

FATHER'S DAY

BY RALPH WATERBURY

"I ain't jealous or anything," T. Paer announced as he drifted into the kitchen. "But this Mother's day business is kinda gettin' on my nerves."

"Why, the idea?" Ma exclaimed in astonishment, "ain't you ashamed of yourself?"

"I might be if I didn't know what it was talkin' about," T. Paer answered defensively, "ain't I might be if I was a young fellow, but old as I am, I'm bein'."

"What on earth's pestered you?" Ma asked curiously. "I can't see nothing but what's beautiful in Mother's day."

"Of course you can't," T. Paer agreed, "but if you were overalls 'nd whiskers like me, 'nd you'd get a different slant on it."

"I don't see as that makes any difference at all," Ma insisted. "You got a mother to give flowers to 'nd remember today just as much as us women have."

"That's all right enough," T. Paer said, "but the way you look at it you women ain't the whole thing in a family. Us men ought to be in on the game once in a year it seems to me."

"If it wasn't for us women they wouldn't be any family," Ma reminded him. "Didn't you ever think of that?"

"No, if it wasn't for us men the family'd starve to death," T. Paer pointed out, "nd then they'd be flowers for the whole bunch."

"I don't know as that's so either," Ma objected. "I've seen lots of families where there wasn't no man that didn't starve to death."

"Maybe not," T. Paer retorted. "They probably had the poor cowards' life insurance to help out with the bills."

"I don't like the way you're talking," Ma told him. "It don't sound like you're all right."

"It ain't like me," T. Paer assured her. "I'm a revolutionist 'nd am goin' to strike for bokays of my own."

"You know," Ma smiled, "they ain't no in ornamenting a body with flowers, maybe that's the reason nobody thinks of sending carnations 'nd things to you."

"I ain't kiddin' about this," T. Paer continued. "I can't see no reason why this Mother's day ought to be split fifty-fifty on the old man could have a look in."

"You're talkin' foolish," Ma insisted. "It wouldn't be natural to send flowers to a man."

where else. He believes that the country west of The Sisters is the most beautiful in the world, and he is ready at all times to prove it to the unbelievers.

According to Taylor, Mary Roberts Rinehart, the authoress, whose trip down the Skyline was postponed last year because of illness, will make the journey this summer if her health will permit. Mrs. Rinehart is now in communication with Guide Hayes of McKenzie Bridge, who will have charge of her tour.

Messenger Boy Hurt; Truck Hits Bicycle

Henry Wilkins, 17, a Western Union messenger boy, who lives with his parents at No. 546 East 27th street south, was severely injured late Friday afternoon when the bicycle he was riding collided at 10th and Stark streets, with a truck driven by P. M. Schroeder, No. 125 East Morrison street. The lad was dragged several feet and was badly cut and torn about the arms, shoulders and face. He was treated in the emergency hospital. His condition is not serious.

He was the only person left in the

Rich Girl, Poor Girl

By VIRGINIA TERHUNE VAN de WATER

CHAPTER V

DELIAIDE BROWN went back into the dressing room, her cheeks burning with excitement.

She glanced eagerly at the several performers who were awaiting their turn. Only one seemed to notice her. This was the tenor, who smiled as he passed her on his way out.

"My stunt is done for the evening," he remarked affably. "Is yours, too?"

"I—don't know," Adelaide replied. She waited about uncertainly for a few minutes. She did not suppose she was to sing again.

Yet—if not—would not somebody notify her? She could not leave without ascertaining her fate.

At last she sat down, determined to wait until the manager returned. Surely he must appear after a while and tell her what he thought of her performance.

She was the only person left in the

little room when Heyman finally came in.

Outside, the orchestra was playing a jazz tune—had been playing it for some time. Peeping through the half opened door, Adelaide had seen people dancing. She wondered if Miss Hollingshead were dancing. She watched, hoping to catch a glimpse of her.

Someone touched her on the shoulder. Turning, she faced Solomon Heyman. "You got on rather well for a first appearance and, considering that you were so scared to begin with," he approved, laying his huge hand on her bare arm. "At the start I thought you were going to fall down on the job, but later you acted as if you forgot to be nervous. You need more practice, that's all."

She gazed at him anxiously, her face paling under her rouge.

"Then you—then you," she faltered. "Yes," he assured her unspoken question. "I guess we'll take you for a month, anyway."

"If you make good, we'll keep you longer, of course. But you must learn new pieces and try to get more pep and ginger into your manner."

"You look right now as if you were tired. Are you?"

"No, indeed!" she exclaimed mendaciously. "I don't get tired easily. I am very well and strong."

"That's good! For regular singing at a cabaret is no easy job. It means late hours and no failures, no matter how you feel. You gotta look pretty always."

"That's good!" For regular singing at a cabaret is no easy job. It means late hours and no failures, no matter how you feel. You gotta look pretty always."

"Adelaide tried to think was kindly. Then, as she did not answer, he explained: "What we need at a place like this is a girl who can deliver the goods every time and can be so attractive that folks like to come back again to see and hear her. Get me?"

"Yes," she murmured. "Well, you can go home now." Solo-

mon Heyman said. "After this you'll have to stay late and sing several times. But tonight is just sort of a try-out, as it were."

The girl suppressed a shudder of repulsion as he squeezed her arm before releasing it.

He was so fat and greasy in appearance—and he stood so close to her! But she must endure it. It was for her mother and for Jennie—but especially for her mother.

She had been in the habit of trusting her instincts, and her instinct warned her against this man who smiled so broadly and who spoke so patronizingly. She stashed she could jerk herself away from him and tell him that she did not want the job he offered her.

If she only could! But her mother needed the money.

"She needs the money—and she must have it!" she whispered to herself as she hurried away from the restaurant and boarded the train for home.

Mrs. Brown uttered an audible exclamation of relief as her daughter came into the little hall.

"Oh, Addie—is that you?" she called. "Yes, here I am," the girl answered, entering the bedroom in which her mother and sister slept. "And oh, my dear! I've got a job—a regular job,

for a month, anyway, and maybe longer —if I do well!"

"Tell me about it," the widow urged. "Well, at first I was awfully scared, mother," seating herself on the side of the bed. "I felt as if I could not breathe. But I got over that. I saw by the look on a girl's face that I was making good. That saved me."

"Was the manager kind to you? Nice and fatherly, I mean?"

"Yes," was the brief answer. "And now good night, honey. It's bed time."

"Aren't you very tired?" the parent queried solicitously. "You must be, after working in the shop all day, then at the restaurant all the evening. But, I suppose," as an after-thought, "that the work at the cabaret is not hard. Just singing, that's all. That must be pleasant."

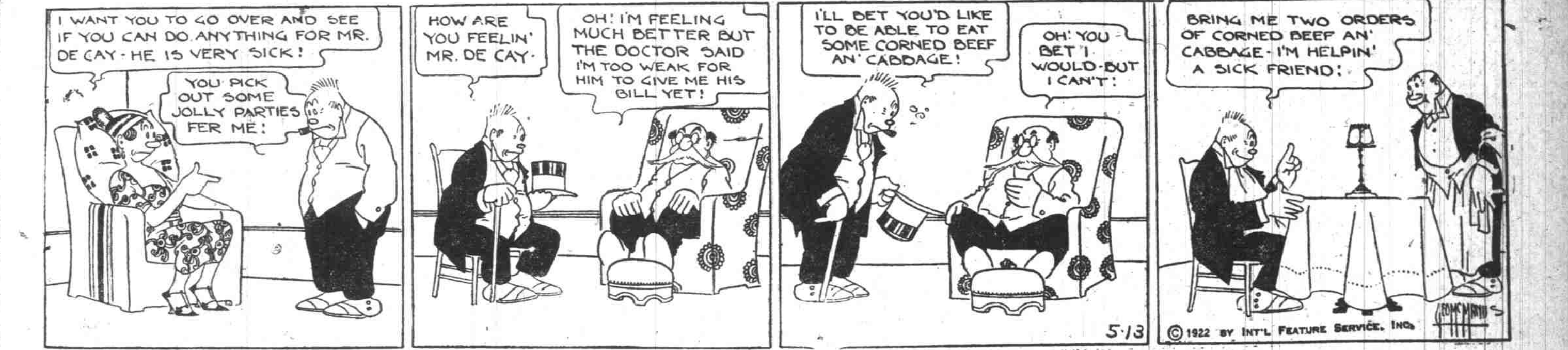
"Yes," the weary young voice answered. "Just singing is pleasant, dear."

She went into her tiny room and shut the door. Then, because she was so tired and had been under such a nervous strain, and was so thankful she had made good, and was so foolish as to feel vaguely frightened, she dropped down upon her little bed and cried softly.

(To Be Continued Monday.)

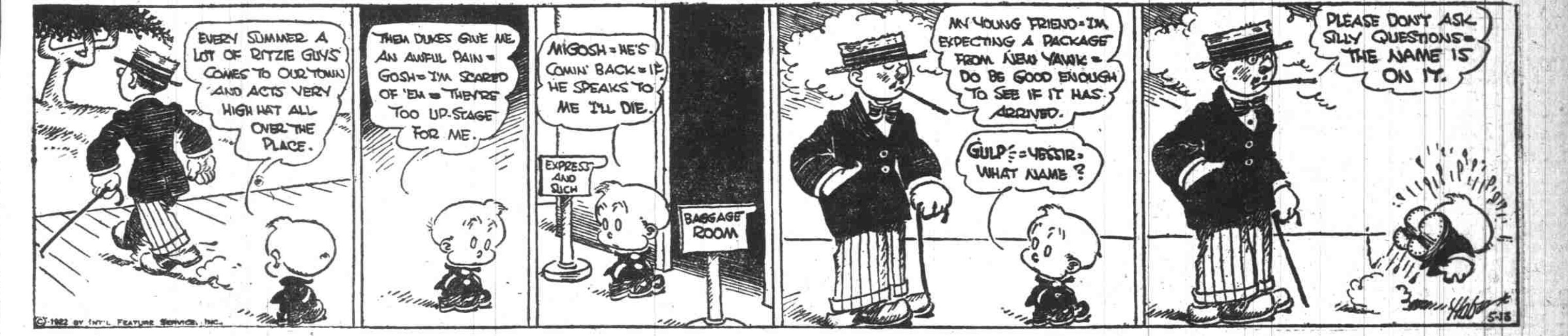
BRINGING UP FATHER

(Registered U. S. Patent Office)



JERRY ON THE JOB

(Copyright, 1922, by International Feature Service, Inc.)



KRAZY KAT

(Copyright, 1922, by International Feature Service, Inc.)



LITTLE JIMMY

(Copyright, 1922, by International Feature Service, Inc.)



ABIE THE AGENT

(Copyright, 1922, by International Feature Service, Inc.)



BURGESS' BEDTIME STORIES

Peter Rabbit and Johnny Chuck Make Up

By Thornton W. Burgess

It is almost worth a quarrel to make up, and friendship is the result.

Little Mrs. Peter Rabbit was quite frantic with fear. It was not fear for herself. She was not thinking of self at all. It was fear for one of her babies. She had just counted noses and found that one was missing. She thought a signal, but there was no reply. She knew then that he must have wandered away.

Peter wasn't about at the time. Little Mrs. Peter didn't want to leave the other babies, but she felt that she must. She led them to the very safest place in the dear Old Briar-patch and charged them not to move until her return. Then she started out to look for the lost baby. Lipperty-lipperty-lop she ran along the little paths all through the dear Old Briar-patch. She looked under every bramble bush. She looked everywhere that it seemed possible a little rabbit might be hiding. Nowhere was there a single sign of the lost baby.

Finally she came out to the edge of the dear Old Briar-patch close by the new home of Johnny Chuck and Polly Chuck. She got there just in time to see Johnny Chuck drive Black Pussycat the cat away from the patch of sweet clover. Even while she looked a funny little head with funny long ears popped up among the clover blossoms. It was her lost baby!

With a bound little Mrs. Peter was out of the dear Old Briar-patch, and quick as a flash she told her husband, Johnny Chuck, that she had found the lost baby. For a moment she forgot everything but the joy of finding her lost baby. She forgot Johnny Chuck. She forgot that they were right out in the open where there might be danger. Johnny Chuck grinned as he watched her look that stray baby all over to make sure that he was whole and unhurt.

As soon as she was sure of this she turned and without so much as a glance at Johnny Chuck led the way back to the dear Old Briar-patch with that stray baby hopping behind her as close to her heels as he could get. When he had disappeared in the Old Briar-patch Johnny Chuck chuckled and slowly made his way back to his own dooreater.

Little Mrs. Peter led that stray baby straight back to where the other babies were. They were all there. Not one had disobeyed. Mrs. Peter counted them twice to make sure. Then she gave a little sigh of thankfulness. It was then that she realized how very impolite she had been to Johnny Chuck. It came over her all of a sudden that Black Pussycat would surely have caught that baby had it not been for Johnny Chuck, and with that understanding a great friendliness for Johnny Chuck crept into her heart.

She was still thinking about it when Peter Rabbit returned. She told him at once all that had happened. Peter listened gravely, but in his eyes was a look of gladness. Without a word he turned and hurried away straight toward Johnny Chuck's home. Lipperty-lipperty-lop, Johnny was sitting on his dooreater.

"Ye come," said Peter. "I tell you how thankful Mrs. Peter and I are to you, and how very brave we think you

Credit Competition Will Be Eliminated If Plan Works Out

Thousands of dollars have been saved to retail dealers doing credit business and thousands more will be saved when the National Retail Credit Men's association permits "fair fight" plans to them twice to make sure. This was the plan of the National Retail Credit Men's association, which was a Portland visitor Friday.

Woodcock was en route to the Northwest conference at Seattle from his headquarters at St. Louis and was met at the station this morning by a committee of local credit men, who took him for a tour of the Columbia River highway and have planned a dinner at the Benson hotel at 8:30 o'clock tonight.

"Business men have been afraid in the past that if they pressed their customers too closely for payment of bills that they would force their customers to competitor stores," said Woodcock, who said that the 12,000 members of the Credit Men's association have determined to eliminate competition in credit granting.

Woodcock has just completed a tour of the country and reported that business is showing bright spots in a number of places. In Pittsburg, for instance, he said he found the steel mills running 85 per cent of normal.

Ranger Wants to Go Back Home to Take Off His Stiff Collar

Ranger Smith Taylor of McKenzie Bridge feels uncomfortable in a stiff collar. Ranger Taylor is attending the dispatchers' conference conducted by W. E. Osborne at forest service headquarters.

"It is the first time I have been in Portland for 10 years," said Taylor Friday, "and I have been here too long already. I have been here since Tuesday night, and I want to get back and get on a flannel shirt and soft collar."

Taylor has been stationed at McKenzie Bridge for 12 years and feels himself so rooted in the mountain regions of The Sisters that he is not happy any-

RESINOL
Soothing and Healing

No wakeful hours of itching torment if you apply freely this cooling ointment and bandage lightly.

Try it tonight if it hastens the healing

At all drugists

By George McManus



Can't Get Fresh With This Gent



Complicated Fishing



Politeness Pays



It Never Rains but It Pours

