

The Fun Shop

MAXSON FOXHALL JUDELL

MY FUN SHOP!
By M. W. Hannick

If I'm feeling rather gloomy,
Out of sorts and kinda blue,
I've a scheme that makes me
happy:
Let me tell you what I do:
I pick up the family album
Filled with ancient photographs;
Every page within that volume
Is good for a dozen laughs.

Just one look at dear old grandpa,
Uncle Joe or Cousin Min
Drives the dismal frowns to cover,
Puts upon my face a grin.

McCLAREN CORD

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Do You?



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"Yes, it's rather large," said mother, absent-mindedly.
"Oh, Gosh, Mamma!" said sister, "won't he make a dandy policeman?" — Mrs. Edith Kraft.

FINNAN HADDIE FISHING OFF THE HEBRIDES

By Dr. Walter E. Traprock
People wonder why the finnan-haddie, sometimes wrongly called the "haddock," is so seldom seen on our menus. The answer lies in the great danger in getting these wily denizens of the deep.

Their favorite waters are the treacherous channels among the Hebrides, on the north coast of Scotland. In this region of perpetual storm, steam-trawlers are doomed to destruction. The fisherman's only hope lies in the small craft known as "cockies," which are so light they are frequently tossed from the crest of one wave to another. In fact, I have often caught splendid fish while my boat was in mid-air. This, however, is dangerous.

During my last trip to the finnan-haddie grounds I planned a new method of catching them. I had noticed that when our tiny craft was in the vortex between two waves that I could distinctly see the finnan-haddies sporting in the crests above me, their great bodies silhouetted against the sky back of them. The next time I went out I took an express rifle. I began potting the finnan-haddies as they rose above me. It was hard shooting from a most dangerous footing, but I drilled 20 of the beggars, and we brought in a record catch.

I missed only one, the bullet puncturing another boat which was on the other side of the wave. This was regrettable but, as my boatman said, "vera excusable under the circumstances."

Circumstantial Evidence
"Has your wife bought her Easter bonnet yet?"
"Apparently not. At any rate I'm still insolvent."
—Aymar Knight.

Hard to Please
Elsie: "Why don't you marry Phillip?"
Jane: "Why I don't know him."
Elsie: "Well, why don't you marry Hugh?"
Jane: "I do know him."
—George Jeffords.

Are They All Like That?
Allan, aged three, was being addressed by sister a few years older.
"Mamma, just look at his stomach," said sister.

THE SPORTING GOODS COUNTER
A Fair Enthusiast
Muriel: "So Dorothy is a dead game little sport?"
Helen: "That's what she is. When the boys got up a ball game the other day she let them use her best sweater for a base."

Preparedness
I'm fond of golf; I like to bowl; I like to try to reach a goal; I like baseball and tennis, too;

DO YOU KNOW WHY? — Dear Wiley's Advice Doesn't Always Prove Out!



Most any sport, 'twixt me and you, Save swimming; that I've never done; It didn't seem to me much fun, And yet, all winter, to be frank, I've practiced swimming in a tank.

To say a platitude I pause— For everything there is a cause. I overheard a friend of mine, (A beauty, too, with form divine), Say this year she would learn to swim;

And so, unless I break a limb, I'll bet I'll be the first to reach her.

For I propose to be her teacher! —Henry Ballou.

MY MARRIAGE PROBLEMS

Adelle Garrison's New Phase of REVELATIONS OF A WIFE
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CHAPTER 417 THE WAY CLAIRE FOSTER MANAGED THINGS

After the first involuntary betrayal of surprise at Claire Foster's rudeness, which the girl did not see, Dicky played up beautifully to her commands concerning the dinner which he had proposed having sent in, and upon which she had given me no time to comment.

"Yes, mademoiselle," he murmured, flinging an imaginary napkin over his arm and crossing the room to stand at attention, waiter-fashion, beside her. "I think mademoiselle mentioned broiled fowl and pepperless bouillon. Has she any other commands?"

She gave him a roguish push. "Get away with you, till I think!" she cried. "You're worse than a bumble-bee. Let me see."

She put her forefinger to her forehead, and then after half a minute's consideration she glanced up at him coquettishly.

"Hors d'oeuvres," she said. "Oh, oodles of 'em. Especially those darling little cookie-shaped things with caviar, and those anchovy strips. Then a cream of celery soup, but be sure it isn't too thick—if you go to a good place they ought to do it well—boiled chicken or squab, with French fried, asparagus tips with drawn butter, a salad of endive, tomato and green pepper, an ice, moulded, some Camembert and coffee."

On The Move
Paul: "Let's join a gymnasium."
Phil: "Nothing doing. I get enough exercise shaving with a safety razor, dodging autos, and hanging on a strap."
—Herman Sell.

Settled Forever
To find the oldest game on earth Has caused more talk than it is worth. When all you have to do is go And read the Bible, then you'll know.

That Tennis is the oldest sport, For Moses, served in Pharaoh's court. —Russell Richards.

Thanks to the ocean waves, swimming will always be the cleanest of the sports.

PROBE DEMANDED
PORTLAND, Or., Marc 24.—Mayor George L. Baker today asked investigation by the county grand jury of all law enforcement agencies of the city of Portland. The mayor asked for the inquiry as a result of a raid by dry squad officers on the home of David Foulkes.

Dicky Takes Claire's Order.
Dicky carefully wrote it all down in the most approved waiter fashion, and I wondered if he were mentally reckoning as I was, the probable cost of the dinner she had ordered, served, as she adroitly had stipulated from a "good place." When he had finished he bowed low.

"Is that all mademoiselle wishes?" he asked guilelessly. "I think that will hold me for a few minutes," she retorted. "How about you, Madge?" Does that go double for you, or is there something else you'd rather have?"

Her manner was so insolent in its assumption that she was the one whose wishes were most to be considered, and I was only an afterthought, that for a flaming-second I could not answer her. I shall always be proud of the fact that I was able to pull myself together and speak in carefully nonchalant tones.

"It certainly goes double. You have selected my own favorites."

"It Certainly Goes Double."
The sense of economy which my Puritan ancestry planted in me had urged me to make my own order a much simpler one. I knew that nothing could so offend Dicky as such a procedure, but the necessity for duplicating the expensive order did not make my feelings any kinder toward the girl.

"Oh, I'm the original little waiters' delight!" she said. "One of 'em told me once: 'Mademoiselle of a certainty is of so much something or other—French for cat's cream, I suppose—in a dinner order.' And I've had other people tell me the same thing in less picturesque language. But what are you waiting for, old dear?" She turned her fine eyes on Dicky. "Do you realize that I'm starving to death? Haven't you enough iron men in your jeans to kick in for the grub? Spill it quick if that's what you want, for I'm well-heeled."

Now, the absolutely unpardonable social affront in Dicky's eyes, as in many men's, is the assumption that he does not carry around with him enough cash to insure any woman of his acquaintance anything her caprice may fancy. So at Claire Foster's audacious little speech I shot a quick, startled glance at him, and caught the involuntary angry frown, which, however, he managed to banish before Claire, apparently absorbed in the contemplation of her own cleverness, looked at him.

"Don't worry, little one," he adjured her laughingly. "My pockets are weighty with coin and my



billfold is heavy with yellowbacks. And you shall have your heart's—I mean your tummy's—desire as fast as I can speed up a restaurant head waiter. Anything you want, Madge, in the line of supplies for breakfast? There are some good shops around here, and I might as well order the stuff now."

"Is that what you call speeding?" Claire asked ironically. Waiting while Madge makes up a grocery list? What's the big idea, anyway?"

(To Be Continued)

MEAT DEALERS ANGRY AS LONDON TURNS TO APPLES AND ORANGES

LONDON, March 25.—An "eat more fruit" campaign throughout England has recently brought the American apple into more prominence than it ever has enjoyed heretofore. The fruit is now being sold in the groceries and the luxury shops, and from push carts in the streets of London.

The campaign has brought to the fore also the American apple's neighbor, the Canadian apple, but in most cases the products of Oregon and Washington appear to be the favorite. American apples retail here at a few cents a pound more than they do in cities of the United States.

In addition to American cranberries, Florida and California grapes, fruit and oranges, various other fruits from the other side of the Atlantic, Americans in London this winter have enjoyed the privilege of being able, when they were willing to pay the price, to

treat themselves to fresh corn on the cob, at about one shilling the ear. The corn, in the husk, has full white grains and is imported in barrel lots from South Africa. It has much the same appearance as the corn from America, excepting that the ears, perhaps, are a trifle longer and more slender.

Butchers are far from happy over the efforts to popularize the eating of fruit. Boosters for the apple recently set going a song: "Don't eat mutton, don't eat lamb," which made them particularly wrathful. In complaints to

various official sources they described the song as an insult to the trade, and retaliated with another composition extolling "beef for brawn and brains."

GOLD STRIKE MADE

WRANGELL, Alaska, March 25.—Telegrams received here today announced a new gold strike 250 miles northeast of here on a tributary of the Eagle river, in the Cassiar district, British Columbia, a short distance from a placer made last September.

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CECIL B. DEMILLE'S 'The Golden Bed'

With Rod La Rocque
Vera Reynolds
Lillian Rich
Warner Baxter
Theodore Kosloff
Julia Faye

III
MATINEES 35c
III
EVENINGS 50c
III

McDonald ORGANIST
COMEDY NEWS

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