

Johnny's Iron Horse

By ALICE V. LINDLEY
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WVU Service.

THINGS in Rawlins were progressing smoothly. That little town was the fortunate possessor of an exceptionally strong limb of the law. A fat, kind-eyed man was its sheriff, and while a student in physiognomy would not have been fooled by the fat one's apparent clumsiness, many a bad hombre had stopped a bullet before realizing his mistake. Then, too, right now the sheriff had a new deputy, who, due to the fact that he had tracked and captured a gang of marauders on foot far up in the hills, had come to be known as the Walkin' Deputy. Stories of his cleverness and nerve had been broadcast up and down the country, and just at present people with questionable characters seemed to have an almost superstitious fear of Rawlins.

For this respite the sheriff would have been duly thankful if it had not been for the peculiar actions of his new deputy. On the average of twice a week the Walkin' Deputy slicked down his hair, adjusted his tie and polished his boots, while the sheriff looked on with a mixture of curiosity and disgust.

"I bet you're sparkin' a gal, Johnny," he accused one night, after watching this procedure in silence several times in the vain hope of an explanation from his deputy.

"Yes, sir, I bet you're sparkin' a gal. Never did have any luck with deputies, nohow. Take Ed Starke, for instance. He went an' died with the measles. Forty-two years old he was, too. Then there was Tom Hobson—he went to New York and got jailed. It was all in the papers, and he ain't been back home since. You can see for yourself how it is with Fred Dawson. Married to that tongue-lashin' female Matilda. Nope, I ain't never had no luck with deputies. I thought you was goin' to be different, son"—the sheriff's voice was pathetic, though his eyes twinkled—"but here you are, keepin' me all riled up stoppin' fights over that Iron Horse of yours, while you go sparkin'."

Old Mark Adams rode into town, leaving a trail of dust and profanity behind him, loudly demanding the sheriff. It was Johnny, however, who heard the details of the rustling going on up in Adams' section of the country.

That night, at the appointed hour, the Walkin' Deputy departed in state, leaving behind a disappointed sheriff.

"Thought sure he'd stay in town tonight, 'count of that rustlin' business. Wonder who that gal is, anyways. He heads in Mark Adams' direction, but I can't recollect no young gal out thataway."

About 10 o'clock the Walkin' Deputy emerged from a little white cottage far up in the hills and walked confidently over to his flivver. It was two miles farther down the trail that he felt something pressed against his back.

"You just stop that flivver, young feller," came a voice out of the darkness. "They's two of us joy ridin' in the back seat if you don't obey orders careful like. We ain't used to this buggy ridin' and we don't want no monkeyshines. We knew why you been hangin' 'round that place up near old man Adams'. You sure are a pretty smart Alec, like we been hearin', but you can't fool two old duffers like us. So we just decided to let you take a permanent vacation from this land of sorrows and worries, and, whew!!"

Johnny's active brain had taken in the situation quickly. These fellows thought he knew something and had already decided to dispose of him. Well, he had one chance—

Sliding far down in the seat, with a quick movement he stepped hard on the gas, sending the Iron Horse forward with a mighty jerk, straight toward the roughest section of country in that section.

Threats, curses, prayers, moans came from the back seat, while Johnny hung on to the wheel praying all the while that the car would hold together.

"When you got enough just throw them guns out," he ordered over his shoulder, "and sit up straight and pretty, or I'll make this thing do tricks Henry Ford never taught it."

"Them guns is gone," came a shaky voice from the rear seat. Then the voice rose to a wail. "For the love of Mike, stop this crazy rattltrap."

"All right, you joy riders," called Johnny. "Just remember there's more gas in this thing and, anyways, I got you covered, now."

A few nights later the Walkin' Deputy and the Iron Horse, the latter not looking any the worse for its encounter with the rustlers, took their usual trail out of town.

"Tain't right to follow a gent when he goes to see his gal," remarked the sheriff to a couple of cow punchers who had been watching the Iron Horse out of sight. They looked at each other a moment, then with one accord each man went for his horse.

Later three men came in sight of a flivver outlined in the moonlight against a white cottage. They dismounted and peered through a window. What they saw was the Walkin' Deputy deeply interested in a game of checkers. Opposite him sat a little old lady, her gray hair shining in the lamplight.

"Gosh!" breathed the sheriff. Three men mounted and silently rode away.

State Unemployment Commission Tells New Seasonal Rule

Less than six per cent of the nearly 10,000 employers registered under the state unemployment compensation law are "seasonal" under a new ruling adopted by the commission, effective this week.

Seventy-three canneries, 324 firms allied with the lumber industry and 151 miscellaneous concerns such as pleasure resorts, fire patrol associations, a few mining companies and grain warehouses are on the list. The Commission applied the ruling only to the most highly seasonal operations in industries generally recognized as seasonal.

The customary periods of operation, as found by the commission, range from three or four months in the canning industry to eight or ten months in the lumber industry, depending upon location and type of operation.

The Oregon law requires restrictions on benefit rights of seasonal workers during the customary off-season in their industry and the present solvent and stable condition of the benefit fund is attributed in part to restrictions which were applied during the past year.

In spite of these restrictions, however, the commission has found that seasonal groups of workers drew most heavily of any during 1938. Effect of the restriction has been to reduce the amount of excess payments of benefits, rather than to deny benefits to workers, officials said. Restrictions do not apply to the customary operating season in an industry and benefits are paid to seasonal workers when

unemployed during the operating period determined by the commission.

Notices to employers found seasonal by the commission will be mailed by the first of next week and notices to affected claimants will be mailed as rapidly as claim determinations are made. The latter will be more understandable than in the past. They will set forth the maximum total benefits, amount of non-seasonal benefits, as well as the seasonal total, together with the seasonal period during which seasonal benefits will be payable if worker is unemployed. Non-seasonal benefits are not restricted.

Under the new ruling, seasonal restrictions do not apply to anyone having less than 30 per cent of his base year earnings in seasonal operations, and any claimant who had steady employment and stable earnings throughout his base year automatically is allowed exemption from restriction regardless of the seasonality of his employer.

The new ruling applies to all claimants having benefit years beginning on or after October 1, 1938. It is expected to result in simplification and a faster handling of claims.

Under the previous ruling, some seasonal operations had several different periods, affecting different groups of workers. Now, each plant will have but one seasonal period. Other improvements listed by the commission include:

All seasonal benefits will be added together, payable in the one seasonal period in which the unemployed worker had his greatest earnings in base year, instead of dividing benefits accruing from varying seasonal operations into different periods.

Elimination of the two in eligible weeks previously set aside at the beginning of a seasonal period to allow for preparatory work. Such work

Public Welfare Program Adopted

A program of public welfare will be undertaken by the Oregon Federation of Women's Clubs, according to the plan outlined in the December issue of the Oregon Clubwoman, official magazine of the federation.

The plan as announced by Miss Olive Whitlock, chairman of the department of public welfare for the federation, embraces housing, health service, child welfare service, child guidance clinics, study of jails and probation and the conservation of na-

can now can be done before the season starts and such workers will not be classed non-seasonal due to employment outside the seasonal period.

Full credit for all non-seasonal employment engaged in by a seasonal worker and freedom from restriction on all such benefits.

Determination of seasonal status entirely by base year employment.

Essentially seasonal employee is no longer designated non-seasonal due to small earnings outside the determined seasonal period of operation.

More uniform seasonal periods in a given area.

tural resources.

Miss Whitlock also announces the advisory committee to this department which includes the names of many leading professional men and women of the state. A "Handbook of Infor-

mation" has been prepared for local clubs to aid them in surveying their local aspects of this statewide program.

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