

BOB NEEDS A FRIEND

BY RALPH WATSON

"Do you speak?" T. Paer asked thoughtfully as he settled himself on the top step in the sun and began an aimless search for his pipe. "Do you speak that French?" he asked. "Do you speak that French?" he asked. "Do you speak that French?" he asked.

"You're all balled up," Polly said impatiently. "There's a fellow named Fithian that's out to beat Ralph Williams for that place."

"I know he's the candidate on the ticket," T. Paer replied, "but I guess down underneath it's Bob Stanford 'nd 'nd 'nd Tom that's really after Ralph's seat ain't it?"

"Oh, sure," Polly said. "They're managing the business, but Fithian's the fellow they've got up to be voted for."

"Well, I don't see what Fithian wants to be national committeeman for," T. Paer mused. "They ain't no money in it, is they?"

"I don't know as he does so much," Polly answered, "but Bob wants him to be and so he's trying to."

"Of course," T. Paer suggested, "he generally goes back once a couple times a year to buy some shoes don't he?"

"Yes," Polly said, "but what's that got to do with holding the office?"

"Nothing," he said, "but he could combine business with pleasure. Paer argued, "He could run down to Washington 'nd give the boys the once-over when he got tired lookin' at shoes."

"Maybe he could get 'em in 'together," Polly said, thoughtfully. "But it'd keep him jumping I should think."

"You know," T. Paer chuckled, "I got a hunch why Bob don't want Ralph to be committeeman any more."

mountainside. Hollingsworth manages to get there and put the quietus to the flames before it gains great headway. It is reported to him soon enough.

When not putting out fires in the summer, Hollingsworth builds trails and bridges, or any other work the forest reserve needs to have done.

Civic Improvement Week Is Arranged

Condon, April 27.—The first week in May has been set aside for clean-up week and civic improvement in Condon. During this time all organization of the town will cooperate in beautifying the place. The movement was started by the civics classes of the Condon high school. On May 5 a community May day festival of the Condon high school will be held on the courthouse lawn. The feature of the program will be an outdoor dramatization of Shakespeare's "A Midsummer Night's Dream," by the senior English class of the high school, directed by Jack Stovall of the English department, and staged in Shakespearean costume.

HER OWN WAY

By VIRGINIA TERHUNE VAN DE WATER

CHAPTER 22.
MRS. OVIINGTON had hoped to produce a startling impression by her announcement, she was disappointed. She did not know that Helen Gorman was learning to conceal from her all evidences of her inward feelings.

"Thank you, Mrs. Ovington," the girl said now gravely. "I am much obliged to you for bringing me the message. The person who telephoned is not waiting for an answer, is he?"

"No, I simply told him I would tell you what he said, and that if you wished to communicate further with him, you could telephone from here."

"Thank you."

There was a silence as Helen picked up her coat and began to put it on. "Let me hold it for you!" the landlady insisted, seizing the garment. "My dear, I am sorry for your anxiety. I wish I could help you. Is your uncle to be in town long?"

"I do not know."

The gleam of curiosity in the sharp eyes roamed Helen to sudden speech. "The man who informed you that he was my cousin, Mrs. Ovington, was no relation of mine."

"You may remember that I told you I knew nothing of him when he came here. I took it for granted that the story you believed must be a true one. It was not. It was a lie."

Mrs. Ovington dropped into the nearest chair.

"The man was an impostor!" she exclaimed. "Oh, how could that be? If you do not remember your cousin, how can you be sure that was not he?"

It was evident that the widow suspected the girl was trying to evade any responsibility for the young man's dishonest actions. Helen perceived this suspicion.

"I know that the man who fooled you—and me—was no relative of mine," she reiterated. "Moreover, I also know that he is a scoundrel."

"But," Mrs. Ovington argued, "where is your cousin, then?"

"He is dead," was the curt reply.

"As he started down the stairs her landlady called after her."

"Oh, Miss Gorman! Don't you want to use my telephone before you go out? You are quite welcome to call up your uncle's hotel from here if you want to."

"Thank you—no," the girl replied. "I can telephone from a drug store if necessary. I do not know that I shall decide to do even that yet."

moving her hat or coat until Miss Dalrymple arrived. Then she explained the situation to her.

"I do not know just how ill my uncle is," she said, "nor if I can come down this afternoon. If he is very ill I may have to remain with him. But as soon as I can persuade him to have a nurse I will be back here."

"That is all right," Miss Dalrymple said kindly. "Do not feel that you must return here until it is quite safe to leave your uncle."

"Safe! Until this instant it had not occurred to Helen that her uncle might be critically ill. Surely this could not be the case!"

She took the same route that she had traveled last night to the uptown hotel. She was sorry for her uncle's illness—intensely sorry. Yet, for her, it was a relief to have something to occupy her mind so that it would be impossible for her to recall too often that this was Tom Andrews' wedding day.

It was a lovely day on which to be married. Or, were they married yesterday, and sailing for Europe today? Were Tom and Betty already man and wife?

She almost ran from the bus to the hotel—so eager was she to silence this haunting and torturing suggestion.

(To Be Continued Tomorrow)

Suit Against Bend Board Is Delayed

Bend, April 27.—Frank I. Rockwell's suit for a year's salary against the Bend school board, which discharged him on charges of incompetency as an athletic coach last fall, will not be tried until late in May, as a result of an affidavit of prejudice filed against Judge Duffy Wednesday by W. F. Myers, Rockwell's attorney. The injunction suit brought by L. F. Orrell and others to restrain the board from paying further salary to S. W. Moore, city superintendent, also will be tried before a visiting judge at the same time.

WILL FLY TO FESTIVAL
Spokane, April 27.—A three-passenger airplane, with a 200-horsepower motor and a limousine cockpit, will take Roy R. Gill, president of the chamber of Commerce, to Wenatchee May 3, to attend the opening of the Appis Blossom festival. The plane is the latest in aircraft, just completed by the United States Aircraft corporation.

By George McManus

BRINGING UP FATHER

MR. JIGGS—I WANT YOU TO TRY ONE OF THESE CIGARS—THEY ARE MADE SPECIAL FOR ME.

THANKS—JUST WHAT I WANT—I'M OUT OF CIGARS!

I'M GOING TO CALL YOU UP LATER TO SEE HOW YOU LIKE IT.

HELLO—IS THIS MR. JIGGS'S RESIDENCE? WELL—I'D LIKE TO SPEAK TO HIM.

THIS IS MR. JIGGS'S DOCTOR TALKING—HE IS VERY ILL.



BURGESS'S BEDTIME STORIES

A Dinner Is Taken Away
By Thornton W. Burgess
This fact to me is very plain: My lion may be another pain.
—Mr. Blacksnake.

FARMER Brown's Boy is very fond of the spring chorus in the Smiling Pool. He delights to sit on the bank and try to see the sweet singers. It requires patience and sharp eyes to see one of those peepers, the Hylas or tree frog, who seem to be mostly voice in the early spring. Farmer Brown's boy has patience and sharp eyes, and every spring he visits the Smiling Pool to see the little singers.

So it happened that the very day that Old Mr. Toad started for the Smiling Pool, Farmer Brown's Boy started for the same place. He was thinking of Old Mr. Toad and wondering if Old Mr. Toad would be down there. He hoped so; for he wanted to see Old Mr. Toad sing as well as hear him. He wanted to see Old Mr. Toad swallow out the music bag that he carries in his throat. Only once or twice had he ever seen Mr. Toad sing, and he wanted to see him again.

Steadily and carefully Farmer Brown's boy approached the Smiling Pool. He knew that at the least sound of the lat of his feet on the bank that chorus would stop. He was almost to the Smiling Pool when he heard a rustling in the grass off at one side. He stood still and turned his head to look. What he saw put all thought of the sweet singers in

the Smiling Pool out of his head: There was Mr. Blacksnake with his mouth stretched until his head didn't look like a head at all. And sticking out of Mr. Blacksnake's mouth was the head of Old Mr. Toad with such a look of terror and despair in his beautiful golden eyes!

Farmer Brown's Boy jumped for Mr. Blacksnake. Mr. Blacksnake saw him and started to run. But with Old Mr. Toad in his mouth he couldn't move quickly enough. Swiftly Farmer Brown's Boy reached for him and caught hold of him just back of his head. Farmer Brown's Boy isn't afraid of snakes.

Mr. Blacksnake thrashed about wildly, but it was useless. Farmer Brown's Boy held him tight and gradually moved his hand forward so as to press on Mr. Blacksnake's throat. Then with his other hand he caught hold of Old Mr. Toad and pulled. Out came Old Mr. Toad. Farmer Brown's Boy dropped him in a pocket and then let Mr. Blacksnake go. And Mr. Blacksnake went! His goodness, how he did go! He was in a terrible rage, for a dinner had been taken away from him; but he was afraid, and the only thing he thought of was getting away from Farmer Brown's Boy as far as possible.

Farmer Brown's Boy watched him out of sight. Then he took Old Mr. Toad from his pocket and looked him over carefully. There were the marks of Mr. Blacksnake's small teeth on Old Mr. Toad, but otherwise he seemed all right. "Well, old fellow, I happened along just in time," said Farmer Brown's Boy. "I guess you never will have a narrower escape than this one. I am thankful I happened along just now, I suppose you were on your way to the Smiling Pool, so I'll just take you over there so that nothing more can happen to you."

Old Mr. Toad and Farmer Brown's Boy are old friends. More than once had Old Mr. Toad been picked up by Farmer Brown's Boy, and so he felt no fear at being carried. The look of terror left his beautiful golden eyes, and one of thankfulness took its place. He settled down contentedly in the hand of Farmer Brown's Boy.

Straight to the Smiling Pool went Farmer Brown's Boy and there gently placed Old Mr. Toad on the bank. Old Mr. Toad looked up at him gratefully. Then he hopped straight in, where the water of the Smiling Pool was shallow, and with just his head above water began to swell out his wonderful music bag.

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The next story: "A Song of Gratitude."



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KRAZY KAT

WAA WAA WAA BAAA BAAA WAA WAA BAAA

JEE, IT SOUNDS LIKE A BOILER FACTORY.

WELL, WOULD YOU LOOK WHO IT IS—

GET OUT OF THERE.

WHY THE HISSA-MOOR FOOL—ARE YOU TALKING TO A DEAF PERSON?

NO.

LONG DISTANCE 'KNATZ!

AND I WISHED TO BE INSTANT!

HERE'S A LOCAL CALL FROM MR. BRICK.



ABIE THE AGENT

I THINK I'LL GO BY MINE CLUB, HAVE A NICE LITTLE TALK AND ENJOIN THE EVENING!

OY, THE ONLY ONE HERE IS SIEGFRIED—I HATE TO HOLD CONVERSATION WITH HIM! HIS SLOWNESS MAKES ME EPELEXY FROM NERVOUSNESS!

WHEN DOES YOUR BROTHER LEAVING GO ON THE ROAD?

WHO CAME FIRST AS PRESIDENT— GROVER CLEVELAND OR BENJAMIN HARRISON?

I THINK NEXT WEEK SOME TIME.

WHAT A CRAZY ENSEMBLE—IT AIN'T GOT NO SENSE TO IT!

IT'S THE ANSWER TO THE QUESTION BEFORE—WHAT'S YOUR HURRY, ABIE?



LITTLE JIMMY

WHERE IS YOUR LITTLE WILLIAM?

HE HAS TO STAY IN THE YARD TO-DAY, HE'S BEING PUNISHED FOR HITCHING ONTO AUTOS.

I SHOULD THINK THAT WOULD WORRY YOU TERRIBLY, THE DANGER MUST BE AWFUL.

WHY NOT HAVE HIM TALK WITH MY LITTLE JIMMY, I NEVER HAVE ANY TROUBLE WITH HIM ABOUT SUCH THINGS!

OH, I THINK I WILL!

JIMMY-EE!

WHEE-E!



JERRY ON THE JOB

YOU'RE A MAN O' THE WORLD MR. BRD—MAYBE YOU'D SUD ME AN EARFUL OF DOPE ON HOW TO TAG AN BOSS FOR A SLIGHT BOOST IN THE WAGES???

SURE I WILL.

IF YOU'VE TRIED EVERYTHING ELSE WHY DON'T YOU PRETEND THAT YOU'VE BEEN OFFERED A JOB BY SOME RIVAL R.R.???

DON'T MAKE IT TOO STRONG—JUST ENOUGH TO TAP HIM FOR A LITTLE MORE JACK.

THANKS MR. BRD—THAT'S A TON TALK—I'LL TRY IT.

OH—MR. GINNEY—I THOUGHT I'D TELL YOU THAT THE UNION PACIFIC OFFERED ME A JOB THREE LAST WEEK.

WHATSAMATTER?? DIDN'T YOU HEAR 'EM THE FIRST TIME??



Veteran Fighter of Forest Fires Here For Visit With Son
J. M. Hollingsworth, veteran fire fighter of the United States forest service, who knows every foot of the region about Breitenbush hot springs and Detroit, is here for a visit with his son, James Hollingsworth of Portland, and talking over old times with forest service cronies.

Hollingsworth, who lives at Silverton in the winter, took up a homestead in 1888 before the town of Detroit came into existence. He was later its postmaster for a great many years, and after leaving the postal service joined the forest service.

In summer, stationed on the Santiam forest, usually at Breitenbush hot springs, Hollingsworth is ready at a moment's notice to enlist a crew of men from around the springs, and armed with grubbers, axes and grub, to go in to forest fire. Whether he is in seen, breast choy or upon a steep

Try, Try, Again