

# BURGESS'S BEDTIME STORIES

Joy in Lightfoot's Yard

By Thornton W. Burgess  
No joy in there that can compare with that which comes out of the Deer.

YOU remember that Lightfoot the Deer, Mrs. Lightfoot and the two young Deer were spending the winter in the "yard" in a certain part of the Green Forest. That "yard" had no fence as have the yards you and I know. It was simply a tangle of paths kept tramped down in the snow, winding, twisting and crossing and recrossing among the trees and bushes that furnished the Deer with their winter food.



It was their yard, for they had made it themselves. They had made it by keeping the snow tramped down in the paths as it fell, and now it was so deep outside those paths they couldn't leave it if they wanted to. But it was big enough to give them all the exercise they needed, and there was food enough, such as it was, so that until the coming of the great ice storm they were very well satisfied and quite contented.

But that ice storm did for them just what it had done for so many of their smaller neighbors of the Green Forest—locked up their food. Yes, Jack Frost had no more pity for Lightfoot and his family than he had for the other little people. Freezing the rain as it fell he coated all the trees and bushes with ice even to the tiniest twig. It weighed them down and the ice on them grew thicker. And when at last the storm cleared there was not a mouthful of anything Lightfoot and his family could eat. They were very hungry, for all through the storm they had huddled together without food.

All the next day they searched every nook and corner in their "yard" for food, but only ice and still more ice greeted them. It was hard getting about even in their paths, for there were slippery bits of ice rattling on the hard crust. They kept hoping to find some where a little hemlock tree which had escaped that dreadful coating of ice.

So night came on, but they couldn't rest. Their stomachs were empty and gave them no peace. And hope was dying. Unless they found food soon they must starve to death. Morning found them still wandering from place to place already visited many times. They were weak, especially the young Deer.

Suddenly Lightfoot threw up his head with his ears pointing forward. Instantly the others did the same thing. Someone was coming toward them. Who could it be? Bits of ice rattled on the hard crust. They were broken from drooping branches. The noise grew louder. Then Lightfoot's wonderful nose caught the feared man-smell and he hastily led his family farther away to a point from

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which, hidden by an ice-covered young hemlock tree, he could see who was coming.

In a few minutes Farmer Brown's Boy appeared. The Deer were so weak and hard that he didn't break through. Behind him he dragged something. It was a sled, though Lightfoot didn't know that. And tied to that sled was a big bundle of hay.

When he reached the first path that marked the boundary of Lightfoot's yard Farmer Brown's Boy stopped. "Pheew!" he exclaimed. "That was some pull! But by the looks of things over here I guess I am needed. Anyway I guess this hay is I wonder where those deer are. I should like to see them."

He untied the hay and then tossed it in several small piles down in the path. Then he turned and tramped away, for though he wanted to stay there was work to be done at home. Hardly was he out of sight when Lightfoot came cautiously out from his hiding place and slowly and with the greatest care and watchfulness walked toward where Farmer Brown's Boy had been. A most delicious odor, the odor of twigs, tickled his nose. Could Farmer Brown's Boy have looked on two minutes later he would have seen such joy in Lightfoot's face as would have repaid him many times over for his thoughtfulness. But only the Jolly Little Sunbeams saw it.

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The next story "Prickly Porky Declines to Stay."

## Long-Bell Co. Head Orders New Lumber Town Work Rushed

Klamath Falls, Jan. 27.—Work will be resumed on Garner City, the new lumber town that the Weed Lumber company is building about nine miles east of Bray, Siskiyou county, as soon as weather permits. Authorization for renewed building activity was given by R. A. Long, president of the Long-Bell Lumber company, who held a conference with executives of subsidiary companies at Weed Tuesday.

About 100 houses will be built this year and plans provide for 250. Two hundred men are employed at the camp. The Weed sawmill and box factory are now operating full eight-hour shifts and the sash and door plant is running 12 hours.

Long was decidedly optimistic at the conference and expressed a belief that normal conditions are returning. It was reported by one of the Weed company heads

## HER OWN WAY

By VIRGINIA TERHUNE VAN de WATER

CHAPTER XI.

THREE days after Helen Gorman's arrival in New York Elizabeth Mayo came off her case. Her patient was doing so well that she needed a trained nurse no longer.

"And now we're going to bat around a bit," Elizabeth announced to her friend. "One good night's rest and I will be as fit as ever. You look pale and depressed. I'll bet you've been having the blues, homesickness and things."

"No, not exactly," Helen denied. "But you see I no longer know anybody in New York and the days are long. But, anyway, I have found out where to take art lessons."

"You have?" Elizabeth exclaimed, regarding her in astonishment.

Helen nodded. "Yesterday I got rather desperate, so I gathered courage to hunt up the Y. W. C. A. There I explained to an awfully nice woman what I wanted and what my ideas are. She

steered me to the right people, and I am to begin lessons very soon. That I did art work before helps me, and also that I am not aspiring to be a great artist—but only to make a living."

"What do you mean?" "Just that. I must earn a living. If I had real talent perhaps I might be willing to starve until I began to paint masterpieces. As it is, I want to do designing or interior decorating or something of that kind. At the Y. W. the nice person I talked to told me that after a little work there I might get a position of some kind somewhere."

Elizabeth laughed merrily. "Deliciously old-fashioned! That is why I enjoy you so much. It is refreshing to trot around with such a person as you are."

Helen regarded her thoughtfully. "Alone, always?" The thought of that kind of life would appeal to her.

"Of course it would. But I'd like it. Only I want more luxuries than I have now. And I shall get them. I want

of that," she disclaimed. "I do not know that I shall ever marry."

"No," her companion supplemented, "you have not planned it definitely. Nevertheless, down in the bottom of your heart is the intention, as with all old-fashioned girls, to take unto yourself a husband."

"I don't put it that way," Helen insisted. "Of course mother always said that a woman's highest sphere was the home. So, perhaps, that idea has been tucked in my mind. But—am I really old-fashioned?"

Elizabeth laughed merrily. "Deliciously old-fashioned! That is why I enjoy you so much. It is refreshing to trot around with such a person as you are."

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my own little home, and my own friends. I know people like me, and I have no trouble in getting along with them. And people are going to keep on liking me—or I'll know the reason why."

"Well, now that each of us knows the other's ideal, suppose we start in to make the best of the present."

"But you do not know my ideal future," Helen protested. Her friend pinched her cheek. "You think I do not, but I do. And you'll get it all right—for you are just the type of girl who can fall for—the clinging, confiding kind. I love you myself."

"And now let us saunter forth into the world for a few days. You do not begin work this week, do you?"

"I don't have to—though perhaps I ought to."

"Ought to!" Fiddlesticks! Elizabeth scoffed. "I am going to ask several of the doctors in here for one evening, and we'll have a rarebit party. I mean a Welsh rarebit party, child," as she noted Helen's amazed expression.

"I see," Helen said. "But, dear, I am in mourning, and have not been going out anywhere, you know, and—"

Her companion waved her scruples aside. "Nonsense! Listen. I know your mother and she wanted you to be happy. She would not want you to deny your-

self the joys of youth. You know that. And I do not want to allow you to make a recluse of yourself."

"Now put on your hat and we will go out and get tickets for a show tomorrow afternoon. I am determined not to take another patient for a whole week. Here's where we start on a gay old time together—you and I."

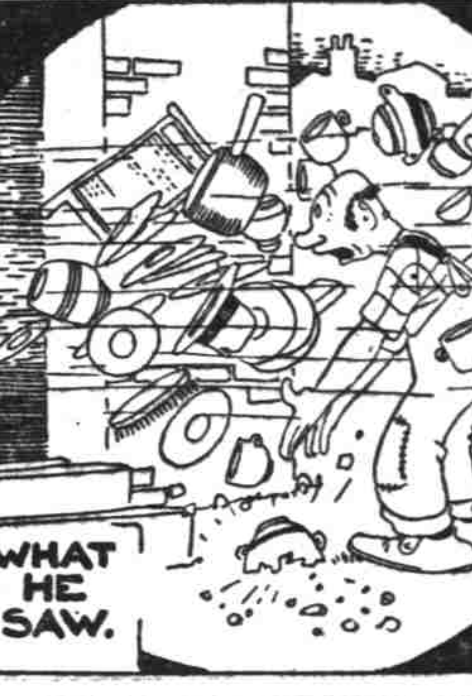
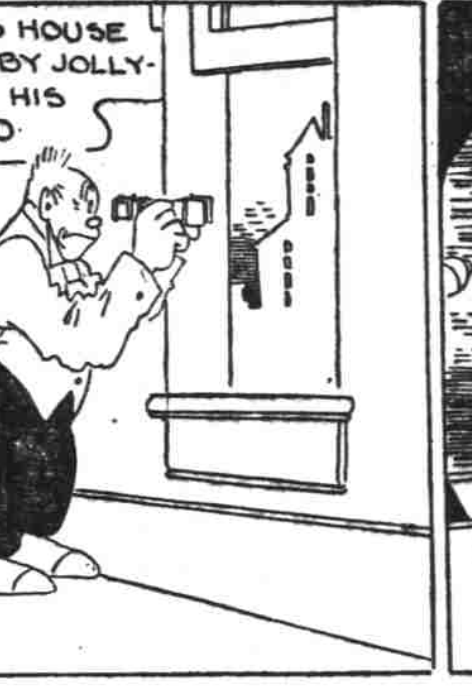
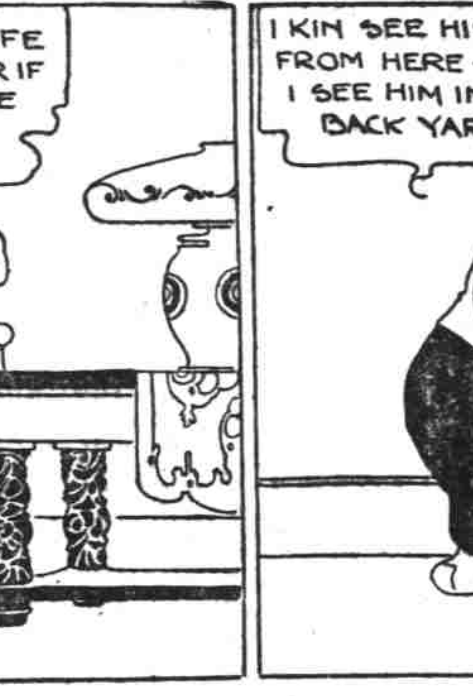
"Don't look so serious about it! Forget the past, and improve the present, honey. That's my motto, and it's a precious good one, too."

(To Be Continued Tomorrow.)

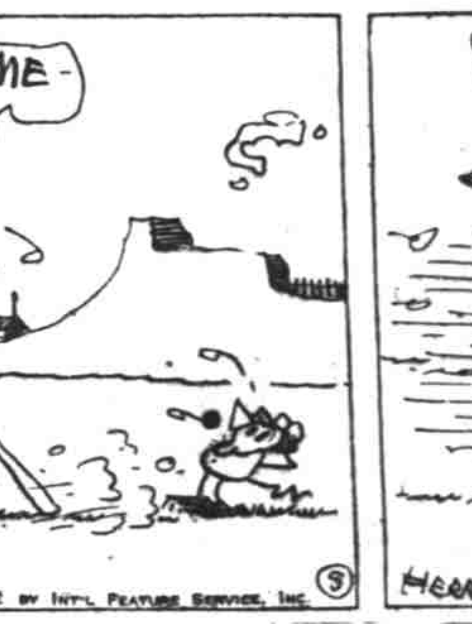
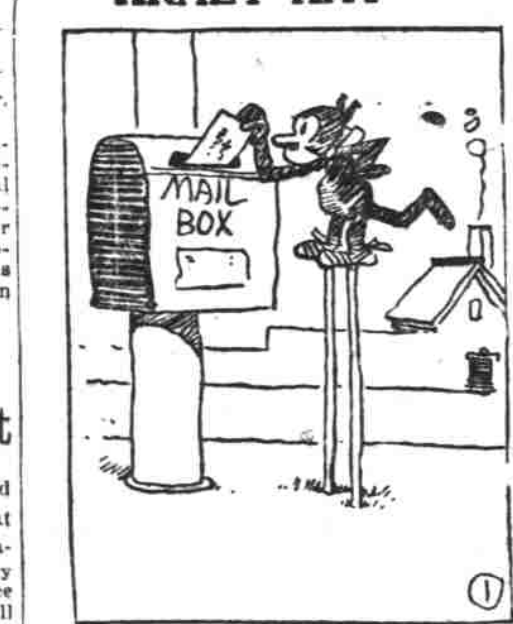
## Phone Facilities Being Augmented

Klamath Falls, Jan. 27.—In an effort to provide facilities long needed here, the Pacific Telephone & Telegraph company is spending \$17,000 for improvements, including seven miles of underground cables in the business district. This is the second largest project to be undertaken by the company here during the past two years, the former one adding a copper circuit to Yreka, via Weed, at a cost of \$46,000, which made possible transcontinental service from here.

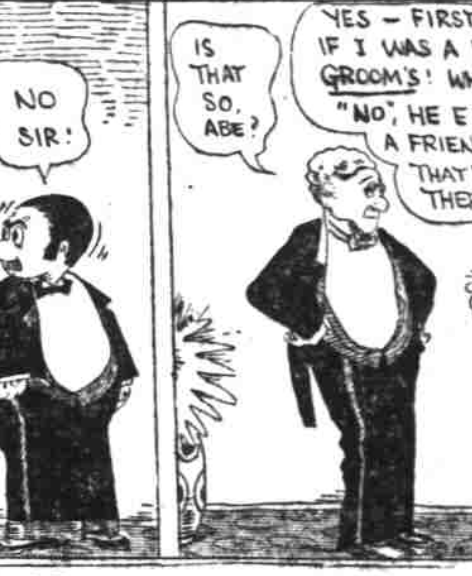
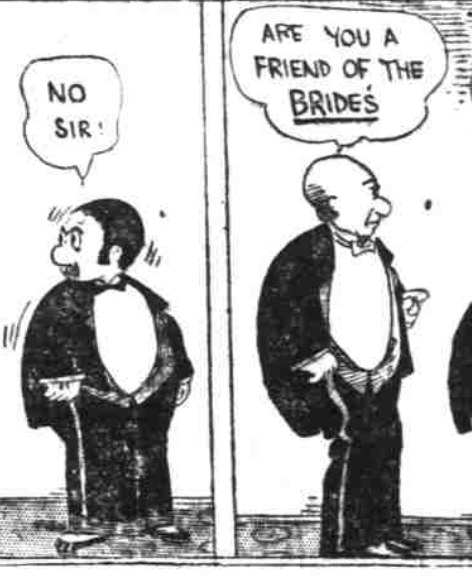
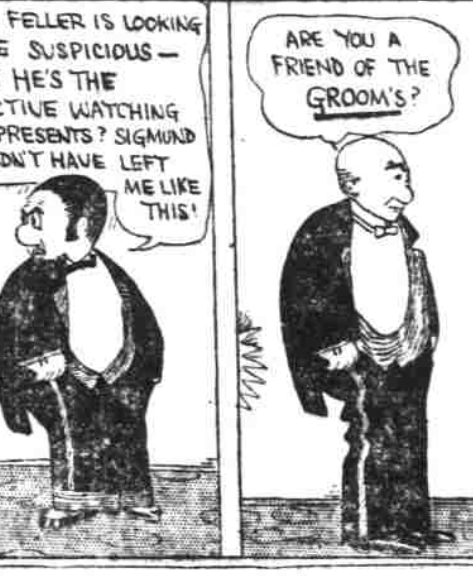
## BRINGING UP FATHER



## KRAZY KAT



## ABIE THE AGENT



## LITTLE JIMMY



## JERRY ON THE JOB



## State Hospital as Aid to Indigents, Dr. Dillehunt's Aim

Urgent need for endowments to University of Oregon, hospital to provide for sick and crippled persons of the state unable to pay for treatment, was presented by Dr. Richard B. Dillehunt, dean of the University Medical school, in an address at a meeting of the University of Illinois Alumni association at the home of James P. Clark, in Irvington Wednesday night. More than 60 crippled children were treated and restored by clinical treatments in the University of Oregon Medical school during the past two years, Dr. Dillehunt stated.

### TOMORROW/WALLY REID

in RENT FREE PEOPLES

## Second Arrest for Having Deer Meat

Astoria, Jan. 27.—Arrested the second time within a year for having deer meat in his possession during the closed season, Ward Edwards, Nehalem valley rancher, was arraigned in the justice court here Thursday afternoon. He will be tried February 14. Edwards was convicted for the same offense some months ago, but his sentence was suspended and he was released pending good behavior. The present arrest was made by E. H. Clark, deputy game warden, and is part of a determined campaign being waged by state officers to stamp out illegal hunting, which is declared to be common in the Nehalem country.

## Kinsmen Arrested For Recent Thefts

Klamath Falls, Jan. 27.—Six burglary suspects, four of whom are brothers and one a cousin, were taken into custody Thursday by city and county officers and a quantity of loot recovered, most of which was identified by the owners. The officers believe the men were responsible for a series of burglaries extending over the last 60 days.

## JITNEYS REDUCE TRAFFIC

Spokane, Wash., Jan. 27.—Inroads made by jitneys on the Washington Water Power company's streetcar system have cut traffic on the city lines almost in half since June, despite inclement winter weather, according to

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## No Danger of Any Illness Here