TUESDAY, APRIL 18, 1922.



don't hit her," T. Paer pleaded by "Ain't you got no mercy on a tri?" what on carth're you talking anyway?" Is on 'm. Viola." T. Paer shrilled, the big stiff. Tahi you bone little girl?"

nation, "What on carth're you talking about anyway ?" "Swing on 'im, Viola," T. Paer shrilled,

Sosk the big stiff. Tah! you bone

"Wide a mile." That good couldn't roll wide a mile." That good couldn't roll wide a mile." That good couldn't roll punkin down a hill."

"What in the name of goodness." Ma "What in the name of goodness." Ma commenced, but the little man inter-rupted her. "Oh, you James James," he howled dis-"Oh, you James James," he howled dis-"They ain't no doubt what's troubling "Oh. you Jasse James," he howled dis-"Oh. you Jasse James," he howled dis-sustedly, "Where's your eyes, you rob-

ner." "Robber?" Ma exclaimed fearsomely, "Is they burglars in the house?" "Wait for him bo," T. Faer called through his cupped hands, "He'll have to be cranked before he can get one

"Are you out of your head?" Ma asked in alarm, "I never heard you talk like

"Blop h, " say" "Take your time old dear," T. Paer "Take your time old dear," T. Paer "Huh!" T. Paer asked wildly, opening, "What you his eyes in startied wonder, "What you tryin" to do? Tear my night shirt off n

"You got a feather." T. Paer said ap-

provingly, "Lift the next one over the nce 'nd chase her."

bome doth fear to fight

THERE is anything that the little

A Fight for a



tured leg when he collided with an auto obile owned by E. Taylor and driven by Daniel Bottemiller, while coasting near the farm of James N. Hibbard on no more, "an reminded him, have you got a fever or something?" "Watch the hunk a rubber try to wind up." T. Paer directed deristvely, "He'd be all right if he wasn't vulcanized in the Ridgefield-Pioneer highway. Donald Wells, his cousin, suffered a broken arm the previous Sunday while gathering wild flowers.

defight, "Oh, boy, what a hun beczer." "I'm going to call the doc

nounced in affright, "You talk like was demented." "He dropped it. The big muff drop

"Put it just back of that center grave-stone you husky," T. Paer said plead-ingly, "They'll have to get the police to find it if you do."

"Have you been taking something you oughts't?" Ms asked, "I don't know what's not into you the last day or so." "Oh, hell." T. Paer groaned disgust-idly, "Why didn't you take it out to the a heat?"

the alarm, "I haver headed inter," T. Paer "That's the last straw." Ma said in-dignantly, "It's bad enough for you to come home that way without adding swearing to it." "The state this," "The state the state this," "The state the s

his chin again

THE OREGON DAILY JOURNAL, PORTLAND, OREGON.

at all. Then when the St lisappeared all the neighbor over to tell . Yellow Wing and Mrs. Flicker how glad they were that they had driven out the Starlings and had decided to make their own home in the (Copyright, 1922, by T. W. Burge

The next story: "Farmer Brown's Boy Explains the New Houses."

DANIEL SLOANE SR. belonged to the old school, Wells, Sunday suffered a frac-

> 7 o'clock, prepared to dine with him "I name this hour, as it will give time to go to your room and dress fore coming up here," he added,

northeast of La Center. She had lived in this section 38 years and was born in Norway. Her husband, H. C. Gabriel-ten, two daughters and five sons sur-tye. The shunned the use of any section. The shunned the use of any section. The shunned the use of any section and the section and the section and the section and the section. The shunned the use of any section and the section a

ANOTHER

AFTERNOON

SPOILED:

BRINGING UP FATHER

GOING TO CALL THIS

MR. SMEAR 15

AFTERNOON HE

WANTS TO MEET

YOU !



CHAPTER SO. (Copyright, 1921, by Star Company)

D old school, He would not, therefore, telephone a girl while she was at her place business. He did not consider this gos

niece a note by special messenger. In this he told her to come to his hotel at loor as the girb passed it.

TO MEET YOU!

avening. She almost wished that her skirts were a little longer. Her elderly relative had never approved of short absurd desire to name the fashions hotel at which her uncle was stoppl Then she childed herself for mobb

Added to Helen's mortification at her "Good night!" she added, trying to isin's action was a sense of relief as a remembered that he was no longer this house, and that she need not fear

"Good night, my dear " Mrs. Oving-ton rejoined. "A pleasant time to you!" A slight smeer curied the girls lips. Undoubtedly young Sloane had told his landlady of his uncle's wealth. This ac-counted for the widow's change of manin this house, and that she need not nesting him in the hall on her way in But Mrs. Ovington looked from her

The landlady was not only lynx-eyed She had ears as keen as her eyes. ner from cool patronage to ingratiating approval.

"Good evening!" she said with a would-be gracious manner. "You are going out to dinner?" "With "Yes." was the brief answer. "With

Helen Gorman elenched her hands in agony of rec Tom and Betty would be starting of

Anyone who has had a big sorrow or loss knows the recurrent moods of an-guist that sweep over one, when the sufferer criss out in her soul that she cannot endure this thing—that she will not endure it! And then, for a brief period the misery may subside—only to come back as strong as ever.

Already Helen Gorman knew the agony of these moods. In the past two days they had gripped her again and again, leaving her dulled for a time. But they always returned.

mate girl friend.

(To Be Continued)

By George McManus

of the man she loved and her most inti

starnly. She wanted to feel as kin oward him when with him as she fell now before she met him. His letter had gentle, so different from any ication she had ever to

from whom she had parted in sup

several months ago. It seamed as if

years had passed since their last meet-

She was another creature, she told

lead mother's brother. She boned that

her, would not lay down the law too

Uncle Dan would not be too severe up

erself now, from the headstrong you

woman who had guarreled wi

lved from him.

celved from him. Her heart was harmiering with nerv-outries as the asked at the hotel desk for Mr. Daniel Sloane. When she gave the clerk her name he told her that Mr. Sloane wished her to come elevator and accompanied her to the elevator was been solved atill for a full minute before the knocked. Almost immediately the door was opened and her incle was holding out his hand to her. "Come in, my child." he said quietly. "I am glaf to see that you are on time."

"Good evening?" she said with a would-be gracious manner. "You are going out to dinner?" "Yes," was the brief answer. "With my uffele." "Oh!" the gasp of surprise was genuine. "He is in town?" "Yes," Helen said again. "That is how I happen to be dining with him." She knew that her reply was ungracious, but her herves were ramped by this woman's officiousness. She had an sRegistered .D. R. Patent Office 1 -1415 YOU KNOW . I USED TO MAKE NOW - LISTEN ! IVE MR. JIGGS . I HAVE WAITED I WISH PORTRAITS IN WATER COLORS LONG FOR THIS CHANCE YOU HAD BUT I'VE GIVEN THAT UP. I'D WAITED LIKE TO START BY DOING LONGER YOU IN OIL! ME?



No Disobedience Here

Love Will Always Find a Way



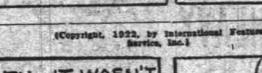
"The idea." Ms sniffed. "I want to know something about this strolling budness." nd what's more." she prom-ised. "I'm intending to find out." "Lean up against 'em," T. Paer di-rected. "When you see a pretty one comin' cop 'er 'nd go." "That's nice advice for a descon." Ma said in a scandslized tone. "What on earth can you be thinking of?" "You got a feather." T. Paer said ap-Paer begged, "An't a man a darned fool that talks in his sleep?" he asked him-self disgustedly as he tucked the blanket not going to stay here 'nd listen | under

1









J.

How could she bear it!

Now she was shaken by top of what was happening

TP THERE is anything that the little people of the Old Orchard delight in it is excitoment. You see, they are not so very different from human folks. A fight will bring hurrying to the scene every bird within hearing. Then they will gather around the fighters and chatter and scream in the greatest en-joyment and excitement. Of course they always take sides.



<text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text>



WHO

MAYS OUR

BATTING THE BREEZE

WITH AN BOSS ?

THAN I TANN

TO KNOW

333 THAT'S

VORA IN THERE

ABIE THE AGENT

GOOD MORI PHOOY - I NEVER WOULD HAVE EVERNBODY . TAKEN THE JOB OF HELPING SIGMUND OUT IN HIS SUMMER RESORT, IF I HONEW IT WAS SO MANY QUEBTS HERE! EVERN NIGHT I GOT TO GO AROUND AND ASK EVERYBODY HOW THEY LIKE THEIR EGGS IN THE MORNING - HOW MANY LIKES THEM HARD BOILED, HOW MANY SOFT BOILED AND HOW MANY POACHED - A DEGULAR NY POACHED = A REQULAR



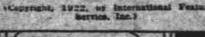
JERRY ON THE JOB

ms

Doesn't hurt a bit! Apply a few drops of Freezone upon a tender, aching corn or a callus for a few nights. The soreness stops and shortly the entire corn or callus is removed.

Freezone removes hard or soft corns. also corns between the toes and hardened calluses. You feel no pain when applying it or afterward.

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OVER

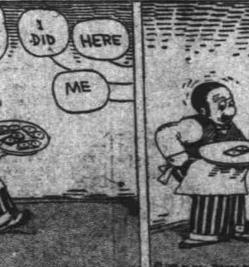


nal Feature

NOW WHO

ORDERED

POACHED





Looks Like Same Salary for Jerry





