

Commenced in gleeful greeting as she came clattering up the steps. "It's sure getting warm ain't it?"

"It's all right round about noon." T. Paer admitted grudgingly, "but ma's still makin' me wear them blamed wool socks at might."

The bot to the steps. "It's sure politically, "Maybe not fem're she the same."

"The bot to the steps."

"The bot to the steps."

"It's sure politically, "Maybe not fem're she the same."

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"The bot to the steps."

"The bot to the steps."

"It's sure politically, "Maybe not fem're she the same."

"The bot to the steps."

at sight."

"I'm not talking about the weather,"
Polly replied disgustedly, "It's politics
that's getting warm."

"Oh." T. Paer grunted. "Maybe they
be, but it ain't havin' much effect on my
woodpile as far as I can see."

"Hang around some of the headquarters." Polly suggested, "and you'll think
you're taking a Turkish bath."

"Uh, huh," T. Paer said, "'nd then Pd
get out where the most of the folks is 'nd
get cooled off so quick I'd think I was in
an lechouse."

an icehouse."
"Well," Polly conceded, "I can't see
as the people're more than normal heat,
but you can't have so many hot spots
around town and not have some effect.

good to somebody."
"What good'd that do?" Polly asked

"No." T. Paer agreed, "they're mostly interested in raising gardens."
"No." T. Paer agreed, "they're mostly interested in raisin' dust, but it might help out a little, though."
"I don't see it," Polly objected. "They'd

round them headquarters maybe it's help sprout the beans 'nd peas 'nd what all the boys can do when election day comes and they get through bloody-things if one of 'em was alongside the things if one of 'em was alongside the comes and they get through bloody-in' each other's beczers 'nd slingin' mud."

"I don't think it'd be the right kind of heat," Polly smiled. "It might burn things up."
"I guess maybe it is mostly hot air."
"I paer answered thoughtfully. "It"
T. Paer answered thoughtfully.

kinds dry things up like a east wind, Turkish bath." other's headquarters out and burn penses, anyway."
"Spose you suggest it to 'em," T.
From what I hear down to the Im-

"From what I hear down to the Imperial 'nd places like that," T. Paer said, "because if they's anything anybody in this campaign can do that'll this war's goin' to be fought a fot like do good to anybody it ought to be did he one over in France,"

DEEPER the Hyla, Old Mr Toad's sallest cousin, sat on a little float-

ing twig in the Smiling Pool, listening to Old Mr. Toad's song of gratefulness. Old Mr. Toad was sitting in the shallow water, with just his head out. In his beautiful golden eyes was a look of

'Aren't you a little early this spring?"

asked Peeper.
Old Mr. Toad stopped singing and gravely nodded. "I am a little early." said he. "I wanted to get down here before you stopped singing. I suppose

your singing season is nearly over."

Peeper the Hyla, smallest of the Tree

"I don't think they're planning to kill anybody." Polly assured him, "except politically, maybe."

"Maybe not." T. Paer said, "but some of 'em're shootin' a lot of pelson gas jus

"The well," Polly replied. "You go to expect things like that in politics now lays." "Maybe," T. Paer said, "but it make

"An hour!"
The words were almost a groan. Then, a moment later, he added—
"But I guess I can stand it—since I have to. One can stand a good deal—if me glad I ain't a politician for one thing 'nd sorry I ain't got no gas mask he must."

Helen wondered what would have happened if she had delayed her arrival until afternoon. Would her uncle have waited to summon a physician until

for another."

"If you think you need one," Polly suggested, "maybe you could borrow one of George White that the national guard ain't get no use for right now."

"I wouldn't like to ask George for it,"
T. Paer said generously. "He may need it worse'n me, bein' at his headquarters like he is."

like he is."

"I don't think it'll be a gas mask Georga'll be needing." Polly chuckled. "What he'd better get is a pulmotor."

"What for?" T. Paer asked. "He ain't. goin' to fall in the lake or anything is

"No. I don't suppose so." Polly said,
"but he's liable to get an awful shock
'nd have to be brought to about the last
of May."

riously. They're not interested in ising gardens."

"No." T. Paer agreed, "they're mostly terested in raisin' dust, but it might is pout a little, though."

"I don't see it." Polly objected. "They'd omp down everything you'd planted."

"Not if I seen 'em first." T. Paer rested, "but if it's so all fired warm ound them headquarters maybe it's ame time George does."

"Well," T. Paer chuckled, "I know what all the boys can do when election

"What?" Polly asked.
'They can all go up to Salem to Bill'
Purdy's bathhouse 'nd take a bath," T.
Paer answered. "A fellah that's been "It'd in a fight always feels better after a

"I don't know but that'd be a good idoa," Polly agreed. "It'd help Bhl stage might be a little severe." Polly idea," Polly agreed. "It'd help Bhi stage "Each one of 'em's trying to reast a little comeback on his campaign ex-

spring?" asked Peeper.

Old Mr. Toad chuckled softly. "It is quite clear that I am not to be ionesome here in the Smiling Pool. You may like to do your singing alone, but I don't. With Stickytoes and Croaker both here, we shall have a fine chorus—a very fine chorus. I hope you will take part in it a while, anyway."

"Oh. I dare say I will for a few days."

By VIRGINIA TERHUNE VAN de WATER

CHAPTER 90. - (Copyright, 1921, by Star Company) DANIEL SLOANE looked up expect-

itter just from seeing you. "I was weakened before daybreak by this attack, and I lay here fighting it and thinking of you as you were last evening. It made the suffering easier somehow." "Yes I am sure he will. Dr. Hall's ures promised me to send him here

"Thank you, dear," she murmured.
"It was a great comfort to me to be with
you last evening."
His eyes gazed pleadingly into hers.
"You will not leave."

"You will not leave me soon, will you?" he begged. "It looks as if I might not linger a great while—but I mean to fight as long as I can.

"It would be easier, child, if you were near me. It is hard to bear things all alone."

It is hard to bear things all alone."

all this experience if someone else suffered less because she had known pain. Otherwise, she would have endured in vain.

She looked at the face on the pillow. The eyes were closed, the lips compressed in the effort to keep back the moan that struggled to escape. "I think it is probable that the doctor will be here before the hour passes," she

Her life was empty of everything but herself. All her aims had centeered upon herself. She had considered what would best suit her—how she, Helen Gorman, could have the kind of career that she wanted. She had thought only

Hard to bear things all alone! Yes

she knew how true that was. There was

of her own happiness.

And happiness had eluded her. It had come within her reach only to slip away, leaving her more lonely than before. There might be some compensation in all this experience if someone else suf-fered less because she had known pain. Otherwise, she would have endured in

WELL - YOU GO AN' TELL

"What?" the pale lips asked.

"You said just now that it is hard to bear things alone. Dear—I am not of much use—and I am a very silly person—but if it would be any comfort to you to have me with you, I will stay just as long as you want me."

The eyes opened wider and an expression of wonder crept into them.

"What do you mean?" Daniel Sloane asked hoursely. "Do you mean that you will go back to Slatesville with me—if I live to get there—and that you will stay with me—until I die? It may not be very soon, you know."

The pity of the warning smote the very soon, you know."

The pity of the warning smote the listener's heart. Dropping on her knees by the bed, she laid her face on the in-

"What?" the pale lips asked.

"Dear, dear uncle," she said someon." I mean that I will stay with you just mean that I will stay with you just a sville, small and provincial; the eary house; an incurably ill man.

"It won't be!" he gasped. "But i will seem like a long while to a youn girl shut away from the world with cross old man. Are you sure you know what you are promising, child?"
"I am sure—but you"— All about her lay New York-the city

"Uncle!" she said gently. The dark eyes opened and gazed into

"Are you sure you want me, uncle?"
She filled in the pause. "I am sure, too," she said bravely—"so sure that I promise to stay with you as long as you want me."

"That will be until I die," he whis-

"Then I will stay until you die."
As the sick man turned his face her, she kissed him on the forehead.
It was almost like a seal to the solem promise she had just made.

To Be Continued Monday Williamette University, Salem, April 29.—The senior class won first place in the inter-class oratorical contest yesferday, freshmen second, juniors third and sophomores fourth. J. Fred McGrew was the senior speaker. Merie Bonney freshman, Helen Hoover junior, and George Oliver sophomore.

phey, commander of Ciatsop post of the American legion, from Senator McNary. The temporary cantonment at the army post will be sold at auction early in May, according to a previous plan, which had been held up while the scheme for a rehabilitation center was under consideration. Senator McNary's letter says, in part: of War Weeks, who informed me today that the veterans' bureau has decided that Fort Stevens is not a favorable place for a neuro-psychiatric center and will not therefore ask for the retention of the buildings."

By George McManus

BRINGING UP FATHER

she replied. "Will he be here soon?"

> THE WORKMEN ARE THAT 50! VERY ANGRY AT YOU SIR- THEY ARE TALKING ABOUT FIGHTING - SIR!







KRAZY KAT











A True Mouse at Heart

ABIE THE AGENT

(Copyright, 1923, by International Peature, Service, Inc.)

Showing No Favorites











take part in it a while, anyway."

"Oh, I dare say I will for a few days," replied Peeper. "That chorus needs a few high notes to make it complete. Personally, I don't care much for the singing of Cousin Stickytoes, and still less for that of Croaker."

"How about my singing?" asked Old Mr. Toad, with a twinkle in his eyes.

"I've told you already what I think of your singing," replied Peeper. "I'm quite willing to agree that you have one of the sweetest voices to be Heard in the spring. You can's be heard as far as I can, which seems funny to me, when you are so many times bigger than I. You ought to put more strength into your song, so as to make it louder."

"Loudness and sweetness seldom go together, and I prefer sweetness," replied Old Mr. Toad. He swelled out the music bag in his throat, and, without opening his mouth at all, began to sing. (Copyright, 1922, by T. W. Burges)

The next story: "The Passing of LITTLE JIMMY

The One Exception

Peeper the Hyla, smallest of the Tree Frogs, nodded in his turn. "Yes," said he, "I have been singing for a month and I am about through, You know, one cannot sing all the time. Besides, I like to sing best when there are no other voices to spoil the Hyla chorue. That is why I am the first of the family to awaken in the spring. Now, Cousin Stickytoes the Tree Toad is here. I heard him yesterday." "It is funny that people will persist in calling Stickytoes a Toad, when he really is a Frog Just the same as you are," interrupted Old Mr. Toad. "Have you seen him yet?" "No," replied Peeper, "but—" "No," replied Peeper, "but—" "No," replied Peeper, "but—" "What then another voice broke in. It was a trill quite different from Peepers' high, clear peep, or Old Mr. Toad's softer song. "There?" exclaimed Peeper. "What did I tell you?" Old Mr. Toad's eyes brightened. "That is Cousin Stickytoes, all right," said he, "and he hasn't forgotten how to sing. It is good to hear him. Have you seen anything of Grandfather Frog yet?" "Of course not! What a silly question! It is too early for Grandfather Frug," retorted Peeper. "Of course, of course," said Old Mr. Toad, hastily. "He always was a lazy fellow. I should have known better than to ask. I suppose his cousin, Croaker the Green Frog, is here." As if in answer to Old Mr. Toad's question, there was a sudden croak repeated several times from the farther aide of the Smiling Pool. It was the volce of the very one they were talking about. Chinese Reports Seeing Floating Horse in Columbia

The Dailes, April 22.—A Chinese who was looking at the Columbia river yesterday from his home saw floating down stream the carcase of a horse, believed to he the same one seen going over the Celio Falis last Sunday afternoon. The hody of a young man, apparently in working clothes, went over the falls about the same time.

The Chinese reported to the police. They investigated and plainly saw the horse, which appeared to be saddled. A followed man started out in a row boat, but the high waves rolled up by the stiff wind forced him to put back.

It is believed that the body of the man has passed down stream in the night, as parasins have been on watch for its passage by the city over since it was ob-

Court Order; Will Move Headquarters Commercial fishermen, who have operated for years on the Willamette river with Oregon City as their headquarters,

The next story: "The Passing of Fear."

perved at the falls, 15 miles above The Dailes. The police here are mystified over the apparent tragedy.

Fishermen to Obey

are taking out gill not licenses for new grounds on the upper and lower Colum-bla river, said Carl D. Shoemaker, sec-retary of the commercial fish commis-

sion, today.

Shoemaker said commercial fishermen have taken the decision of the supreme court upholding the Willamette river closing order as final and that they do not intend to attempt poaching on the river. Shoemaker reports that conditions on the Williamette are quiet this year and that none of the fish pirate trouble of former years is being enacted.

Police Seek Youth Who Slew Girl When She Went to Dance

Twin Falls, Idaho, April 29.—Police are earching for Sylva Van Eaton, 20, who alleged to have killed his youthful









JERRY ON THE JOB

No Use Trying Thrice













