

# REGULAR FELLAHS

BY RALPH WATSON

"WHERE do you think you're going?" Ma demanded, with an accent on the think, as T. Paer came blithely into the living room after dinner, all trotted out and ready to roll. "Do you think I'm going to stay here all alone all night?" she asked ominously. "We're going to initiate Bill Kierman," T. Paer informed her, pausing uncertainly by the front door. "You don't mind my help, do you?" "I don't care what happens to Bill," Ma answered unhesitatingly, "but it seems to me you might stay home one night in the week."

"But, Ma," T. Paer argued earnestly, "I ain't been out a single night this week, 'nd here it is Friday."

"How many nights've I been out?" Ma asked evenly. "Every time I've suggested going any place you've had the hangover or been coming down with the grip."

"I've been aavin' up for tonight," T. Paer said pathetically. "All the fellahs're going to be there 'nd give Bill what's comin' to him."

"Yes," Ma retorted, "nd you'll be struggling back here about the time the milkman comes, disturbing the neighbors 'nd disgracing the family."

"I ain't done nothin' of that kind since I can remember," T. Paer insisted, "nd besides this bunch ain't that kind."

"What bunch?" Ma asked. "Have you fell in with a new one?" she added ironically.

"I'm goin' to a meetin' of the Regular Fellahs," T. Paer announced diffidently, "nd Bill Kierman's the last convert."

"The Regular Fellahs!" Ma sniffed scornfully. "What do you mean, regular fellahs?"

"It's a club," T. Paer explained diffidently, "that's made up of fellahs that's boss in their own homes."

"Oh!" Ma remarked thoughtfully, and she was all.

"The only reason I joined," T. Paer continued pleadingly, "was because they told me I didn't dare to, 'nd," he grinned, "I got 'em to initiate me one noon instead of goin' to lunch."

"Who said you didn't dare?" Ma demanded. "Nobody's got no right to say you're henpecked. The idea," she fumed, "nd me staying home while you traipse 'nd risk your neck for a bunch of 'em?"

"I know it," T. Paer agreed diplomatically. "I joined the blame thing just to show 'em that we understand each other's don't row all the time."

"I ain't been out a single night this week, 'nd here it is Friday," Ma retorted, "but you see you don't take too much that Bill ought to have."

"Leave it to me," T. Paer said, already half way through the door. "You go to bed 'nd don't worry."

"Well, the idea," Ma exclaimed in astonishment, as she gazed over her spectacles at T. Paer's sheepish countenance to the clock just approaching half past nine. "I thought you wasn't coming home 'til midnight."

"Bill Kierman didn't show up," T. Paer explained simply as he dumped his hat and coat on a chair. "He couldn't get away tonight."

"Couldn't get away?" Ma repeated gullelessly. "Why couldn't he?"

"The missus wanted him to stay home," T. Paer grinned uncomfortably. "She was havin' some relatives in for 500 or soethin'."

"You don't tell me," Ma answered. "What did all them other Regular Fellahs think the way you do?"

"Well," T. Paer confessed, "Dick Carlson was the only one that was there."

"The only one," Ma smiled. "What was the matter with the rest of 'em?"

"I didn't talk to 'em," T. Paer answered, "but they phoned to Dick 'nd said they had to stay home 'nd keep peace in the family for one reason 'nd another."

"Well," Ma asked quietly, "where're you 'nd Dick goin' to initiate Bill?"

"It ain't certain," T. Paer answered intently. "Bill promised to find out when he could be 'nd let us know."

he lifted the latch and threw the door open. As he did so he stepped back. All was still. No one came out of that open door. Cautiously Farmer Brown's Boy peered inside. "My land of Goshen!" he exclaimed, as he got his first good glimpse of the inside of that sugar house.

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The next story: "An Exciting Mix-Up"

## Bonus Appraisals Result in Protests

Bend, March 30.—Protests against the policy of drastic reductions from the appraisal of the local Bonus board, which appears to have been adopted by the appraisers at Salem, will be made by local ex-service men. The first appraisals were returned much reduced from what were considered conservative figures of the Deschutes county board. Cash bonuses will be demanded by many who had contemplated loans, if the reductions continue, it is said.

**COMMISSION FORM ADOPTED**

Twin Falls, Idaho, March 30.—(U. P.) By the narrow margin of 63 votes this city adopted the commission form of government at Tuesday's election.

# HER OWN WAY

By VIRGINIA TERHUNE VAN de WATER

**CHAPTER 84.**

HELEN GORMAN listened in silence to the story told her.

As she heard the speaker's voice and watched his pleading eyes, she had a sensation of having been needlessly cruel. She had considered this man an adventurer who had annoyed her with his attentions. Then, when she had discovered his identity, she had believed him to be a dishonest rascal. And all the while he had been bearing the penalty of another's wrongdoing—not only to people the memory of a friend but to shield from shame that friend's wife and child.

For he had loved the wife before her marriage. And she had discarded him for a thief.

Surely a man who could be equal to such self-sacrifice could not be evil. "I did not understand," she managed to say at last in self-exculpation. "I thought you were just a stranger who—" "I know," he nodded. "You thought that I was what is called 'a masquerade.' I do not blame you for thinking that. The evidences were all against me."

"But," she asked, as a question formed itself in her mind, "how did you happen to speak to me in the first place, since you did not know who I was?"

"Yes, I did—at least I had an idea. I was determined to learn if I was correct."

"You see, after the episode of which I have told you, I was without a job. Naturally, I was not going back to the place where I was supposed to be a thief. I was here in New York. Here I would stay."

"Then I got a letter from my friend's wife, telling me of her husband's death. She knew my address, for her husband had it. She needed money and begged me to help her."

"I admit that I was pretty nearly desperate when I read what she had to tell me. You know—with a slight quiver in his voice—"that some men love only once and then too deeply. Perhaps I am one of that kind—but I would suffer a good deal for that little woman."

"You have proved it," Helen said softly.

"Thank you. I only mention this to explain why I was terribly shocked to learn of her loss, and distressed that she was in need. Yet there was no way in which I could help her—unless I could borrow from Uncle Dan. He, believing me to be a dishonest rascal, would hardly lend me a cent. I knew that—yet when I saw his name on a register of a hotel here, I was tempted to speak to him."

"Maybe I am a coward, for I could not summon courage to call on him. But I did wait around the lobby until he came out that evening. Then, he looked so severe that I was actually afraid to show myself to him."

"Instead I followed him. When he went into a restaurant I did the same and took a table not far from him. His back was to me, but I watched him."

"The more I watched the less courage I had."

"After taking a sandwich and a cup of coffee I was about to leave when I saw you and your partner and heard the old gentleman speak to you. He called you down in a way that shocked

even me. You may remember that his voice was not low."

"I remember," Helen admitted.

"Of course, I suspected then in a moment who you were. The little cousin whom I knew years ago—so many years that you had forgotten all about me."

"Well, I left the restaurant and lingered around outside until Uncle Dan came out. I hoped my courage might rise with the necessity for it."

"I stepped forward to speak to him as he appeared. But when I looked into his face I stopped."

"Again, you may think me a coward; but even the thought of that poor little girl's need did not make it possible for me to ask a favor of that grim-visaged man who considers me a thief. And while I hesitated, he stepped into a taxi and was gone."

"I walked briskly away. I had turned into the side street, when I heard someone running after me. Then I heard you call 'Uncle!' I turned and saw you. You knew the rest."

Helen was gazing at him, trying to piece together the bits of this story. It was all strange, like something taken from a book.

"But," she asked, "why did you not tell me then who you were?"

"Because," was the frank answer, "I feared you might be shocked—that you might have heard I had stolen money. Nor, you see, was I absolutely sure you

## Banquet to Follow Annual Election

The Dalles, March 30.—The local chamber of commerce announced Wednesday its candidates for the directorate, with a banquet to follow this annual event. J. W. Hindley, secretary of the Washington Retail Dealers association, has been invited as the guest of honor at this dinner. The chamber also appointed a committee to work on plans for the pageant to be given in May. This will be a historical affair similar in magnitude and scope to the event last summer which brought thousands of visitors to the city.

## BRINGING UP FATHER

HERE COMES THAT SLANT-HEAD TO SEE ME. I'LL HAVE WILLIE—THE OFFICE BOY—TELL HIM I'M OUT!

OH! I'M SORRY. I'LL PHONE HIS HOME LATER. I WANT HIM TO HEAR MY LATEST SONG!

I KNOW HE WILL BE GLAD TO KNOW YOU ARE GONNA PHONE!

SO HE'S GONNA PHONE-EM! WELL, I'LL SEE THAT MAGGIE DOESN'T GIT THE MESSAGE!

I KIN GIT THE WIRES FIXED AGIN TOMORROW!



## KRAZY KAT

IGNATE MICE, IS IT POSSIBL THAT IT'S YOU UNDA THAT HET?

IT IS, INDEED! 'SILLY!

SO IT IS, GOLLA—SO IT IS.

WHAT DO YOU THINK OF IT?

IT'S QUITE A HET, I MUST SAY.

Y'DERN TOOTING IT IS.

IT'S A FULL TWO-QUART SHAY, SHOULD ANY ONE ASK YOU—

MY—IS THAT SO?

THREE PANTS TOO BIG.

OH, WOULD THAT THIS WERE A GALLON BRICK!

HOW GREAT IS HIS LOVE, LIL' ROMMY YOH—



## ABIE THE AGENT

NOO, THIS IS WHAT I GET FOR COMMENCING WITH THOSE HIRED DRESS SUIT COMPANYS—THEY'RE LATE BRINGING IT OVER!

OY—NOW I GOT TO RUSH TO THE AFFAIR—TEN O'CLOCK THEY BRING ME THE SUIT!

YOU MUST HAVE GOT THE SPOTS ON IT AT THE PARTY, WHERE YOU WERE!

IT HAD BIG SPOTS ON IT WHEN YOU SENT IT OVER!!!

I HEAR YOU HAD TROUBLE OVER A HIRED DRESS SUIT, ARE?

YES! NEVER AGAIN FOR ME—NO MORE HIRING OF DRESS SUITS! ONE LESSON IS ENOUGH FOR ME!

I'M SURPRISED THAT YOU'D EVEN BE BOTHERED WITH THEM!

NO MORE HIRING OF DRESS SUITS, IN THE FUTURE—I DON'T HAVE HALF AS MUCH TROUBLE WHEN I GO AROUND BORROWING THEM!



## LITTLE JIMMY

MISS PRY PRIVATE SCHOOL

"THANK YOU SO MUCH!"

TEE. HEE.

TEE. HEE.

TEE. HEE.

TEE. HEE.

LET THIS YOUNG FELLER HAVE ANYTHIN' HE WANTS, HE'S A PARTICULAR FRIEND O' MINE!

TEE. HEE.

TEE. HEE.



## JERRY ON THE JOB

HEY—DASH IN AND TELL YOUR BOSS THAT MR. BORE IS HERE TO GET A TESTIMONIAL FROM HIM ABOUT HIS NEW AUTOMOBILE.

VEHON—GO TO SPEAK, I WILL.

AND HE WANTS YOU TO TELL HIM THE ONE THING ABOUT THE BUS THAT YOU LIKE BEST—

TELL HIM TO JUMP IN THE LAKE—I'M TOO BUSY TO STOP BEING BUSY JUST NOW.

SORRY, MR. BORE, BUT MR. GINNEY IS TOO BUSY TO BE INTERRUPTED ABOUT HIS NEW GAS SILLIUM.

WELL—MAYBE YOU CAN TELL ME WHAT HE LIVES MOST ABOUT IT.

OSURE—I KNOW ONE REASON HE LIKES IT.

RIDING IN IT AINT COMPULSORY.



# BURGESS' BEDTIME STORIES

Farmer Brown's Boy Returns

By Thornton W. Burgess

No task so pleasant is the end Will not an added pleasure lend.

—Farmer Brown's Boy.

FARMER BROWN'S BOY whistled merrily as he tramped through the Green Forest. He was on his way back to the sugar house. The sugar season was about over. He and his father had taken most of the sugar and the syrup home. There was only a little remaining at the sugar house to be carried home. There was still some syrup in the evaporator to be drawn off into cans. When this was done he would have the job of thoroughly cleaning the evaporator and putting things in order in the sugar house. Then it would be locked up until the next year. Farmer Brown's Boy always enjoys the sugar season. It means hard work, but there is a lot of fun with it. However, he was glad that this season was almost over, for it had been long and hard. So he whistled merrily as he tramped through the Green Forest.

As he drew near the sugar house he abruptly stopped whistling and stood still. There were strange noises coming from the direction of the sugar house. There was a clattering of tin and strange little rattle and creak and the sound of things being knocked about. Such a look of surprise as swept over the face of Farmer Brown's Boy. "Now, what under the sun does this mean?" he exclaimed, and started to run toward the sugar house.

Now Sammy Jay had discovered those two little Bears when they entered the sugar house and he had been hanging around ever since to see what would happen. Sammy never misses anything, if he can help it. When the Merry Little Breezes slammed that door Sammy could have nudged himself for joy. "Those little Bears are trapped!" he exclaimed. "Just wait till Farmer Brown's Boy gets back!"

Of course, Sammy heard the racket going on in that sugar house, and although he couldn't see he could guess just about what was happening in there. He was so excited that he couldn't sit still. When he saw Farmer Brown's boy coming Sammy screamed a warning. They knew that someone was coming. They stopped racing about. They sought the darkest corner and there they clung to each other in silence and waited.

So it happened that as Farmer Brown's boy drew near the sugar house all was silent. Outside the door he stopped and listened. Not a sound was to be heard from inside.

"That's queer," muttered Farmer Brown's Boy. "There was certainly racket enough in there a few minutes ago. I expected to find this door open. I closed it when I left early this morning, but I don't see how anybody could get in without opening the door, unless I failed to latch it and it swung open. But here it is, closed and latched."

Twice he put his hand up to open that door and twice he hesitated. He didn't know what he expected to find in there and it gave him a queer feeling. Finally

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