MONDAY, MARCH 13, 1922.

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cally. "Expect me to feed the piggy? "No," T. Paer assured her, "I guess "It's about time," T. Paer contended. "Them feliahs must a got tired of figcan feed my own plg. I'd just figger gerin" up their income tax." was spendin' 15 cents every day "They's an awful row about it," Ma at the end of the year I'd of earned a said. "Most of 'em say they'll go broke ew suit 'nd a pair of shoes.' they can't charge 15 cents at least." "That'd be all right," Ma said, "only your shoes'd still look like they do now."

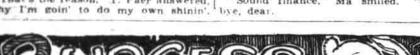
"That's just what's got me to fig-T. Paer assured her. "I heard "It's sound finance." T. Paer insisted, hollerin' about bein' so poor so l as he started down the steps. "The just got a pencil 'nd went to it." scheme suits me 'nd I'm goin' to stick "Did you?" Ma said interestedly. 'Ain't they givin' us the straight of it." "I guess I'll cop the pig." Ma remarked

"I ain't so sure of it." T. Paer anthoughtfully, "I've got a better scheme'n "The way I figger it out the that." wared. thiners make about 7500 per cent on their "What is it?" T. Paer asked, suspi-

Investment "Mercy !" Ma exclaimed, "that's a lot, 'spose.' ain't it?"

"Quite a bit." T. Paer insisted, "The way I figger it that's about \$75 worth honey which is worth about half a dolf shines in a half dollar box of blackin' nd that's makin' money fast." admitted. "No wonder them feilahs all

ook fat 'nd slick." get out of that?" "That's the reason." T. Paer answered, "Sound why I'm goin' to do my own shinin', bye, dear





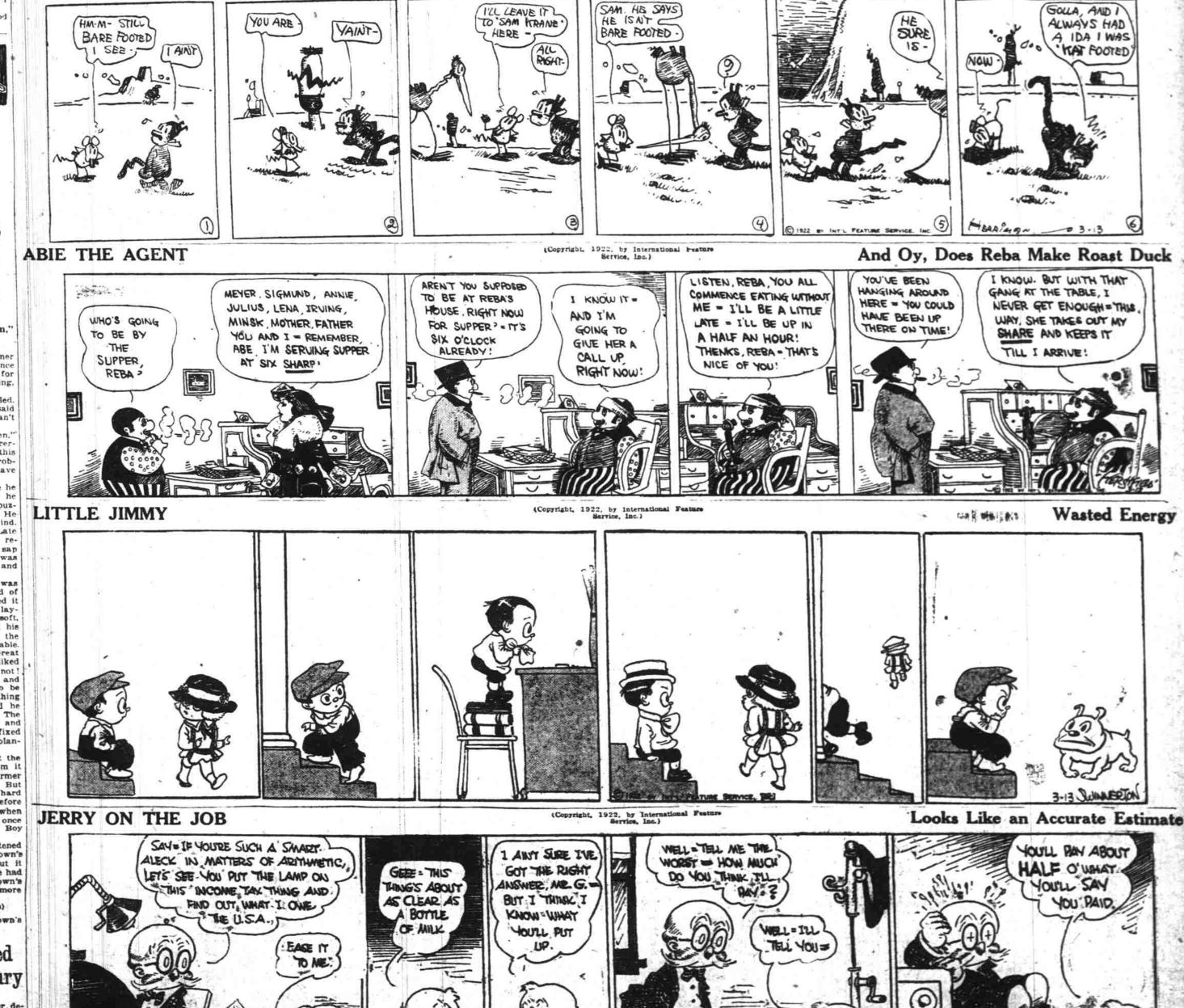
ious at her tone. "Some fool idea, I 'No." Ma smiled, "I'm just goin' to cut out havin' pancakes 'nd sausages 'nd lar at the restaurants 'nd at the end of d that's makin' money fast." the year I'll have a new dress 'nd a "I never thought of it in dollars." Ma new hat 'nd a pair of silk stockings." "Huh," T. Paer grunted, "what do



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YOU ARE YAINT-

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A Great Discovery Is Made

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all sorts of good things to leat, which Mrs. Brown had cooked for them. There were spoons and knives and forks and tin plates and cups.

would need., There were blankets, for, you know, Farmer Brown's Boy had aned to sleep over there. There were

As soon as they had unlocked the little sugar house and put the things away a fire was started. Then they started out to collect the sap that was in the pails they had hung the day beere. The great pan, or evaporator, as it is called, in which the sap was to be oiled had been cleaned and made ready

into this the sap was poured and presently was bubbling merrily. The night had been cold, but the day was warm and this meant, that the sap would run something. "Have you lost something, freely all day. Drip, drip, drip, drip, bon?" he asked. drip it fell into the pails hung from the Farmer Brown pouts on the trees. It looked like

water, but it tasted too sweet for water, he. All day long Farmer Brown and his find it anywhere." Boy worked bringing in the sap and keeping the great fire going underneath the evaporator. It was hard work, but

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you are mistaken." 'It must be laughed Farmer Brown

was pleasant work and Farmer Brown's Boy was very happy. Once Farmer Brown found him hunting for

Farmer Brown's Boy looked puzzled 'I left an apple here yesterday," said "I know I left it here, but I can't

little house was locked up. You probable ate that apple yesterday and have

forgotten it." But Farmer Brown's Boy was sure he hadn't eaten that apple, and as he tramped back and forth he kept puzzling over its queer disappearance. He just couldn't get it out of his mind. All day he and his father worked. Late into the evening Farmer Brown remained to watch the boiling of the sap and to draw off the syrup as it was made. Finally he started for home and left his boy alone. Along one side of the little house was a bunk, 'which, you know, is a kind of bed. Farmer Brown's Boy had filled it with sweet smelling balsam twigs, laying them in until they made a soft, springy bed. Over these he spread his blankets. Then he fixed things for the night and made himself comfortable. It was very still over there in the Great Forest, but Farmer Brown's Boy liked it. He was not afraid. Of course not !

There was nothing to be afraid of, and Farmer Brown's Boy is not one to be afraid of nothing. He fixed everything neatly for the morning. The food he had brought he placed on shelves. The knives and forks and tin plates and cups were arranged neatly. He fixed the fire and then rolled up in his blan-

kets to sleep. Not a sound was to be heard but the crackle of the fire. The light from it made dancing shadows and Farmer Brown's Boy loved to watch them. But he was tired, for he had had a hard day's work, and it was not long before he was fast asleep. So it was that when the little visitor of the night before once more appeared Farmer Brown's Boy

knew nothing of it. At first this visitor was so frightened when he discovered Farmer Brown's Boy there that he ran away. But it wasn't long before he was back. He had made up his mind that Farmer Brown's Boy was quite harmless. And once more he began to investigate everything. (Copyright, 1922, by T. W. Burgess)

The next story: "Farmer Brown's Boy Misses Things."

Whitehouse Is Freed In One Case by Jury

Spokane, Wash., March 13.—After de-liberating for an hour and a half, a jury in Judge Hunekes court Saturday acquitted Irving Whitehouse, head of the defunct Irving Whitehouse Brokerthe defunct frving whitehouse Broker-age company, of grand larceny charges. Prosecuting Attorney W. C. Meyer has not decided what disposition would be made of three remaining grand larceny charges against Whitehouse, who is at liberty on \$25,000 band