



# National Thrift Week

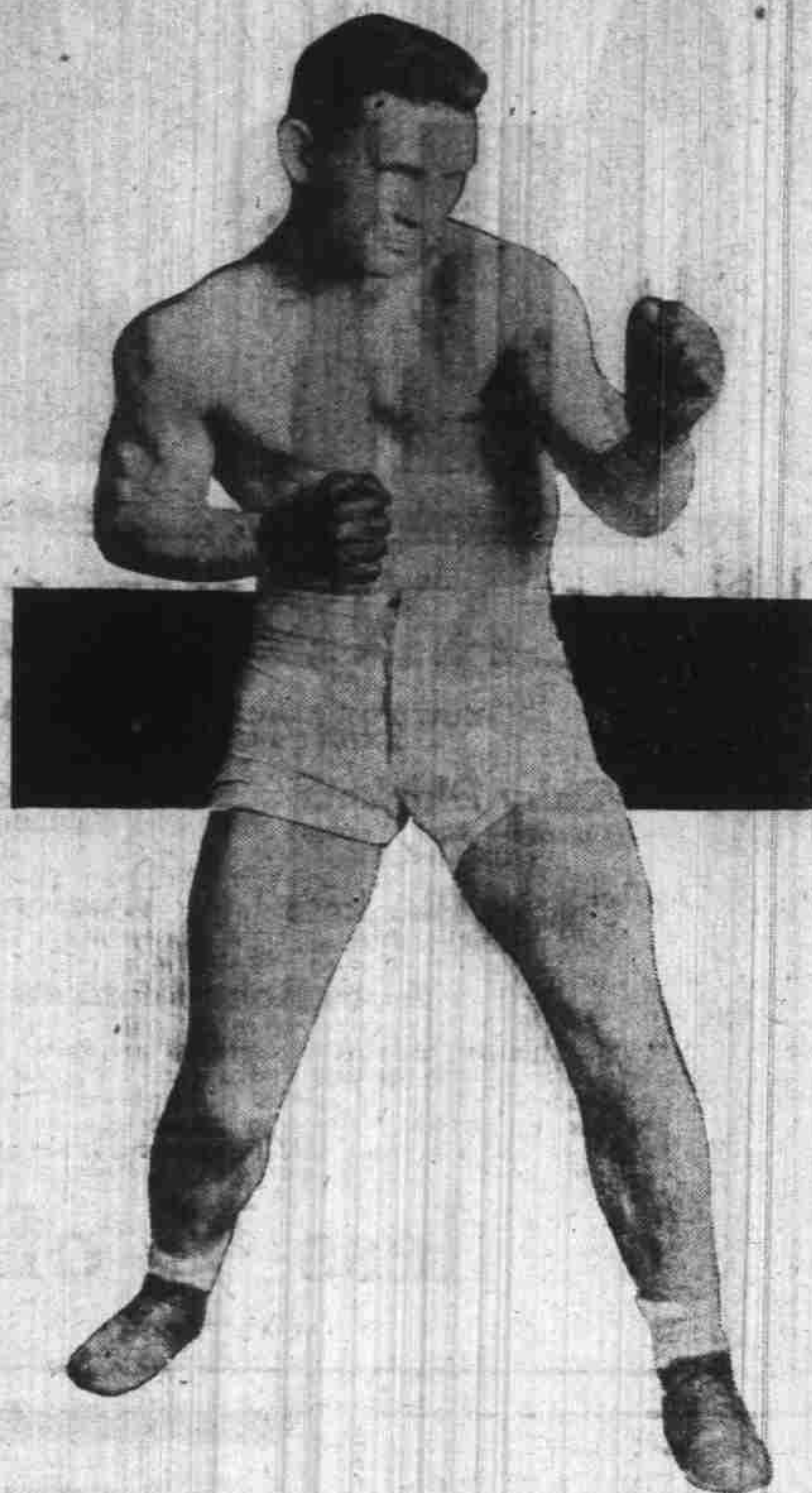
JANUARY 17<sup>th</sup> to 23<sup>rd</sup>



## The Fun Shop

By MAXSON FOXHALL JUDELL

Charlie Dawson



Charlie Dawson, of Eugene, who meets Billy Gardeau, of Portland, in the main event, ten 3-minute rounds, at the Armory Friday night.

**THE REALTOR**  
Of all the jobs that men work at,  
Profession, trade or craft,  
The Realtor, without a doubt,  
Has got the finest graft;  
To start in business all he needs  
Is just a desk and chair;  
The whole earth is his stock in  
trade—  
That is, all save the air.

The man who has a house to sell,  
And one who wants to buy,  
Each comes to him, a good deal  
like  
The spider and the fly;  
Then all he has to do, you see,  
Is introduce the two,  
And take a fat commission when  
The bargain is put through.

The Realtor picks up a farm  
and cuts it into lots,  
and palms it off on city folks  
for house and garden plots.  
If I were starting life again  
his job I would select,  
for though it's mostly dirty work,  
He holds the world's respect!

**It's YOU, Dear!**  
Ferdie: "I'm crazy over you."  
Gertie: "Why blame it on me?"  
—Horace Woodmansee.

**So Long, Too!**  
The young couple, returning  
from a train excursion, were asked  
by an official of the road, who  
knew the girls father:  
"Well, how do you like our  
railroad?"  
"Oh," replied the girl, blushing  
prettily, "I think the tunnels are  
just wonderful!"  
—Marie Manheim.

**WALLY THE MYSTIC**  
He'll Answer Your Questions,  
Somehow  
I sometimes wonder, as I read  
My many letters, if, indeed,  
The world could have gone on  
without  
My Mystic Mind to scatter doubt.

**Skating Just An Excuse**  
Dear Wally:  
Skating season's here.  
My girl will wish to learn, I fear;  
Her ankles twist like flimsy rags;  
What shall I do?  
Yours,  
Q. T. BAGGS.

**Dear Baggs:**  
The prospect sure is tough!  
You do not hug the girl enough.  
Just hug her early, hug her late,  
And she won't want to learn to  
skate.  
\*\*\*

**Run, Boy! Run!**  
Dear Wally:  
Just the other day  
I met a girl, sweet, winsome, gay;  
She winked—at least I think she  
did.  
What should I do in that case?  
KID.

**Dear Kid:**  
Heads up! And keep eyes right!  
And forward march with all your  
might.  
When eyes wink, or you think  
they do,  
Skip for your mamma, P. D. Q.

**The Din**  
"What's that noise I hear?"  
"That's our filling system at  
work."  
—Leroy Harmon.

**WILD WILLIES**  
By George S. Chappell.

**I**  
Willie, as the fire burned low,  
Gave it a terrific blow.  
Grandpa's beard got in the draft;  
Dear me, how the firemen laughed

**II**  
Little Willie, up at dawn,  
Smote a golf ball on the lawn.  
Papa's shutters were ajar;  
He nearly made a hole in Pa.

**III**  
Willie, with a rod and fly,  
Tried some casts at passers-by.  
In an hour the little dear  
Hooked three bonnets and an ear.

**Not Enough**  
Dora: "How much will I get  
for those jokes I sent into THE  
FUN SHOP?"  
Editor of Fun Shop: "Five  
years."

When Pittsburgh gets the tall-  
est university in the world, its  
students should graduate with the  
highest honors!

**A SOBER MAN ALWAYS WINS**  
A Tongue-Twister  
To the state fair up at Lincoln,  
Frank N. Rankin took a pumpkin.  
'Twas a great big lunkin' pink 'un  
And SOME pumpkin, sure enough.

Rankin met a pal named Mencken,  
Who was tankin' up in Lincoln.  
Thinkin' he was tough,  
Rankin joined him, drinkin' ink,  
an'

All the blinkin' stuff in Lincoln;  
It was bloody, blinkin' stuff.  
Meanwhile Duncan, a country  
bumpkin,  
Brought to Lincoln a big, spankin'  
pumpkin,  
And beat drunken Frank N. Ran-  
kin.

Who, unthinkin' had been drinkin'  
All the blinkin' ink in Lincoln.  
—Rose Jordan.

## MY MARRIAGE PROBLEMS

Adele Garrison's New Phase of  
REVELATIONS OF A WIFE

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CHAPTER 364  
THE WAY MADGE DEFTY COR-  
NERED MR. SMYTHE

Miss Cargill, quick, adroit, took  
advantage of the ludicrous inci-  
dent in which Katie had worsted  
young Mr. Smythe and carried off  
Claire Foster's torn photograph,  
to put again the question which the  
youth so rudely had interrupted.  
"Your attitude then," she said,  
"is that the whole affair is to be  
regarded with amusement rather  
than wrath, and you are going to  
Caldwin at once in order to assure  
yourself that your husband and  
your dear friend, Miss Foster, are  
uninjured, and that there is no  
serious angle to the comedy. May  
I quote you to that effect?"  
I did not need Lillian's warning  
signal to hesitate before I acquiesced.

perfectly convenient for me to do  
so, and I may be able to be of some  
help to Miss Foster. She is in-  
clined to be nervous and an ac-  
cident of that sort is not very soothe-  
ing, you know."

I made a mental apology to  
Claire Foster's splendid health and  
iron nerves, then I braced myself  
anew as Mr. Rickett's calm, suave  
voice struck into the conversation.

"A few minutes ago you referred  
to the incident as harmless com-  
edy," he said. "Would you object  
to explaining your meaning?"

A Veiled Threat.

"Not in the least," I returned  
brightly. "Of course, I did not  
mean to refer to the accident it-  
self as comedy, but could there be  
anything more humorous than the  
comment and excitement which  
according to the newspapers the  
incident appears to have caused  
among the inhabitants of the sum-  
mer colony? Anything more in-  
tensely small town stuff I cannot  
imagine. I hope that the account  
is greatly exaggerated, and that  
Miss Foster has not been annoyed  
by it."

"And you want to go on re-  
cord," queried young Mr. Smythe,  
with an unpleasant leer; "as say-  
ing that you are not angry at  
your husband or jealous of Miss  
Foster, and that you are going up  
there to protect the girl from  
gossip?"

"Well, in one way that makes a  
better story than the one I had.  
Come now, I'll tell you what I'll  
do. I'll write this story the way  
you want it, not telling the real  
thing, about your tearing that  
photograph of Miss Foster that  
the baby had, if you'll give me a  
bang-up picture of Miss Foster,  
which I can use."

"I beg you to believe—" Miss  
Cargill began, her dark eyes  
sparkling with anger, and I saw  
Mr. Rickett half rise from his  
chair as if he meant to call the  
other man to account. But I in-  
terrupted them both ruthlessly,  
faced young Mr. Smythe, and  
spoke slowly, firmly.

"Mr. Graham is an Athlete."

"I have been most patient with  
your insufferable actions," I be-  
gan, "because of the courteous be-

havior and evident desire to be  
fair which your colleagues have  
exhibited. But I warn you that  
my patience with you is at an end.  
It is one thing to write an ac-  
count of something which actu-  
ally happened, it is something al-  
together different to indulge in  
guess work as to someone's mental  
attitude.

"I have stated to Miss Cargill  
and Mr. Rickett exactly what my  
position is, and I know"—I made  
a little gesture of confidence in  
their direction—"that they will  
quote me correctly. You are at  
liberty to do the same thing, but  
please remember that I have your  
card and I shall know exactly who  
is responsible for any article con-  
cerning me which is published in  
your paper. There are two other  
facts which it would be advisable  
for you to impress upon your  
memory."

I paused with as impressive an  
air as I could assume, taking  
heart from Lillian, who, standing  
back of the little group surround-  
ing me, where she could not be  
seen, was applauding silently but  
vigorously. I also caught a dis-

tinctly admiring look on the faces  
of Miss Cargill and Mr. Rickett,  
and what I valued even more, a  
sullen, malevolent, but distinctly  
respectful expression in the eyes  
of young Mr. Smythe.

"I am perfectly familiar with  
the legal recourse I should have  
if you disregard my warning," I  
went on, "and"—another signifi-  
cant pause—"Mr. Graham is an  
athlete of no mean ability, he is  
hot-tempered, and very quick to  
action when roused to anger."

I turned indifferently from him,  
and held out my hand to Miss  
Cargill.

"You and Mr. Rickett will ex-  
cuse me now, I am sure," I said.  
"for I am extremely busy. Thank  
you so much for your courtesy.  
Lillian, will you do the honors?"

I kept the stereotyped little  
smile on my face until I was  
safely out of their sight and hear-  
ing. Then I ran to my own room,  
and behind my locked door, raged  
at my husband for involving me  
in so humiliating an encounter as  
the one I had just experienced  
with Mr. H. Edouard Smythe.

(To be continued.)



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ducing.

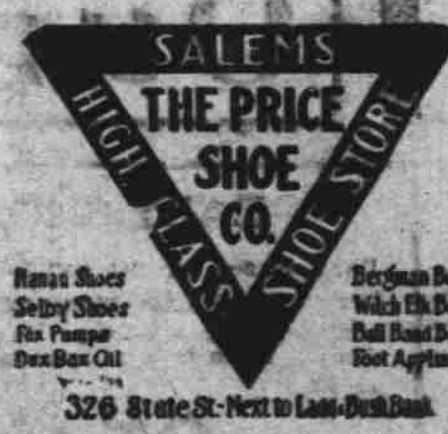
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