

POLITICS

BY RALPH WATSON

FOR THE LIFE OF ME. Polly Tolan declared while she thoughtfully removed the wrapper from a fresh stick of gum. "I can't see why W. L. Thompson keeps refusing jobs that Charlie McNary keeps trying to give him."

"Maybe they ain't enough interest in 'em," T. Paer suggested. "But what's Bill turned down now?"

"Why," Polly said in surprise, "didn't you see where he wired Charlie? He wouldn't be a member of the War Finance Corporation if he was appointed?"

"Who offered him the job?" T. Paer asked curiously. "That's up to the president, ain't it?"

"I don't know who offered it to him if anybody did," Polly answered, "but he told Charlie he wouldn't take it if anybody did tell him he could have it."

"Wasn't it Bill," T. Paer asked reproachfully, "that told everybody a little while ago he'd decided not to take Ralph Williams' job as national committeeman away from him next election?"

"Yes," Polly answered, "but that was different this time."

"Well, I should think," T. Paer conceded, "that it'd be a little easier to cop a job that didn't have anybody in it than grab one with Ralph sitting on the job."

"Oh, Bill didn't stay out because he was afraid of Ralph," Polly said confidently. "It was because of the party."

"I don't know just what you mean by that," T. Paer mused, "but I'm agreeable either way."

"I mean," Polly explained, "that Bill thought it'd be better for Ralph to keep on being national committeeman than for him to beat him at the election and be it."

"I got a hunch," T. Paer grinned, "that was one time Bill had a popular thought."

"I guess so," Polly replied, "but I can't just get his not taking that Washington job."

"Maybe he's got the habit," T. Paer answered. "It seems to me I remember somebody telling me Bill wouldn't be United States senator even if Ben O'cott'd appoint him."

"He couldn't be," Polly questioned. "There ain't no vacancy in the senate."

"That don't make no difference," T. Paer checked. "One of 'em might get hit with an automobile or something."

"There's not much chance of that so far as Bob Stanfield's concerned," Polly objected. "He sticks too close in the senate."

"But something might happen to Charlie," T. Paer argued. "When he gets to talking to anybody about anything he never looks where he's going."

"Nothing'll happen to Charlie as long as George Rodgers' in Washington," Polly said confidently. "George's awful careful in a crowd."

"Well, T. Paer answered slowly, "some fellows'll tell me that Bill 'nd Ferd Reed 'nd Bob Stanfield'd like awful well to see Pat McArthur skin Charlie for the senatorship a couple of years from now."

"Where'd you get that dream?" Polly retorted indignantly. "Pat's running for congress right now."

"Yes," T. Paer admitted, "nd he'll be running for something two years from now if he ain't got locomotive attacks you, or whatever that leg tangle disease is."

"But what if he got licked this time?" Polly asked doubtfully. "That'd kinda spoil things wouldn't it?"

"He ain't going to get licked if Bill 'nd Ferd 'nd Bob can help it," T. Paer answered. "If Pat'd be sent home from congress 'nd didn't have no garden seeds to hand out for a couple a years they's a lot of people in Oregon'd forget about him."

"But I thought Bill'd picked Louie Dean for senator against Charlie," Polly argued. "That's the dope I get."

"Sometimes it's safer to double shoot a turd'n to single shoot it," T. Paer replied sagely. "Bill believes in betting 'em from the wire to the flag."

"Maybe so," Polly contended, "but what if Louie 'nd Pat both get elected; then who'll run against Charlie?"

"Louie ain't governor yet," T. Paer grinned, "nd anyway if both of 'em'd happen to get by Bill could flip a nickel 'nd pick a victim for Charlie."

Summer Fares From Southern California Announced by S. P.

Summer excursion fares from points in Southern California to the Northwest will become effective April 23, and will continue on sale until September 30, with a final return limit to October 31, according to an announcement received at the Southern Pacific offices Wednesday. Stopovers will be allowed at all points, and the tickets will not require validation.

The fare from Los Angeles to Portland will be \$28.75, and the present rate is \$27.85. The new fare from Long Beach to Portland will be \$30; from Riverside to Portland, \$32.50, and from Santa Barbara to Portland, \$23.50.

HER OWN WAY

By VIRGINIA TERHUNE VAN de WATER

CHAPTER 40
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HELEN went on up to her room, musing long enough to say to Mrs. Ovington:

"I am very sorry that one of my friends should have taken the liberty of calling me on your telephone. I never authorized anyone to do so."

"Oh, that's all right!" the woman said hastily. "You must not think that I really minded. I suppose your people did not know that my lodgers are not in the habit of making use of my phone."

"I have no people here," the lady remarked. "I wish I had."

"Oh, I thought perhaps"—the landlady began, then waited, expectantly.

But if she was hoping to learn who had just talked over the wire, she was disappointed, for, with a brief good-night Helen went on to her room.

She wished now that she had changed her dress when she came back from the store. But she had no idea that this evening was not to be like its predecessors—lonesome and dreary. She could not

Imagine what Willard wanted to talk to her about.

"I wish I were not so pale nowadays," she regretted as she looked at herself in the glass. "I hope the outside air will bring up my color. If I keep on getting paler at the rate that I have done since I came to this town, I shall have to begin using a bit of rouge—as other New Yorkers do."

She smiled at the idea. Only a few weeks ago she suggested would have shocked her. She had discovered that so-called "nice" people did things that she had once supposed were practiced only by persons of doubtful character.

As she completed her toilette, the doorbell rang and she answered the summons before the maid of all work could do so.

On the steps stood Luther Willard. The collar of his great coat was turned up about his neck and the coat was white with snow.

"This is an awful night to ask you to go out," he apologized. "But I want to see you. And Andrews tells me that you have no sitting room in which to see callers here."

"I should say not," the girl laughed nervously, as she went down the front steps, her hand holding his arm. "It is nice of you to think of bringing a taxi-cab for me."

"Of course I did that, child. But I have not the least idea where we are going. Have you had your dinner?"

"Yes—that is—I have had my supper. These days I seldom dine."

"Then, I guess you can hold some real food. What do you say to a lobster? I am hungry."

"I'd love some lobster," Helen smiled. "To tell you the honest truth, I have had only two sandwiches and a couple of small cakes for my evening meal. When I eat in my room that is about all I take—for I am not allowed to cook there—although my august landlady does allow me to have an alcohol lamp with which I make my tea and coffee and boil an occasional egg. But that is the most I

ever do in the way of hot meals in my own room."

"No wonder you are pale these days," the man commented severely.

Then he directed the driver to a restaurant where a specialty was made of seafood.

The pair were seated at a small table and the lobster had been ordered, when Luther introduced the subject uppermost in his mind.

"Now," he announced, "I want to talk to you about Betty."

"Very well," Helen agreed.

"I must ask you a single question. Do you think she cares for me? I know that sounds like a nifty query to put to you. But you are her friend."

Helen spoke impulsively. "Yes, I am her friend—but she is out of humor with me."

"Why?"

"I think she has found me one too many in her home—especially since I have been aware that you and she care for each other. And I do know that last—if you will forgive me for saying so."

"Yes," the man said, "my part of it is true. And, Nell—may I call you Nell?"

"Yes."

"Then, Nell, Betty tells me frankly that she is fond of me—very fond of

Convict's Letter Is Alleged to Clear Up Robbery at Starbuck

Walla Walla, Wash., March 2.—Kenneth Smiley of this city has been placed under arrest by Sheriff Springer for an alleged participation in the robbery of the Starbuck drug store, Starbuck, Wash., December 15, when loot valued at \$400 was stolen.

Smiley is alleged to have been implicated in the crime, with Otto Stone and Frank Cook, now serving terms in the Montana state penitentiary, in a letter written to Cook by a person whose identity Springer has refused to reveal. Smiley is being held in the county jail here.

Stone's correct name is said to be Price Jones and Cook's is said to be Arroll Labadie. The letter, the letter says, was wounded in the running fight which the robbers had with Chief of Police Sullivan of Pasco, Wash.

By George McManus

BRINGING UP FATHER

BY GOLLY. I WISH THAT KID WOULD STOP SLOWLY. THAT HORN, MAGGIE'S RELATIVES MAKE ME TIRED.

THANK GOODNESS HE HAS STOPPED FOR A MINUTE. I'M GONNA GET RID OF THIS HORN.

HE'LL NEVER FIND IT NOW. I'VE THROWN IT OUT OF THE WINDOW.

HEY!!



KRAZY KAT

GOSH, THIS LONG WALK WITH THIS HEAVY BRICK HAS MADE ME VERY TIRED.

IN ORDER TO PROPERLY HURL THIS BRICK AT THAT KAT, I MUST CONSERVE MY STRENGTH.

SO I'LL JUST TREAT MYSELF TO A BIT OF A SNOOZE.

RELLLO! 'GWAZE' DAWKING!

A-AAAH SHUT UP!!



ABIE THE AGENT

THEY'RE SIMPLY JEALOUS OF ME, THAT'S ALL, ABIE!

I SHOULD SAY NOT, SIGMUND—YOU POSITIVE GOT A FRIEND IN ME!

I LIKE TO SEE ANYBODY IN THE CLUB, TONIGHT, START ANYTHING ABOUT HIM!

HOW ABOUT SIGMUND AND HIS DEAL WITH THE GINSBERG & GLASSBERG COMPANY OF UTICA?

IT'S POSITIVE AIN'T THE TRUE—HE'S A HONEST FELLOW AND WOULD'NT DO SUCH POOR BUSINESS!

SO THEY WERE KNOCKING ME IN THE CLUB, EH?

BUT OF DID I STICK UP FOR YOU, SIGMUND—OH, DID I SPEAK FOR YOU!

YOU'RE INDEED A FRIEND, ABIE—TO TAKE SUCH AN INTEREST IN ME!

WHY, I EVEN START ARGUMENTS SO I CAN DEFEND YOU!



LITTLE JIMMY

JIMMY RUN DOWN TO MR BROWN'S MUSIC STORE AND TELL THEM I WANT A PIANO TUNER SENT UP.

HERE'S ONE, MOTHER.

BUT JIMMY, I SENT YOU FOR A PIANO TUNER—ER—I DON'T THINK THIS YOUNG GENTLEMAN WILL QUITE DO.

SURE HE WILL, HE KNOWS ALL ABOUT MUSIC—

LISSUN!!



JERRY ON THE JOB

YES—I'VE GOT TO GO TO NEW MONA FOR A HEAVY CONFERENCE ABOUT CHANGING THE COLOR OF OUR DANGER SIGNALS.

GONNS ANNY, MR. GUNNEY?

ANGOSH!! RUN UP TO MY HOUSE AND SEE IF I LEFT A BUNDLE OF IMPORTANT PAPERS ON THE PIANO—QUICK!!

YESSIR, YOU DID.



BURGESS' BEDTIME STORIES

Whitefoot Finds a Hole—Just in Time
By Thornton W. Burgess

Just in time, not just too late. Will make you master of your fate. Whitefoot the Wood Mouse.

WHITEFOOT THE WOOD MOUSE
Halfway up a dead tree in the Green Forest, flattened himself against the trunk of the tree and with his heart going pit-a-pat, pit-a-pat with fright peered around the tree at an enemy he had not seen for so long that he had quite forgotten there was such a one. It was Butcher the Hawk. Often he is called Just Butcher Bird.

He did not look at all terrible. He was not quite as big as Sammy Jay. He had no terrible claws like the Hawks and Owls. There was a tiny hook at the end of his black bill, but it wasn't big enough to look very dreadful. But you cannot always judge a person by looks and Whitefoot knew that Butcher was one to be feared.

Co his heart went pit-a-pat, pit-a-pat as he wondered if Butcher had seen him. He didn't have to wait long to find out. Butcher flew at the back of Whitefoot and then straight at him. Whitefoot dodged around to the other side of the tree. Then began a dreadful game. At least it was dreadful to Whitefoot. This way and that way around the trunk of that tree he dodged, while Butcher did his best to catch him.

Whitefoot would not have minded this so much had he not been so tired and had he known of a hiding place close at hand. But he was tired, very tired, for you remember he had had what was a very long and terrible journey to him. He had felt almost too tired to climb

Butcher struck at him and just missed him as he disappeared in that hole.

That tree in the first place to see if it had any holes in it higher up. Now he was a round hole. Two or three times he dodged around the tree without doing either.

As Butcher was enjoying this game of dodge, if he should catch Whitefoot he would have a good dinner. If he didn't catch Whitefoot he would simply go hungry a little longer. So you see there was a very big difference in the feelings of Whitefoot and Butcher; Whitefoot had his life to lose, while Butcher had only a dinner to lose.

Dodging this way and dodging that way Whitefoot climbed higher and higher. Twice he whisked around the tree trunk barely in time. All the time he was growing more and more tired, and more and more discouraged. Supposing he should find no hole in that tree!

"There must be one. There must be one," he kept saying over and over to himself to keep his courage up. "I can't keep dodging much longer. If I don't find a hole pretty soon Butcher will surely catch me. Oh, dear! Oh, dear!"

Just above Whitefoot was a broken branch. If he should catch it remained. The next time he dodged around the trunk he found himself just below that stub. Oh joy! There close under the stub was a round hole. Whitefoot didn't hesitate a second. He didn't wait to find out whether or not any one was in that hole. He didn't even think that there might be some one in there. With a tiny little squeak of relief he darted in.

He was just in time. He was just in the nick of time. Butcher struck at him and just missed him as he disappeared in that hole. Whitefoot had saved his life and Butcher had missed a dinner.

(Copyright, 1922, by T. W. Burgess)

The next story: "Whitefoot's Unpleasant Surprise."

KILLS SELF BEFORE EX-WIFE
Kearrich, Wash., March 2.—H. G. Kershaw, member of the Loyal Legion, is dead from a revolver wound, reported to have been self-inflicted. His divorced wife, now remarried, is said to have been with him when the shot was fired.

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