

By A. Posen

AN ECTOPLASM

BY RALPH WATSON

"DOC," T. Paer asked diffidently when an imperceptible lull chanced in the feminine conversation about them made it possible for him to be heard, "Doc," he said, "what's an ectoplasm?"

"An ectoplasm," Dr. Seymour quoted glibly, "is the denser outer protoplasmic layer of a unicellular organism or cell without a cell wall, as an amoeba, or of certain ova. Botanically speaking," he continued lucidly, "it is the clear and firm outer layer of the protoplasmic body within a cell."

"Thanks," T. Paer said humbly, "I would know one of 'em now if I met it in the dark."

"The term springs," Dr. Seymour explained carefully, "from the Greek word 'ektos,' meaning 'without' and 'plasma' denoting a mould, a form or a matrix."

"I get you," T. Paer replied eagerly. "It means a fellow that's got 'em's kinda shy on something or other, don't it?"

"Yes," Dr. Seymour assented somewhat dubiously. "Generally speaking, I presume it might be correctly said that an ectoplasmic body is one without a form or mould."

"Th, hub," T. Paer mused thoughtfully, "I know the experience I was tryin' to make blakit this mornin' 'nd couldn't find her blakit cutter she was ectoplasmic?"

"I don't quite follow you," Dr. Seymour said uncertainly, "though with out a more careful diagnosis, and probably an X-ray, I would not like to state positively that you may not be right."

"It looks mighty plain to me," T. Paer insisted. "She was a mighty peevish body without a mould."

"One may not always determine the proper application of a scientific term by general application to common conditions," Dr. Seymour suggested kindly. "In your case I should suggest an angle saxon description of a common domestic phenomenon rather than the Greek."

"Meanin'," T. Paer grinned, "that Ma was just plumb, plain mad?"

"Well," Dr. Seymour said cautiously, "from my own experience I should judge that to be a fairly safe diagnostic conclusion."

"I always thought," T. Paer remarked, "I'd make a good doctor if I only knowed more big words."

"Words," Dr. Seymour replied dictatorial, "are not the only prerequisites of a good physician."

"Oh, I know that," T. Paer conceded, "but I've always had the reputation of bein' a fair to medium guesser."

"In medicine and in surgery," Dr. Seymour reminded him, "the practice is verging more and more to an exact science as the unvarying relativity of cause and effect are studied and noted."

"Then," T. Paer asked curiously,

"how does it happen if a fellow goes to two doctors with the same pain in his stumick they're just as liable as not to give him two kinds of medicines?"

"That," Dr. Seymour explained, "is probably due to the development of the cause and the consequent variation of the effect between the time of the first consultation and the second."

"I thought maybe," T. Paer advanced, "it was kinda like a fellow havin' to try first one monkey wrench 'nd then another before he found one that'd fit the nut he was tryin' to tighten up."

"Even in that case," Dr. Seymour suggested, "you have the two conditions of cause and effect to solve and overcome before the desired result could be accomplished, namely, in your illustration, the tightening of the nut."

"I know," T. Paer agreed, "but why couldn't a fellow try alligator wrench in the first place 'nd save time 'nd stumick ache?"

"Being a professional man and not a mechanic," Dr. Seymour replied with dignity, "I cannot answer that question."

"By golly," T. Paer chuckled, "that's the first one I ever heard you throw your hands up on."

"It is not always possible," Dr. Seymour said crisply, "to discuss medicine and surgery in terms of plumbing and boiler-making."

"Maybe not," T. Paer assented, "but if you fellows'd try it oftener more of us victims'd have some idea what was wrong with the insides of us."

"Such a situation," Dr. Seymour argued, "would lead to widespread self-quackery and increased mortality."

"I ain't arguing that," T. Paer answered, "but it'd sure have a tendency to put a crimp in doctor bills."

"The unskillful man who tinkers with an engine," Dr. Seymour suggested, "generally pays more for repairs in the long run than if he had secured an expert in the first place."

"Anybody that's ever hung 'round a garage could argue a lot about that, too," T. Paer answered, "but it looks like we're gettin' quite a ways off from ectoplasmas, don't it?"

"There is not much in common between them and monkey wrenches," Dr. Seymour admitted. "What brought them to your mind?"

"I was readin'," T. Paer told him, "about that woman over in Paris that says she gets 'em when she goes into a trance."

"That woman," Dr. Seymour said positively, "is a fakir."

"You mean," T. Paer said questioningly, "she's a nut?"

"In vulgar parlance," Dr. Seymour said, "I presume you are correct."

"I see what the trouble is now," T. Paer said in a relieved tone. "Them Paris doctors ain't found which monkey wrench it takes to fit the cause 'nd get the desired effect."

CHAPTER 64
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THE visit Adelaide and Jennie Brown made that afternoon to their mother in the hospital was brief, but satisfactory.

The patient smiled happily as her daughters greeted her. She reminded them that the orders only to wait until the doctor let her leave the hospital.

"And I have such a lovely room and such a nice nurse," she added. "Girls—do you notice my lovely room? I do not understand about it yet. Surely someone must be paying for it."

"It is all right," Adelaide assured her. Then—in a low voice—"Dr. Carter arranged about it. It is costing us nothing, dear mother."

Mrs. Brown caught her breath in surprise. "What a dear, good old man he must be!" she explained.

Adelaide smiled at the word "old," but she did not explain that the specialist was young enough to be Mrs. Brown's son. Instead, she remarked that all was going well at home and after she and Jennie had expressed their joy at seeing the beloved patient so comfortable, they withdrew.

In the corridor Adelaide met her mother's nurse.

"My mother says you are good to her," Adelaide remarked impulsively. "It means a great deal to my sister and me to know that."

The nurse smiled pleasantly. "Nobody deserves credit for being good to anyone who cannot see," she replied. "It is tedious to lie with a bandage over one's eyes. But your mother is getting on finely. You must be very happy over it. Her blindness is cruel."

"Indeed it is!" Adelaide rejoined. "Thank you, and—good afternoon."

She was silent as Jennie and Jennie walked homeward. She was thinking of the nurse's words. "Nobody deserved credit for being good to anyone who cannot see. Blindness is cruel."

She, Adelaide Brown, deserved no credit for doing all that was possible to mitigate the miseries of Mrs. Hollingshead's lot. Yet she and Jennie were cruel. Yet, sometimes she, a well, strong girl, had felt sorry for herself because of the part she must play in the Hollingshead sick room. Even Dr.

Rich Girl, Poor Girl

By VIRGINIA TERHUNE VAN de WATER

Carter did not seem to appreciate that she was only doing her duty—a duty for which she was well paid.

Hereafter she must remind herself of this. She would make of the service to the blind woman a kind of thank offering for her own mother's recovery.

Hollingshead would have to know sooner or later of her daughter's death. If she lived she must be made horribly unhappy. If she died—

It would be almost better if she were to die. She thought fiercely. Her death would leave her husband desolate. Dr. Carter was fighting for the life that seemed now to hang on a thread. He was so liked to see that she herself was helping him in the fight. He was so fine—so good. How nice he had been this noon! She felt as if she had known him always.

"How happy you look, Addie!" Jennie commented. "You are walking along smiling as if you had heard something very nice."

"I have," the older girl said, flushing, as she appreciated what the reflections were that had brought a smile to her lips. "You and I both have. I had thought to smile, dear. Think of mother's operation being past, and of having her at home in two weeks! We must take very good care of her when she gets back. I shall keep Hester Mortimer to look after her for at least a month more."

"Can you afford it?" Jennie asked.

"I can afford my present position I can afford it," Adelaide replied. "If I lost that, or if Mrs. Hollingshead—"

She checked herself. To speak of the inevitable death in such a speculative way seemed heartless. She began, instead, to talk of plans for this supper she and Jennie would eat together the following evening.

Supper had been disposed of, the dishes washed and Hester Mortimer had gone to bed when, at 10 o'clock, the low bell rang.

"It is probably Dr. Carter," Adelaide said, hastily putting on her hat as Jennie ran into the kitchen to push the button that released the catch of the lower door. He will not come up, my dear," she remarked, when Jennie returned. "I told him I would be ready."

"I suppose he would not bother to climb all those stairs," Jennie rejoined, then stopped abruptly as the upper bell sounded.

"I bet that's him now," she exclaimed in a whisper. "The idea of making that poor old man wait!"

"Hush!" Adelaide warned. "Open the door."

Jennie did her bidding and dropped her jaw in amazement when she saw the man who stood in the outer hall. Then, remembering her manners, she apologized.

"I—beg your pardon!" she stammered. "I thought it was—"

But as the new arrival, noticing her embarrassment, spoke, her jaw dropped again.

"I am Dr. Carter," he said pleasantly. "May I come in?"

"Oh, Dr. Carter—come right in!" Adelaide urged, hurrying forward. "This is my little sister, of whom you have heard me speak."

"I am glad to meet you," John Carter said, holding out his hand to the child. "Even if," he added with a quick glance at Adelaide, "I am not the person you were expecting."

"But you are!" Jennie assured him, recovering herself. "Only I thought you were—old," she added with a giggle.

"Why?" the physician demanded.

"Because," the girl colored crimson, but answered frankly, "I supposed that all famous specialists were old."

The speech was so ingenuous that Adelaide joined in the mirth her honest confession had evoked.

(To be continued tomorrow.)



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THEM DAYS IS GONE FOREVER—"There's a Long, Long Wail—"



THIS COUNTRY'S GOING TO THE DOGS—FER INSTANCE, TAKE MY CASE—

SAY—AIN'T THAT COSTUME WONDERFUL—AND WHAT A PRETTY FACE!

FOR YEARS I WAS A LIFE-GUARD IN THIS VERY, VERY PLACE

THEM DAYS IS GONE FOREVER!

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BRINGING UP FATHER



THAT BROTHER OF MAGGIE'S MUST BE COMIN' BY FREIGHT OR ELSE THE POLICE IN SOME OTHER TOWN SAW HIM!

I GUESS HE'LL NOT GIT IN TONIGHT—I WONDER IF I COULD HAVE MISSED HIM?

EXTRA-EXTRA!! ALL ABOUT THE BIG BANK ROBBERY!

BY GOLLY, I MISSED HIM—HE'S IN TOWN ALL RIGHT!

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KRAZY KAT



AH, WOTTA SWEET DAY THIS IS—ALL IT TAKES IS 'IGNATZ TO BESS ME WITH A BRICK, AND ALL UNL BE HUNKA DORA—

I'LL CLOSE MY EYES, AND HANG A DAY DREAM AT MYSELF!

IGNATZ! I'M SIPPISSED AT YOU—TAKING A MEAN EDWENTIDGE OF ME—LIKE THAT—

COULDN'T YOU HAVE WAITED UNTIL I HAD MY EYES OPEN?

WELL, OPEN THEM UP, I'LL TRY AGAIN.

THEY IS OPEN, DANZINK!

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THE EYES OF THE LAW ARE ALSO OPEN



THAT'LL BE A BIG SURPRISE TO UNCLE IRVING!

YES, LENA, THAT'LL BE THE BEST BIRTHDAY PRESENT FOR HIM, TO CALL HIM UP LONG DISTANCE TO SAN FRANCISCO, COSTS FIVE DOLLARS FOR THREE MINUTES TALKING!

—AND WE WANT TO HENDLE YOU CONGRATULATING ON YOUR BIRTHDAY, JULIUS! HOW ARE YOU??

FINE, ABE, FINE! IT'S A PLEASURE TO HEAR YOUR VOICE—NOW PUT LENA ON THE PHONE!

BETTER NOT—WE'LL GET ALL MIXED UP—SHE'S HOLDING THE CLOCK!!!

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ABIE THE AGENT



SAY, MR. GINNEY—IS THERE ANY TRUTH IN THE RUMOR THAT PEOPLE GET TO LOOK ALIVE FROM BEING AROUND EACH OTHER A LOT??

WELL, I'VE HEARD THAT IF TWO PERSONS ARE CLOSELY ASSOCIATED IT'S JUST A QUESTION OF TIME BEFORE THE WEAKER ONE WILL BEGIN TO RESEMBLE THE ONE THAT'S GOT THE STRONGER CHARACTER—WHY??

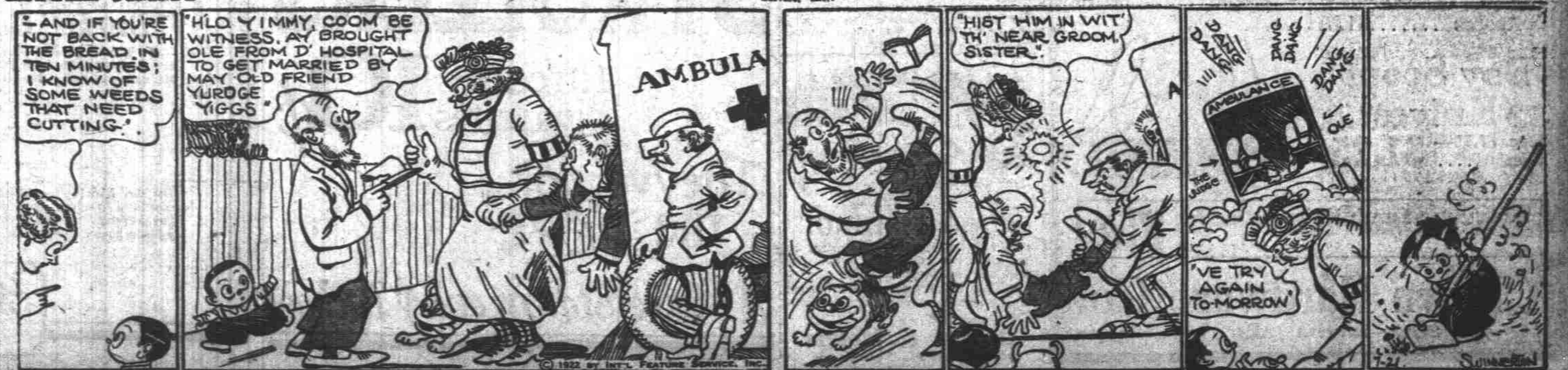
—SOME GUY JUST TOLD ME I WAS GETTIN' TO LOOK LIKE YOU!

YESIES—AND WHAT DID YOU SAY TO THAT?

I COULDN'T SAY NOTHIN'—HE'S BIGGER THAN ME.

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JERRY ON THE JOB



—AND IF YOU'RE NOT BACK WITH THE BREAD IN TEN MINUTES, I KNOW OF SOME WEEDS THAT NEED CUTTING.

HLD YIMMY COOM BE WITNESS, AY BROUGHT OLE FROM 'D HOSPITAL TO BE MARRIED BY MAY OLD FRIEND YIRGGE YIGGS!

AMBULA

HIST HIM IN WIT' TH' NEAR GROOM SISTER!

VE TRY AGAIN—MORROW!

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(To be continued tomorrow.)