

# AN EARLY START

BY RALPH WATSON

T. PAER, curled up by the fire, was smoking his evening pipe in quiet and content, regardless of the morning.

"Do you know what time that train goes?" Ma asked, breaking in upon his reveries abruptly. "If you don't, you'd better find out right away, before the office closes."

"You must think you're livin' in Zen," T. Paer answered, languidly; "the office don't close in a big town like this."

"It don't make no difference," Ma retorted. "I want to know how soon I've got to get up before I go to bed."

"I know you're always doin' things backward," T. Paer yawned, "but blamed if I see how you're goin' to get up before you go to bed."

"Stay up all night, like you did last Saturday," Ma snapped, witheringly. "It seems to be a easy enough thing for you to do."

"Now, what's the use of arguin' that over again?" T. Paer pleaded, unhappily. "Just because you went to sleep on the sofa 'nd didn't wake up till I was startin' to build the fire in the furnace ain't no sign I was out all night."

"It may not be no sign, but it's a mighty convincin' circumstance," Ma sniffed. "You woke me up openin' the front door, 'nd you know you did."

"Ain't no denyin' that," T. Paer argued, heatedly. "But I was goin' out, not comin' in."

"Goin' out," Ma scoffed. "What'd you be goin' out for, I'd like to know?"

"To get the paper," T. Paer answered, triumphantly. "You know I always read it while the fire's gettin' started."

"Do you generally take off your shoes to get the paper?" Ma asked, defiantly.

"No, wear your overcoat, 'nd your hat, 'nd everything," T. Paer answered, indignantly. "I was afraid the door'd blow shut, like it did when I only had my night-shirt on," T. Paer explained, earnestly. "Besides, it was a awful cold mornin'."

"Well, you know it was," Ma answered, remissively. "Your shoes was all covered with snow."

"Well," T. Paer said, desperately, "what's the use of startin' it all over again?"

"I didn't," Ma assured him, grimly. "Who brought up the subject, if you didn't?"

## Weather Moderates East of Mountains; Snow Is Promised

The Dalles, Feb. 1.—Following a minimum of four degrees above zero, early Tuesday, the mercury crawled up to 22 in the afternoon, but was again rapidly dropping Tuesday. Cloudy weather, however, indicates the probability of more snow.

## Injured Hand When Caught by Press

The Dalles, Feb. 1.—The right hand of Howard McNeil, pressman at the Optimist Publishing company here, was crushed in a press Tuesday. He was working alone in the shop at the time and after laboring to extract the injured member from the press, gained the street, where he fainted, and attracted the attention of a passerby. He was taken to the hospital. McNeil was graduated from the printing department of the local high school last June.

# HER OWN WAY

By VIRGINIA TERHUNE VAN de WATER

CHAPTER XV.

(Copyright, 1921, by Star Company.)

WHEN Luther Willard offered his cigarette to Helen Gorman she hesitated for only an instant. She was aware that her companions were watching her.

"Thanks," she said, nonchalantly. She put a cigarette between her lips and lighted it from a match that Andrews held toward her.

"Do you inhale?" he asked.

"Inhale?" she repeated. "I don't know. I never smoked before."

"Some sport," Willard laughed.

"I thought you had not smoked before," Andrews commented.

"Why?" she demanded. "Am I so awkward about it?"

"Not at all. Only—you do not look like a girl who is in the habit of smoking."

"Don't nice girls smoke?" she queried.

"Almost all the girls I am acquainted with do," he said. "But—somehow—I thought you were different."

"Slateville?" she teased, flashing a mischievous glance at him.

She hardly recognized herself in this mood. She forgot the past; she existed only in the present, in which she was playing a part. She meant to play it well.

"Perhaps it was Slateville, but I think it was you," he answered.

"In your mind Slateville and I seem to be inseparable," she retorted.

"Stop quarreling, you two!" Elizabeth commanded. "What's the matter with you, Tommy? You pick on poor Nell all the time. Let her alone! She shall do as she pleases."

"That's all I want her to do," the young physician declared. "Not what she thinks others expect her to do."

"Do not trouble yourself on that score," Helen advised. "I am not so easily influenced."

THE REASON WHY.

"I am glad you are not," he said, significantly.

Then as the others chatted merrily, she listened to them and stared about her. At intervals she would put her cigarette to her lips and draw a little breath, trying not to taste the tobacco, for it burned the tip of her tongue. The smoke, too, caused the tears to start to her eyes.

She was not accustomed to tobacco smoke. Until she came to live with Elizabeth she had never sat for any length of time in the room where anyone was smoking.

"What are you thinking of?" she asked Willard suddenly, conscious that his eyes were fixed upon her.

"Do you really want to know?"

"Of course I do."

"Well, then, I was watching you and thinking how few women smoke as men do—as if they were used to it."

"But I am not used to it," she said. "I just told you I was not."

"I know you did. And, such being the case, I wonder why you start in at it?"

"Why do men do it?" Elizabeth interposed.

"There is no more reason for their smoking than for women smoking."

"Not a bit more reason, in the beginning," Willard agreed. "They start the habit when they are young to show that

they are grown-up, perhaps, or, more often, to copy older men. Then they get to liking it. I suppose girls begin for the same purpose—to show that they have a right to smoke. Then they, too, get to liking it. But, as I have before intimated, nine women out of ten smoke self-consciously."

"I suppose I should feel crushed by that comment," Elizabeth Maye remarked. "But I don't."

"No, you smile rather as if you enjoyed it, but you have been on friendly terms with cigarettes for a long time. Nevertheless, I bet that whenever you light a cigarette in public you are conscious that you are doing so and that someone is watching you—just as Miss Gorman is," he added.

HOPE FOR THE FUTURE.

"I am conscious of it now," Helen admitted. "But later I shall learn to do the thing better."

"Why?"

The question escaped Andrews involuntarily and he supplemented it with, "I beg your pardon."

The orchestra was playing a one-step, and, as if to cover his mistake, Andrews held his hand out to Helen.

"Will you dance with me, Miss Gorman?" he asked.

"I never danced in a restaurant," she answered frankly. "I would rather wait until Elizabeth had danced."

## Four Finish High But Not Graduated

The Dalles, Feb. 1.—Four students completed their high school studies here Tuesday, according to R. L. Kirk, superintendent, but they will not be graduated until the entire class leaves school in June. There are 44 members of the senior class at present. Kirk said. The four who are through now are: Evan Decker, Don Wilson, Wayne Wright and Lucile Nichols.

# BURGESS' BEDTIME STORIES

Prickly Porky Loses His Contentment

By Thornton W. Burgess

Contentment is a hard thing to find. As you in time will surely find.

—Prickly Porky.

IN THE top of an apple tree in the Old Orchard Prickly Porky had been sitting for some time in perfect contentment. Not a single worry entered his mind. The buds and the tender twigs and the bark of the larger branches were very much to his liking. Not far away was Farmer Brown's barn, under which was quite the nicest place in which to sleep in comfort and peace he had ever known.

Prickly Porky had intended to go back to the barn at daylight, but he is lazy by nature and seldom moves about unless he must. He was very comfortable up in that apple tree, and so contented that he decided to stay right there. Prickly Porky can sleep in a tree quite as well as elsewhere, so instead of going back under the barn he remained right where he was and then Farmer Brown's boy discovered him.

For a few minutes Farmer Brown's boy was angry through and through. "You see, the instant he looked up in the tree he saw the damage that Prickly Porky had done. He saw the white wood of the larger branches which Prickly Porky had stripped of bark, and he saw where Prickly Porky had bitten off the small twigs. A great deal of damage had been done to the trees by the great ice storm, and now to find still more damage, and that done by one whom he had fed when no food was to be found elsewhere, was a little too much to bear patiently.

"Hi, there, you prickly nuisance!" yelled Farmer Brown's boy, and he threw a stick up at Prickly Porky. "Get out of there! I have a great mind to get my gun and put an end to you."

When he went another stick struck close to Prickly Porky. He merely grunted and looked down at Farmer Brown's boy with dull eyes in which only surprise appeared. But he was right there, yes, sir, he stayed right there. He merely whined fretfully. He was sleepy and he didn't like being disturbed. And he couldn't understand why he should be treated so.

What came another stick, and another, and another. One of them hit Prickly Porky. Instead of coming down he tried to climb a little higher. He didn't understand the two-legged creature yelling at him down below. He didn't understand it at all. It was the same one who had fed him while the ice lasted, and he couldn't understand why now he appeared to be an enemy.

Farmer Brown's boy got a stout stick and began to climb the tree.

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The next story: "Prickly Porky Becomes Pevved."

## Pioneer Who Built First Woolen Mill Buried at Ashland

Ashland, Feb. 1.—Funeral services were held Tuesday for James Thornton, aged 94 years, a pioneer of Southern Oregon. Thornton came to the Rogue River valley in 1850. He established the first woolen mills in the state. He owned and operated the old toll road over the Skakjyou mountains. After disposing of his mill interests he again took up the farm and orchard industry in Ashland vicinity. For a number of years he has been retired from active business.

He is survived by the following children: Mrs. Ellen Garrett, Mrs. Laura B. Willey, S. F. Thornton, J. Edward Thornton, all of Ashland; Henry Thornton of Ferisist, O. A. Thornton of Gresham, and Mrs. Hattie Hayes of Portland. His son, J. Edward Thornton, is secretary of the Elks lodge at Ashland.

## Walla Walla High Enrollment Gains

Walla Walla, Wash., Feb. 1.—Enrollment in the Walla Walla high school increased 100 pupils at the beginning of the second semester Monday, according to figures furnished by W. A. Lacey, principal. Every mid-year graduate of the grade schools is continuing school work by entering the high school. The total enrollment in the high school here now is approximately 1200.

## Walla Walla Asks Call From Harding

Walla Walla, Wash., Feb. 1.—President Harding, who will stop in the state of Washington next summer while en route to Alaska, will visit Walla Walla if an invitation extended to him by the Walla Walla county Republican central committee is accepted. The committee Tuesday wired Congressman Summers, urging that the president stop here while in the state.

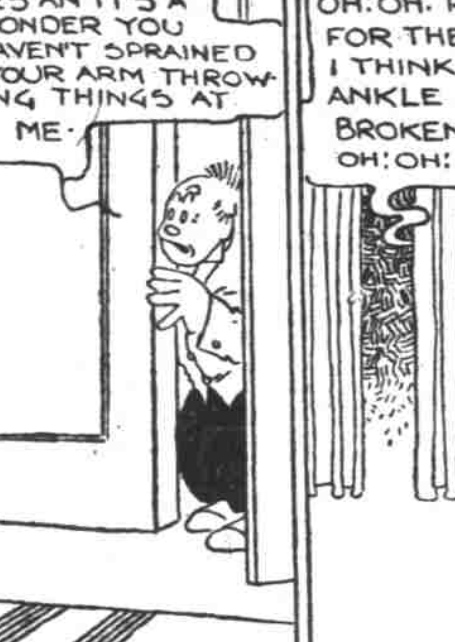
## Fatally Hurt When Cutting Down Tree

Newport, Feb. 1.—J. W. Robertson, who lived one mile east of Toledo, died Tuesday of injuries suffered Monday afternoon while felling a tree. It is reported that in felling the tree the rebound struck the blade of his axe, driving the handle into his abdomen.

## BRINGING UP FATHER



## KRAZY KAT



## ABIE THE AGENT



## LITTLE JIMMY



## JERRY ON THE JOB



## Nothing Easier Than This



## KRAZY KAT



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## The Martyr



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