



BOB'S JOB

BY RALPH WATSON

"Did you read that wallop Bob Stanfield's handed out to the papers?" Polly Tician asked gleefully as she and the east wind that blew in with her roused T. Paer from his reverie by the fire. "That story about his resigning's kinda got his goat."

"Yes," T. Paer answered, "but what of it?"

"Why," Polly exclaimed, "Bob says it's so that anybody wanted him to resign."

"Well," T. Paer responded, "if Bob'd ever get west of Western maybe he'd know different."

"Oh, he ain't necessary for him to come to Oregon to know what people think of him," Polly contended. "Ferd keeps him wined up on what's goin' on, don't he?"

"I guess so," T. Paer admitted, "but Ferd's liable to think everybody thinks what he thinks."

"Maybe he is," Polly agreed, "but did you read where Bob says they're tickled to death with how hard he's been working on his committees back there?"

"I read that too," T. Paer admitted, "and I couldn't help feelin' awful sorry for the other members."

"Sorry?" Polly grinned. "If Bob's been workin' so hard on 'em the rest of the fellows must be blamed near tuckered out from overwork."

"I wouldn't 'wore there's something in that," Polly conceded, "but Bob says he's gone up four classes by reason of seniority. What does he mean by that do you suppose?"

"Some of the other fellows must of worked themselves to death," T. Paer suggested. "I don't know of anything else that'd boost Bob up the ladder much."

"Bob's awful peevish because they said he wasn't on the job much," Polly smiled. "He says he's only been gone from Washington 65 days out of 162 when the senate was in session."

"That's a pretty good record, for Bob," T. Paer admitted. "He ain't been absent quite half the time, has he?"

"But," Polly argued, "Bob says if he hadn't been gone the livestock men and the farmers wouldn't have got any loans from the government."

"I didn't know they'd got any," T. Paer observed, "except down in Texas 'nd up in Washington 'nd over in Idaho."

unless you count the quarter of a million Bob got himself to buy sheep with."

"Well, it's got me all mixed up," Polly confided. "I didn't think Bob'd been doing much back there so far as being senators' concerned, but from what he says he's been on the job regular when he's needed."

"Uh, huh," T. Paer grunted, "he was there to make that speech that the lawyer for Louie Swift had wrote up for the meat packers, 'nd wanted somebody to make in the senate all right."

"They say it was a fine speech," Polly said thoughtfully. "Not many fellows could've got it up."

"I guess that's the reason everybody knows the lawyer fellow slipped it to Bob," T. Paer grinned. "Bob's handier talkin' to sheep'n to senators usually."

"But I don't think that was what Bob was thinkin' of when he said he was on the job," Polly insisted. "I don't think he'd brag about doing that chore."

"Maybe he was thinkin' about votin' to seat Newberry," T. Paer suggested. "That wasn't overworkin' himself to get money for the farmers when the fellows wanted him to hang 'round to vote for Truman?"

"What else could he do?" Polly asked combatively. "Bob knows what it costs to run for senator."

"I ain't goin' to deny that," T. Paer chuckled. "Figgerin' the size of Oregon 'nd the size of Michigan, I guess it musta cost Bob about as much a head to be elected senator as it did Truman."

"I thought of that," Polly admitted, "but why it seemed to me that Bob had to stick with Newberry or be a short sport."

"Well," T. Paer mused, "I'm glad Bob's satisfied with himself. That makes one vote any way."

"I never did think much of that resignin' stuff," Polly said. "Bob tried too hard to be senator to chuck the job now he's got it."

"It's one thing to try to be a senator 'nd another to be a senator," T. Paer replied, "but I couldn't see why Bob'd resign unless he had to."

"No," Polly agreed, "when a fellow gets elected he's got the title, anyway."

"You bet," T. Paer agreed, "nd he's got the pay check. 'nd if he'd resign he'd only have the handle on his name left, 'nd," he concluded sagely, "that wouldn't be worth a whoop for cold lateral the way things is."

Postmastership Is Sought for Office

Yakima, Wash., Jan. 21.—Nine applicants for the postmastership in Yakima are taking civil service applications. Two are employees of the office. George S. Hough, assistant postmaster, and Herman Leeb, superintendent of the mails. Three are ex-service men, Charles Westaby, W. E. Kershaw and George Benoit. N. E. Masie, secretary of the county farm bureau; J. D. Medill, incumbent; R. B. Milroy, endorsed by the Republican county committee, and C. C. Comstock, local manager for the Western Union, are other applicants. Dr. C. W. Payne of Seattle, representing the civil service commission, and T. G. Rowan, postal inspector for the district, are conducting the examination.

SAVINGS CERTIFICATES SOLD
Hoquiam, Wash., Jan. 21.—Sale of treasury savings certificates, which replaced War Savings Stamps and Thrift Stamps at the postoffice January 1, is progressing well here. More than \$1000 worth of 25¢ certificates have been sold. The local office does not handle certificates of higher denomination.

HER OWN WAY

By VIRGINIA TERHUNE VAN DE WATER

CHAPTER VI

HELEN remembered that Elizabeth had written that the place in which she lived was "delightfully central."

"Here we are, ma'am!" the driver announced.

"How much do I owe you?" Helen asked, timidly.

The man consulted his taximeter, a clock-faced affair that the girl had noticed but the use of which she did not understand. She felt very green and inexperienced as he named the price.

"How shall I get my trunk in?" she queried, her sense of ignorance increasing.

"How many flights up?" the man asked.

"I do not know," Helen confessed. "But there is a bell by that card."

"It's on the third floor," the driver informed her, glancing at the name indicated. "Well, here she goes! It's apartment 7, I see."

When he reached the third floor he put

the trunk down and stood up straight, puffing and blowing.

"It's some climb, all right," he exclaimed. "Shall I carry this in for you, miss?"

"Oh, no; you need not bother to do that!" Helen hastened to assure him. For she wanted to get rid of him.

"How much do I owe you for bringing the trunk up?" she asked when she had paid for the taxi.

"Just whatever you choose, miss," the man said, eyeing her purse expectantly.

Helen remembered that she had paid the porter a half dollar. Yet he had done nothing as arduous as carrying a steamer trunk up two flights of steep stairs.

"Take this," she said, handing the driver a dollar bill.

"Thank you," he said, then hurried downstairs to his cab.

Helen fitted the smaller of her two keys into the Yale lock on the door marked "7." A moment later she found herself in a narrow hall.

The apartment would have been very

read. "It's too bad that just now I am on a case that keeps me all day. But I come off every evening about 8 o'clock. Expect me then. In the meanwhile make yourself comfortable."

"You will find something to eat in the kitchen in the kitchen, for I am sure you will not want to go to a restaurant all by yourself. So I got a few things from a delicatessen and left them all ready for you. Have a cup of tea or coffee, whichever you prefer."

"Your bed is the one nearest the door in the little room opposite the kitchen. Close quarters, but you and I will not mind. I have left clothes hooks vacant in the closet and two empty drawers in the bureau. Unpack, if you want to, and behave as if you were at home. For that it what you are, dear Helen. At home in New York—the dearest of all cities!"

Helen went into the bedroom and removed her wraps. Then she turned on the light in the kitchen and looked into the kitchen.

Here she found some cold ham and stuffed tomato salad. But at sight of the food she closed the refrigerator door hastily.

She was too homesick to try to eat just yet.

Wool Growers Want Game Force Ousted

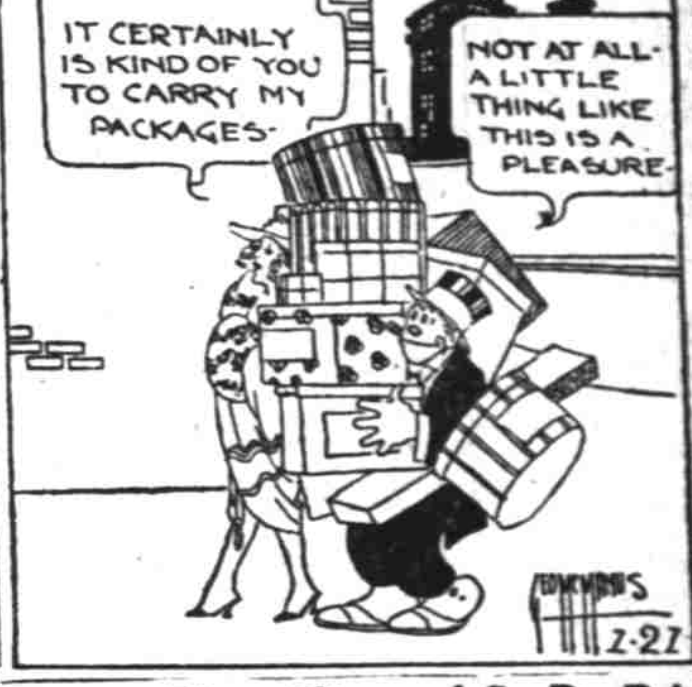
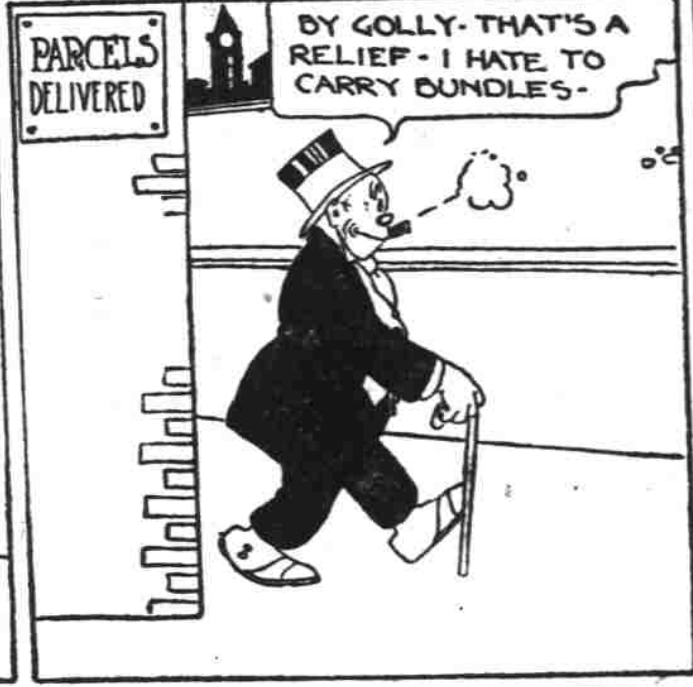
Nampa, Idaho, Jan. 21.—One of the wool growers' convention in Boise, Tuesday, was for the abolition of the Idaho state game department at the next session of the state legislature. Duplication of the work of the sheriff was the reason assigned. The growers recommended that fees from the sale of game licenses and fines collected be turned into either the school or road fund of the county in which they were collected.

CORVALLIS HAS MANY FIRES
Corvallis, Jan. 21.—A dozen fires have been reported in the city the last two days. None of them was serious, but the fire department was needed in several instances to extinguish the flames.

FARM HOUSE DESTROYED
Marshfield, Jan. 21.—The farmhouse of Thomas Whittington, near Broadbeut, was destroyed by fire. The loss is \$7000, with no insurance. It was one of the fine farm homes of the county.

By George McManus

BRINGING UP FATHER



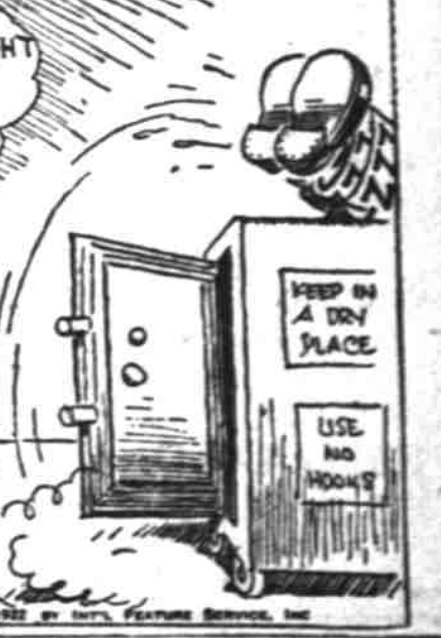
KRAZY KAT



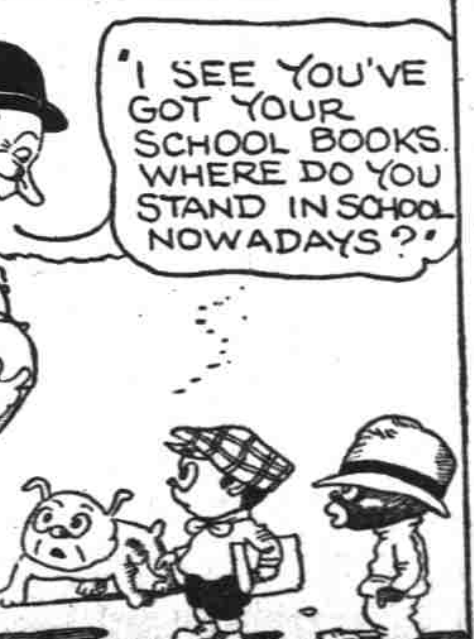
ABIE THE AGENT



JERRY ON THE JOB



LITTLE JIMMY



BURGESS' BEDTIME STORIES

Chatterer Becomes Himself Again

By Thornton W. Burgess

Hope is like the sunlight's ray; It chases all the gloom away.

SUCH a change as came over Chatterer the Red Squirrel when Tommy Tit the Chickadee told him of the food in the Old Orchard! His eyes glinted, and his tail no longer drooped. He jumped down from the ice covered stump and started after Tommy Tit as fast as he could go.

"How, dee, dee!" called Tommy Tit merrily as he flitted from tree to tree ahead of Chatterer.

Chatterer said nothing. He needed all his breath for running. But as he ran he did some thinking. "How stupid of me to have forgotten Farmer Brown's Boy," thought he, "I might as well know he wouldn't let any of us suffer if he could help it. We can always count on him. I don't know how I came to forget him."

It was a long way from where Tommy Tit had found Chatterer over to the Old Orchard and along one side of that to the corner nearest Farmer Brown's door, and Chatterer's legs ached before he got there. You remember he had some a great deal of running about already that morning. But he didn't stop to rest once. His stomach wouldn't let him. No, sir, it wouldn't! It kept urging him to run faster.

Long before he got there he knew that Tommy Tit had told the truth. He could hear Yank yank the Nutcracker. He caught a glimpse of the blue coat of Sammy Jay. His own cousin, Happy Jack the Gray Squirrel, was barking joyfully. Chatterer wondered if he, too, had lost all his stores of nuts and acorns.

At last Chatterer arrived. What he saw seemed to be too good to be true. Corn, beautiful yellow corn, was scattered along the icy old stone wall. Pastured in several rows were little shelves and on each was more of that yellow corn, not to mention hickory nuts. These were the only things Chatterer had eyes for just then, but there were other things to finish eating. Farmer Brown's Boy had even brought boards for something for each of the feathered folk as well as those wearing fur. And it wasn't necessary for anyone to wait for another to finish eating. Farmer Brown's Boy had been thoughtful enough to make several of those little food stations.

So Chatterer had a shelf all to himself and not even Sammy Jay called him a thief as he stuffed himself greedily, nor did his cousin, Happy Jack, once seek to pick a quarrel with him. Farmer Brown's Boy had even brought boards for the barn and placed them so that Happy Jack and Chatterer could run up them to the food shelves. He had guessed how hard it was for them to climb those key tree trunks.

For a while Chatterer was too busy to pay any attention to anyone else. At last he had eaten all he could hold and by this time he was quite himself again. He was as saucy and pert as ever. His eyes had recovered their brightness. His tongue began to go, for Chatterer dearly loves the sound of his own voice. He jerked his tail as if somehow that helped him express his

feelings. He tried to pick a quarrel with Happy Jack the Gray Squirrel, but couldn't. He scolded Sammy Jay. He dared anybody to come to his share. But no one paid him the least attention. You see, they knew that he didn't mind a word he said. They knew it was just his way of showing off. And nobody minded it in the least.

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The next story: "The Bounty of Farmer Brown's Boy."

Maude Adams to Win Fame as an Inventor, Is Experts' Opinion

Schenectady, N. Y., Jan. 21.—(I. N. S.) Maude Adams, beloved by thousands of theatre-goers, will win everlasting fame as an inventor, experts of the General Electric company predicted here today.

"Fetes Pan" of the American stage has lived in Schenectady for nearly a year, perfecting a motion picture color process which she has invented for pictures for children.

Because of her frail health, it is not believed by those close to her that she will ever return to the stage.

The actress has her own laboratory and there, when her health permits, she works on her invention.

Special Agent Shot By Negro May Die

Wenatchee, Wash., Jan. 21.—Reports from Leavenworth state that E. F. Savage, special agent of the Great Northern railroad, who was shot by Daniel Jones, escaped negro convict, at the Leavenworth prison last Sunday, is not expected to live. Savage was shot through the fleshy part of the leg and gangrene has now set in. A charge of murder may be laid against Jones in addition to the other crimes with which he is accused, if Savage dies.

Senate May Tackle Reclamation Bill

Washington, Jan. 21.—(WASHINGTON BUREAU OF THE JOURNAL)—Senator Lodge today informed Senator McNary that it may be possible to take up the reclamation bill in the senate next week after the foreign loan funding bill is passed. The senate is being canvassed to determine whether votes are at hand to keep the reclamation bill before the senate and also whether the bill should include plans for drainage as well as irrigation.

YAMHILL FROZEN OVER
Sheridan, Or., Jan. 21.—The Yamhill river at Sheridan was frozen over Friday. The temperature fell to 19 above. Wednesday night, the coldest in two years.

Are you having trouble with your skin? Is it red, rough, irritated? Relief and health lie in a jar of

RESINOL

Soothing and Healing