THURSDAY, APRIL 27, 1922.

tep in the sum and began an alm-

hat Wes Caviness'II get elected to be

"Wes Caviness?" Polly said, surprise

her tone; "he's not running for that

"Maybe I got it mixed." T. Paer ad-

itted, "but I was down to the Imperial

ou got it wrong." Polly replied. Bob Stanfield's surveyor general." 's kinds hard to get the straight of

y." There's a fellah named that's out to beat Ralph Wil-

"T. Paer answered. "I guess it was an Neuhausen I was thinkin' of." "You're all balled up." Polly said im-

ad that's the idea I got."

ms for that place."

sal ain't it?"

aer mused.

HER OWN WAY

T knew

story you

YOU LIKE IT .

Board Is Delayed

moving her hat or coat, until Mim Dal-rymple arrived. Then slie 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 she is yery 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 I until this instant it had not 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 Safe! Until this instant it had not late in May, as a result of an affidavit of prejudice filed against Judge Duffy be critically ill. Surely this could not Wednesday by W. P. 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

Tom Andrews' wedding day. It was a lovely day on which to be married. Or, were they married yester-day, and salling for Europe today? and a lim Were Tom and Betty already man and She almost ran from the bus to the

THIS IS MR. JIGGS DOCTOR

TALKING - HE IS VERY ILL-

WILL FLY TO FESTIVAL

hotel-so eager was she to silence this haunting and torturing suggestion. (To Be Continued Tomorrow)

Spokane, April 27.--A three-passenger sirplane, with a 200-housepower motor and a limousine cockpit, will take Roy E. Gill, president of the chamber of Commerce, to Wenatchee May 5, to abtend the opening of the Apple Blomo festival. The plane is the latest in all craft, just completed by, the Units States Alrcraft corporation.

By George McManus

evidences of her inward feelings. 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 "No. Is simply told him I would tell

1. 40 9 10 . 36

THANKS-JUST

WHAT I WANT-I'M

OUT OF CIGARS!

was learning to conceal from her all

tion of Shakespeare's "A Midsummer come over to the White House 'nd have a cigarette 'nd talks things over 'nd

ticket." T. Paer replied, "but I guess fown underneath it's Bob Stanfield 'nd Wes 'nd Tom that's really after Ralph's of people 'round Washington don't he?" "Oh, sure," Polly said. "They're mannobbin ging the business but Fithian's the fei-ah they've got up to be voted for." Well, I don't see what Fithian wants be national committeeman for." T.

"They ain't no money in it "I don't know as he does so much." olly answered, "but Bob wants him to hig guns that you maybe'd only just

"Of course." T. Paer suggested, "he generally goes back east a couple times year to buy some shoes don't he?" Yes." Polly said, "but what's that got

do with holding the office." Nothin', only he could combine busipleasure," T. Paer argued. with could run down to Washington the boys the once-over when he

"Polly said, thoughtfully. "But seep him jumping I should think." "I guess that's about right," Folly agreed. "It must be kinda lonesome for Bob back there most of the time at that." that. e committeeman any more.



By Thornton W. Burgess fact to me is very plain: ans may be another's gain. Mr. Blacksnake.

MARMER Brown's Boy is very fond of the spring chorus in the Smiling He delights to sit on the bank and try to see the sweet singers. It requires te and sharp eyes to see one of hose peepers, the Hylas or tiny Tree, rogs, who seem to be mostly voice in early spring. Farmer Brown's boy has patience and sharp eyes, and every ing he visits the Smiling Pool to see Ittle singers.

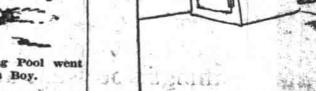
It happened that the very day that Mr. Toad started for the Smiling ame place. He was thinking of Old Toad and wondering if Old Mr. Toad d be down there. He hoped so; for wanted to see Old Mr. Toad sing as all as hear him. He wanted to see Old Toad swell out the music bag that arvies in his throat. Only once or a had he ever seen Mr. Toad sing-

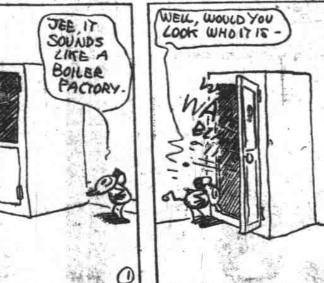
t, and he wanted to see him again. the Smiling Pool out of his head. There silently and carefully Farmer Brown's was Mr. Blacksnake with his mouth



Straight to the Smiling Pool went Farmer Brown's Boy.







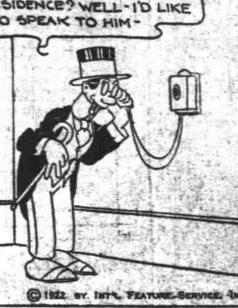


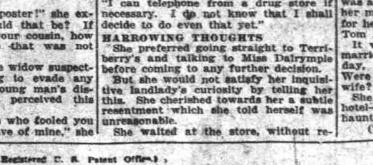












and put the quietus to the BOB NEEDS It is reported to him soon enough When not putting out fires in the sum-mer. Hollingsworth builds trails and bridges, or any other work the forest reserve needs to have done. FRIEND **Civic Improvement** Week Is Arranged o you 'spore," T.- Paer asked httfully as he settled himself on the "You don't have to have a hunch,"

"Tou don't have to have a hunch." Polly said. "It's plain without one." "Then you know more about it'n I do," T. Paer said. "What's the reason?" "What's the use. of having a fellah come back to Washington that won't hunt you up first thing," Polly asked. Condon, April 27 .- The first week in May has been set aside for clean-up "nd ask you what you want him to do for you?

"You may have a blant at it." T. Paer place. The movement was started by the told her, "but I don't think you've got the real idea yet."

"What is it then?" Polly asked. "All I know is Bob wants to see Ralph

program will be an outdoor dramatiza-"Well," T. Paer argued," Ralph goes back there 'nd the President phones down to the Willard 'nd tells him to

know he's the candidate on the it makes Bob feel kinda ionesome." staged in Shakespearean costume;

BRINGING UP FATHER

SPECIAL FOR ME

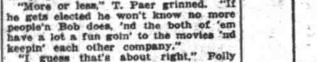
"Oh, yes," T. Paer admitted, "but hob with them he knows ain't like sittin' on the back steps with Warren 'nd pattin' Laddy Boy on the nose." "No, I guess not," Polly conceded. "I guess Ralph knows folks back at Wash-

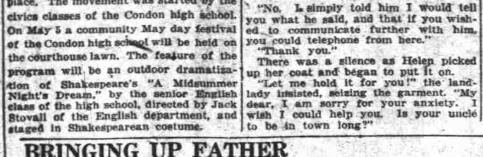
guéss Ralph knows folks back at Wash-ington mor'n Bob at that." "How'd you like to be a senator." T. Paer asked, "nd have just a national committeeman come back to Washington 'nd go chummin' round with the

introduced to when you first got there?" "You would feel kinds like a second

fiddle in a drum corps," Polly admitted, "but what's that got to do with Fithian's campaign?" "More or less," T. Paer grinned. "If

have a lot a fun goin' to the movies keepin' each other company.'





MR.JIGGS - I WANT YOU TO TRY ONE

OF THESE CIGARS THEY ARE MADE

CHAPTER 88. (Copyright, 1921, by Star Company) F MRS. OVINGTON had hoped to produce a startling impression by her innouncement, she was disappointed. She did not know that Helen Gorman She did not know that Helen Gorman She did not know that Helen Gorman (Copyright, 1921, by Star Company) (T do not know." The giaam of curiosity in the sharp cyss goaded Helen to sudden speech. "The man who informed you that he was my cousin, Mrs. Ovington, was no relation of mine. (Copyright, 1921, by Star Company) (Copyright, 192

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

Mrs. Ovington dropped into est chair. "The man was an imposter!" she ex claimed. "Oh, how could that be? If you do not remember your cousin, how

can you be sure that was not It was evident that the widow su

ed the girl was trying to evade any responsibility for the young man's dis-honest actions. Helen perceived this this. She cherished towards her a subtle "I know that the man who fooled you unreasonable.

(Copyright, 1922, by Intern Burvice, Inc.)

-and me-was no relative of mine," she She waited at the store, without re-

be the cass! She took the same route that she had traveled last night to the uptown hotel. She was sorry for her uncle's liness-intensely sorry. Yet, for her, it incle'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 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 decide to do even that yet." HARROWING THOUGHTS. She preferred going straight to Terri

be the case !

By VIRGINIA TERHUNE

VAN de WATER

Boy approached the Smiling Pool. He snow that at the least sound or the jar of his feet on the bank that chorus would stop. He was almost to the Smil-ing Pool when he heard a fustling in the fram off at one side. He stood still and turned his head to look. What he saw put all thought of the sweet singers in

Q 24 orns -just say Blue=jay to your druggist Stops Pain Instantly The simplest way to end a corn is Blue-jay. A touch stops the pain in-stantly. Then the corn loosens and comes out. Made in two forms-a colorless, clear liquid (one drop does HI) and in extra thin plasters. Use whichever form you prefer, plasters or the liquid—the action is the same, Safe, gentle. Made in a world-famed laboratory. Sold by all druggists. Free: Write Bauer & Black, Chicago, Dept. 119 for valuable bobb, "Correct Care of the Feet." is the name to

remember. if you want to get rid of distressing skin eruption. Used with Resinol Soap it is a standard skin treatment and rarely fails to remove all traces of the disorder.

Donit be a skeptic Begin today to use Resinol



a head at all. And sticking out of Mr. Mr. Toad with such a look of terror and

Farmer Brown's Boy jumped for Mr. Blacksnake. Mr. Blacksnake saw him and started to run. But with Old Mr. Toad in his mouth Mr. Blacksnake 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 heid 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 pockat and then let Mr. Black-snake go. And Mr. Blacksnake went! My 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. "T guess you never will have a narrower.

"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, 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 po fear at being carried. The look of ter-ror left his beautiful golden eyes, and one of thankfulness took its place. He settled down contentedly in the hand of Farmer Brown's Boy.

nettled 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 be-gan to swell out his wonderful music has.

(Copyright, 1922, by T. W. Burgess)

The next story: "A Song of Grateful-

Veteran Fighter of Forest Fires Here For Visit With Son

J. M. Hollingsworth, veteran fire fighter of the United States forest serve ice, who knows every foot of the region about Breitenbush hot springs and De-troit, is visiting his son, James Hollings-worth of Portland, and talking over old times with forest service cronics. Hollingsworth, who lives at Silverios in the winter, took up a homestead in 1858 before the town of Detroit came into existance. He was later its postmaster

existance. He was later its postmaster for a great many years, and after leav-ing the postal service joined the forest

In summer, stationed on the Santiam usually at Breitenbush hot Hollingsworth is ready at a atice to enlist a crew of m ad the springs, and arm nes, showels and grub, to

