



THAT TRUTH SERUM
BY RALPH WATSON

MA PAER was sitting, her chin tucked down on her motherly bosom, the newspaper forgotten in her lap, while her kindly eyes, an amused twinkle lurking in them, gazed absently above the rim of her spectacles at the tree tops across the way.

"What wouldn't I give," she chuckled to herself, "for a quart or two of that stuff?"

"W-h-a-t?" T. Paer, who had come unbidden into the room, exclaimed incredulously. "Who'd a ever thought it of you?"

"Thought what?" Ma asked, coming out of her reverie with a start. "I didn't know you was in a mile of here."

"You must not of," T. Paer answered solemnly. "I never thought I'd live to see my wife wishin' for it in secret like that."

"What're you talkin' about?" Ma asked sharply. "I ain't never wished for nothing in secret. I wouldn't just as lief wish for in front of everybody."

"Then," T. Paer announced, "that Circle of you'r must be a bunch of hypocrites in my way of thinkin'."

"I ain't goin' to never listen to you talk that way about good women 'nd friends of mine," Ma declared crisply. "You ain't talkin' like a gentleman."

"I ain't sayin' they are such," T. Paer said defensively, "but if they'd heard you mutterin' to yourself a minit ago 'nd didn't raise a rough house then they are."

"Mutterin'?" Ma said uncertainly, "what about?"

"Wantin' a couple of quarts," T. Paer quoted. "That's a fine wish for a Presbyterian 'nd a profit to make when you thought you was all alone 'nd nobody listenin', now ain't it?"

"Oh!" Ma smiled in relieved comprehension, "that's what you're havin' such a fit about, is it?"

"Ain't it enough?" T. Paer retorted. "You settin' here moonin' out'n the window 'nd wishin' for quarts of hooch?"

"Hooch?" Ma repeated guilelessly, "who said anything about hooch?"

"You know what you said," T. Paer replied stiffly, "nd they ain't no use tryin' to deny it."

"I ain't tryin'," Ma answered calmly. "I was wishin' for a couple of quarts of this new fangled truth serum stuff the doctors 've found out."

"Huh?" T. Paer said blankly, "what sort of dope's that?"

"It's a stuff," Ma explained, "that if you give anybody a shot in the arm they'll tell the truth about anything you ask 'em, 'nd can't help it."

"They ain't sellin' any of it in town are they?" T. Paer asked uneasily.

"This shot in the arm stuff's dangerous to monkey with."

"It says in the paper," Ma suggested

City Hall Sale to County Suggested At Arbitrary Sum

La Grande, March 6.—"Heads I win, tails you lose," is the translation into slang of the Union county court's attitude toward a proposal made by the city of La Grande for the county's purchase of the city hall building, now occupied as a courthouse.

The county officials offered to circulate a petition, asking the city to sell the building for \$30,000 to the county, instead of for the book value, \$37,500, which is about half the assessed valuation. When the city officials asked the county to agree if the taxpayers favored the city's proposition instead of the county's the latter declared that they would then not consider the taxpayers' opinion as having any bearing on the matter.

In explaining the refusal to consider a sum higher than \$30,000 the county officials pointed out that because they overlooked an opportunity to buy at that figure they might be criticized by their constituents if they paid more than that amount now.

HER OWN WAY By VIRGINIA TERHUNE VAN de WATER

SYNOPSIS
Helen Gorman, following the death of her mother at their home in Ellaville, an upstate New York town, breaks with her uncle, Danist Stone, and goes to New York city to make her own way. Her only friend in the metropolis is Elizabeth Mayo, a nurse, whose apartment she shares upon her arrival. One evening a little after Helen Gorman, while dining in a restaurant with some friends, was 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. She gets a position in a house decorating establishment. Helen is disturbed by the familiarity of a strange man who accosts her on the street. Elizabeth, whose light of it, ultimately Helen and Elizabeth quarrel and Helen engages lodging elsewhere. Helen dines out with Luther Willard, who is in love with Elizabeth.

CHAPTER 42
WHEN Helen awoke on the morning after the morning following her adventure with Luther Willard, her bones were stiff and ached. Her throat was slightly sore.

"I suppose I ought to be thankful I did not catch my death of cold," she mused. "I wonder what condition my clothes are in."

She had put her shoes at a respectful distance from the radiator. They were still damp, but the leather was already beginning to crack.

"That means a new item of expense for me," Helen reflected, ruefully, as she inspected the damage done. "Well, it cannot be helped."

Her slight physical discomfort had awakened her earlier than usual. This meant that she would be able to get into the only bath room on this floor before the other lodgers were up.

To her relief, she found the water very hot. She took a hot bath, then a cold sponge. This treatment refreshed her, and she returned to her room and dressed with the conviction that a ruined pair of shoes was the only harm wrought by last night's experience. Her spirits rose as she made herself a cup of coffee over her spirit lamp and ate one of the rolls she had brought home last evening.

The sun was shining brightly. Although her room was the back of the house, she could hear the street cleaners clearing the snow from the sidewalks.

She paused in the lower hall on her way out and looked at the table where the lodgers' mail was usually laid. There were no letters here. As she stood wondering whether, after all, Andrews had forgotten his promise to write to her last night, Mrs. Ovington appeared from the rear of the house.

"Good morning!" she said formally. Again Helen felt like a child in disgrace. She would ignore the frigidity of the greeting.

"Good morning!" she rejoined. "I was just looking for the morning's mail."

"It has not arrived," the landlady informed her. "I reckon the letter man finds it hard to get about in this deep snow. Were you expecting something special?"

She was regarding Helen with ill-concealed curiosity. Helen was both amused and annoyed. She appreciated that this woman had thought of her as a mere working girl—a stranger in the city with no circle of friends.

And then, all at once, a young man had telephoned the lodger, had taken

her out in a cab and had brought her home after midnight in the snow storm of the winter. And now this same girl was asking eagerly for the morning's mail—as if she were expecting letters of importance.

In other words, the colorless and commonplace worker had suddenly become a young woman with affairs and "company."

Mrs. Ovington repeated her question. "Were you expecting something special? You don't usually get letters by the early mail, do you?"

"No," Helen replied briefly. "I do not usually get letters at all."

She started toward the front door, but the woman checked her. Perhaps a plaintive note in this young girl's voice moved the widow to compunction.

"Have you rubbers on?" Miss Gorman asked. "The walking is mighty bad."

"Yes, I thank you," Helen replied. "I have on rubbers and stout boots. I ruined my best shoes last night in that snow," she added impulsively.

"That's too bad," Mrs. Ovington sympathized. "I was surprised that you had the courage to venture out in such miserable weather."

Helen flushed. She fancied that a subtle reproach lurked in the words.

"I had an engagement that I wished especially to keep," she explained. "My going was all right—for I went in a cab.

But we could not get one coming home. The streets were quite deserted on account of the storm."

"I suppose that at that late hour most people were safely housed," Mrs. Ovington observed. "That was why I spoke to you as I did when you came in. You are a stranger in the city, Miss Gorman, so perhaps you do not realize yet that a young girl must be very careful about the hours she keeps as well as about the people she goes out with."

Helen tried to control a swift impulse of indignation. She was her own mistress now and might do as she pleased. "I have not been in New York long," she admitted, "but I fancy that morals and manners are the same everywhere."

Then, with a nod, she opened the front door and went out into the snowy street.

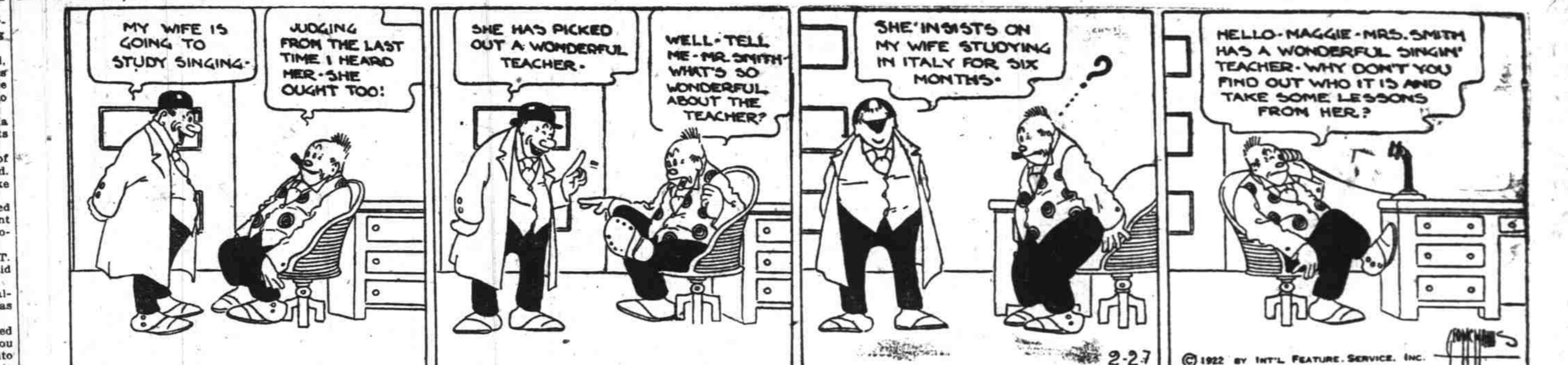
She was uncomfortable, as if she had been scolded. She knew that she was no longer under authority, yet even here in this big city she was lectured. Other girls—Elizabeth, for instance—were spared this everlasting supervision. Then why need any girl insist upon trying to direct the behavior of her—Helen Gorman?

(To Be Continued Tomorrow)

According to present indications, 15 or 20 houses will be built in Pendleton during 1932 by ex-service men who will use the money they secure from the state as a loan.

By George McManus

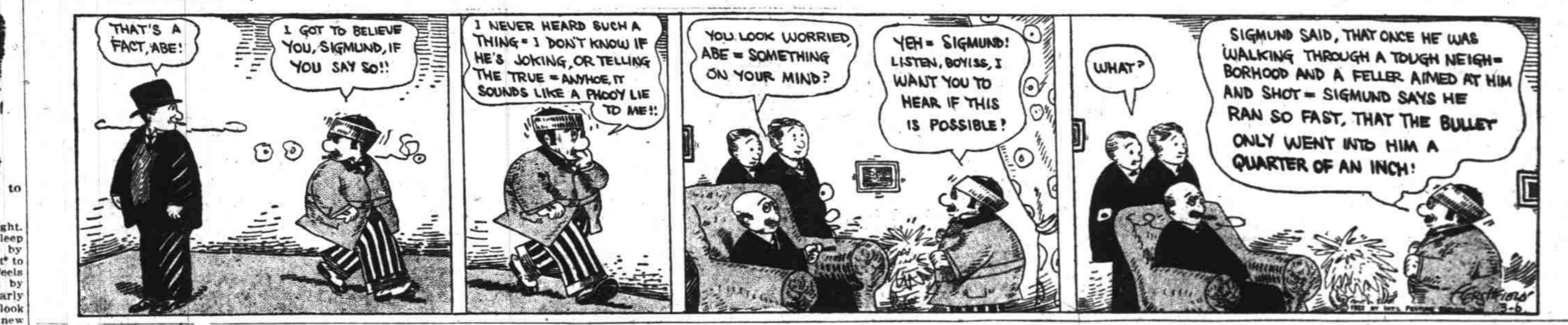
BRINGING UP FATHER



KRAZY KAT



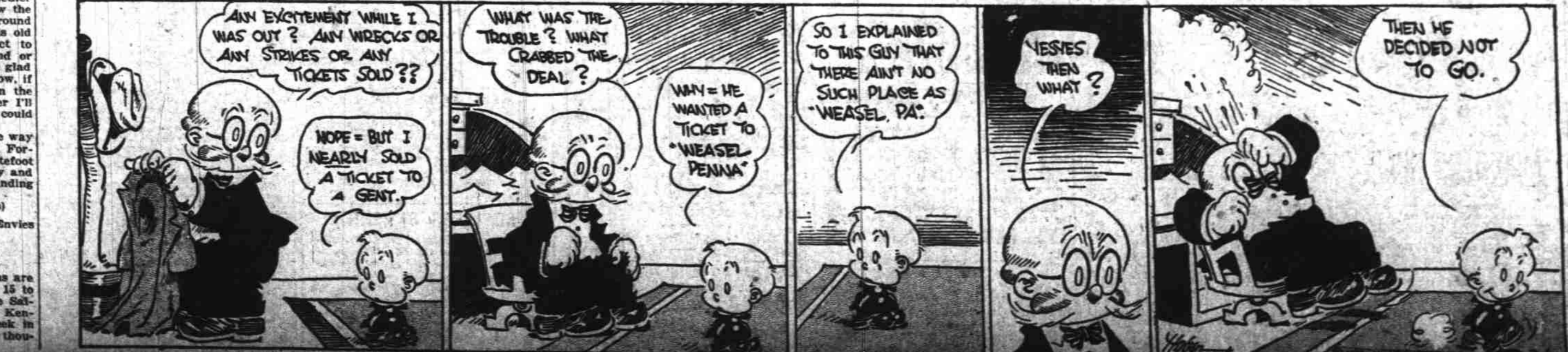
ABIE THE AGENT



LITTLE JIMMY



JERRY ON THE JOB



BURGESS' BEDTIME STORIES

Whitefoot Makes Himself at Home

By Thornton W. Burgess

Look not too much on that behind him. Let to the future you be blind. —Whitefoot the Wood Mouse.

WHITEFOOT THE WOOD MOUSE didn't wait to be told twice that that empty house in a tall, dead stump near the home of Timmy the Flying Squirrel. He thanked Timmy and then scampered over to that stump as fast as his legs would take him. Up the stump he climbed and near the top he found a little round hole in the wood that no one was living there now and no Whitefoot didn't hesitate to pop inside.

It was empty, just as Timmy had said. There was even a bed in there, it was an old bed, but it was dry and soft. It was quite clear that no one had been in there for a long time. With a little sigh of pure happiness Whitefoot curled up in that bed for the sleep he so much needed. His stomach was full and once more he felt safe. The very fact that this was an old house in which no one had lived for a long time made it safer. Whitefoot knew that those who lived in that part of the Green Forest probably knew that no one lived in that old stump, and no one was likely to visit it.

"It is going to be a good place to live," said he to himself.

He was so tired that he slept all night. Whitefoot is one of those who sleep when he feels sleepy, whether it be by day or night. He prefers the night to be out and about in because he feels safer then, but he often comes out by day. So when he awoke in the early morning he promptly went out for a look about to get acquainted with his new surroundings.

Just a little way off was the tall, dead tree in which Timmy the Flying Squirrel had his home. Timmy was nowhere to be seen. You see, he had been out that night and had gone to bed to sleep through the day. Whitefoot thought longingly of the good things in Timmy's storehouse in that same tree, but decided that it would be wiser to keep away from there. So he scurried about to see what he could find for a breakfast. It didn't take him long to find some pine cones in which a few seeds were still clinging. These would do nicely. Whitefoot ate what he wanted and then carried some of them back to his new home in the tall stump.

Then he went to work to tear to pieces the old bed in there and make it over to suit himself. It was an old bed of Timmy the Flying Squirrel, for you know that was Timmy's old house. Whitefoot soon had the bed made over to suit him, and when this was done he felt quite at home. Then he started out to explore to explore within a short distance of the old stump. He wanted to know every hole and every possible hiding place all around, for it is on such knowledge that his life depends.

When at last he returned home he was very well satisfied. "It is going to be a good place to live," said he to himself. "There are plenty of hiding places and I am going to be able to find enough to eat. It will be very nice to have Timmy the Flying Squirrel for a neighbor. I am sure he and I will get along together very nicely. I don't believe Shadow the Weasel, even if he should come around here, would bother to climb up this old stump. He probably would expect to find me living down in the ground or close to it anyway. I certainly am glad that I am such a good climber. Now, if Buster Bear doesn't come along in the spring and pull this old stump over I'll have as fine a home as any one could be for."

And then, because happily it is the way with the little people of the Green Forest and the Green Meadows, Whitefoot forgot all about his terrible journey and the dreadful time he had had in finding his new home.

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The next story: "Whitefoot Envises Timmy."

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SALVATION ARMY DRIVE

Raymond, Wash., March 6.—Plans are being prepared for a drive March 15 to 24 for carrying on the work of the Salvation Army in this country. W. S. Kennedy of Seattle was here last week in the interests of the drive. Three thousand dollars is the goal.