

JUST CLAMS

BY RALPH WATSON

"I SHOULD think," Ma remarked, dreamily with a far-away look in her eye, "that it'd be a wonderfully interesting study."

"They ain't no doubt about it," T. Paer replied dryly. "Providin' anybody knows what your studyin' about."

"Brains," Ma answered, coming back to her surroundings with a start, "they's no 'er of what such a study might lead to."

"Brains," T. Paer repeated doubtfully. "I thought them things was extinct like that sea serpent thing with the long neck down in Patagonia."

"They ain't extinct at all," Ma corrected, "but," she added with a meaningful glance at her life companion, "they may be getting sort of shriveled up here 'nd there."

"I ain't goin' to argue about that," T. Paer replied, "not when it's gettin' to be that size of anybody's think tank's got by multipl'in' the length of their tongue."

"If you're getting personal," Ma retorted quietly, "according to my way of thinkin' it ain't so much the length of your tongue as the amount of ivory in your dome that shows how much brains you got."

"What do you mean by that 'you brain'?" T. Paer demanded with a meaningful 'meanin' it to be a personal or an impersonal pronoun."

"That depends," Ma smiled sweetly, "on how you diagram the sentence."

"Well, I didn't start this brain talk," T. Paer told her, "but if you want to take any post mortem lecture course in it I can make a few remarks myself."

"Go ahead," Ma encouraged him, "a empty barrel makes the most noise when you kick it." T. Paer replied, "but what's got you headed off on this brain study stuff, anyhow?"

"I was just reading," Ma explained, "about the brains that clams've got."

"They must be all brains," T. Paer suggested, "they show a lot of evidence of it, anyway."

"How's that?" Ma asked curiously, "I ain't never seen much that'd make me think so."

"Because," T. Paer answered pointedly, "they know enough to keep their mouths shut unless they's some reason for 'em to keep 'em open."

"Maybe so," Ma assented, "but you know some way I sort of believe that men must've evolved out'n clams."

"Maybe they did," T. Paer agreed tentatively, "maybe that's the reason you women've been puttin' us in the soup ever since."

"That ain't the reason I'm thinkin' of," Ma contended, "but it says in the book that a clam's brain's a sort of nerve attached to their stummick 'nd their feet."

"If clams's is our ancestors," T. Paer grinned, "I guess that explains why we've evolved so far."

"How?" Ma asked suspiciously.

"As soon as the first clam got married," T. Paer told her, "he had to begin hoppin' 'round so hard to keep from starvin' it made his legs grow long at one end 'nd his brain bunch up in a knob at the other."

"Humph," Ma replied, "'nd what do you 'spose made us women's legs 'nd brains develop like they have?"

"I 'spose," T. Paer mused, "they had to be somethin' for you to grow your hair on, 'nd maybe they had bargain days 'nd sewin' circles from the creation of the first clam so far as anybody knows."

"You're beginnin' to talk foolish," Ma said coolly, "just like you always do when anybody tries to be serious with you."

"I didn't start this argument," T. Paer reminded her, "'nd besides what can you expect of a son of a clam?"

"As much common sense," Ma answered, "as you, naturally, would considerin' what you'd descended from."

"All right, then," T. Paer answered, "that bein' the case I hold to the thought that most of us'd be better off if we hadn't evolved quite so much."

"How's that?" Ma asked. "You couldn't talk or run automobiles or nothin'."

"Maybe we couldn't," T. Paer responded, "but I don't know but we'd be just as well off if we couldn't. I don't agree with that." Ma insisted: "It don't leave no room for ambition or improvement."

"That's all right," T. Paer argued, "but if a fellah's brain was only connected with his stummick 'nd his legs he'd be a lot happier in the long run the way I look at it."

"It don't sound reasonable," Ma objected, "he wouldn't have no family or home or anything like that."

"I know," T. Paer continued, "but if a fellah just knew enough to know when he was hungry 'nd how to go where they was somethin' to eat when he was 'nd had gumption enough to keep his trap shut to boot he'd miss a lot of trouble, believe me."

"Well, maybe you're right," Ma said thoughtfully, "but it'd be a awful trial on a lot of fellahs to be like that."

"Yes," T. Paer chuckled, "it'd be a awful blow to politicians 'nd such, but awful relief to them that ain't."

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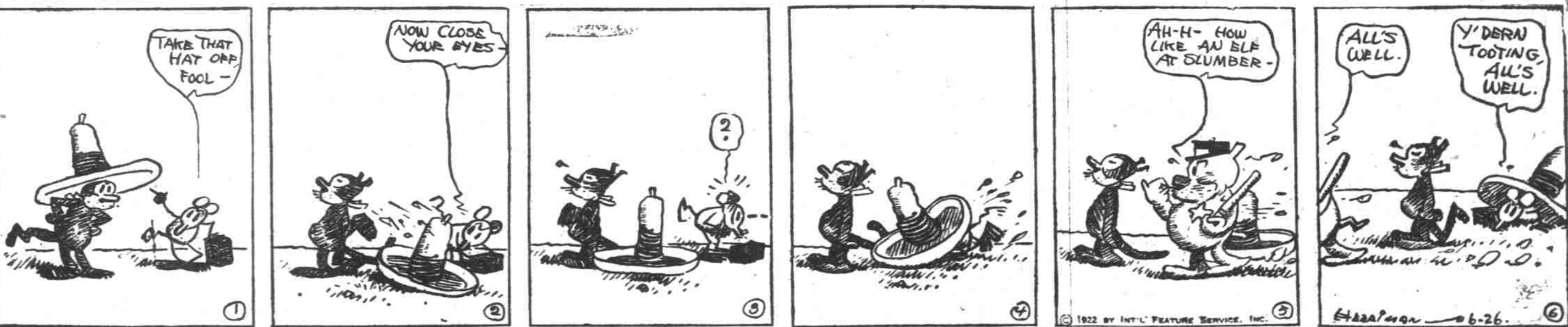
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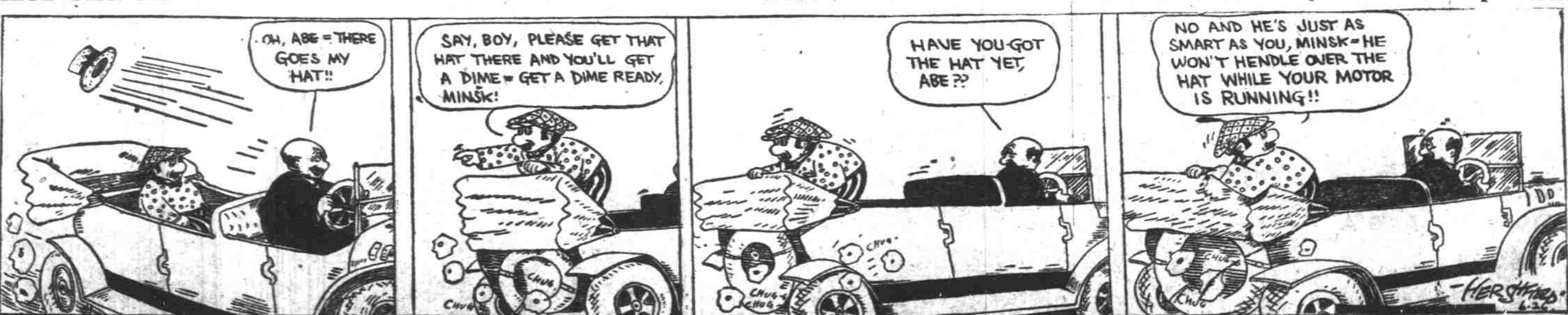
What the Eye Does Not See, etc.



ABIE THE AGENT

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That Boy Has Had Experience



Rich Girl, Poor Girl

By VIRGINIA TERHUNE VAN de WATER

CHAPTER 42.

AN AWFUL silence, during which the elderly man and the young girl faced each other. The news was too horrible, too staggering, for the father's brain to grasp it.

And then the silence was broken by the ringing of a bell from far upstairs.

It was the bell connecting Mrs. Hollingshead's room with Adelaide's. The attendant had left the door of her own room open when she came out of there earlier in the night.

She started violently and ran to the stairs.

"Mrs. Hollingshead!" she exclaimed as she fled.

"Hannah!" she heard the man groan and, glancing back, she saw him drop into a chair and bury his head in his hands.

But she did not pause until she was at her charge's bedside.

"I am right here, dear," she said, trying to control the gasps of breathlessness. "I am sorry you had to ring for me."

"You promised not to leave me!" the woman accused hysterically. "And I woke and called you, and there was nobody here—only darkness and horror. Why didn't you stay with me?"

She was sitting up in bed, her eight-less eyes wide open, her hands outstretched.

"I did stay with you until a few minutes ago," the girl soothed. "Then I went to my room to get another rug," she said desperately. "I left you for only a short time. I came as soon as you rang."

"Yes, I suppose you did," the invalid murmured, somewhat appeased by his mendacious explanation. "But—I cannot sleep! I shall go crazy! That same awful vision—about Patty!"

"There! There!" Adelaide's voice was less agitated. "You have been fast asleep. What you call a vision was only a dream. A kind of nightmare."

"It was about Patty again!" the mother moaned. "I dare not lie down for fear I will dream it some more. She came home, didn't she?"

"Listen, my dear," Adelaide begged, "and try to calm yourself. Don't you remember how your daughter came in here when she returned—that her coat was wet with snow—that that she kissed you goodnight and said she was going right to bed?"

"Yes, I remember it now," the invalid admitted. "But I am afraid of something. I wish Dick was at home, too."

"He will be back tomorrow," the girl affirmed confidently.

The next request caused her to start nervously. "I want to speak to Henry!" the wife said. "Perhaps I'll talk with him I shall feel easier."

"Very well," the girl assented. "But you must wait while I call him. You know he went to bed hours ago."

"I cannot help it if he did! I must have him!" the blind woman insisted. She must be soothed at any cost. And the stricken man downstairs must be warned to be careful.

"I will call Mr. Hollingshead," Adelaide said. "But first you must lie down."

Without another word the blind woman submitted.

Adelaide found the husband where she had left him, huddled in a great chair, his head in his hands. He sprang to his feet as she touched him.

"Mr. Hollingshead!"—without any preliminaries—"your wife is asking for you. She is terribly nervous and frightened. She says she must have you with her. And you are the only one who can quiet her."

"She does not suspect?" he asked in a hoarse whisper.

"No—but she has had an unhappy dream about her daughter. She wants to talk to you about it. Please go right to her. Everything depends on your presence of mind just now."

The twitching lips became firmer. "I'll go to her at once." Then, with a gesture of appeal—"Come, too, please!"

In silence they went up to the sick-room. There were many matters to be attended to, but the living must be considered before the dead.

If there were only somebody—Adelaide reflected—to take matters off his father's hands. But just now there was nobody but herself—an inexperienced girl. His only son was in-

Jured and in a hospital. His only daughter was dead.

"The numbness that follows upon a great shock had come to her. She was thankful that was the case. Perhaps she would be better able to perform such duties as must devolve upon her until daylight came."

Mrs. Hollingshead was again sitting up in bed when her husband entered her room.

"Henry!" she cried. "I want you! I am going crazy! I cannot remember things straight. And I am frightened about the children. Where are they?"

The husband took the fluttering hand in his strong clasp. He spoke almost sternly.

"Hannah, you must not indulge such fancies. Dick is with friends in the country."

"Yes, but what about Patty? Addie says she came in and told me good-night. I remember that, too. But I thought I go to sleep I have awful dreams about her. Henry, please go and look into her room and see if she is all right. She may be ill—and not calling my name."

Without a word of protest the man left the room and walked heavily down the hall. A moment later he returned. He was so pale that his lips were gray.

"Hannah," he said gently, taking his wife's hand in his, "I looked into Patty's room as you asked me to do. There is no need to be worried about her. The dear child is fast asleep."

(To Be Continued Tomorrow.)

Y. M. C. A. Boys on 1922 Pilgrimage to Spirit Lake, Wash.

The fourteenth annual pilgrimage to the Y. M. C. A. boys' camp at Spirit Lake, Washington, near Mount St. Helens, was begun today by a contingent of boys under the direction of J. C. Meahan, head of the local Y. boys' activities, and a number of leaders representing Pacific coast colleges and universities.

Principal features of the camp will be hiking, swimming, canoeing, games, track and field events, Bible study and cabin building. Short side trips will be taken to nearby lakes and mountain peaks. Leaders in charge are: Paul Irvine, Max Pierce, Oregon Agricultural college; Harley Stevens, University of California; Remy Cox, University of Oregon; Charles Halmett, J. C. Meahan, Willard F. Rouse and Paul Fiegel, Y. M. C. A.

Boys who went to camp are: Jack Abele, Junior Burk, Gordon Burpee, Tom Bransford, Boates Chamberlain, Byron Carlson, Milton Carlson, Gordon Donald, Robert Dick, William Delanty, Elbert Fontana, Romig Fuller, Robert Fontana, Arthur Fiegel, Jack Fiegel, Francis Gilbert, John Gantenbein, Jack Hines, Maurice Kinney, Teddy Koschland, Robert Kottenbach, Lionel Lane, Abbott Lawrence, Sam Luders, Sam Lockwood, Robert Latta, Jack Latta, Joe Mulligan, Francis Mulvey, Wilmar Norman, Fred Norton, Maurice Peace, Kenneth Raley, Joe Southworth, Louis Strohecker, Albert Sieglinger, Robert Warner, Curtis Whiting, Lynn Wykoff, Arthur Young.

Towns to Protest Cost of Electricity

Prosser, Wash., June 25.—A meeting backed by 35 cities and towns of South-Central Washington was held at Grandview, at which plans were formed for united effort to secure reductions in the rates for electric current furnished by the Pacific Power & Light company. The mayors of eight cities were present. Another meeting will be held at Grandview July 29, to which executives of all towns in this part of the state have been invited.