

DAYLIGHT SAVING

BY RALPH WATSON

"I'M STRONG for it," T. Paer exclaimed with much enthusiasm as he chewed vigorously on his stubby pencil. "I'm goin' right up 'nd tell George to set 'em up a hour at least right on the first of June."

"Set what up?" Ma asked suspiciously as she sank wearily into her chair. "It's against the law to set 'em up any more, ain't it?"

"Well," T. Paer grinned. "It may be against the law but it sure ain't against the practice."

"I'm for the law all the time," Ma announced. "They ain't as much headaches in it as they used to be in the old one."

"Maybe not," T. Paer answered her, "but they's more 'um livers 'nd fadin' eyesight now'n they use to be, 'nd that's a cinch."

"I'm glad of it," Ma said calmly. "If people want to fool with their eyes 'nd livers that's their look out."

"You're gettin' off on the wrong tack," T. Paer argued. "You don't even know what I'm talkin' about."

"Maybe I don't," Ma answered, "but I know one thing—that is it ain't fair to ask even George to set 'em up for a whole hour even if it was accordin' to law."

"It would be sort of imposin' on his hospitality," T. Paer admitted. "If it wasn't that I'm talkin' about his clock 'nd not his bottle."

"Clock?" Ma repeated questioningly. "What would he want to set his clock up for an hour for? Ain't he got it on the mantle already?"

"I don't care where he keeps it," T. Paer said impatiently. "I'm talkin' about boostin' the time up a hour earlier in the mornin'."

"That's a fool idea," Ma insisted positively. "I get up early enough in the mornin' as it is without monkeyin' with the clock you do," T. Paer conceded, "but you go to bed too late 'nd, if George set 'em up you'd go to bed a hour earlier."

"You needn't think I'm goin' to leave the supper dishes 'till mornin'," Ma said firmly. "It's hard enough to wash 'em at night now."

"That's your business," T. Paer answered her. "I'm thinkin' about the long evenin's we'd have to sit 'nd talk in."

"Lord help us," Ma smiled. "You can talk enough in the time you get now without givin' you a extra hour to do it in."

"Who does the talkin'?" T. Paer asked sarcastically. "I'm the listener in this family."

"Humphs," Ma sniffed. "Not unless you got the quincy or something like that."

"I'll leave it to anybody that comes over here," T. Paer declared. "All I do's sit 'nd nod."

"It was just nodding you done I wouldn't mind it," Ma replied. "But it's you snoring right in front of company that makes me peevy to do no good when 't don't seem to do no good when I take 'em do," Paer said sadly. "They hang

round just as long whether I snore or don't."

"Ain't you ashamed of yourself," Ma asked reprovingly. "What if our friends'd hear you say things like that?"

"Well," T. Paer pleaded in defense. "What do they go to sleep when I go to cal on them for their clock?"

"Because you're so interesting a talker," Ma answered ironically. "It's just like listenin' to perpetual motion when you get started. Nobody can get in a word edgewise."

"Maybe it is," T. Paer answered, "but when you 'nd Nan set started talkin' it's just like listenin' to the ocean on a phonograph record."

"What do you mean?" Ma asked crisply. "It seems to me you ain't very polite making remarks like that about my friends' sleepin'."

"When you 'nd her get talkin' it'd put anybody to sleep, specially right after supper."

"I guess we ain't any worse'n you men," Ma snapped. "But where'd you get this clock movin' stunt from anyway?"

"Ain't you read it?" T. Paer asked in astonishment. "George Baker's the coun-cil've talkin' about daylight savin' this summer."

"I ain't in favor of it," Ma said. "It just gets you up 'nd it don't get you to bed nights no sooner 'nd you don't get sleep at all."

"Sleep," T. Paer said derisively. "The clock don't have no influence on your sleep now that I can see."

"But you sure do bangin' doors 'nd things before daylight," T. Paer said calmly. "You never would get up I don't believe."

"Well, far's I'm concerned," Ma announced. "George can set his clock up as much as he wants to but it won't change the time 'round this ranch."

"I don't know as it'd make any difference," T. Paer grinned. "They ain't never no two of 'em tell the same time anyway."

"They suit me," Ma replied. "I keep the late one to get up by 'nd the early one to go to bed by."

"You know it," T. Paer chuckled. "nd another late one to get supper by don't you?"

"What's the use of getting 'em ahead?" Ma asked ignoring his remarks. "You can get up a hour earlier if you want to."

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Rich Girl, Poor Girl

By VIRGINIA TERHUNE VAN DE WATER

CHAPTER VI
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Not only did the blind woman approve of the girl, and like her, but she wished Adelaide to live in the Hollingshead house instead of going home each night, as was at first suggested.

"I suppose you will have to pay her more if she stays here," the man said to her husband.

In spite of all the years of Henry Hollingshead's prosperity, she always remembered the time when he and she were poor young persons.

"Money makes no difference," he answered her. "If Miss Brown is not willing to stay on the salary I named, I will give her more."

But Adelaide was quite willing to stay all the time on the salary that Miss Hollingshead suggested. She had difficulty in concealing her astonishment at the generous sum he named when she went to him in the library after her interview with the invalid.

"Are you sure—I mean—I'm worth as much as that?" she asked.

"If my wife likes you, you are worth more than money to her," he said.

Then he asked her to wait for a moment while he went up to speak to his wife. He returned soon, his face beaming.

"I do not want to flatter you, Miss Brown. But my wife is delighted with you. She likes young people, but since her illness we have not entertained much except a girl like Patty—so popular and young—to stay at home with an invalid. I suppose of course not," Adelaide answered.

In the back of her mind was the thought that the daughter might spare a few hours a day for her parent. Then she stifled the idea as ungracious.

"My wife would like you to stay here all the time—that is, not go home at night," Mr. Hollingshead went on. "But perhaps you would not be willing to do this?"

Adelaide pondered for a moment. The salary she was to receive was much more than she had expected. The little cripple—Hester Mortimer could easily take the small room that Adelaide herself had occupied. It was then that Henry Hollingshead suggested that perhaps she would want more money for longer hours. But she shook her head decidedly.

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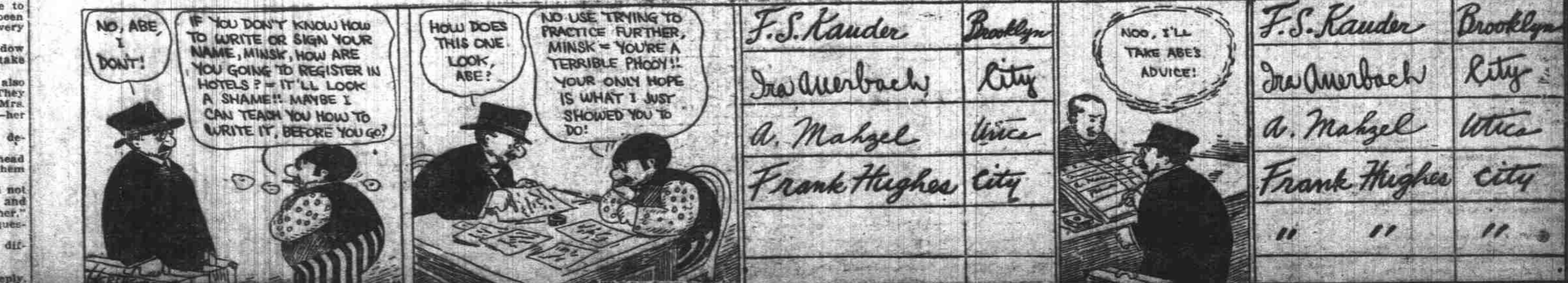
Circumstantial Evidence

KRAZY KAT



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ABIE THE AGENT



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Looks Like a Business Man, Anyhow

(To Be Continued Tomorrow)