



POLITICS

BY RALPH WATSON

"WELL," T. Paer remarked with a tinge of rally in his tone after Polly Tolan had seated herself comfortably in Ma's favorite chair, "I see that Warren 'nd his leaders 've got it all fixed up how congress's about to do something 'at last."

"Do something 'at last?" Polly answered stiffly. "Where do you get that 'at last' stuff? Don't you read the papers any more?"

"Night 'nd mornin'!" T. Paer assured her cheerfully. "That's how I get it."

"Congress has been working for a year now," Polly declared. "Didn't you know that?"

"I know it's been workin'," T. Paer replied, "but the way it's been workin' reminds me of a batch of home brew."

"Why does it?" Polly demanded. "It's done wonders."

"Well," T. Paer answered reflectively, "it reminds me of home brew because it's give off a awful lot of froth 'nd bubbles 'nd so far as anybody can see is about the only thing it's brewed's a national headache."

"That's on account of the Democrats," Polly insisted disgustedly. "All they do is vote no on anything President Harding 'nd Senator Lodge puts up to 'em."

"You can't blame 'em much," T. Paer grinned, "considerin' what's been put up to 'em, can you?"

"Of course you can," Polly contended heatedly. "I can't see why they can't forget petty politics for a minute or two and vote the way they ought to."

"It's too bad Warren 'nd Lodge 'nd the rest of the boys that's hollerin' so loud now didn't think of that for a couple of years before last March," T. Paer retorted. "If they had they wouldn't of had so much worry to spoil their digestions at these feeds Warren's givin' at the White House every once in a while these days."

"There's no use arguing with you," Polly answered hopefully. "If a fellow goes 'nd try to stick a pin in the bridge of your nose he'd put both your eyes out."

"They're still wide enough apart so they don't interfere with my breathin'," T. Paer answered cheerfully. "But," he added, "I'd like to see of saw the bill of fare that Warren give Lodge 'nd the rest of the boys when he fed 'em at the White House the other day."

"I don't know as it makes any differ-

Wild Ducks Graze On Pasture Lands, But Do No Damage

Ducks have been grazing upon the pasture lands of Tillamook bay country this winter in a way that caused local residents to appeal to the United States game warden for permission to shoot them.

Ray C. Steele immediately hurried to Tillamook coast to investigate. The ducks were grazing all right, thousands of wildgeons, commonly known as bald pates, congregated upon a small area.

"But I found them doing no serious damage," said Steele, "other than eating off the winter growth, and are not pulling it up at all."

No stock is grazed upon the meadows in winter, save Steele and when the spring grazing begins, the birds will be gone.

W. J. Van Horn of Orchard Grove farm near Fossil is exhibiting an egg weighing 6 1/2 ounces and measuring nine inches in its largest circumference.

HER OWN WAY

By VIRGINIA TERHUNE VAN de WATER

SYNOPSIS
Helen Gorman, following the death of her mother at their home in Slatersville, an upstate New York town, breaks with her uncle, Daniel Rhoads, and goes to New York city to make her own way. Her only friend in the metropolis is Elizabeth Mayo, nurse, to whose apartment she goes upon her arrival. One evening a little later Helen Gorman, while dining in a restaurant with some friends, is surprised by her uncle. Among the acquaintances Helen makes is a young physician, Dr. Andrews, who with other young people comes to the girls' apartments occasionally.

CHAPTER 25
(Copyright, 1921, by Star Company)
ELIZABETH MAYO and Helen Gorman did not wash the dishes that night after their guests' departure. "Let them wait until morning," Elizabeth proposed when her friend started to carry soiled plates and glasses into the kitchen. "Tomorrow will be time enough. Don't be so fearfully neat!" She spoke almost fretfully. She was tired after the evening's merriment. She wanted to go to bed. Noting this, Helen did not argue. She was so weary herself that she longed for rest.

In 20 minutes the little flat was silent, and its occupants slumbering heavily. It was 6 o'clock in the morning, and still dark when the telephone rang. Helen started to a sitting posture. "Hark!" she exclaimed. "What is that?" Elizabeth struggled out of bed. "It's the telephone, of course," she explained. She stumbled across the room into the hall, more asleep than awake. Three minutes later she returned to her room and switched on the light. "What's the matter?" Helen demanded. "Enough's the matter," was the rejoinder. "A case."

"Oh—and you're going?" Helen asked. "Yes, I've got to. I kicked a bit. But it's one of Dr. Miller's cases, and she's too big a man for me to refuse. He just about took my head off when I asked him if I could not go on tomorrow instead. He reminded me that the patient might be dead by then. He's an old brute—but he's a star."

"I hate to have you go now," Helen said regretfully. She felt suddenly very lonely, and spoke without thinking. "It's going to be awfully forlorn here without you." Elizabeth gave a sharp laugh, but there was no mirth in the sound. "My dear," she said sarcastically, "when you have lived as long as I have, you will know that money does not come to people who sit around and do nothing. I have played for a week. Now I have to start in again and earn my living."

The words made Helen uncomfortable, and she lapsed into silence after asking her companion if she could help her in any way and being answered in the negative. The country girl lay still, watching the nurse as she packed her bag deftly and swiftly. In 20 minutes Elizabeth Mayo was ready to obey the physician's summons. "I expect to be back this evening," she said then. "Probably in time for dinner. We can get it at a restaurant if we want to—and if you do not feel

like preparing it. Or, I can cook it after I come home. You will have to wash the dishes left from the party, you know."

"Yes, I know," Helen rejoined. "Well, there's no hurry about them. You have all day before you and you may as well sleep late. Fortunately for you, you do not have to go to work."

As Helen felt uncomfortable, lying alone in the little bedroom after her companion had gone, she tried to sleep, but her head ached violently. She supposed this was due to the unaccustomed drink and food of last night.

She hoped that Elizabeth had not intended to remind her that she had lived a lazy life since her arrival in New York. But it was the truth. She had insisted on paying Elizabeth a nominal sum for board, yet it was only fair that if the girls were to live together, they should divide equally the expenses of the menage.

This was not possible unless Helen got a situation of some sort. "I will see about it today," she resolved. "Pretty soon I will get up, dress myself and wash the dishes, then go down to the Y. W. C. A."

She fell into a troubled slumber and dreamed that her uncle was standing at the side of the bed accusing her of idleness and contrasting the behavior of last night with the behavior of her mother at her age.

Helen awoke with a sob and looked about her. Then she closed her eyes with a groan.

The sickening mental reaction that follows late hours and immoderate drinking gripped her. She remembered with distress the "party" of last night.

"Mother would have disapproved!" she thought. "I know she would!" she groaned.

She was too wretched to lie still and think longer. At 8 o'clock she got up, took a cold bath and dressed. Then, after heating for herself a cup of coffee left from last night, she began her work upon the dishes.

She would wash these, set the apartment in order, and go out to see about some regular occupation for the days to come.

(To Be Continued Tomorrow)

Decision Reserved

By George McManus

BRINGING UP FATHER

(Registered U. S. Patent Office)



KRAZY KAT

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ABIE THE AGENT

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LITTLE JIMMY

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JERRY ON THE JOB

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BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES

The End of the Race

By Thornton W. Burgess
Fortunate beginnings may lead to happy endings.

NEVER had the Green Forest seen so strange a race. Down a hill, running as never before in all his life, was Bowser the Hound. Just behind him, rattling and bounding was a barrel, a runaway barrel. Now and then it touched a tree and spun around, and then rolled on again more madly than ever. And inside that barrel was poor, helpless Prickly Porky the Porcupine.

How would it end? Farmer Brown's Boy, watching from the top of the hill, wondered. Sammy Jay, watching from a tree, wondered. Chatterer the Red Squirrel, watching from another tree, wondered. Peter Rabbit, sitting up very straight that he might see better, wondered. Bowser the Hound, frightened almost out of his wits, wondered. And, most of all, Prickly Porky, inside the barrel, wondered.

Poor Prickly Porky. He didn't even know what had happened or what was happening. He had been contentedly eating at the bottom of the barrel, eating twigs which had been dipped in salt water and so were the most delicious food he ever had tasted, when, without any warning, he was whirled over and over and thrown about this way and that so fast that his slow wits were quite added. And even had they not been he wouldn't have known what to make of it, because he knew nothing of the accidental upsetting of the barrel from the sled at the top of the hill.

It seemed over and over so long to those watching that queer race before the end came. It seemed longer still to Bowser. But really, it was in little more than a minute. Just as it seemed as if that barrel surely had caught Bowser it was turned off by a stick and

The hoops burst and the staves flew apart in all directions and Prickly Porky was thrown out.

then landed with a crash squarely against the trunk of a big tree. The hoops burst and the staves flew apart in all directions and Prickly Porky was thrown out on the snow, where he lay so still that every one was sure he was dead.

But he wasn't. No, sir, he wasn't. He simply had all the breath knocked out of him. Before Farmer Brown's Boy could get to him he began to kick feebly. Then he got his breath and rolled over onto his feet. He shook one leg, then another. He shook himself all over and a lot of those little spears hidden in his coat fell out. They had been loosened by his terrible shaking as he rolled down the hill in the barrel.

He grunted and whined fretfully. Then he discovered one of those salty twigs right in front of him, and squatted down there began to eat with little whines of pleasure, quite as if nothing at all had happened.

Farmer Brown's Boy burst out laughing. "I guess you are not hurt," said he. "Not even your appetite is hurt. I'm glad of it. I certainly am glad of it. I was afraid you would be killed. I never could have believed that anything that had happened. No, sir, I never could. I hope you don't think I rolled you down hill in the barrel purposely. wouldn't do such a mean thing as that. Of course not. I wouldn't think of it. Now, keep away from the Old Orchard and I'll bring you some salt once in a while."

He whistled for Bowser and Bowser came to him, still trembling and looking quite as foolish as he felt. Then Farmer Brown's Boy started for home and as he tramped along he burst out laughing every few minutes. As for Prickly Porky he finished the salty twigs and then gnawed the barrel staves wherever there was the least taste of salt. Finally he climbed a tree and settled himself for a nap.

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Cuticura Talcum Is So Refreshing

A few grains of this exquisitely scented powder dusted on the skin soothes and cools, and overcomes heavy perspiration. It is an ideal face, skin, baby and dusting powder and takes the place of other perfumes for the skin.

Lectures on West By Riley Lauded by St. Louis Resident

St. Louis and the Middle West needs a man like Frank Branch Riley to advertise its attractions, in the opinion of J. S. Tritle, southwestern district manager of the Westinghouse Electric & Manufacturing company, in a letter to Carl L. Wernicke, branch manager of the company in Portland.

Tritle attended a lecture delivered by Riley before the Electrical Board of Trade in St. Louis last week. His opinion also echoed in editorial comment on the lecture, made by the St. Louis Times. Clippings of the editorial and news items of the Riley lectures in St. Louis have been received from the St. Louis Chamber of Commerce by the local chamber.

The letter from the St. Louis man, in part, follows:

"In my opinion this is the best way to advertise a section of the country such as the one in which you live; and I only wish that we had in St. Louis, in the past, such a man as Mr. Riley to talk to the citizens of St. Louis, in the intimate way he does, as I do not know of anything that would do more to boost public spirit in the citizens of a town than to have a man like Mr. Riley present the facts to them."

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