopped. "Your check, please," the driver said Helen handed it to him. He disappeared, but returned with her trunk and swung it up on the seat beside him Then, when she had given him the ad-

will get it for you all right."

setric signs. At the erossings at was traffic was halted, scores of possess so close to the cab-windows selen had the sensation of being at trunk," the porter informed her. He was evidently waiting for something, and Helen remembered that be must be tipped.

Opening her purse she looked into it. The smallest piece of silver she had was a half dollar.

Without an instant's hesitation she had to be the rearist hand.

he wanted to cry out that she was mely, homesick, but she was sure that she did so no sympathetic glances ould be turned in her direction. Winking away the tears, she leaned back and closed her eyes. For a few princes she wished that she were dond. She sat up with a gasp as the cab stopped and did not start again. Had she reached her destination already?

(To Be Continued Tomorrow)

Roseburg Has First Annual Auto Show

Roseburg, Jan. 20.-The first annual Then, when she had given him the ad- automobile show opened at the Sinte dress of the apartment house that was armory here Thursday night. Artisticher destination, he drove out into the ally arranged booths displayed automo-street. Helen leaned forward with a gasp of amazement.

Here, as in Slatesville when she left. It was raining. The wet asphalt restate motor vehicle department mainflected thousands of lights and flashing tained a booth.

By George McManus

BRINGING UP FATHER

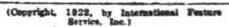


REALLY-DUKE I'M KNOW YOU WILL LIKE MRS. JIGGS-DELIGHTED THAT YOU ASKED ME TO CALL





KRAZY KAT



The Unintentional Insult













TOMMY TIT the Chickadee was fliting through the Green Forest to see what harm the great ice storm had done and if all his friends had come safely through. The ice everywhere was very but Tommy had no thought for beauty of it. He could see nothing but the torn and broken trees, and it filled him with sadness, for Tommy Tit dearly loves the trees. No one does more than does this merry hearted little feathered friend to care for the trees and keep thm free from the insects and worms that would destroy them.

So, as he saw how his friends, the trees, had suffered in the great ice storm Tommy was filled with great sadness and he was silent as he flitted from tree to tree. This was most unusual for Tommy Tit, for even on the dullest or coldest day Tommy has to tell everybody within hearing of the gladness in his heart. He seems to think that Old Mother Nature placed him in the Great World to carry a message of cheer and gladness, and he always tries to do it. Presently his sharp little eyes splied Chatterer the Red Squirrel sitting on an ige-covered log and looking as if he hadn't a friend in the world. At once

fommy found his tongue. 'Dee, dee, dee! I'm glad to see you,

Are Usually Healthy

ine daily use of the Soap prevents clogging and irritation of the pores, the usual cause of skin blemishes, while the Ointment soothes and heals. Cuticura Talcum is delicate, delightful, distingue.

Sompto Each Free by Mail. Address: "Out-was Laboratoria, Dopt 18F, Maiden 48, Mass." Soid everywhere. Soap 25c. Ointment 25 and 50c. Talcum 25c.

Cuticura Soap shave without mug.

UNERAL

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liller & Tracey

ABIE THE AGENT THOOY, HERE COMES THAT

I'm glad 'Chatterer' Chatterer. I was afraid you might have

been hurt in that dreadful storm," said Chatterer looked up, but in his eyes was only fear and something very like despair. Tommy Tit saw it at once. "What is the matter, Chatterer? Are

you hurt after all?" he asked anxiously. Chatterer shook his head. Tommy flitted a little nearer and looked at Chatterer sharply with those bright little eyes of his. Never before had he seen Chatterer the Red Squirrel looking like this. There wasn't a particle of spirit in him. He looked—well, he looked hope-less. You know he was hopeless.

"Dee, dee, dee, chickadee!" cried Tommy Tit cheerily. "This is dreadful, but it might have been worse. You might have been killed by a falling tree. Yes, indeed, it might have been much worse." "I might as well have been killed,"

replied Chatterer, "as to starve to death and that is what is going to happen to me if this ice doesn't melt quickly. It haven't a thing to eat and no way of getting anything."

"What's that?" Tommy Tit looked sur-prised and as if he were in doubt that he had understood. You see, he knew hatterer's thrift. Then Chatterer told him everything

how some one had taken all the seeds and acorns and nuts in his largest storehouse, and how all his other storehouse were so covered with ice that he couldn't get into them, and how he couldn't climb the trees because of the ice.

"I'll starve to death. That is what will happen to me," concluded Chatterer. "Dee, dee, dee, nonsense!" cried Tommy Tit, and his voice was merry. "I am surprised at you, Chatterer. In-deed I am. How came you to forget-Farmer Brown's Boy? There is plenty of food for you and for every one else up in the Old Orchard. You are no worse off than a lot of others. I would starve myself and a great deal more quickly than you were it not for Farmers. quickly than you, were it not for Farmer Brown's Boy. But he knows what a storm like this means to us, and the first think he did this morning was to put out food for all who need it. It is there waiting for you now. Come on Chat-terer! Dec. dec. dec. come on "Tommy started toward the Old Orchard. (Copyright, 1922, by T. W. Burgen)

The next story: "Chatterer Becomes Himself Again."

CHAMBER TO HAVE BANQUET CHAMBER TO HAVE BANQUET
Baker, Jan. 20.—Upon the recommendation of Secretary Walter Meacham, February 23 has been designated
as the date for the annual meeting of
the Baker County Chamber of Commerce.
Among those invited to address the annual meeting are R. A. Ford of the Spokane Chamber of Commerce, D. W. B.
Dodson of the Portland chamber, and
Whitney L. Boise of Portland. A banquet will be the feature of the evening.

SENTENCED FOR PERJURY Dallas, Jan. 28.—Otto Emmenegger of able, Or., cervicied here of perjury, as sentenced to one year in the peni-

CHEAP GREFTER MINSK-

DON'T WANT PEOPLE TO

EVERYBODY HATES HIM! I

THINK I BUBU KNOW HIM



TUTUT = GLAD

TO GNE IT TO



PAID.







JERRY ON THE JOB

MUCH OBLIGED -

THANKS = AND ALL

THAT SORT O' BUNK,

(Copyright, 1922, by International Feature Service, Inc.)

WELL = THE OLD POOR MR. GIVINEY = COAL BILL'S PAID = I HE'S BEEN WORRIED WROTE A CHECK ABOUT THAT COAL FOR 721 BUCKS BILL = HE'LL BE ON THE FIRST TICKLED SILLY WHEN NATIONAL BANK I TELL HIM ITS





LITTLE JIMMY

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A Bit Creaky in the Joints



