



"Well," T. Paer chuckled as Polly Tician came across the street to wait for the city car. "I see Gamaliel's still got the country on the threshold of a new era at this very moment."

"What're you talking about?" Polly asked crossly. "You're always razzing the president every time you get a chance."

"Not quite," T. Paer grinned. "If I did that I'd never have time to do no work at all."

"I don't think you hurt yourself working as it is," Polly retorted. "I never go to the Imperial but I see you loafing around the lobby."

"All the answer I got to that," T. Paer said easily, "is if you think loafin' in that lobby ain't work you ain't never listened to it any."

"It's all right for them that like it," Polly answered, "but there's too many Democrats there for me."

"They're one advantage, though," T. Paer argued, "if a fellow ever wants to find one of 'em he can always find either Bill Moore or Joe Morrow or Colonel Bob Miller there some time about noon."

"I guess business's picking up," Polly remarked as the two debaters wedged themselves into a seat. "Did you read what the president said about it when he made that speech at the U. S. Chamber of Commerce the other day?"

"Uh, huh," T. Paer answered laconically, "that's where Gamaliel told 'em he still had the country nailed to the threshold of the new era."

"What're you harping on that threshold stuff for?" Polly demanded peevishly. "I don't get your idea."

"I ain't harpin'," T. Paer denied, "but I can't help thinkin' Uncle seems must be gettin' tired of standin' on one foot so long."

"On one foot?" Polly repeated doubtfully. "What do you mean by one foot?"

"Well," T. Paer explained, "Gamaliel 'nd the boys've had the poor country on that threshold ever since the November election in 1920."

"There you go," Polly said disgustedly, "hammering that stuff like you're paid to do it."

"Maybe I am," T. Paer replied, "but I ain't saw no pay for it that I can see."

"What the president said," Polly contended, "was that business is reviving and the country is finding itself."

"I don't know about the business part of it," T. Paer said, thoughtfully, "but I can see some reason for Gamaliel's sayin' the rest of it, though I never thought he'd admit it like that."

"Why shouldn't he admit it?" Polly asked, "but," she added, "I got a notion you're trying to be nasty again."

"Nasty ain't it, Paer pronounced, "it's a comfortin' thing to know the country's findin' itself once more."

"Yes," Polly said enthusiastically, "the first thing we know times'll be good every place and everything'll be jake."

"You know," T. Paer mused, "when the country gets back in 1920, I wondered if it'd take it four years to find itself or if it'd begin doin' it the first time it had a chance two years from then."

"What're you talking about?" Polly asked suspiciously, "or do you know?"

"I got a hunch," T. Paer assured her, "only I can't just see how Gamaliel figgers we're standin' on the threshold of a new era."

"Why not?" Polly queried. "Things're getting better all the time ain't they?"

"I've been thinkin' so lately," T. Paer agreed, "but I can't see how Gamaliel's sort of knocked the New out'n Gamaliel's era back in Indiana the other day."

"What's that?" Polly asked.

"Stacy's two cats singin' on the back fence," T. Paer grinned, "but lots of cats ain't quite up to that special brand of harmony."

"It makes me sick," Polly said pettishly, "listenin' to people like you howlin' about things you don't know nothin' about."

"I'm bowlin'," T. Paer chuckled, "I'm just watchin' the country findin' itself. Did you notice," he asked guilelessly, "how the man and woman in Pennsylvania when Pinchot was nominated for governor the other day?"

"That was a local issue," Polly contended, "and you're tired of the gang down there."

"Yeah," T. Paer said, "Old Bill Penn said to him at various houses where he called for clothing for the poor. The general told the commissioner as soon as he collected a quantity of the bottles they did not raid the place until several complaints were made. While searching the house, they said, Mrs. Stacy attempted to hide one bottle of the liquor underneath a pillow. Bond was set at \$150, which Mrs. Stacy furnished."

NAZARENE ARMY 'GENERAL' IS HELD ON LIQUOR CHARGE

"God knows I never sold a drink of whiskey in my life," said "General" William Stacy, head of the Nazarene Army, this morning as United States Commissioner Kenneth Fraser held him to answer to the federal grand jury for alleged violation of the Volstead act.

"You ought to have known better than to have kept moonshine whiskey about your place," said the commissioner. "It looks pretty bad for anyone running a religious home, especially a Nazarene, to have a still in the house."

"Federal Prohibition Agents Price and Linville raided the army headquarters at 222 Mississippi avenue Saturday, and seized five pints of 100-proof moonshine whiskey, known as "white milk," and a large number of empty flasks. Stacy did not deny possession of the beverage, but claimed he kept it for medicinal purposes. Stacy has lost many of his teeth. The whiskey, he said, when mixed with sugar and water, made a fine solution to wash his gums. Under cross examination, Stacy admitted that "a little slipped down his throat now and then."

"It would be foolish to deny that I never swallowed any," he said.

Stacy denied purchasing the liquor. He claimed that a roomer left the army headquarters several months ago with his suitcase as security for the rent. It was in this suitcase, Stacy said, that the agents found the liquor.

The empty bottles, Stacy said, were given to him at various houses where he called for clothing for the poor. The general told the commissioner as soon as he collected a quantity of the bottles they did not raid the place until several complaints were made. While searching the house, they said, Mrs. Stacy attempted to hide one bottle of the liquor underneath a pillow. Bond was set at \$150, which Mrs. Stacy furnished.

Filipino Commission Will Be Invited to Pay Portland Visit

Forty members of a Filipino commission, visiting the United States in the interest of political independence of the Philippines, will be invited to visit Portland upon their arrival at Seattle on the steamship Keystone State Tuesday morning.

The invitation to visit Portland was extended by the Portland Chamber of Commerce through William McMurray, general passenger agent of the Union Pacific system, who is now at Seattle. The commission proposes to visit Pacific coast cities and proceed to Washington by a leisurely itinerary which is to include many of the larger cities of the country. Announcement of the arrival of the commission was received today from the bureau of insular affairs by Secretary Hetherton of the Chamber of Commerce.

HUNTER TELLS OF KILLING LEOPARD WITH BARE HANDS

Scared with many traces of battles with wild creatures of the African jungle, Dr. Carl Akeley, explorer, sculptor, naturalist and hunter of big game, has arrived for his lecture at the Auditorium tonight. At the Portland hotel today he told many of the exciting experiences which he had in his searches for specimens of wild life which he has placed in American museums and described in numerous lectures and articles.

One of the most thrilling of these tales was his bare-handed fight with a leopard in the jungle. He was hunting ostriches when near dusk he fired unwittingly at something that rustled past him in the brush. That something proved to be a leopard, which retaliated by leaping at his throat and knocking his rifle from his hands.

After a hard fight, in which Akeley was badly mauled, he got his fist down the leopard's throat and choked it.

But of all creatures of the jungle, Akeley believes the gorilla the most interesting and the most misjudged. Kind and friendly, peaceable and neighborly, the gorilla is well thought of by the natives and is dangerous only when molested.

Dr. Carl Akeley's most famous sculpture, the "Wounded Comrade," a figure of two elephants done in bronze, is in the American Museum of Natural History. It is now working on a number of elephant groups for the African hall, which is to be a part of the museum.

Park Dramatic Club To Give Three Plays

The Peninsula Park Dramatic club will present three one-act plays Tuesday night at the community house. "The Fleetest Ship," "The Child in the House" and "The Dear Departed" are the plays to be given. Miss Velma Byers, community house director for the bureau of parks, is coach.

Those who will take part in the play are Frank Riggs, Viola Sorenson, Charles Marrett, Ramona Minor, Charles Blumgarten, Vivian Lamereaux, Karl Dobler, Edna Barber, Clara Forest, Ray Smith, Edna Logan, Beatrice, Philip, Nina Porterfield, and Mabel Phillips.

Another Withdrawal From Steel Merger Proposal Is Predicted

New York, May 22.—(U. P.)—That Inland Steel will be the next independent to withdraw from the proposed six companies steel consolidation was the belief expressed on Wall street today. A combination of the remaining five companies is generally discounted.

It is pointed out a merger of Midvale, Republic, Brier Hill, Inland and Sheet and Tube would not make a very formidable organization.

The ingot capacity would be hardly more than 1000 tons in excess of Bethlehem-Lackawanna, it is said.

Youngstown Sheet and Tube withdrew from the negotiations, it is believed, because of dissatisfaction over the price set for taking over the company's securities.

Rice-Penne Company Files in Bankruptcy

Rice-Penne Co., No. 44 Front street, through its president, Fred O. Parks, filed a voluntary petition in bankruptcy Saturday in the federal court. The company was a mail order house. The schedules contain the names of 74 creditors, most of whom are local concerns or individuals. The liabilities total \$10,627.03, of which \$346.42 are unsecured. The assets total \$2615. Harry S. McKay, proprietor of an automobile service station at No. 394 Union avenue north, also filed a voluntary petition. His liabilities are \$11,896 and assets \$723.

Rich Girl, Poor Girl

CHAPTER XII
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TREMBLING, agitated, Adelaide Brown sank down upon a chair when Solomon Heyman went out of the little room. How she loathed this job! Yet—she could not afford to lose it! She must not!

In spite of her fears and premonitions she might be able to get the rent of the flat here until she could secure something elsewhere.

Her position at Heyman's would enable her to pay the rent of the flat and give her mother such food as she needed until time for the operation that might restore her sight, and she had resigned this awful means' speech and action!

Yet how could she have helped hesitating? Even for her mother's sake she could not stand—she started to her feet as a voice spoke her name.

It was time for her "turn." She hurried out into the crowded dining room. The place swam before her eyes. As on the first night, she was horribly frightened. Her argument with Heyman had unraveled her.

If she might only sing so well that he would not regret his verdict!

Even though she longed to leave his employ, she could not. It would mean abject poverty unless she could get another place immediately—abject poverty for her blind mother!

She stood motionless while the orchestra began the opening bars of Tosti's "Goodbye."

She remembered now that some "gentleman" had asked that she sing it. She hated him for asking it.

He was probably one of the same sort at Heyman. Restaurants had so many men patrons who ogled girls!

She began to sing, her voice quivering and unsteady. With a mighty effort, she raised her voice and faced the diners.

Then, all at once, she saw the girl she had seen on that first night over a fortnight ago—the Miss Hollingshead who, in Madame O'Brien's shop had said impulsively to the little milliner who waited on her:

"I like you."

And as she met this girl's smile courage entered into Adelaide Brown's heart.

Her fear vanished, she straightened her slender figure and finished her song. Then, with a little bow in recognition of the applause she received, she hastened from the platform and from the dining room.

"Well, did you see the man?" he asked sharply.

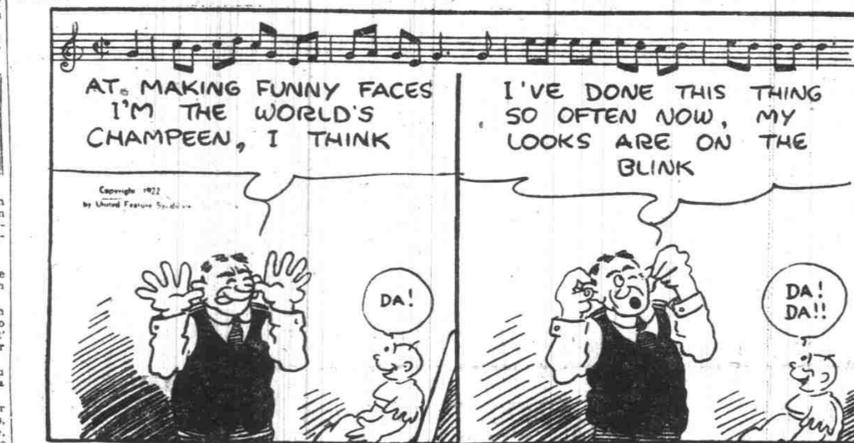
"What man?"

"The one who asked for the song, of course."

"I—I forgot all about him," the girl stammered.

Then, remembering the warning which the triumph of the past few minutes had

THEM DAYS IS GONE FOREVER—Impress This on the Infant



By A. Posen

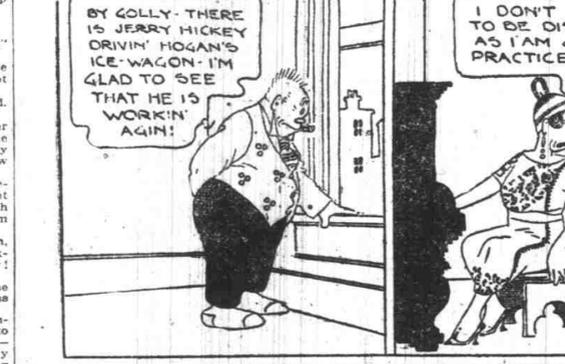


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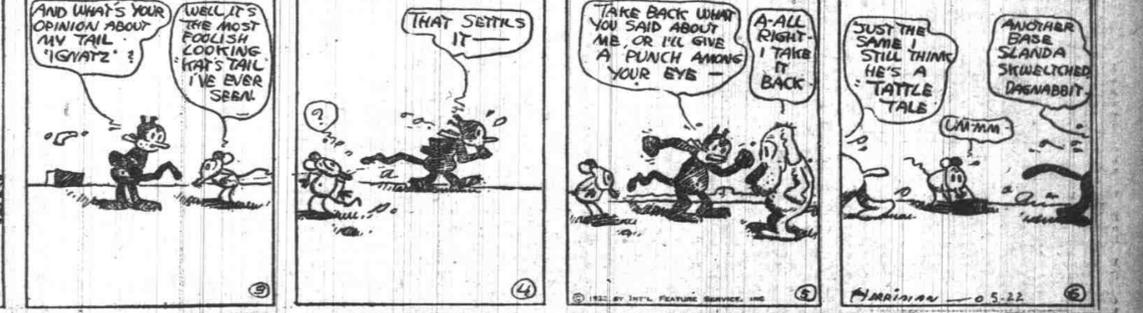
Thus Endeth an Interesting Tale



KRAZY KAT



Abie Knows How to Handle Them



ABIE THE AGENT



Abie Knows How to Handle Them



Marshfield Woman Suicide by Drowning

Marshfield, May 22.—Ella Gardner, wife of William H. Gardner, committed suicide Sunday by jumping into the bay. Her body was recovered. She was 50 years old. Ill health is said to have been the cause for her act.

Nevada Lets Work On Lincoln Highway

New York, May 22.—(U. P.)—Contracts calling for \$1,500,000 worth of improvement on the Lincoln highway across Nevada have been signed here by J. M. Gurn, president of the Lincoln Highway association. The closing of these contracts represents another step towards completion of the Lincoln highway across the continent.