

BURGESS' BEDTIME STORIES

Farmer Brown's Boy and Prickly Porky

By Thornton W. Burgess
The hunter has the right to live. Remember this, little boys and girls. —Farmer Brown's Boy.

A GREAT silence had fallen on the Old Orchard. Not that the little people gathered there were less excited than they had been a few minutes before when they were screaming as loud as they could; they were even more excited. The truth is they were too excited to waste breath. Farmer Brown's Boy had discovered Prickly Porky!



"Prickly Porky doesn't seem the least bit afraid," chuckled Blacky.

The first thing he had done was to see how far he could get back to the house. Bowser didn't want to go, but he had been taught obedience, and with hanging head and lowered tail had slowly left the Old Orchard. Two or three times he had stopped to look back, but each time a word from Farmer Brown's Boy had caused him to keep on.

Now his bright eyes were watching Farmer Brown's Boy and excited little people were wondering what would happen to Prickly Porky the Porcupine.

"He won't hurt him," knew he won't hurt him," said Tommy Tit the Chickadee to himself. "He'll be good to him I know he will."

"That fellow has no business here and I hope Farmer Brown's Boy will drive him back where he belongs," thought Blacky the Crow, quite forgetting that he himself belonged over in the Green Forest.

"Prickly Porky doesn't seem the least bit afraid," chuckled Blacky the Crow. "He is such an obstinate fellow that if Farmer Brown's Boy tries to drive him away he'll just make up his mind to stay; then there will be some fun to be had."

Prickly Porky had found an apple that Farmer Brown's Boy had put there for some one else and paid no attention at all to Farmer Brown's Boy. The latter went over to the woodshed and presently he returned with a stick of green hemlock.

Sammy Jay's bright eyes danced with excitement. "Now we'll see some fun!" he exclaimed to his cousin, Blacky the Crow. "He's going to try to drive that prickly nuisance away with that stick."

But Farmer Brown's Boy did nothing of the kind. He put the stick down in front of Prickly Porky and stepped back. As once Prickly Porky began to gnaw the bark from that stick and in his dull little eyes there crept just the faintest sparkle of joy.

Away went Farmer Brown's Boy and presently returned with some more sticks.

The next story: "Joy in Lightfoot's Yard."

State Bee Keepers May Organize for Marketing Honey

Pendleton, Jan. 25. — Discussion of problems facing the apiarists of this state and proposed formation of a co-operative honey marketing association for Oregon bee keepers will occupy much of the attention of the Oregon Bee Keepers association, when that organization meets here today and Friday for its regular convention. A. J. Sanford, president of Bend, will preside at the sessions.

It is expected that the subject of the proposed marketing scheme will attract men engaged in that business from Western Idaho and Eastern Washington. The program for the convention has been arranged by Professor H. A. Scullion of the Oregon Agricultural college, who is secretary of the Oregon association.

Four Bids for Street Improvements Open

Bids for four street improvement contracts were opened on Wednesday by George R. Funk, city auditor. The projects and low bidders were: Improvement of Boise street from Milwaukee street to East Fifteenth streets, Charles Solomon, \$632.84; Outman avenue from Liberty to Saratoga streets, Hahn & Rebman, \$355; west half of East Thirty-third street from Shaver to Mason streets, Peter Ell, \$478.50; and for the improvement of Fifty-ninth avenue from Fifty-second to Sixtieth streets, M. Hansen & Co., \$637.75.

Divorce Evil Laid At Doors of Home

Baker, Jan. 25.—Judge Gustav Anderson at the Kiwanis luncheon Tuesday expressed his views, based on years of observation, of the divorce evil, saying that a large part of the trouble could be laid at the doors of the home. He pointed out that the present day young woman, who at the time of her marriage is in business for herself, finds after marriage the income cut in two and the expenses doubled. Women should be trained for the home and the rearing of children, he said.

O-W. SETTLES CLAIMS

Settlement has been made of 65 personal injury claims which were filed against the O-W. R. & N. company by passengers who were aboard the two

Prineville Printing Plant Is Purchased

Prineville, Jan. 25.—A deal was closed here Tuesday whereby the printing plant formerly used to publish the News, is sold to the Colortype company of Bend. This plant has published a number of newspapers, including the Central Oregon Enterprise and the News. It has been idle for some time, and will now be added to the plant of the Colortype company, a commercial printing concern, which also will publish the Central Oregon Legionnaire.

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—Say **Stout-Lyons**
—it saves you money

Visit **California** —this Winter—
—where the sun is "on the job"
Four Trains a Day
Provide a service that contributes to the traveler's comfort and convenience

Reduced Fares
to
Santa Barbara—Los Angeles—San Diego
Tickets good until April 30—Stoppers allowed
No War Tax on Railroad Tickets

Since 1870 the Southern Pacific has been closely identified with the development of Western Oregon.

Southern Pacific Lines
John M. Scott,
General Passenger Agent

When Celts Meet It's Cheerful; but This Case Is Sad

Michael Thomas met a man Tuesday night with a brogue so thick you could not stir it with a soup ladle—and that touched the very heart of Thomas. But the touching went deeper.

The son of Erin needed two bits. Thomas would not hear of it—not two bits—take a dollar. He peeled off a bill from his substantial waist. The "toucher" of hearts and pockets suggested by way of reciprocity, a drink; what did Thomas think of that? Thomas reacted favorably. The two repaired to the Model hotel, 421 North Sixth, and retreated to a room.

A short time later the police answered a call and heard Thomas tell this story, with additional information that the beggar had choked him and robbed him of \$72.

"It is lucky I had these under the shed where the ice could not cover them," said he. "My, you must have been hungry to come way over here. I guess we can find enough to keep you busy until the ice melts and you can go back to the Green Forest. If you couldn't get enough to eat, what must have happened to Lightfoot, the Deer and his family? I hadn't thought of them. I'm glad you came over. I'm certainly glad you came over, if for nothing more than to remind me of those Deer. There isn't time to look for them now, but I'm going to do it the first thing in the morning. Now eat hearty, and when you are through keep out of mischief."

With this Farmer Brown's Boy turned back to the barn to finish his work before dark. The little people who had been watching all that went on flew or scampered to their homes so as to get there before the Black Shadows should catch them and Prickly Porky was left alone in the Old Orchard contentedly gnawing the bark from the sticks left him by Farmer Brown's Boy, and apparently quite as much at home as if he were in the Green Forest where he belonged, for he was no longer whining or complaining.

HER OWN WAY

By VIRGINIA TERHUNE VAN de WATER

CHAPTER X
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"I thought Tommy would never go door closed upon Dr. Andrews. He is a nice chap, but I wanted to have a talk with you—and it is getting late. Suppose we dress. Then we can rest and talk at the same time."

"But you have to go to work early in the morning," Helen reminded her friend.

"Not so early tomorrow, as if I had left my case at the usual hour this evening. I reminded the family of that when I came away at 9:30. I said gently, but firmly, that they might expect me tomorrow an hour later than usual. Mrs. Daniels, my patient, kept me doing things that her daughters could have done just as well. So they can look after her for a while in the morning."

"Is she very ill?" Helen queried.

"She was thinking again of her own mother's illness, and wondering if the trained nurse on that case had felt as

Elizabeth did.

"She's been very ill, but she's going to get well now," Elizabeth affirmed. "For the first few days there seemed little hope for her."

"Weren't you dreadfully anxious?" Helen asked.

"Not anxious, my dear. That is too strong a word for it. I hoped she'd pull through, as I had charge of her. But of course one must not let feeling get the best of sense in such matters. And when I leave a case for the night, I leave it in thought too."

"You do?" Helen exclaimed. "Is it possible for you to take care of a very ill person all day and then come away and not worry about how she is getting on?"

A CHANGE OF TOPIC
"Perfectly possible!" the girl declared. "We nurses must do that just as doctors must—or we could not keep going. And now let us talk about you, and what interests you."

Helen smiled wanly. She had thought it would be a relief to "talk out" her sorrow at her mother's death, her heart loneliness. But just now she could not. Elizabeth Mayo, the trained nurse, was not the gentle and sympathetic person that she had seemed to be.

Helen Gorman had had to learn that one must dissociate oneself from her work when that work is of the type that is a drain on nerves and sensibilities. So she began to talk of her art studies in Statesville and her hope of getting into some art school in New York. Gradually the sense of strangeness wore off, and she and Elizabeth were chatting freely as in days gone by.

It was nearly midnight when at last Helen suggested going to sleep.

"It has been good to have this long pow-wow with you, Elizabeth," she said. "For, you see, I have nobody belonging to me any more."

Her voice trembled. Her friend put her arm about her and kissed her.

"Poor kid!" she soothed. "It must be

hard for you. You are the kind that cares a lot for her own. I guess. Now I care, too, in a way. But I have a step-mother and a married brother, whose wife I do not like. I left home—Chicago—as soon as father died."

"Don't you get dreadful lonely?" A HAPPY-GO-LUCKY WAY

"No. I have some friends here among other nurses—a few at least. And I know loads of doctors. We all stick together. I like my work, and when I am not on a case I have yards of sewing to do, and lots of shoes I want to make—and I just go right along in a happy-go-lucky way."

"Have you known Dr. Andrews long?" "Tommy? Yes—ever since I was in training and he was an interne in the hospital. We used to play around together, then—and have done so ever since. He's over-conscientious but clever—and he's going to make a success in his profession."

"I thought you must know him pretty well—for he spoke of you as 'Betty,' and you called him by his first name, too," Helen ventured.

Elizabeth laughed aloud.

"My dear, do not judge by that!" she said. "If you remain in little old New York, you will have to understand that that kind of thing doesn't mean actual

intimacy. I call Andrew 'Tommy' because it is easier than 'Thomas' or 'Dr. Andrews' and 'Betty' is shorter or jollier than 'Elizabeth.' Life's too short for the conventions."

Helen lifted into silence. She was wondering if her training had been at fault.

"When I was a girl," her mother had often said, "I never addressed a man by his first name until I had known him for a long time, and then only when he urged me to do so. No man presumed to call me by my first name except such as had been my friends in my childhood. A girl cannot be too careful in such matters."

What would Elizabeth say to those views? Had Helen's mother been wrong or was Elizabeth wrong? As if reading this unspoken thought, Elizabeth said suddenly:

"The customs have changed tremendously within the past few years—and we must all change with them. If we do not, we will be hopelessly out of the swim. As they say in 'Alice in Wonderland,' 'You have to keep running all the time to stay in one place. That is what everyone who is worth while has to do in New York. Helen, my dear. So prepare for it!"

To Be Continued Tomorrow.

BRINGING UP FATHER



KRAZY KAT



ABIE THE AGENT



Yes, Very Difficult, Very Difficult



You Can Hardly Blame Abie



Just Naturally Outa Luck



JERRY ON THE JOB



Queer Stuff for a Fire Bucket



Just Naturally Outa Luck



You Can Hardly Blame Abie



Just Naturally Outa Luck



You Can Hardly Blame Abie

