

MORE ECONOMY

BY RALPH WATSON

"WISH!" Ma remarked wistfully as she surveyed her departing lord and master, "you'd stop downtown some place 'nd get your shoes shined up. They look awful."

"I been thinkin' about that," T. Paer answered cheerfully, "but I guess I'll wait 'till I get home tonight 'nd shine 'em myself."

"You've been doing that for a week," Ma retorted, "and you can't tell you ever had a shine."

"But," T. Paer answered in defense, "I'm out of dope 'nd can't do it 'till I get some more."

"You've been saying that for a week," Ma reminded him, "if you'll leave 'em home I'll almost be willing to shine 'em myself."

"I don't trust you," T. Paer grinned, "the last time you shined 'em, you put shoe polish on 'em 'nd I looked like the kitchen range 'nd down the street."

"You looked neat anyway," Ma answered, "nd that's more'n you do this mornin'."

"Yeah," T. Paer admitted, "but that time everybody walked 'round me like they was scared of gettin' burned if they came too close."

"Oh," Ma replied, lapsing into slang, "I don't guess you're such a hot number as you think you are."

"I ain't thinkin' about that," T. Paer said demurely, "but I'd rather do my shinin' myself."

"I see," Ma suggested, "where they a lot of the shoe shiners 're cut their price down to 10 cents again."

"It's about time," T. Paer contended, "them fellahs make a got tired of figgerin' up their income tax."

"They're an awful row about it," Ma said, "most of 'em say they'll go broke if they can't charge 15 cents at least."

"That's just what's got me to figgerin'," T. Paer assured her, "I heard 'em hollerin' about bein' so poor so I just got a pencil 'nd went to it."

"Did you give 'em?" Ma asked interestedly, "Ain't they givin' us the straight of it?"

"I ain't so sure of it," T. Paer answered, "The way I figger it out the shiners make about 7500 per cent on their investment."

"Mercy," Ma exclaimed, "that's a lot, ain't it?"

"Quite a bit," T. Paer intimated, "The way I figger it that's about \$75 worth of shinin' in a half dollar box of blackin' 'nd that's makin' money fast."

"I never thought of it in dollars," Ma admitted, "No wonder them fellahs all look fat 'nd slick."

"That's the reason," T. Paer answered, "why I'm goin' to do my own shinin'."

HER OWN WAY

By VIRGINIA TERHUNE
VAN de WATER

SYNOPSIS

Helen Gorman, following the death of her mother at their home in St. Louis, an upstate New York town, breaks with her uncle, Daniel Gorman, and goes to New York city to make her own way. Her only friend in the metropolis is Elizabeth Mayon, a nurse, whose apartment she shares upon her arrival. One evening a little after Helen Gorman, while dining in a restaurant with some friends, was surprised by her uncle, Daniel Gorman, who had come to New York in search of her. Helen, who is in love with a young physician, Dr. Andrews, who, with other young people, comes to the girls' apartments occasionally. She gets a position in a house decorating establishment. Helen is disturbed by the familiarity of a strange man, who accosts her on the street. Elizabeth makes light of it. Ultimately Helen and Elizabeth quarrel and Helen leaves home. Helen, who is in love with Dr. Andrews, who is in love with Elizabeth, on another evening, while awaiting Dr. Andrews in the lobby of a theatre, Helen encounters the same strange man whom she previously met on the street.

CHAPTER 49.

The play was over.

As the curtain descended on the last act Helen Gorman was brought back to earth by the sound of the bell which she had been spending the past two hours

"Oh, that was wonderful!" she breathed.

Thomas Andrews looked down at her with a satisfied smile.

"I am mighty glad you liked it," she said. "I was sure that a play of that type would move you just as it moves me. You see," he added softly, "I flatter myself that I know you pretty well—even if we have been friends for such a short while."

She smiled at him. She found it good to be here with this understanding man. The sensation of homesickness that had assailed her so often lately left her entirely. She had not felt as contented as this in many months.

"There are some things in the play that I would like to talk over with you," she remarked as she and Andrews went slowly down the crowded aisle.

"It is the kind of play that furnishes food for thought and conversation," he rejoined. "We will discuss it at supper."

In the lobby her left hand while he went in search of a taxi.

"We will walk to the restaurant," she said.

"We will walk nowhere," he interrupted. "I will not allow it. Anyway," with a glance at her dainty shoes, "it would be tempting Providence for you to trot around in those paper-soled things you have on your feet. Please notice," teasingly, "what an observant person I am. I see more than you think."

"But if you were wearing brogans you should not walk. This is my party this evening—and my affair. Excuse me for a moment. I will be right back."

He had placed her at one side of the lobby, out of the stream of the passing throng. She watched his tall figure shouldering his way through the mass of men and women that almost blocked the doorway.

Her heart was aglow with a sense of something very like proprietorship in this masterful man. She reminded herself that he was only a casual acquaintance, but this reminder did not chill her conviction that he liked her very much. As for herself—when she contrasted her feeling for Dr. Andrews with that for Luther

Willard she knew that she—

"I beg your pardon, Miss Gorman?" Helen started violently. Close by her side stood the stranger who had paid her cabfare that evening. He lifted his hat as she recognized him.

"You asked for my name a while ago," he said, speaking rapidly. "I did not tell it to you at the time, since which I have been thinking your request over, and have determined that you have a right to know who I am. I am not giving you my address, as you will not have any need to communicate with me. I will make it my business to keep in touch with you and to see you occasionally."

Across the lobby the girl saw Andrews making his way toward her. The stranger saw him, too.

"Do not be frightened," he murmured. "I have no intention of annoying you by intruding further upon your evening."

"Here is my card. Again—good night."

Before she could collect her wits a visiting card was forced into her hand and the owner of it had disappeared as suddenly as he had come.

At the same instant Tom Andrews was by her side.

"I have a taxi here waiting for us," he announced.

Then he saw the square of notebook that she held between her fingers.

"What is that?" he asked involun-

arily.

"Nothing!" she muttered, crimsoning with confusion and dropping the card into her little bag.

"I beg your pardon," Thomas Andrews apologized. "I asked that question without thinking—and I am ashamed of having done it."

"To tell the truth," he went on to explain, "I thought I saw a man speak to you as I caught a glimpse of you when I came back into the theatre just now. Then, when I looked a second time he was gone from your side."

"I wondered for an instant if anyone had been annoying you—seeing you standing here all alone. That prompted my most impertinent question."

He had taken her arm and was leading her out of the theatre to the cab before she found words with which to fill in the awkward pause following his statement.

"No," she said then, stammeringly, "no—nobody was annoying me—I mean—that card was just an address for which I asked—and—"

"Please, my dear Miss Gorman," he interrupted, "do not feel obliged to explain anything to me. I have already apologized for an unwarranted curiosity. I was guilty of a great mistake."

His gentle courtesy moved her to shame of what must seem to him like deception on her part.

"Dr. Andrews," she ventured desperately, "you are not guilty of a mistake."

"Only I cannot explain!"—

"Please do not try to!" he begged. "And now let us talk of other matters."

He helped her into the cab, gave his directions to the chauffeur, and seated himself beside her.

(To Be Continued Tomorrow)

Statistical Sharks Figure Upkeep of Navy Is Mere Drop

(Universal Service)

Washington, March 13.—America's total investment in her navy is \$3,082,807,948.82, according to figures compiled in the navy department.

The national wealth of this country is approximately 100 times this amount. Thus the navy's statistical sharks have figured it out that the appropriation sought for the naval upkeep next year, a little more than \$300,000,000, amounts to one-tenth of 1 per cent of the wealth and represents a small annual premium on the country's "principal insurance policy."

By George McManus

BRINGING UP FATHER

YOU BIG WALRUS!

THANK GOODNESS SHE HAS BROKEN THE LAST VASE IN THE HOUSE!

BY GOLLY, I FEEL HAPPY NOW. SHE HASN'T ANYTHING TO THROW AT ME!

SAY, WHAT ARE YOU GONNA DO WITH THEM?

ME SELL THEM. YOU LIKA TO BUY?

YOU LIKA ME TO GITTA YOU SOME MORE?

NO—I WANT YOU TO STAY OUT OF THIS NEIGHBORHOOD!

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A Great Discovery Is Made

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BURGESS' BEDTIME STORIES

Farmer Brown's Boy Makes Himself Comfortable

By Thornton W. Burgess

VERY early in the morning, just after jolly, round, red Mr. Sun had started on his daily climb up in the blue, blue sky, Farmer Brown and his Boy started for the little house among the sugar maples over in the Green Forest. They drew a big sled loaded with things they would need. There were blankets, for, you know, Farmer Brown's Boy had planned to sleep over there. There were all sorts of good things to eat, which Mrs. Brown had cooked for them. There were spoons and knives and forks and tin plates and cups.

As soon as they had unlocked the little sugar house and put the things away a fire was started. Then they started out to collect the sap that was in the pails they had hung the day before. The great pan, or evaporator, as it is called, in which the sap was to be boiled had been cleaned and made ready. Into this the sap was poured and presently was bubbling merrily. The night had been cold, but the day was warm and this meant that the sap would run freely all day. Drip, drip, drip, drip, it fell into the pails hung from the spouts on the trees. It looked like water, but it tasted too sweet for water. All day long Farmer Brown and his Boy worked bringing in the sap and keeping the great row going underneath the evaporator. It was hard work, but

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Whitehouse Is Freed In One Case by Jury

Spokane, Wash., March 13.—After deliberating for an hour and a half, a jury in Judge Humes' court Saturday acquitted Irving Whitehouse, head of the defunct Irving Whitehouse Brokerage company, of grand larceny charges. Prosecuting Attorney W. C. Meyer had not decided what disposition would be made of three remaining grand larceny charges against Whitehouse, who is at liberty on \$25,000 bond.

KRAZY KAT

HM-M- STILL BARE FOOTED I SEE. I AIN'T

YOU ARE VAIN!

I'LL LEAVE IT TO SAM IRVING HERE

SAM, HIS SAYS HE SAT BARE FOOTED

HE SURE IS

GOLLA, AND I ALWAYS HAD A IDA I WAS KAT FOOTED

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And Oy, Does Reba Make Roast Duck

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ABIE THE AGENT

WHO'S GOING TO BE BY THE SUPPER, REBA?

MEYER, SIGMUND, ANNIE, JULIUS, LENA, IRVING, MINSK, MOTHER, FATHER YOU AND I—REMEMBER, ABE, I'M SERVING SUPPER AT SIX SHARP!

AREN'T YOU SUPPOSED TO BE AT REBA'S HOUSE, RIGHT NOW FOR SUPPER?—IT'S SIX O'CLOCK ALREADY!

I KNOW IT—AND I'M GOING TO GIVE HER A CALL UP, RIGHT NOW!

LISTEN, REBA, YOU ALL COMMENCE EATING WITHOUT ME—I'LL BE A LITTLE LATE—I'LL BE UP IN A HALF AN HOUR! THANKS, REBA—THAT'S NICE OF YOU!

YOU'VE BEEN HANGING AROUND HERE—YOU COULD HAVE BEEN UP THERE ON TIME!

I KNOW. BUT WITH THAT GANG AT THE TABLE, I NEVER GET ENOUGH—THIS WAY, SHE TAKES OUT MY SHARE AND KEEPS IT TILL I ARRIVE!

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LITTLE JIMMY

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JERRY ON THE JOB

SAY—IF YOU'RE SUCH A SMART ALECK IN MATTERS OF ARITHMETIC, LET'S SEE YOU PUT THE LAMP ON THIS INCOME TAX THING AND FIND OUT WHAT I OWE THE U.S.A.

GEE—THIS THING'S ABOUT AS CLEAR AS A BOTTLE OF MILK

I AIN'T SURE I'VE GOT THE RIGHT ANSWER, MR. G. BUT I THINK I KNOW WHAT YOU'LL PUT UP.

WELL—TELL ME THE WORST—HOW MUCH DO YOU THINK I'LL PAY?

WELL—I'LL TELL YOU—

YOU'LL PAY ABOUT HALF O'WHAT YOU'LL SAY YOU PAID.

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