



GONE FOREVER

BY RALPH WATSON

"MIGOSH!" T. Paer gasped, moping his streaming nose with a moist and languid handkerchief. "Well, I don't see how it's all over. I've heard about it for a long time. Well," John snapped ironically, "everybody's been yelling for it. They must have yelled for it. T. Paer said sadly, 'What's that dope about two goats havin' faith 'nd prayin' for the same things always gettin' their prayers answered?' 'I don't believe in it,' John answered wistfully. 'I've heard a hundred prayers for rain today and there's not a cloud in the sky.' 'Give 'em time,' T. Paer advised. 'It takes time for sound to travel 'nd heaven's a long way from here the way I feel right now.' 'If it takes too long,' John groaned, 'rain won't do me much good unless it sprouts forget-me-nots over where they plant me.' 'No,' T. Paer grinned as he looked his companion over with an appraising eye, 'you'll be all dried up like a sponge in an oven.' 'Maybe so,' John retorted sarcastically, 'but I won't look like somebody'd dropped a gob of lard on a griddle, anyway.' 'I'm tryin' 'nd admit it,' T. Paer answered frankly, 'nd you got it over me if we was to have a rain at that.' 'How?' asked John, suspiciously. 'Don't try to kid me when it's this hot.' 'I ain't kiddin'!' T. Paer insisted, 'but you fellows that shrivel up like sponges when it gets dry 'nd hot swell back up to the normal shape as soon as we have a shower.' 'Speaking of heat,' John asked maliciously, 'have you had your bowl of soup yet today?' 'Don't talk to me about soup,' T. Paer pleaded. 'I crave somethin' cool in 'my innards.' 'If you can lead me to a cool place,' John baited him, 'I'll buy.' 'They ain't no such place,' T. Paer mourned, 'for if they was, we'd get our strokes gettin' to it.' 'You know,' John confided, 'I've been thinking of trekkin' up to Jake's place and getting a sandwich and a stein.' 'The heat must of got you,' T. Paer commiserated. 'Do you feel kinda funny in your attic?'

THEM DAYS IS GONE FOREVER—Sound This on Your Saucepan



BRINGING UP FATHER

(Registered U. S. Patent Office)



By George McManus

Rich Girl, Poor Girl

By VIRGINIA TERHUNE VAN de WATER

CHAPTER 57
(Copyright, 1922, by Star Company)
ADELAIDE BROWN laughed at John Carter's jesting speech, and, in doing so, surprised herself. It was the first time she had laughed in many days. Her confusion smiled down at her as he started his car.
"That sounds good," he said, "and natural."
"Natural?" she repeated.
"Yes—natural in a girl of your age. How old are you, by the way?"
"Twenty-two."
"And I am 37. Fifteen years older!" He was not smiling now. She wondered why.
"That is just the right age for a doctor, I suppose," she observed. "You are not so young as to make mistakes yet young enough to have many years of work ahead of you."
"The last part of that statement may be right, I hope," he rejoined. "But everybody makes mistakes. I am getting very much afraid of some mistakes I may make."
"I did not know you could be afraid of anything," she commented.
"I am," he declared.
"Of what?"
"I may tell you some time," he answered. "Don't forget to ask me."
"When?"
"When I know you better."
They were in the park now. It was twilight and foggy. The trees were shrouded in a gray mist through which the lamps shone yellow.
"How beautiful it is!" Adelaide sighed happily.
"Yes—it reminds me of a Corot," her companion said.
"Of a—what?" she asked. Then, ashamed of her ignorance, she apologized. "Please excuse me for asking that. But I know so little. And I did not understand what you meant."
"I mean that the landscape looks like a picture by a man named Corot," he explained.
Her cheeks burned with mortification. "Oh!" she burst forth, "how I hate my lack of education! I cannot understand the meaning of lots of things that educated people refer to. Art, for instance. I know nothing of it. I give myself away when I try to talk with educated people."
"You give yourself away, but not in the sense you mean," the man said gravely. He was driving slowly, and watching her face. "You just proved to me something that I have always believed about you—that you are absolutely sincere. Why, most girls would not have asked what a 'Corot' was!"

They would have said, 'Yes, indeed!' and not have known whether he was flesh, fish or fowl. You were too honest to pretend. That is what I must find in a friend—absolute sincerity."
"I don't even know how you spell that artist's name," the girl deplored.
Carter spelled it for her. "But that is besides the point," he continued. "What I was saying is that you are the type one can trust. And I trust you."
"Thank you."
"Reading and study will make up for certain things one has had no chance to learn," he said. "Nothing makes up for a lack in character."
"Perhaps I may some day have the time to study and read more," she said humbly.
"I am sure you will. You say you know nothing of art. But you know something of music—don't you?"
Her heart gave a sickening throb. He had noticed that she was a singer. He trusted her. Yet she had never told him of Heyman's cabaret. Why should she? What business was it of his? Perhaps, when she had an opportunity—she would tell him. Yet—she would think it dreadful for a girl to have sung in that kind of a place. Patricia had referred to it as a "rapid" and "easy" and had spoken of getting her, Adelaide, "out of a scrape" when she took her from Heyman's.
"I don't know anything about classical music," Adelaide said now. "Where did you learn to sing?"
"A woman who was kind to me gave me lessons." Then, with a sudden effort, "When I left school, I had to go to work. I was in a milliner's shop. My employer's assistant knew something of music. She taught me a little. But I had no voice to amount to anything."
She looked at him anxiously. At all events, he knew now that she had been in a milliner's shop. Would he look on her as a girl who had held such position?
"You were a plucky little thing to start out to fight the world single-handed," he approved. "It must have been hard."
"It had to be done," she replied. "You see—mother's eyes failed, and, anyway, I would not have let her support us. She is the bravest woman in the world."
"Tell me about her," he urged.
Adelaide did not find it hard to tell him about her mother of the night she had made to support her children after her husband's death—of her exquisite needle-work, of her blindness—of her determination to keep Jennie at school.
"She is wonderful!" she said as she finished the recital. "That is why I have felt that I must do my part. But I can never be as fine as mother. It was for her sake that I came to Mr. Hollingshead's. And, with a catch in her breath—"It was for her sake that I did it."

He seemed not to be listening. "I suppose we would best go back now," he said suddenly. "They may be wondering where you went with your letter."
She was silenced. Yet, as she glanced at him in the dim light, his face looked kind and gentle—not as if he had bored her by her long story. But she almost wished he had not interrupted her just as she was going to tell him about Heyman's. General, she might not get courage again to do this.

(To Be Continued Tomorrow)
Demand for Labor In Excess of Supply

Pittsburg, July 12.—A canvass of the local employment agencies shows that the demand for labor now is in excess of supply. Large numbers of miners are being recruited for work in Kentucky and West Virginia. General unemployment throughout the state has become a thing of the past, according to the department of labor and industry.

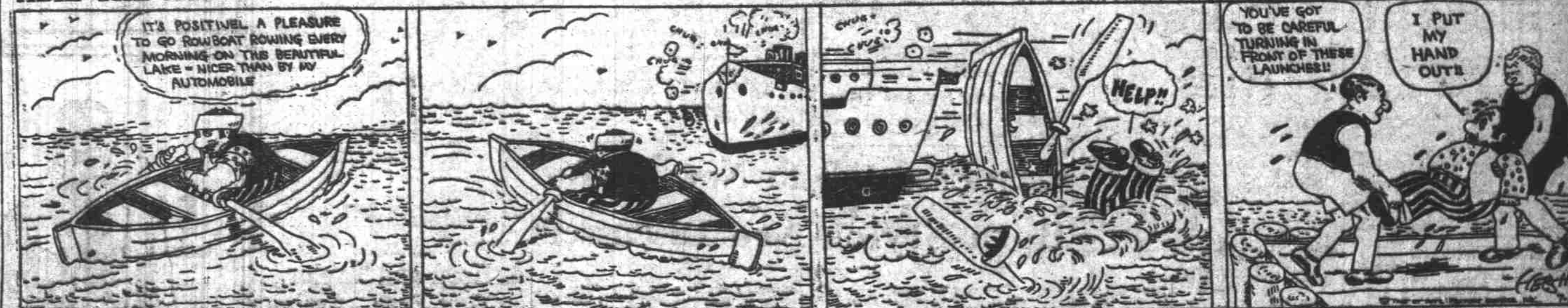
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KRAZY KAT



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