to ship it."

DR. GORDON looked up from

DR. GORDON looked up from
the table where Drake lay in
the freight office.
"I'll have to have some help."
"What you going to do, Doc?"
Dr. Gordon didn't answer.
"Someone—you, Davis, get me
some blankets and a half-dozen

over the table.

"All right, Sam. I'll need some-

body steady. Everybody else get out now. Quick."

DD. GORDON turned toward the

door. "Will somebody stand at this door and keep everybody

"I'll do that, sir." Monaghan moved toward the door. "I'll keep 'em out, and when you've finished

out?

BY HENRY BELLAMANN

DRAKE-AT WORK

CHAPTER XXIII
LOOK at me, Mr. Monaghan, I look like a tramp. I'll be a bum if somebody doesn't give me

a job."
"Turner'll give you a job, if:
you'll take it."
"I'll take it."

"I'll take it."

"I'll get you a job, Drake. You can depend on me."

"Thank you—sir."

Drake arose. "I'm going home."
He turned at the door, "If I get a job down here, I'm going to sell the place uptown. It's already mortgaged. Then I'll have a little bit o' anyhow. I'm going to a little bit o' anyhow. I'm going to. n here somewhere

to live

"Yes,
"You'll to cut out likker."
"Why, Drake! What are you doing here?" Randy came cheerfully
into the room.

Drake flushed darkly. "Yes, I
know how I look, Randy, I was
in the calaboose last night."
"Drake! What did you do?"
"Drunk. I wasn't arrested. Sam
Winters just—just locked me up

sheets—anywhere here in the neighborhood, and be quick."
"I'll help, Doc, Tell me what you want." Sam Winters stepped into the cone of light that fell from the tin-shaded lamp hanging over the table.

Winters just—just locked me up so I wouldn't freeze."
"Oh, Drake!"
"It won't happen again, Randy.

our pa's going to get me a job of some kind."

Randy's glance veiled a little.

Randy's glance veiled a little. It was a strange look—Drake didn't understand it. It was a faraway look, almost impersonal, but steady as a lamp set on stone.

"Go up stairs. I'll bring you some hot water. You wash and shave, and I'll fix you something to eat. Then you're going to bed and get some sleep."

Drake went heavily up the stairs. Mr. Monaghan knocked the ashes from his pipe. He had never quite known what to make of his tomboy daughter, but at this moment he felt that he understood her better. She looked exactly like her mother as she stood watching her mother as she stood watchins

MR. MONAGHAN kept his word. MR. MONAGHAN kept his word, and Drake kept his. Mat Turner, an old acquaintance of Drake's Uncle Rhodes, was reluctant at first. He didn't believe too much in the earnestness and sincerity of Drake's resolution, but Monaghan persuaded him. Drake was given a nondescript job as switchman, and general helper around the freight office. He never set foot in Fritz Bachman's lunchroom again, or took another drink.

room again, or took another drink.

The bank sold the Livingstone house, and Drake paid his debts.

There wasn't much left but Drake put it in the bank and managed to live on his wages. He had a

to live on his wages. He had a room at Mrs. Blake's railroad boardinghouse, and spent as much time with Randy as possible.

Drake lost his casual, laughing manner, and a part of his good looks was lost with it. He wasn's happy, and showed it. But he was healthier-looking.

He had never seen Louise Gordon again. The thought of her crossed his mind once in a while—a tingling anger mixed with a faint desire.

beginning to be a familiar phrase. At first it had a fabulous sound, like a connotation of some fantastic futurity. But one became a little accustomed to it as one learned to write 1900 and 1901 without too much hesitation.

The outward changes in Kings Bow, taking place gradually as they did, were not too violent to disturb even conservative people much. Of course, if one stopped to think about it, a lot of things had happened. Trees gone from the courthouse square, and from Union street as far as the Methodist church. Lots of bright new dist church. Lots of bright new paint and plate-glass store win-

"A smart little city," Hart San-some said. "As nest and bright as

a pin."
"Looks like every town its size from Ohio to Kansas," Miles Jack-son said. "You can't tell by look-ing around if you're in Indiana or Iowa. Looks like any town—and just as ugly."

But everyone noticed that since the death of his old crony, Col-onel Skefington, Miles Jackson was less acid.

DRAKE McHUGH developed a bad cold and laid off from work for nearly a week. He spent most of the time with Randy.

One evening after supper he was on his way back to his boarding-house. He took the short cut through the freight yards as usual. Bill Hockinson was running the switch engine, shifting boxcars for the early freight train the next day. Drake stepped off the track as Bill passed with a dozen empty flats. He waved and Bill shouted something that could not be heard

flats. He waved and Bill shouted something that could not be heard above the ratile and clash of wheels rolling over the switches. He saw Bill waving frantically, and grinned. Some rowdy joke that wouldn't wait.

Harley Davis, brakeman on the regular freight run to Camperville, slammed the door of the freight office open. Arnold Schultz, the freight agent, grabbed his blowing papers. "Sayl What in the hell—"
"Quick, Schultz, get a doctor.

"Quick, Schultz, get a doctor down here! There's been an ac-cident out there. Get Dr. Gordon, quick as you can!"
"What happened, Harley?"
"Drake McHugh's been run

"Drake McHugh's been run over."

"Sure, sure. Right away." He rang the telephone and asked the central office to locate Dr. Gordon and send him right away to the freight depot.

"How in the world did such a thing happen, Harley?"

"A funny accident, Schultz, You

ve'll take him over to my nouse.

Just a few steps."
"Good, Now, Sam, let me see." Dr. Gordon proceeded with his examination.
"What'll have to be done, Doc?"

NEA BERVICE, INC. "Amoutation "His leg? Which one?"
"Both, Close to the hips. There's chance." know that wagonload of tile that's been standing up there on the edge of the cut for a week?"
"Sure, yes, belongs to the tile works. They're waiting for orders

a chance."

For nearly three hours both
men worked under the crude light
of the oil lamps. Then Dr. Gordon
folded the blankets about Drake to ship it."

"Well, the bank thawed and the whole wagon fell down—"

"On Drake!"

"It hit him and pushed him under them cars Bill Hockinson's been shunting around."

"Run right over him, eh?"

"No. It was just lucky Bill saw what happened. He was going slow. It just caught Drake as he came to a stop. Mashed him. Otherwise it would have cut him right in two." and stepped to the door.
(To Be Continued)

While it takes all kinds of people to make a world, some kinds seem to be entirely too many right now.

The secretary of the navy should be kept plenty busy in Washington - where so many

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NIAM DIAMHTE

THIS CURIOUS WORLD

By William Ferguson



ANSWER: Spring Song; Springtime in the Rockies; To Spring; Rustle of Spring; Beautiful Spring.

NEXT: The world's largest nose.

FAMOUS NOVELIST

HORIZONTAL Answer to Previous Puzzle 1 Pictured 9 Rotate. 10 Horse power writer, John (abbr.). 11 Device for 7 He is a famous (pl.). opening. 12 Obstruct ERIE CHROAN-14 Spanish dance 15 Marionette. Guido's scale,
17 Yellow bugle
plant,
18 April (abbr.),
19 City in
Holland,
20 Napoleonic
marshal who
led retreat
from Russia,
21 Symbol for
selentum. Guido's scale. Aaron

33 Pronoun. 35 Noise. 36 Rot by 56 Tenant. 58 Secret. 59 Debate. exposure. 39 160 square rods.

42 To tear, 44 Born. 46 Pint (abbr.). 48 Boy. 49 Girl's name. 28 Asiatic mora-50 Roof finial. 52 Marble used as a shooter.

53 Before.

selenium

23 Half an em.

ceous herb. 29 Color.

31 Tree. 32 Universal

language.

24 Siesta, 25 At sea.

27 Enticer

3 Killer. 4 Knight of the Elephant (abbr.). 5 Eye part. 6 He writes 8 Higher in 54 Belonging to

VERTICAL

2 Parts in plays.

1 Ebenaceous

plant

again. 13 Russian plain. 22 Doctor (abbr.) 26 Eyrie. 28 Employer. 30 River in England. 31 Dressed animal pelt. 35 Gloomy. 37 Javanese

badger.

38 Snakes.

40 Tree. 41 Algerian native cavalryman. 45 Reedlike grass 47 In pairs. 51 Greek letter. 55 Opera (abbr.). 57 Lower case

(abbr.).

8 10 11 12 13 15 19 121 124 28 130 36 50

OUT OUR WAY

By J. R. Williams

YOU'VE READ THIS BOOK A BOY YOUR AGE! WELL, THE AUTHOR ISN'T HONEST WITH HIMSELF, LET ALONE THE READER! HE OH, WHY DIDN'T I THINK OF THAT SOONER? LET HER SEE HOW MUCH MORE WELL-UH-WHAT HE KNOWS THAN HER MENTIONS ONLY THE CHARACTERS IN HISTORY AN' SHE WON'T BE SO WHO BOLSTER HIS THEORY-NEVER A WORD OF THE IN-CORRUPTIBLE ROBESPIERRE WHO WOULD DAMAGE HIS DREAM BEYOND 0 MEASURE - AND J. P. WILL T. M. MEG. U. B. PRT. COP. THE COUNTER-IRRITANT

RED RYDER



OUR BOARDING HOUSE, with Major Hoople

EGAD, TWIGGE! INSTEAD OF WASTING MY INTELLECTUAL POWERS AS DEFENSE MESSENGER, I SHOULD

I'VE MET MORE

GERMAN SOLDIER IN



By Harold Grav



LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE

ALL WE CAN DO NOW FOR A WHILE IS WAIT AND SEE-POOR SHE'S FIGHTING THAT'S A LOT-



THREE FAMILIES A SCHOOL-IT'S UP



MY PATIENTS WITHERED AND DIED HM-M-M-TO TRIDE EVERY
THING I HAVE
FOR JUST A
FRACTION OF
YOUR WISDOM
PADRE-LIKE AUTUMN LEAVES BUT CHOLERA CAN
BE LIKE THAT, WHEN
ONE IS UNPREPAREDYOU WOULD HAVE DONE
MUCH BETTER-

BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES



'UT 9U CIUB'T' NIVT 'BUL BAN' I MARALE OF TH' MRM' AN' ELMER WAE I BHAM' HT TO BUO BAN OF TH' NAMES IN WROTE JUS



SO HE PROPOSED...
AFTER I SENT 'IM
YOUR PICTURE!
I DIDN'T HAVE
ONE OF ME...
NOT A RECENT
OVE... PUG!



WASH TUBS



COURSE YOU UNDER MESSAGE



By Crane NEEDLESS TO SAY, IT WAS MOST IMPORTANT THAT SECRET FORMULA DID NOT FALL INTO HANDS OF ENEMY, YOU DID WELL, CAPTAIN! A SAIN, CUR THANKS AND CONSTRATULATIONS!







By V. T. Hamlin



