

# WHIRLPOOLS

BY RALPH WATSON

"IT SEEMS to me," Polly declared, "I grumbled, as she faced T. Paer on the corner, where both were waiting for the car, that they congressmen back in Washington're getting all worked up over nothing."

"Well," T. Paer answered, "if they didn't get up over nothing, I don't see as they'd have much chance to get that way from what you read in the papers."

"I knew you'd hook it into 'em if I gave you an opening," Polly retorted sourly. "I guess this congress's been doing as much as when Wilson was president."

"It ought to," T. Paer answered quickly. "It's about the same old bunch, with the exception of Newberry 'nd Stanford, 'nd they don't put much jazz into it."

"Just the same," Polly contended heatedly, "it might get some place if the Democrats didn't take up all the time yowling about something and holding back on doing anything all the time."

"From what I've been readin'," T. Paer chuckled, "some of the yowlin' ain't had any Democrats lungs for its father."

"Most of it has," Polly insisted. "Them fellahs make me sick."

"You can't blame the poor fellahs," T. Paer contended defensively. "They made sick by somebody—have they?"

"If they were real interested in the good of the country they'd all pull together," Polly argued, "instead of pulling apart most of the time."

"That," T. Paer chuckled, "sounds a awful lot like what I used to hear the Wilson men say not so many months ago."

"That's different," Polly snapped. "Harding's trying to do something and a lot of the congress won't go through with him."

"Well, Wilson was tryin' to do something, too, 'nd congress wouldn't help him," T. Paer pointed out. "'Nd, besides," he added, "maybe the boys would kinda like to know where Gamaliel's goin' to before they start to go along with him."

"There's that Daugherty stuff," Polly flared. "What do they want to keep hooking it into him for—can you tell me?"

"Why don't you write Jim 'nd ask him?" T. Paer asked. "I guess he knows what the boys're after—don't he?"

"He sure does," Polly said. "They're after him."

"I thought," T. Paer responded glibly, "they was after Jim's war babies he's been nursin', 'nd a few things like that."

"What's the use of being attorney general if you can't do what you want

to with cases that come into the office?" Polly argued. "If Daugherty wants to let them people off and not cinch 'em, that's his business—ain't it?"

"It would be his'n if he wasn't supposed to be workin' for the people," T. Paer conceded. "But, being a alleged public servant, it's a little different—ain't it?"

"It ain't going to argue about it," Polly replied, "but them congressmen 'nd senators'd better be tryin' to cut down taxes than dancin' round Daugherty in a circle 'nd gettin' no place."

"I ain't sure they won't get no place," T. Paer replied. "If they keep on dancin' they may have Jim goin' 'round in a circle 'nd gettin' no place."

"What good'll it do?" Polly demanded. "If he gets to goin' 'round in a circle he won't get much done in his office—will he?"

"Well," T. Paer said thoughtfully, "if a chip gets goin' 'round in a whirlpool it usually does one of two things sooner or later."

"What's that?" Polly asked doubtfully.

"It either shoots outside of it," T. Paer explained, "or gets sucked down the funnel in the middle of it 'nd out of sight."

"Well, if that bunch think they're goin' to suck Jim Daugherty down and out of sight in any political whirlpool, they're out of luck," Polly answered. "Jim's too sharp for 'em."

"Jim's too sharp for 'em," Polly suggested, "fellahs get so all-fired sharp they cut their own throats."

"Not even," T. Paer insisted. "And, besides, the administration won't stand for his getting the worst of it."

"If he's givin' the people the administration's sposed to be workin' for the worst of it?"

"You'll have to show Harding," Polly boasted. "He stands by his friends."

"I don't blame him for that," T. Paer said, "but I should think he'd think the taxpayers 'nd voters that'd been friendly enough to put him in the White House come ahead of Jim Daugherty."

"Not on your life," Polly said. "If it hadn't been for Jim 'nd some of the other fellahs like him they'd never got chance to vote for Harding."

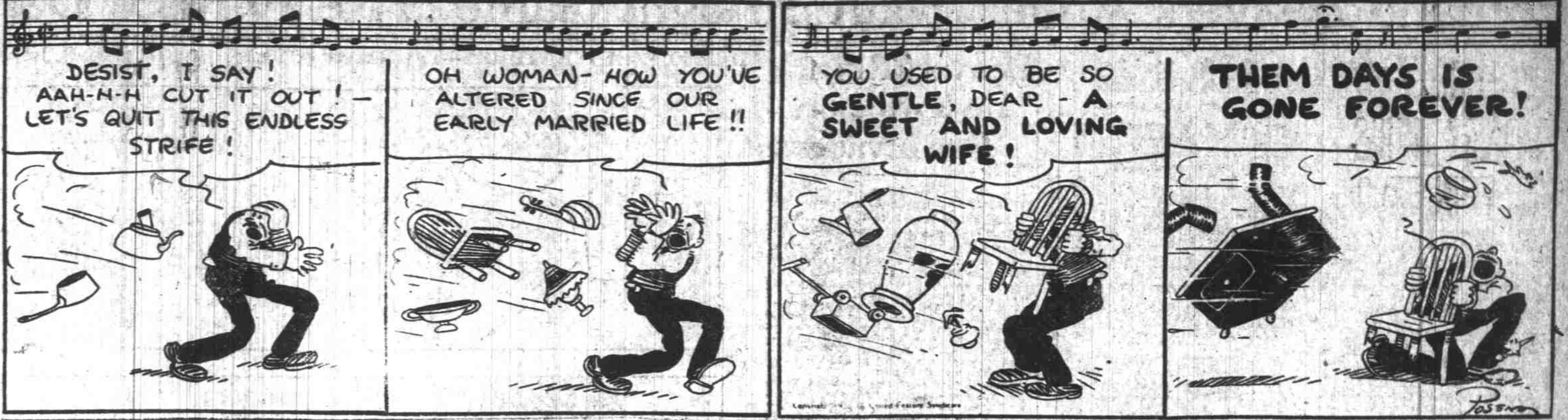
"I guess they's something to that," T. Paer conceded. "It took a lot of fixin' 'round to get thing shaped up."

"Anyway," Polly asked argumentatively, "what's the use of tryin' to get Daugherty to die into them war baby cases? I'd like to know."

"Not a bit of use," T. Paer answered dubiously. "The chesta of them babies set too close alongside Jim's campaign chest for Jim to want to disturb 'em too much."

## THEM DAYS IS GONE FOREVER—Have a Fling at This

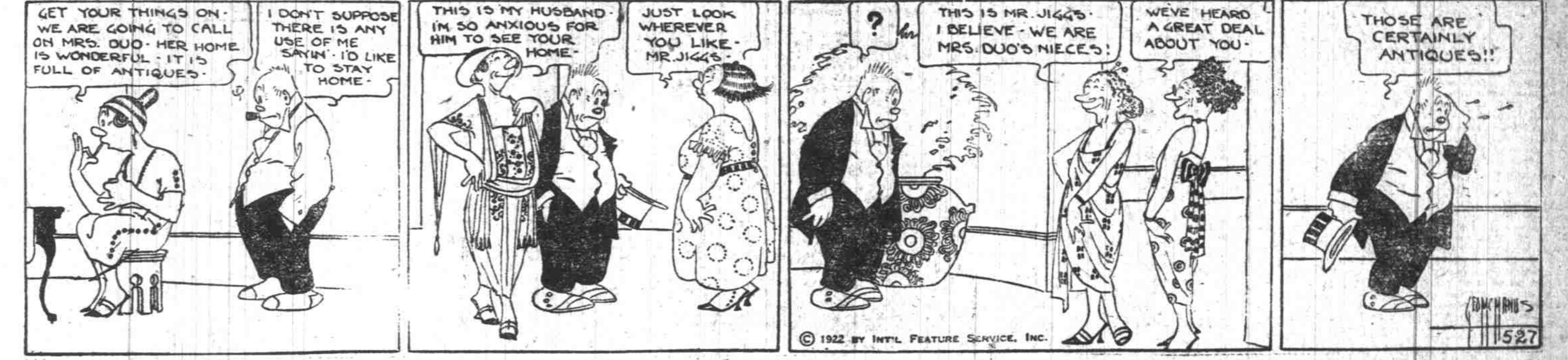
By A. Posen



## BRINGING UP FATHER

(Registered U. S. Patent Office)

By George McManus



## JERRY ON THE JOB

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A Fair Proposition



## LITTLE JIMMY

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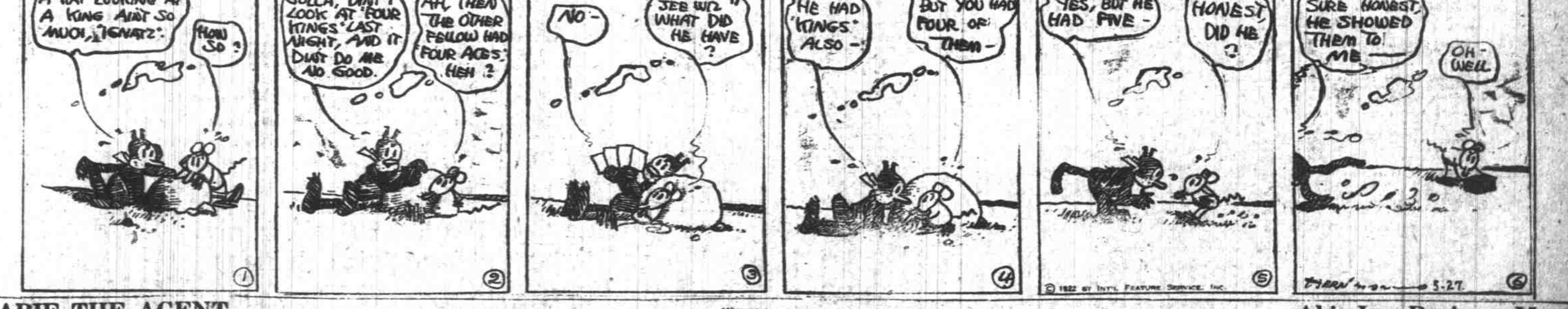
All Fish Are Not in the Ocean



## KRAZY KAT

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Who Was Dealing?



## ABIE THE AGENT

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Abie Is a Business Man



## Rich Girl, Poor Girl

By VIRGINIA TERHUNE VAN de WATER

CHAPTER XVII

(Copyright, 1922 by Star Company)

ADALIDE BROWN'S knitted mittens stood her in good stead when she became a member of the Hollingshead household. For she had never been in just such an environment before. At school she had been on pleasant terms with many girls, but intimate with none. Adelaide Brown watched Miss Hollingshead carefully during her first week in her new employer's home. So quick of perception was she, so apt at imitation, that it would have taken a quick observer to detect that she had never before seen such table service, such elegance of glass, china and silverware, such niceties of detail as she now saw in the rather too elaborately furnished home of Henry Hollingshead.

To the little milliner, the room assigned her, with a bathroom attached, seemed a marvel of luxury. She trod softly on the thick rug as she unpacked her small trunk and hung her few dresses in the big closet. She noted with delight the dainty dressing table with its triple mirror. There had been a triple mirror at Madeline O'Brien's, but Adelaide had seldom studied herself in it. She had been afraid of seeming foolishly vain if she did so.

Now, however, she took down her hair and rearranged it, then put on a fresh collar in place of the one she had worn there. As she fastened this there was a knock at the door and Patricia entered. She had greeted the new companion upon her arrival and had told her she was glad to see her. Then she had bade the maid take Miss Brown to her room and ordered the man to carry up her trunk.

"I will come up for you later," she had said then, "for I must have a talk with you before you see mother."

She had evidently come now for the "talk," for she said into a chair and motioned Adelaide to sit down.

"I am awfully glad you are here," she said. "But first, have you everything you want?"

"Yes, indeed!" Adelaide said smilingly. "The room is lovely."

(To Be Continued Monday)

"Yes, it's pleasant enough," the rich girl admitted. "I am going to have a bell arranged from mother's room on the second floor so I can get things here on the third. She gets dreadfully depressed and sends for me. Now you are here, you can go to her at such times. Estelle, her maid, told me her of course, yet mother gets the blues and wants one of her own kind. Sick people are unreasonable, aren't they?"

"Perhaps they are," Adelaide rejoined. She was embarrassed at this sudden confidence on the part of her employer's daughter. Patricia may have observed this, for she essayed an explanation.

"I am talking very frankly with you. You will be with mother so much that you must understand how things are. And, while we are on this subject, the reason I insisted on a companion for mother was so that I could get some relief."

"I am only 19. By the way, how old are you?"

Baby's tender skin can be easily injured by the wrong treatment. Resinol is what he needs. Does not smart or sting. Stops itching and burning almost instantly. At all druggists.

## RESINOL

Soothing and Healing

Washington, May 27.—(I. N. S.)—The senate today passed a bill creating the second assistant secretary of labor in the department of labor. The measure carries a salary of \$5000 a year.

## Says Anti-Lynching Bill Is Not Legal

Washington, May 27.—(I. N. S.)—The senate judiciary committee has decided the Dyer anti-lynching bill is unconstitutional, Senator Borah, Republican, of Idaho, and member of the committee, announced today in a telegram to the Associated Negro Press of Chicago. Borah declared the bill, if passed by congress, would be invalidated by the supreme court. He announced, however, a measure would be framed which would stand the test of the court.