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Ye Smudge Pot By Arthur Perry

Mrs. Reuben of New York who let daylight into a Dr. Glickmann of the same hamlet, claims that deceased hypnotized her. While mesmerized she strolled into his office, and shot remarkably straight.

The premier social and artistic event of the year, the 17th Annual Hog Lifting Contest of C. Wig Ashpole will start next Monday. The piece de resistance will be suspended by his hind legs in the wk. meat house on above date, and all are invited to give the swine the once-over, and enumerate on a piece of paper its tonnage. The hog has been making a hog of itself for a month, and gained 40 pounds in 14 days, on a fancy diet. Uncle G. Nichols will supervise the proceedings which insure their honesty. When the hog is officially weighed Mr. Ashpole will have his hands tied behind him, to prevent any tricks of the trade.

The young lady who slapped her Ma's face because she admonished her to get in before 3 am, will now come home at 4 am, but 15 years ago the temperamental soul would have had no use for a chair much before the 4th of July.

Burglars stole a safe from the police station at Pasco, Wash., while the keeneved kopa were in the front office. The citizens are congratulating the limbs of the law on the retention of their pants.

A FINE MAN, BUT NO LUCK (Mountain View Leader)

Mr. H. A. Frick, of Church street, one of the finest men God ever made, loaned his pruning shears to one of his neighbors some time ago, and he has forgotten who it was, and the neighbor hasn't returned them. Mr. Frick needs the shears himself. He knows that if the neighbor sees this, or hears about it, he will bring his pruning shears home.

Also about the same time, somebody borrowed Mr. Frick's Stillson wrench without asking Mr. Frick's consent, and Mr. Frick hopes this person will bring that wrench home.

Some of the beaneries serve milk, the resemblance to the same abruptly ending with the color, and they can't help that.

A mad autoist, suffering from speedophobia scooted up the Main Stem Wed. All the prospective victims got inside in ample time.

It is a great wonder some of the rural communities would not show a little originality and have a shoot between now and the glad Yuletide.

LET THIS BE THE LAST (Mail Tribune)

Mayor C. E. Gates leaves Satur-Monday where he will etaiahirdluentwypshrdluclmfw

The state hotelmen will hold a convention tomorrow. They will discuss plans to keep rooms cold in winter, and hot in summer. They will adopt a resolution favoring conservation of timber, after it gets to the woodpile.

"JAPAN TO STAND PAT ON BATTLESHIP MUTSU" — (Hidline Portland Journal). If he's any kind of an Irishman, they'll need a new crew immediately.

NOT EVEN HIMSELF (Roseburg Review)

Notice is hereby given that my wife, Zona Lynn, having left my bed and board, without just cause, I will not be responsible for any debts contracted by her after this date. Nor will I pay any bill contracted by anyone else. Roseburg, Oregon, December 12, 1921. G. W. Lynn.

If Portland manifested as much interest in getting a ball team as it does a world's fair, Oregonians would not have to root for a California team.

Editorial Correspondence

WASHINGTON, D. C., Dec. 15.—In the proper hands, forty editors in a separate cloak room would make a splendid force. For it is in the cloak room that the senator—or the congressman—has to greet his constituents. The unpardonable sin in political circles is not to recognize and call by name—the Christian name is preferable—any man or woman from back home who voted for you, and of course, they voted for you as they wouldn't be there.

As a consequence the little card that summons Senator Ferguson or Congressman Campbell to the cloak room to greet Jim Jenson or Mrs. Johnnie Jenson is a shrill which calls into play all the recipient possesses of fortitude and delivery.

Fortitude, for in nine cases out of ten, the senator never heard of the visitor before and must be prepared for a shock; delivery, for there are almost always half a dozen people in the cloakroom, and to pick out the right one demands the most nicely balanced perceptions, and the most consummate tact.

Consequently when the great man enters, his face betrays a strange conflict of emotions. Of course, he is smiling for he is delighted to see Jim or Mrs. Jenson, and his right hand is ready for a bone-cracking or heart-warming grip, depending upon the sex. But unless the constituent immediately rises, there is an awful hidden emotion of fear and apprehension during which the imperfectly hidden tension comes strongly to the front.

It is the zero hour. Not only one vote, but a little family of votes hangs in the balance. Bill no one rises and our hero, hesitates a moment then advances slowly, deliberately, but ready to shoot his wicked right in any direction.

Ah.—there is a movement, a thud

figure driving instantly the assistant of the four people is there. "Why, Ah, how are you? You know I just came from the floor, a terrific debate, and the sun was shining directly in my eyes, and—well how are you, how are all the folks at home—surely looking just the same—I certainly am glad to see you. Get a ticket for the president's message, now that's too bad, if you had some three minutes earlier I would have had one for you but I just gave my ticket to Mr. Hays of Harmony County—but I'll get you in somehow if I have to steal a ticket. Don't worry, I will get you in. No man from Oregon county is going to—etc, etc.

This is not entirely fiction. It is based upon actual fact. Moreover, the sun was under a cloud at the moment, and the debate was not on the tariff, but on some St. Lawrence canal. Perhaps Jim knew this and more likely he didn't. If the former, then a great defeat was suffered, if the latter, then a great victory was won. Crises of this sort happen every day or so, but particularly when there is something special like an arms par, lay or president's message to call the dear people down to Washington.

To the casual observer, the crisis is essentially a comic, but to the principal star, nearly every note from the cloak room, is a single call to go over the political top. The arms party is running true to form. There was a sensational beginning, which aroused great enthusiasm, then a slump necessitated by the necessary routine work of whipping general proposals into concrete form, and now the rush of results is ready to begin. Nothing has occurred to destroy our original conviction, that the Washington conference will mark a new and better era in the affairs of men. We don't see how such a program evolved in such a spirit, and under the leadership of a man like Secretary Hughes can fail.



Rippling Rhymes By Walt Mason

THE SAFE SIDE

"The time has come," said Colonel Hays, "when patience halts and fails, and we shall shoot all looped jays who try to rob the mails. Too long, too long have graceless scamps defied me to my face, and they have stolen postage stamps until it's a disgrace. And now at last they've spilled the beans, they've shocked the voters' souls, and I have drafted the marines to shoot them full of holes. The ocean soldiers are on guard, no more shall handits scuff, and he who steals a postal card will have his dome blown off." The postman comes to my abode, and tired and sore he feels, for he has dragged along the road a culverin on wheels. And he is loaded down with guns till life seems flat and stale, for he must guard the precious duns that come to me by mail. A saved-off shotgun on his back, and all equipped to kill, he thus delivers at my shack the tailor's dog-eared bill. With his brass knucks and lance and grin he leaves his smoke behind, and he looks like a war lord Hun who has "Der Tag" in mind. Now peace enshrouds my wintry dome and comfort fills my soul, for I can mail a priceless poem, and feel 'twill reach its goal. And when the greener sends his bill with threat of law and jail, 'twill reach my cottage on the hill, since gumpen guard the mail.



SAP AND SALT BY Bert Moses

Behave yourself, and health will return.

Married men are safe drivers when their wives are along for they use both hands on the wheel.

Tell others your joys, but keep the sad story of your life to yourself.

Too much money makes more trouble than too little.

Woman's greatest right is the right to cry, and she rarely neglects it.

People who get pleasure out of their work are paid double wages—money and happiness.

HEZ HECK SAYS: Gittin' married is easier than bein' married.



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HOW MUCH DO YOU KNOW?

- 1.—In what state is Mount Tamalpais? 2.—During what exposition was President McKinley shot? 3.—What is the leading shoe manufacturing city in the east? 4.—Where do the natives use a fish known as a candlefish, as a candle? 5.—In what famous battle was General Joseph Warren killed? 6.—What is a pound sterling? 7.—What is the chief branch of the St. Lawrence river? 8.—How wide is the Panama canal zone? 9.—What element in luminous paint makes it luminous? 10.—How many miles less is the earth's polar diameter than its diameter at the equator?

- 1.—On how many hills was Rome built? Ans.—Seven. 2.—What is the national flower of England? Ans.—The rose. 3.—Where did Betty Ross, who is credited with making the first American flag, live? Ans.—In Philadelphia. 4.—What part of the human face is called the supercilium? Ans.—The eyebrow. 5.—Which city lies furthest south, Jacksonville, Fla., or New Orleans? Ans.—New Orleans.

CHERRO CHIMES

It's 5 o'clock, I'm sitting down. I've fought for hours, this ratny town. To introduce, this Cherro flour. And fit myself, this job tomorrow.

Cherro Flour A Special Hard Wheat Blend \$2.25 a 49 lb. sack at your grocer (To be continued.)

Turkey Shoot

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