GOOD MORNING, JUDGE

BY RALPH WATSON

THE Fat Man crumpled his paper up in his hand, twisted it viciously into a shapeless wad and hurled it out of the car window vindictively.

"They're a bunch of robbers," he snorted. "Just settting up on a soft bench and getting fat on a big pay check and they don't know what justice is."

"What're you all het up about now?" T. Paer asked sympathetically. "Has somebody gouged you for a roll?"

"Not me," The Fat Man assured him pridefully. "I've been up against that brace game for the last time and a burned cat keeps his feet off the coals."

"Well, then," T. Paer persisted, "what're you beefin' about?"

"Judges," The Fat Man answered. "Judges and courts. They're the bunk."

"I hadn't noticed it," T. Paer responded. "I thought we had to have 'em to unscramble the bunk that other people peddle 'em."

"Unscramble?" The Fat Man repeated derisively, "they're the scramblers on the payroll."

"You talk like somebody's nicked you," P. Paer grinned. "Did Doc Linville catch you with somethin' on your hip?"

"He did not," The Fat Man boasted, "but take it from me, brother, it's getting so in this land of the free a fellah can't even carry his wallet in his back pocket without some Dick punching him with his billy to see if it'll make a noise like glassware."

"Well, then, blamed if I can see what's eatin' you," T. Paer remarked. "If no judge's handed you nothin' what's the holler?"

"I'm just full up on 'em, that's all," The Fat Man growled. "Look at this Landis fellah, and look at all of 'em. They ought to be made to pay to be judges instead of being paid, considering all the fun they get soaking the goats that have to go up against 'em."

"I believe in keepin' the cost of runnin' the government down," T. Paer answered thoughtfully, "but I wouldn't be a judge if they'd deed me the U. S. mint 'nd hand me a free license to run it three shifts a day."

"I would," The Fat Man said wistfully, "'nd believe me I'd make old Solomon look like a piker in short dresses."

"You talk like it," T. Paer chuckled. "You got a disposition that'd make a peach of a judge."

"If you're going to be a judge," The Fat Man insisted, "the meaner disposition you got the better you get along."

"Well," T. Paer mused, "I don't know about that. I was up in the courthouse yesterday 'nd listened to them fellahs operate for a couple a hours 'nd blamed if I see how they get by with it 'nd keep out'n Doc Steiner's nut factory."

"They keep happy by razzing everybody that comes in court," The Fat Man contended. "Just sit up there and hand it to 'em every chance they get."

"From what I seen," T. Paer argued, "them that gets razzed is the ones that've got it comin' to 'em mostly."

"You got to show me," The Fat Man retorted. "It ain't my experience."

"When I was up there," T. Paer said, "they was a poor goat bein' sued by a fat goof that'd been chargin' him 36 per cent 'nd got sore because he kicked about it after he'd paid more in interest than what he borrowed in the first place."

"That was pretty high interest," The Fat Man admitted, "but what'd the poor gump get hooked that way in the first place for?"

"To get money enough to keep his wife from bein' buried by the county," T. Paer answered, "'nd then they was a big bruiser'd beat up his wife that wasn't any bigger'n a pint of soap 'nd stole her kids. 'Nd they was a woman that'd swiped her old man's bank account 'nd flew the coop 'nd then asked the judge to give her the home place 'nd the furniture. 'Nd they was a gang of young folks wantin' to gyp their mother out'n what life insurance their dad'd left when he died, 'nd—"

"I don't want to listen to all that bunk," The Fat Man broke in. "I'll get down to the office and beat up the stenographer."

"I don't 'spose the judge got much joy out'n it either," T. Paer suggested, "but it's the kind of dope that's peddled to him every day he's workin', ain't it?"

"I guess it is," The Fat Man answered, "It ain't a very cheerful kind of a game, come to think about it."

"The rest of us," T. Paer mused, "get all het up just thinkin' of our own troubles but it seems to me it'd be a hard job to just listen to rows 'nd wrangles all day long 'nd be in a good humor when you go home to supper."

"Well, maybe," The Fat Man conceded, "a judge's got some excuse for jazzing some of the hard bolls that try to peddle stuff to him."

"You know it," T. Paer said, as the car slowed down at his corner. "If I was a judge Mary Garden wouldn't have nothin' on me when it come to temperament 'nd bein' handy with it."

"Just between us girls," The Fat Man confessed, "I guess Hizzoner had that five bones comin' from me, because I sure cut that corner."

Rich Girl, Poor Girl

By VIRGINIA TERHUNE VAN de WATER

CHAPTER 50

ADELAIDE BROWN returned to the sick room. "Your son will be here in a few minutes," she told the mother. "Mr. Hollingshead has gone to call him."

She shut the door carefully, that the odor of flowers should not reach the patient.

To Adelaide it seemed that the whole house held an atmosphere of death. This was in her mind as she heard father and son coming slowly along the hall. She moved a chair rather noisily across the floor that the sick woman might not notice how slow and halting the men's steps were.

But when Richard entered the room he let go his father's arm and came straight to his mother.

"Well, mater!" he said, cheerily, "how are things with you now?"

"Oh, son, I am so glad to hear your voice," the invalid exclaimed. "Kiss me, dear."

She put her arms about the young man's neck as he bent over her. The side of Richard's head on which was a strip of adhesive was towards her face. Quickly, Adelaide slipped her fingers over the plaster that it might not touch the woman's cheek. Richard noted the action, and, with a glance at her, turned his head so that the left temple instead of the right was next to his mother.

"You're a peach, all right!" he muttered.

He meant the words to reach Adelaide only, but his mother heard them.

"No, I am not, dear," she said. "I am only a poor old woman who is very ill."

Richard flushed. "Well, I think you are a peach, anyway," he insisted. "But, as you are ill, I must not tire you talking to you. I will come in again later in the day."

As he moved away he flashed a meaning look at his mother's attendant.

Had the man no heart? the girl wondered. How could he attempt to flirt at such a time as this?

She noticed that Dr. Carter had entered the room while Richard was with his mother. How much of the little by-play had he seen?

But his manner was just as usual, if anything more professional than heretofore.

The nurse followed him from the room for his directions. When she returned the physician appeared again in the doorway and beckoned to Adelaide.

"I understand that you are to be with the patient this afternoon during the services," he said, almost curtly. "How are you going to keep her from hearing the movements downstairs?"

"I do not know," she replied truthfully. "I had thought that I might read to her, if she was well enough—but I am afraid it might make her nervous."

"Yes, it might. Moreover, no matter how much care is taken, it will be almost impossible for even a few people to come and go without some stir reaching the sick room. And of course, the sound of vehicles—"

He paused, frowning.

"I do not want to administer an opiate to make her sleep as heavily as she did yesterday," he continued. "Then her nervous condition demanded it. Today it does not. But her heart is not behaving well, and she must be kept quiet. The only thing that would drown all those sounds would be music, and that is out of the question."

Adelaide spoke without taking time for a second thought.

"I could sing to her," she said.

Then she caught herself up—flushingly hotly.

"Do you sing?"

The question was as sudden as the suggestion.

"Only a little—that is—I have sung—sometimes"—

A step behind her made her turn. Henry Hollingshead was coming toward the pair. Before she could protest Dr. Carter was explaining to him his fears about the afternoon.

"I was just asking Miss Brown," he concluded, "if she could sing. If so, that might soothe your wife and deaden the sounds from below. It would be a painful ordeal for Miss Brown, of course, just now—and perhaps you would not be willing, Mr. Hollingshead"—

"I would be grateful if Adedie would sing," Mr. Hollingshead said. "My dear—would you?"

"If I can sing well enough," she faltered.

"Of course you can. If you could sing well enough at"—

Then he stopped, checked by an appealing look in the girl's eyes. All at once he remembered their compact.

"If you could sing well enough at home for your family to like to hear you, you certainly will sing well enough to please my poor Hannah," he amended. "Let it be some old-fashioned songs—such as she loves."

"I did not know that Miss Brown was musical," Adelaide heard Dr. Carter say as the two men went downstairs. "You have heard her sing?"

"Yes, once," was the brief reply.

Adelaide feared that his very brevity would arouse his companion's speculation.

A sensation of fear she could not explain crept over her. She was strangely afraid of having the physician know that she had made money by singing at Heyman's cabaret.

(To Be Continued Tomorrow)

MRS. DON GUMM

Kelso, Wash., July 5.—Mrs. Don Gumm died Monday at the Lyson's home on Goble creek, following an extended illness. Her husband and her mother, Mrs. Cora David of Portland, survive.

INVESTIGATORS AGAINST POLL TAX IN OREGON

The state tax investigating committee is against any poll tax for Oregon. At a meeting this morning it determined to go on record to that effect in its report to the governor and the legislature at the coming session.

The committee also refused by a vote of three to two against a tuition fee of $100 a year for nonresident students at the University of Oregon and the Agricultural college. The reason for the defeat of the motion was that the three members of the committee, McKenna, Brand and Chapman, thought $100 was not high enough, while Pierce and Reed thought such a sum was sufficient.

LEFT TO REGENTS

The tuition subject took up a good deal of the discussion of the morning session. Walter Pierce said that the regents of the two institutions would probably vote to fix the fee at $100, raising it from $60, at the next meeting.

C. S. Chapman contended that the non-resident student should be charged the cost of the tuition, or something about $200 a year, while the resident students should be charged a less amount, and all should be given the privilege of deferred payments when unable to meet the terms in cash.

I. N. Day, chairman, favored the incorporation in the committee's report of a recommendation for a "substantial" tuition. The committee finally voted to give a thorough discussion of the subject in the report, and took no definite action.

TRIP SET FOR JULY 24

The Southern Oregon trip, postponed some time ago, was set to begin at Medford on the morning of Monday, July 24. The schedule adopted provides for public hearings at Medford on July 24, Roseburg, Tuesday, July 25; Eugene, Wednesday, July 26; Albany, Thursday, July 27; Salem, Friday, July 28; McMinnville, Saturday, July 29; Oregon City, Monday, July 31.

Runaway Girl Is Located Through Appeal for Money

Florence Middleswartz, 15, who did the unusual a week ago last Tuesday by disappearing from a Sunday school picnic at Columbia park, has been found in Salem, and this afternoon is on her way to Portland with her mother, Mrs. C. Nelson, No. 273 Fargo street, according to a hurried telephone message received by the women's protective bureau.

Miss Middleswartz was located through Russell Hogan, No. 1165 Michigan avenue, conductor on a Broadway streetcar. Hogan knew the girl, she having ridden on his car numerous times. The other day he received a letter from Salem, signed by "Cleo Middleton," asking him for a loan of $10. The writer said she was working but pay day had not come yet.

Hogan knew no Cleo Middleton, but he knew of Miss Middleswartz's disappearance, and he connected the letter with her. The mother was informed. According to the Salem message, a watch was kept at the general delivery window in the Salem postoffice until the girl appeared.

Jones Back From Kiwanis Meeting

Lieutenant Harold C. Jones of the sea service bureau, returned this morning from Toronto, Canada, where he represented the Kiwanis of Portland, at the international convention held June 19-23. Lieutenant Jones was accompanied by Mrs. Jones and went east via the southern route and returned over the Canadian Pacific, stopping at Banff Springs on the Western trip.

BIG SPLINTER REMOVED

Oregon City, July 5.—Robert Treymayne of Barlow is recovering from a minor surgical operation performed at the local hospital. A splinter three inches long entered his arm and broke off, slightly injuring the bone.

NEW MEN HIRED BY RAIL BOSSES

Despite the ultimatum of railroad officials threatening striking shopmen in this district with loss of seniority and pension privileges, the ranks of the workers remained practically unbroken today, while all railroad companies were hiring new men to replace the old employes.

From the reports of railroad managers only 75 strikers returned to their work before noon today. Of this number there were reported 30 back at Brooklyn shops, 20 at Albina shops and 25 at the Oregon Electric. Portland yards and Vancouver shops of the S. P. & S.

LEADERS MEET

Union leaders were in session this morning with the strikers and issued the advice that only a scant handful of men had returned to their work and that in nearly every instance they were long term employes who stood to loose many years of service and their pensions.

From all indications the strike in Portland was still slightly better than 80 per cent effective. Less than 5 per cent of those who walked out Saturday morning have returned to their work.

The ultimatum of the S. P. & S. demanding that the Oregon Electric, Portland yard and Vancouver shop workmen return to work by this morning brought out 20 or more workers.

TO FILL JOBS

A. J. Davidson, general manager of the S. P. & S., went to Vancouver during the morning to make a survey of conditions. Employment headquarters will be set up immediately by the North Bank line and the positions of all old workers will be filled without further negotiations.

The Southern Pacific, through J. H. Dyer, general manager, issued a renewal of the ultimatum demanding the return of all former employes by 7 o'clock Thursday morning on penalty of loss of seniority and pension. E. L. King, general superintendent, reported that many workers likely would return during the day, and that the company did not want the men who did not report by Thursday morning.

The Southern Pacific officials reported that their employment bureau at the Union station was jammed by applicants for positions in the shops. The agency attendants reported that many workers from Albina shops were applying for positions with the Brooklyn forces.

ULTIMATUM ISSUED

An ultimatum for shopmen employed by the O-W. R. & N. to return by 3 o'clock Saturday afternoon on penalty of losing pension and seniority rights was issued today by J. P. O'Brien, general manager of that line.

The ultimatum issued by O'Brien said:

"All men who left service of this company in protest of the decision of the United States railroad labor board, must return to duty or register for regular shifts not later than 3 p. m. Saturday, July 8, in order to regain pension and seniority rights."

The O-W. has maintained an employment agency on the fourth floor of the Wells-Fargo building and is prepared to replace the workers who remain out on the walkout.

Throughout the state the strike was reported to be virtually as effective as Monday with only a few points reporting a wavering front. S. Jacobson, chairman of the committee of Federated Shop Crafts at Eugene, reported that the car department employes were out 100 per cent and that the other crafts remained out about 75 per cent.

Railroad officials report that the strike is not causing any embarrassment to the free movement of freight and passenger business.

Radio Talk to Explain Changes In Phone Book

On invitation of The Journal, Fred Spoeri, manager of the Pacific Telephone & Telegraph company, will broadcast a 15-minute talk on the new telephone directory at the Hallock & Watson radio service station this afternoon at 5:30 o'clock, just after The Journal announces the baseball scores.

There is difficulty without more study than people care to give, in understanding the correct method of making calls and the reason for the altered appearance of the reading matter in the directory.

These and other matters of a similar character having to do with the pending change which the telephone company is making to the "six-digit system" will be explained by Mr. Spoeri in degree of detail not possible in printed matter.

All regular schedules of the radio broadcasting station were resumed today.

Thursday the next Hawley concert will be given. The artists, who are well known, are Paul Hutchinson, baritone; Miss Frances Byers, pianist; Ida Clare Love, violinist, and Ruth Bedford, accompanist.

Last night Francis Richter and his orchestra broadcast the second program of classical and semi-classical music to be rendered by the noted blind pianist. The program, which was prepared for Mr. Hawley by W. A. McDougall, was heard by even a larger audience than the first one, and from the number of complimentary calls received by both Hawley and Richter last night and today, the music must have been enjoyed by an immense number of persons in all parts of the Pacific Northwest and to some extent in other sections of the Pacific coast as far south as Los Angeles.

Saving Depositors Of Defunct Bank To Get Dividends

About 5000 savings depositors of the defunct State bank of Portland will this week receive dividend checks amounting to 40 per cent of their filed claims. The dividend checks will total approximately $400,000. Only those who filed their claims prior to June 10 will participate in this dividend.

Dividend checks on commercial accounts will be held in abeyance until the supreme court hands down its decision relative to the preferred rights of savings depositors. The appeal taken from Judge Tucker's decision, has been set to come before the supreme court Saturday, July 8. It is the hope of State Superintendent of Banks Bramwell that the courts will hand down an immediate decision so that there will be but little delay in mailing out the dividend checks on commercial accounts in accordance with the court's decision.

The liquidation headquarters of the bank are now located in a suite of offices on the seventh floor of the Spalding building, Third and Washington streets. Negotiations for the disposal of the leases and fixtures in the Lumbermens building are now under way and it is expected that a deal will be consummated within the next few days.

Four Fires Caused From Firecrackers Illegally Set Off

Four fires caused by the discharge of firecrackers within the city limits—a direct violation of city ordinances—occurred Tuesday. These fires were at East 26th and Powell, No. 567 East 58th street north, 390 Everett street and No. 1242 East Clay street. Fire Marshal Grenfell said today that inspection by deputies of his office showed that at 30 points on main roads, just across the line from the city limits, stands were in operation all day Tuesday for the sale of fireworks. Persons returning from trips in the country stopped at these stands and bought fireworks, which they brought into the city for explosion. The result was constant violation of the safety ordinance.

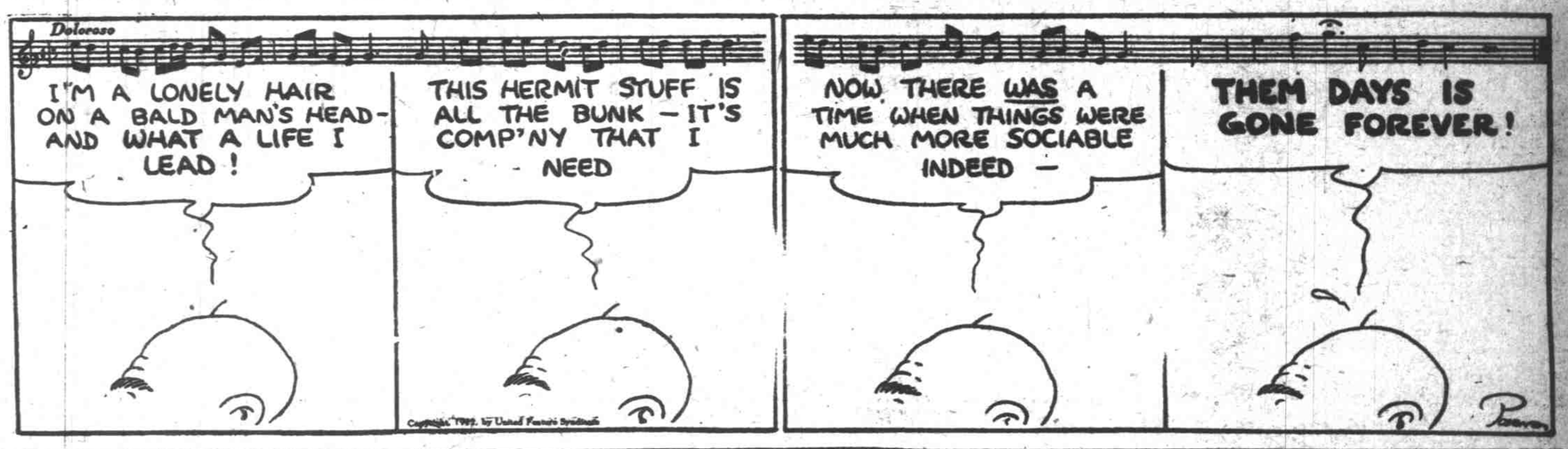
Grenfell said an attempt would be made at the next session of the state legislature to amend the act on this subject so that the prohibition would apply to the entire state. Recently the attorney general declared such prohibition ineffective under the present statute.

Military Forces Of Brazil Revolt, Report Declares

Buenos Aires, July 5.—(U. P.)—An unconfirmed report was received here today that the Brazilian army had revolted at 11 a. m. today. No messages had been received from Rio De Janeiro when this dispatch was filed at 12:20 p. m.

THEM DAYS IS GONE FOREVER—To Be Sung Andante—And Heavy on the Sentiment

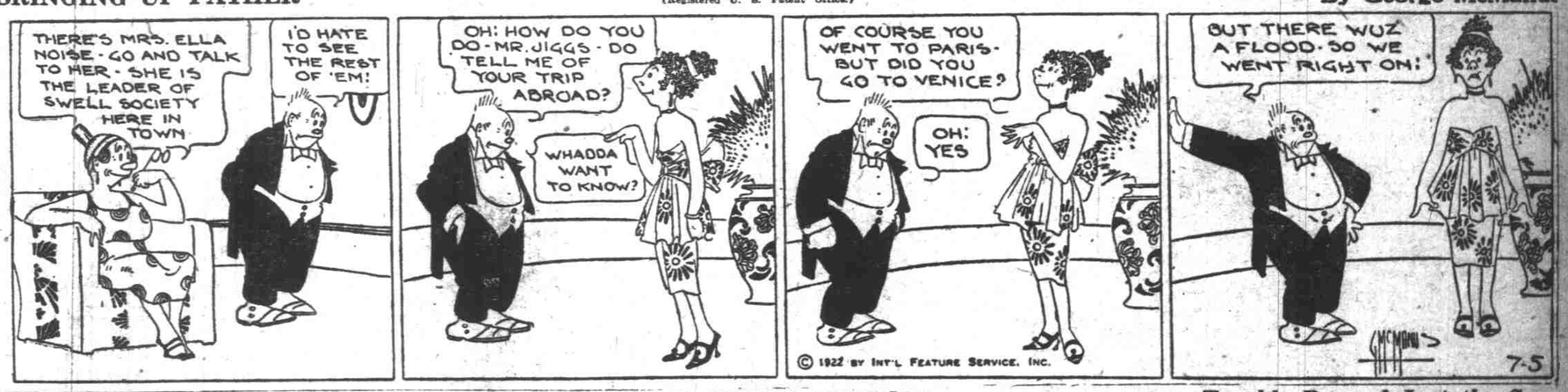
By A. Posen



BRINGING UP FATHER

(Registered U. S. Patent Office.)

By George McManus



KRAZY KAT

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Trouble Brewed Just the Same

ABIE THE AGENT

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He's Liable to Make Abie Mad Even Yet