

until he was sitting on the small of his back, T. Paer was gasing moodly into the fire, his slippered feet extended toward the blaze, his dead pipe listlessty pendant in his hand.

Well," Polly Tician said appreciative ly, as she emerged from the kitchen, where Ma's hospitality had soothed her emptimes with sandwiches and such, "you sure look like you was happy and

flickering up and back again. "Tm cele-bratin' Gamaliel's first anniversary." Gama who?" Polly said uncertainly.

"Was he born or married?"

"Inaugurated," T. Paer replied laconically. "This's March 4—aint' it?"

"That's a fact—ain't it?" Polly answered. "I'd forgot this was the administration's first birthday."

"Gamailei's administration's a funny

kind of a kid," T. Paer mused. "It don't

seem to be much different'n just a or-dinary brat."
"I ain't going to get into any argu-ment tonight," Polly said cautiously.
"But I don't see why you say that about the administration."

"Because," T. Paer answered, "on its first birthday it's still awful long on lungs 'nd awful uncertain on its legs." "The president and congress can't help t that times 're like they are," Polly they can."
"I kinda had the same hunch when

they was hookin' it into the Wilson ad-ministration in the fall of 1920," T. Paer answered. "We was better off then'd we are now, 'nd still they was cussin' "lison for ruinin' the country."
"Politics's politics," Polly replied eas-

"You couldn't expect Harding and the rest of 'em to boost Wilson and his "It don't seem to make much differ-

ence to anybody who's in except them that's on the payrell," T. Paer mused.
"I can't help thinkin', on his anniver-eary, what Gamaliel was tellin' us a year'n a half ago."
"What was that?" Polly asked. "I bet it had a lot of truth in it if Hard-

ing said it."

"If it was true then, it's just as true now." T. Paer grinned. "He kept tellin' us it was 'eighteen months after the armistice 'nd the administration continues to flounder helplessly."

"Well," Polly asked, "what was wrong about that?"
"Nothin', I guess," T. Paer replied laconically, "seein' as 30 months after the armistice the administration's still floun-derin'."

By Thornton W. Burgess

the Weasel might appear.

Whitefoot Finds a

things up?"
"That depends," T Paer answered, "on
how much you'll admit it can't de that it ought to be able to do. It seems to me," he added, "I recollect Gamaliel tellin' us in his platform that 'the people' 're entitled to know in definite terms how the parties purpose solving these grave problems,' or something like that."
"I know he did," Polly admitted. "But

what of it?" "I been listenin' hard," T. Paer said,
"but I don't seem to 've got them defi-nite terms from anybody back there

yet."
"I guess you didn't read the president's messages," Polly said. "If you had, you'd heard all about it."
"I did read 'em," T. Paer assured her, "'nd most of 'em remind a fellah of that Alphonse 'nd Gaston stuff."
"What 're you talking about." Polly demanded. "Every one of 'em's been right out from the shoulder."
"You mean right over from the hips,"

right out from the shoulder."

"You mean right over from the hips,"
T. Paer suggested. "Gamaliel gets up in front of congress 'nd boys like Alphonse 'nd says. May you not bury the bonus, my dear Congress?" 'Nd congress bends over till its stummick's on its knees 'nd says. 'No, my dear Gamaliel—may gen not bury it?" 'Nd then they both get a tongue sandwich 'nd go play nine holes."

"How 're they going to fix up a bonus without any money?" Polly asked heat-edly. "They're thinking about it all the

time—ain't they?"
"I guess so," T. Paer chuckled. "Gamal-liel promised the soldier boys he'd hold 'em in imperishable remembrance,' 'nd he seems to be hangin' onto the memory

like a dog to a root."
"Kick all you want to." Polly said peevishly. "I think the administration's done wonders." "I'll say it has," T. Paer agreed sar-

doin' less'n anyone I can remember." "You can't blame it for going slow," Polly contended, "not with everything at sixes and sevens like it is."
"Nobody'd kick at their goin' slow if they'd get started," T. Paer replied.
"Everybody's been waitin' for 'em to fix up the tariff' ind the merchant marine

'nd the bonus, 'nd to get the 'large 'nd contented body of farm population." of the nation,' 'nd to start business 'nd get back to normalcy, but so far as I've saw they's only two things that's been put over."
"What're they?" Polly asked suspiciously. "Gettin' Will Hays a \$150.000 job in

derin'."

"You got another grouch," Polly declared disgustedly. "Ain't the administration doing everything it can to fix say."

"But that's a good, big year's work I'll say."

HER OWN WAY

By VIRGINIA TERHUNE VAN de WATER

statesman, if their plans materialise. Plan for Publicity

Spokane, Wash, March 4.—Frank W.

Guilbert, representing the publicity bureau of the Chamber of Commerce, and Fred Adams, the Columbia basin committee, anniounce that W. T. Day, Arthur D. Jones, Raymond P. Kelloy, Lawrence Brown, N. W. Burham, Hardolf D. Jones, Raymond P. Kelloy, Lawrence Brown, N. W. Burham, Hardolf D. Jones, Raymond P. Kelloy, Lawrence Brown, N. W. Burham, Hardolf D. Jones, Raymond P. Kelloy, Lawrence Brown, N. W. Burham, Hardolf D. Jones, Raymond P. Kelloy, Lawrence Brown, N. W. Burham, Hardolf D. Jones, Raymond P. Kelloy, Lawrence Brown, N. W. Burham, Hardolf D. Jones, Raymond P. Kelloy, Lawrence Brown, N. W. Burham, Hardolf D. Jones, Raymond P. Kelloy, Lawrence Brown, N. W. Burham, Hardolf D. Jones, Raymond P. Kelloy, Lawrence Brown, N. W. Burham, Hardolf D. Jones, Raymond P. Kelloy, Lawrence Brown, N. W. Burham, Hardolf D. Jones, Raymond P. Kelloy, Lawrence Brown, N. W. Burham, Hardolf D. Jones, Raymond P. Kelloy, Lawrence Brown, N. W. Burham, Hardolf D. Jones, Raymond P. Kelloy, Lawrence Brown, N. W. Burham, Hardolf D. Jones, Raymond P. Kelloy, Lawrence Brown, N. W. Burham, Hardolf D. Jones, Raymond P. Kelloy, Lawrence Brown, N. W. Burham, Hardolf D. Jones, Raymond P. Kelloy, Lawrence Brown, N. W. Burham, Hardolf D. Jones, Raymond P. Kelloy, Lawrence Brown, N. W. Burham, Hardolf D. Jones, Raymond P. Kelloy, Lawrence Brown, N. W. Burham, Hardolf D. Jones, Raymond P. Kelloy, Lawrence Brown, N. W. Burham, Hardolf D. Jones, Raymond P. Kelloy, Lawrence Brown, N. W. Burham, Hardolf D. Jones, Raymond P. Kelloy, Lawrence Brown, N. W. Burham, Hardolf D. Jones, Raymond P. Kelloy, Lawrence Brown, N. W. Burham, Hardolf D. Jones, Raymond P. Kelloy, Lawrence Brown, N. W. Burham, Hardolf D. Jones, Raymond P. Kelloy, Lawrence Brown, N. W. Burham, Hardolf D. Jones, Raymond P. Kelloy, Lawrence Brown, N. W. Burham, Hardolf D. Jones, Raymond P. Kelloy, Lawrence Brown, N. W. Burham, Hardolf D. Jones, Raymond P. Kelloy, Lawrence Brown, M. W. Hardolf D. Jones, Raymond P. Kelloy, Lawrence Brown, A. W. W. Hardol

On Columbia Basin

neys, one missionary, 24 nurses and 23

the first and 36 the second, while 18 plan to be mechanics. There will be

one undertaker, one tinker and one

CHAPTER 42

TUMB flies when two people are talk-ing of that which is of interest to them both. So it was with surprise that Helen Gorman heard Luther Willard remark that it was past 11 o'clock.

"Then we'll have to walk," Helen said. There seems no other way-yet I'm afraid you'll have an awful time of it. Won't it spoil your clothes to get them

and handed him her latch key. He inserted it into the lock and turne it. but the door did not open.

"The darned thing must be locked as well as latched," he exclaimed.

And then Helen remembered something that her landlady had told her

"It is past midnight, Miss Gorman. I was under the impression that you never expected to stay out until such an hour as this. I think I told you that my house closes promptly at 12."

"You did tell me." Helen said, "and I did not expect to stay out so late, but the storm delayed us."

"I see." Mrs. Ovington's manner was not softened by this explanation. "I must ask you to try to get in eartier in

not seftened by this must ask you to try to get in earlier

the future."
"If I am going to be late I will ask you to let me have a key for the lock as well as for the latch," Helen found

Students Present Analysis on What Is Modern Flapper

University of Oregon, Eugene, March.-"Are there any flappers on the Ore-This question is being answered by Dean Colin V. Dyment's class in inter-

pretive news writing.

The general opinion seems to be that the Oregon campus is too practical for the flapper type. A flapper is classified as a girl who considers personality physical, or a girl with nothing above her ears but her hair.

BOSEBURG ELKS ELECT Roseburg, March 4.-John E. Flury lodge of Elks No. 326 Thursday night. The new exalted ruler also is comof Umpqua post, America

SANDY ATMOSPHERE SMOKY Sandy, March 4.—A big fire in logged off land north of Bull Run and slash-ing fires in all directions filled the air with smoke Friday.

By George McManus

BRINGING UP FATHER









KRAZY KAT



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There and Back

ABIE THE AGENT

PHOOY ON SUCH A FRIEND LIKE SIGMUND - I'M SICK ALREADY TWO WEEKS AND HE'S











in the tree. Presently he found another hole. He peeped inside and listened long

and carefully. He didn't intend to make,

the mistake of going into another house where some one might be living. Bure at last that there was no one in there he crept in. Then he made a dis-

The Oyster Supreme Fresh-Wholesome

Toke Point Oyster Co. 344 Pittock Block

Treat your beauty fairly! No matter how lovely

your features are you cannot be truly attractive with a red othy skin

Restnol Soap and Ointment make bad complexions smoother softer and generally charming





old home?" demanded Timmy

The Flying Squirrel would awake.

"It won't do for me to be here then," and Whitefoot to himself. "I must find some other place before then. If only I knew this part of the Green Forest I might know where to go. As it is, I shall have to go hunt for a new home and trust to luck. Did ever a poor little Mouse have so much trouble?"

After a while Whitefoot felt rested and peeped out of the doorway. No help himself to if he can. covery. There were beechnuts in there

and peeped out of the doorway. No help himself to if he can. snemy was to be seen anywhere. White-foot crept out and climbed a little higher little stomach with some So Whitefoot began to fill his empty little stomach with some of those seeds. He ate and ate and ate, and quite forgot all his troubles. Just as he felt that he hadn't room for another seed he heard the sound of claws outside on the trunk of the tree. In a flash he knew trunk of the tree. In a flash he knew that Timmy the Flying Squirrel was awake, and that it wouldn't do to be found in there by him. In a jiffy White-foot was outside. He was just in time; Timmy was almost up to the entrance of that storehouse.

"Hi, there!" cried Timmy. "What were you doing in my storehouse?" "I-I-I was looking for a new home, stammered Whitefoot

"You mean you were stealing some of my food," enapped Timmy suspiciously. "I—I—I did take a few seeds because
I was almost starved. But truly, I was
looking for a new home," replied Whitefoot.

foot.

"What was the matter with your old home?" demanded Timmy.

Then Whitefoot told Jimmy all about how he had been obliged to leave his old home because of Shadow the Weasel, of the terrible journey he had had and how he didn't know where to go or what to do. Timmy listened suspiciously at first, but soon made up his mind that Whitefoot was telling the truth. The mere mention of Shadow the Weasel made him very sober.

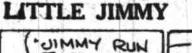
He scratched his nose thoughtfully. "Over in that tall, dead stump you can see from here is an old home of mine," said he. "No one lives in it now, I guess you can live there until you can find a better home. But remember to keep away from my storehouse."

So it was that Whitefoot found a new home.

(Copyright, 1922, by T. W. Burgess) The next story: Whitefoot Makes Him-

High Girls Prefer Stenographic Work; Boys Engineering

Spokane, Wash., March 4.—Reports have been received from high school seniors by the office of Superintendent of Schools Prait in response to the question of what work they planned to take up after they are graduated from high school. The question was asked of the students who entered high school from the grades just January.



GROCERS AND BRING

BACK A

DOZEN

TO THE









JERRY ON THE JOB

(Copyright, 1922, by International Feature

Seems Like Useless Expense to Jerry









