

THAT EARTHQUAKE

BY RALPH WATSON

A. S. T. PAER came plodding up the street. Ma rose from where she had been sitting on the terrace steps and came panting down to meet him.

"The Lord be praised," she chattered, "you're still alive, ain't you?" "About half," T. Paer grinned as he mopped his saturated hat band. "I think the rest of me's been mellowed off all the way from Broadway 'nd Yamhill."

"The earthquake," Ma quavered, "you would never get home again unless you was brought."

"It's too hot to load up on that stuff," T. Paer suggested. "I'm stickin' to lemon phosphate 'till I get used to this sunshine."

"I'm not thinking of that at all," Ma answered, "it was a wild you was killed."

"What's the matter with you?" T. Paer asked curiously. "Did you slip somethin' in my coffee or somethin'?"

"The earthquake," Ma exclaimed in consternation. "Didn't you feel it down to the office?"

"Oh, that," T. Paer remarked impudently. "I heard somethin' about it, but it didn't bother me none."

"I been afraid to go back in the house all day," Ma reported fearfully. "It rattled the windows 'nd dishes 'nd most scared me to death. I should've thought you'd felt it down there."

"You can't jar The Journal," T. Paer assured her. "If you feel any quiverin' in 't, I s'posed it was the presses protestin' against some candidate's advertisement 'nd paid no attention to it."

"Well," Ma insisted, "whether you felt it or not I did 'nd it was awful."

"I don't think they was any earthquake," T. Paer argued. "It was just some local disturbance accordin' to the hunch I got."

"What made the dishes rattle then?" Ma demanded, "nd the windows 'nd everything?"

"Maybe it was the Ku Klux. T. Paer suggested, "throwin' a fit at Ben Oclott's proclamation."

"That wouldn't of made the dishes rattle," Ma objected. "The only thing that could of rattled was Ben."

"Well, then," T. Paer said thoughtfully, "maybe George White dropped his black cross he got over in France off his chest."

"I don't think that'd jar anybody but George," Ma answered. "It ain't a very heavy cross from what they tell me."

"No," T. Paer admitted. "It was made to wear over in Morocco, where the sun's hot. I'll tell you," he suggested brightly, "maybe it was Bob Duncan takin' another fall out'n the Democratic party."

"That might of been it," Ma conceded, "if it wasn't a real earthquake."

"Of course," T. Paer remarked ambiguously. "It might of been the Patterson rumble 'nd his record."

"Well," Ma mused, "I don't know whether that'd ought to jar things enough to rattle the dishes or not."

"If none of them's right, T. Paer said helplessly, "I got one more guess 'nd then I'm through."

"What's that guess, Ma asked curiously. "You've guessed about everything, it seems to me."

"Maybe," T. Paer said, though doubtfully, "it was caused by congressman Hawley gettin' woke up down in the first district."

"That'd be enough to jar things quite a bit," Ma admitted, "but it don't sound very probable to me."

"I ain't said it was probable," T. Paer answered, "but it might be possible. I guess."

"They's lots of things possible," Ma said, "even in politics, but not often important enough to shake a house."

"Well, then I guess it was a milk truck passin' that got your goat," T. Paer chuckled. "You keep on lettin' things like that get you bulldozed and I'll have to hire a nurse for you."

"From the way you been talking the last half hour it's you that needs one," Ma retorted. "I ain't quite sure you're head's just right."

"I been feelin' kinda funny 'round the heart here lately, 'nd the stomach," T. Paer confessed. "But I ain't noticed nothin' botherin' me in the attic."

"You wouldn't," Ma smiled. "They ain't enough up there for you to notice it."

"Maybe not," T. Paer answered, "but I don't see it. I ain't quite sure you're head's just right."

"I don't make your feet so tired," T. Paer told her, "carryin' 'round what you think you know."

THEM DAYS IS GONE FOREVER—This Should Be Lisped



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Rich Girl, Poor Girl

By VIRGINIA TERHUNE VAN de WATER

CHAPTER VIII

PATRICIA HOLLINGSHEAD and her companion had their first dance of the evening between the first and second courses of their dinner.

The rich girl was having a good time. She liked new sensations. Although she had been to many restaurants she had never been to one of just this type.

Harry Forsythe was what is known as a man about town. When he learned from Patricia that she was unaccustomed to what he called "gay joints," he informed her that her education had been sadly neglected.

"You fellows, who only patronize tony, high-priced eating places, never really see New York," he declared. "I dare you to go to Sol Heyman's with me."

She went. As she revelled in novel experiences, she enjoyed this. Of course she had to admit that some of the musical numbers were pretty bad, but one could always laugh at them.

She did not care for music, anyway, and talked steadily while an Italian sang execrably the toredoro song from "Carmen." She watched a little dancer in bouffante drapery as she flung arms and legs wildly about. But she and her escort chatted on steadily through the performance. Then, when the musicians played some more jazz, she and Forsythe danced some more.

It was after this number that Adelaide Brown came out upon the stage.

"Oh, Lord!" Forsythe groaned as the opening bars of Tosti's "Good-bye" sounded. "Why not give us a hymn tune and be done with it? If it was a cabaret I would exclude all but jazz—wouldn't you?"

"Yes, I guess I would," his companion replied.

Her eyes were not on the platform or, which the singer stood ready to begin. Instead, Patricia was gazing at a couple at a table not far from where she and Forsythe sat. The girl, of love-making was too obvious to meet even with her approval, and she was no pride.

"A man must try to hold a girl's hand or put his arm about her, surely he might wait until he was alone with her!"

Yet she continued to watch the couple who afforded her rather than her morals, until her escort's exclamation drew her attention to the music.

"Oh!" she echoed Forsythe's groan, "Tosti's 'Good-bye' again! It's tired to death of it! And what a voice!"

The waiter, serving the third course, was at that moment standing between her and the orchestra. It was not until he moved away that her eyes rested on the singer. Then she started violently.

"What's up?" Harry demanded. "Can't you stand it? I say—the little thing is going to flunk!"

"Oh, no—she must not!" his companion exclaimed. "Why—I know her! She is the little milliner. Oh—poor kid!"

For Adelaide Brown's voice was trembling perilously. It was at this juncture that she was seized with a terror lest she break down.

It was also at this juncture that her eyes fell on Patricia Hollingshead. And Patricia was smiling encouragement at her. She was also nodding her approval.

Patricia was intensely selfish. But she was not unkind. Moreover, when she liked any one she wanted that person to appear well. She had seen Adelaide Brown this morning and had liked her. The girl must not fall and appear ridiculous to all the people who were either ignoring or listening superciliously to her attempts to sing.

The rich girl smiled and nodded the encouragement she wished to convey. The result was instantaneous, and Patricia knew it. Her vanity was gratified by the effect of her action.

"Surely," her companion scoffed, "you

are not approving of that awful performance!"

She checked him by a gesture. "Be still," she muttered.

"Whew!" Harry Forsythe whistled under his breath when, having given vent to the last walling, "Good-bye," the singer retired. "She certainly did sing that last high note, didn't she? And I believe it was because of our smile at her."

"I know it was," Patricia said, demurely. "But for me she would have gone to pieces."

"I am sure she would," Harry accused. "You have encouraged an outrage. What under the sun did you do for?"

"Because," Patricia exclaimed, "I know who the poor little thing is. She is a clerk in the millinery shop I went to only today. What brings her here I do not know. Her name is Brown."

"How interesting!" Forsythe remarked, sarcastically.

But Patricia was not to be snubbed by his sarcasm.

"It is interesting," she declared. "For I happened to take a fancy to her only this morning. And I told her I would go regularly to that hat shop if she was to be there. She said she was. And now she is here."

"Probably earning a little bit on the side," Harry opined. "Come on—let's have this dance."

Patricia agreed, yet while dancing she found time to wonder why the pretty little milliner was trying to sing at Heyman's cabaret. She had seemed like an unspoiled creature, yet if she aspired to appear in a place like this, what would become of her? For, of course, she could never make good with that poor little voice and that scared manner. Patricia resolved that she would go to Madame O'Brien soon and ask if Miss Brown had left there.

The rich girl told herself that she was tender-hearted, yet she was not honest enough to admit that she was thrilled and flattered by the effect of her encouragement on insignificant Adelaide Brown.

(To Be Continued Tomorrow.)

President Remits Fine of Portland Man in Fraud Case

A fine of \$200, imposed upon K. B. Meeker of Portland several months ago in the federal court for his participation in a scheme to defraud by mail the Portland branch of Montgomery Ward & Co., has been remitted by President Harding, according to a pardon received Monday by United States Attorney Humphreys.

Two other young men indicted with Meeker sent worthless checks to the firm in payment for merchandise which they knew the store did not carry. They also knew the policy of the firm not to return the sender's checks, but to deposit it and return firm check. By this scheme the two embezzled the firm out of a considerable sum. Meeker was an employee and friend of the two embezzlers. He did not profit from the transaction, his part being to purposely misplace company records to assist his friends in carrying out their scheme. All three pleaded guilty after being indicted by the federal grand jury.

Portlanders to Act On Committee for Electric Convention

Numerous Portland public utility men will serve as committee members at the convention of the National Electric Light Association in Atlantic City this week, according to an announcement received from George F. Orley, secretary of the association.

Portland committeemen are: George L. Meyers, public relations; O. L. LeFever and E. D. Seating, prime movers; committee; H. H. Schofield, safety rules committee; A. N. Cudworth, budget committee; F. H. Murphy, accounting and commercial committee; George F. Nevins, purchasing and store-room accounting committee; R. M. Boykin and H. H. Schofield, overhead systems committee; and R. Robley, electrical apparatus committee.

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