

WARREN'S BONUS
BY RALPH WATSON

"Well," Polly Tician remarked, a triumphant tinkle in her tone, "I told you President Harding would find some way to fix up that bonus bill, didn't I?"

"Yes," T. Paer answered noncommittally as he packed some tubes out into the bowl of his meerschaum with his thumb, "you told me."

"What do you think of it?" Polly insisted. "You've read what he's told Congress to do, ain't you?"

"I've read about it," T. Paer admitted, "but I don't know as I ought to say what I think about it."

"Why?" Polly asked in surprise. "It's a good scheme ain't it?"

"Because," T. Paer said, answering the first question, "I don't think I ought to say such things in front of a lady, 'nd," he added in response to the second query, "it depends on who you're pulling for whether it's a good scheme or not."

"Who I'm pulling for," Polly exclaimed. "I ain't pulling for nobody, but the president's pulling for the soldier that want the bonus."

"Is he?" T. Paer asked ironically. "The way it looks to me Warren's tied his rope onto the soldier boys' pants pockets 'nd if Congress hauls on it hard enough it'll pull 'em by the roots."

"Fiddle!" Polly retorted crisply. "Didn't you read what the president said about a sales tax being the one that'd make everybody pay it?"

"Sure it will," T. Paer conceded, "everybody'll pay it except the fellows that made their fortunes out'n the war 'nd they'll just pass the buck 'nd take up some more profits."

"I don't see it," Polly contended. "It seems to me like a sales tax would be the easiest way that could be found."

"It would," T. Paer said, "for the bankers 'nd the department stores 'nd the butchers 'nd the coal men, but it'd sort of throw the hooks into the little fellows that had to eat 'nd wear clothes 'nd keep warm 'nd work like the dickens to do it."

"But," Polly argued, "the people that sold things would be the ones that had to pay the tax."

"Bunk," T. Paer retorted. "You talk like you hadn't lived very long in this world or else didn't have much hot hair to put your hat on."

"I don't know as you're the only smart person in the world," Polly flared at him. "There's a lot of big men that're strong for whether it's a good scheme or not."

"I ain't denyin' that," T. Paer agreed.

7000-Mile Record For Ship to Ship Wireless Is Made

(By United News)
New York, Feb. 21.—Exchanging the time of day with the steamship Buckeye State, as she lay in the harbor at Honolulu, the Munson liner American Legion is believed to have established a record for ship-to-ship wireless communication.

The American Legion, just returned from South American ports, reports that her wireless man picked up the Buckeye State's signature to a message at Buenos Aires, 7000 miles from the position of the Buckeye State. The "sparks" aboard the American Legion and signalled back his position. The American Legion's man flashed his location and then both exchanged felicitations upon the establishment of a new record.

HURT BY FALL
Vancouver, Wash., Feb. 21.—Frank Eichenlaub of the E. & W. clothing store fell from a table Monday while working at the store and fractured one rib and probably more. The full extent of his injuries will not be known until an X-ray photo is taken.

HER OWN WAY

By VIRGINIA TERHUNE VAN de WATER

CHAPTER 21.
(Copyright, 1922, by Star Company)

FOR a whole minute Helen Gorman stood irresolute.

She was thinking fast. Elizabeth had not expected her home yet; she had not heard her enter.

She would be chagrined were she to suspect that Helen had witnessed the affectionate scene between herself and the man to whom he was engaged.

That Elizabeth Mayo and Luther Willard were engaged the country girl did not doubt. That they had only this evening become engaged seemed likely.

For, of course, Elizabeth would have confided in her, Helen, if her betrothal had occurred even 24 hours ago.

Helen's heart beat high in sympathy as she appreciated that at last Elizabeth had fallen in love. Then she recalled her friend's remarks about her determination to marry only a man who had money—even if she did not care for him. How reconcile that statement with what Helen had just seen?

But, of course, Elizabeth had not meant that foolish statement! She had uttered it to conceal from her companion the fact that she was losing her heart to Luther Willard.

For Luther Willard was a poor man with a salary barely enough to enable him to live as he wished to live—without a wife to support. He was extravagant, and acknowledged that he was.

He was constantly referring to the fact that it was necessary for him to punish himself with what he termed many "lean weeks" in which he must save enough money to pay for his recklessness during his "fat weeks," or periods of extravagance.

Yet Elizabeth was engaged to him! Helen, standing in the hall, smiled contentedly and comprehendingly. Her friend was, after all, not the mercenary person that she had pretended to be.

Helen must make her presence known now, yet not surprise her hostess unduly. With a subtlety that she flattered her-

her manner was as composed as usual. Nor did Willard seem particularly elated. Indeed, he looked at Helen with the genuine or assumed interest that he always showed her.

"Your home is in luck in having you to work for her," he remarked gallantly. "I quite envy her. If I were in a position to choose an assistant you would be it, Miss Neil."

Helen laughed. So did Elizabeth but her laugh was harsh and forced. She regarded her friend with no trace of affection in her gaze.

Again Helen recalled her former suspicion that Elizabeth resented Luther Willard's kindly remarks to the little country girl.

Well, if Betty loved Willard—if she were engaged to him—perhaps it was natural that she should be slightly jealous. Helen had heard that all girls in love were likely to have a bit of this unlovely emotion.

Yet it was rather absurd—when the object of the jealousy was Helen Gorman, who cared nothing at all for Luther Willard.

Now, if it had been Dr. Andrews—She checked this idea as also absurd. "I think I will go to my room," she said, "if you two will forgive my running off as soon as I get home. But I have had a busy day, and I am tired."

"I doubt if Luther will excuse you," Elizabeth rejoined rather sharply. "He always sits up and takes especial notice as soon as you come in."

Only a moment ago this girl had been in Luther Willard's arms, telling him that she loved him—yet now she spoke as if she were vexed with him. It was plain that she resented her friend's inopportune arrival.

"I think Mr. Willard will manage to dispense with my presence," Helen said lightly. "Good night!"

But Willard checked her as she was leaving the room.

"Don't go without shaking hands, please!" he urged.

Helen glanced at Elizabeth as she laid her hand in the man's outstretched palm. Again she saw a hard gleam in the older girl's eyes. She felt intensely uncomfortable. But of course all would be well when her friend had told her of her engagement, and when Helen had a chance to say how happy she was to hear of it. Then Betty would understand that her jealousy was ridiculous. (To be continued tomorrow.)

KRAZY KAT

"I know, but this's a queer world right now," T. Paer answered, "I can't help noticing from wanderin' 'round among people."

"What's that?" Polly asked doubtfully. "You're always picking up queer ideas."

"I can't get your drift," Polly said disgustedly. "As far as I'm concerned I'm willing to take President Harding's hunch."

"That's your business," T. Paer answered, "but I'm wonderin' whether the farmers that 're sellin' things cheap 'nd buyin' things dear, 'nd the laborin' people that 're gettin' little wages all the time to bring home high priced bacon with 'nd the soldier boys, the most of which that've got a job are buyin' stuff 'nd not sellin' it'll cotton up to Warren's hunch like you do."

"They will," Polly snapped, "if they're friends of the administration."

"Which reminds me," T. Paer chuckled, "of that the Good Book says about lovin' your neighbor as yourself."

"What's that got to do with financing the bonus?" Polly asked.

"Nothin'," T. Paer answered slowly, "only I've always noticed that neighbors 're always chummin' if they don't belong to the same clubbin' if they don't."

ABIE THE AGENT

"THE NEXT TIME YOU KNOCK ME BEHIND MY BACK, I'LL PUNCH YOU IN THE FACE - I THINK I'LL DO IT RIGHT NOW, AT THAT!"

"LISTEN, SIGMUND AND I'LL EXPLAIN YOU -"

"WHAT DO YOU MEAN BY CHANGING MY CARD AT THE TABLE - I GOT A GOOD MIND TO WALLOP YOU -"

"HAVE SENSE IRVING! LISTEN -"

"ANYTHING WRONG ABE?"

"I WOULDN'T STAND FOR THIS! MEYER WRITES ME THAT I STOLED HIS ORDER BOOK FROM HIS POCKET - I'LL GO RIGHT UP TO HIS OFFICE AND GIVE HIM GOOD!"

"YOU'RE GOING TO FIGHT MEYER? DON'T BE FOOLISH - HE'S TWICE YOUR SIZE - YOU CAN'T FIGHT HIM!"

"OH, CAN I SCRAP WHEN I'M IN THE RIGHT!"

LITTLE JIMMY

"JIMMY RUN AND MAIL THIS LETTER I WANT IT TO GO RIGHT AWAY SO HURRY!"

"GOLLY, IT'S SLIPPERY!"

"HM -"

"ASHES"

"ASHES"

"THE LETTER"

JERRY ON THE JOB

"SEE ALL THESE LETTERS ??? WELL - EVERY ONE OF 'EM'S A SQUAWK ABOUT THE INEVITABILITY OF OUR EMPLOYEES -"

"WHAT'S THE USE OF ME LISTENING TO ALL THE OLD STUFF AGAIN? I'LL JUST STEP OUT AND BE AS POLITE AS POSSIBLE -"

"HELLO MISTER - THINKING OF SETTLING IN OUR FAIR CITY?"

"NOPE - JUST HERE FOR A SHORT VISIT."

"BUSINESS OR PLEASURE?"

"SAID OUR HERO SHAWLING (AS SHOWN IN THE ILLUSTRATION)"

"NEITHER - I'VE GOT A DATE HERE WITH AN ANOTHER-IN-LAW."

US BOYS

"UM SUM BLA UM DUM UM BZUM ZUM -"

"HEY SKINNY!"

"DON'T BOTHER ME, I'M MEM ZORISIN' A SPEECH ALL ABOUT GEORGE WASHINGTON FOR HIS BIRTHDAY!"

"OH!"

"LET'S SEE NOW? WHERE WAS I AT?"

"YOU WAS RIGHT THERE, YOU AINT MOVED A INCH!"

"WHAT?"

BURGESS'S BEDTIME STORIES

Two Timid Persons Meet

By Thornton W. Burgess

Much may be gained by sitting still if you but have the strength of will. —Jumper the Hare.

JUMPER THE HARE crouched at the foot of a tree in the Green Forest. Had you happened along there you would not have seen him. At least I doubt if you would. Or, if you had seen him, you probably wouldn't have known it. You see in his white coat Jumper was as exactly the color of the snow that he looked like nothing more than a little heap of snow.

Just in front of Jumper was a little round hole in the snow. He gave it no attention. It didn't interest him in the least. All through the Green Forest were little holes in the snow. Jumper was so used to them that he seldom noticed them. So he took no notice of this one until something moved down in that hole. Jumper's eyes opened a little wider and he watched. A sharp little face with very bright eyes filled that little round hole. Jumper moved just the tiniest bit and in a flash that sharp little face with the bright eyes disappeared.

"Gracious, Jumper, how you did scare me!" said he.

Jumper sat still and waited. After a long wait the sharp little face with the bright eyes appeared again. "Don't be frightened, Whitefoot," said Jumper softly.

"At the first word the sharp little face disappeared. In a moment it was back and the bright little eyes were fixed on Jumper suspiciously. After a long stare the suspicion left them and out of the little round hole came a trim little fellow in a soft brown coat with white waistcoat and with white feet and a long, slim tail. It was Whitefoot the Wood Mouse, sometimes called Deer Mouse.

"Gracious, Jumper, how you did scare me!" said he.

Jumper chuckled. "Whitefoot, I believe you are more timid than I am," he replied.

"Why shouldn't I be? I'm ever so much smaller and I have more enemies," retorted Whitefoot.

"It is true you are smaller, but I am not so sure that you have more enemies," replied Jumper thoughtfully. "It sometimes seems to me that I couldn't have more, especially in winter."

"Name them," commanded Whitefoot. "I know the Great Horned Owl, Fowler the Bob Cat, Old Man Coyote, Rodey Fox, Terror the Goshawk, Shadow the Weasel, Billy Mink." Jumper paused.

"Is that all?" demanded Whitefoot.

"Isn't that enough?" retorted Jumper rather sharply.

"I have all of those and Blacky the Crow and Butcher the Shrike and Sammy Jay in winter, and Buster Bear and Jimmy Skunk and several of the Snake family in summer," replied Whitefoot.

"It seems to me sometimes as if I needed eyes and ears all over me. Night and day there is always some one hunting for poor little me. And then some folks wonder why I am, so timid. If I were not so timid-as I am I wouldn't be alive now; I would have been caught long ago. Folks may laugh at me for being so easily frightened, but I don't care. That is what saves my life a dozen times a day."

Jumper looked interested. "I hadn't thought of that," said he. "I'm a very timid person myself and sometimes I have been ashamed of being so easily frightened. But come to think of it, I guess you are right, and the more timid I am the longer I am likely to live."

Whitefoot suddenly started into his hole. Jumper didn't move, but his eyes widened with fear. A great white bird had just alighted on a stump a short distance away. It was Whitey the Snowy Owl, down from the Far North. "There is another enemy we both forgot," thought Jumper, and tried not to shiver.

(Copyright, 1922, by F. W. Burgess)

The next story: "The White Watchers."

Flattened Ammunition

ROTARY TO ENTERTAIN
Hoquiam, Wash., Feb. 21.—Celebrating the 17th anniversary of the founding of International Rotary, the Hoquiam Rotary club will entertain wives of the members Thursday evening.

There Are a Lot of Us Like Abie

Auto Makers, Please Note This

Corns?

—just say

Blue-jay

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Stops Pain Instantly

The simplest way to end a corn is Blue-jay. A touch stops the pain instantly. Then the corn loosens and comes out. Made in two forms—a colorless, clear liquid (one drop does it) and in extra thin plasters. Use whichever form you prefer, plasters or the liquid—the action is the same. Safe, gentle. Made in a world-famed laboratory. Sold by all druggists.

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How quickly it heals!

That's what you'll say after applying

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Use freely Cannot injure the tenderest skin

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Isn't Oofy Goofy a Pest?

With Girls Leave Home

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