Verse and Reverse

A GLORIOUS PROSPECT

By S. E. Kiser

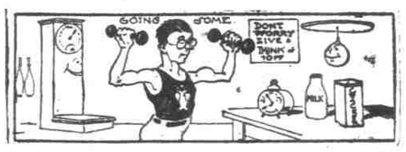
IT'S my ambition to live long,
To reach a very ripe old age.
Therefore I keep my muscles strong,
And shun the ill-effects of rage;
I never let my temper lead
Me into brawls that might be rash;
I watch my step, and pay no heed
To those who crowd where others clash.

I TRY to keep from eating stuff
That might disturb my rest at night;
I quit when I have had enough;
I'm master of my appetite;
I never hop a moving train.
Nor walk about in leaky shoes;
With manly firmness I abstain
From soaking up synthetic booze.

I'M hoping that I may survive,
In spite of all the tricks of Chance,
Until I'm ninety-four or five,
With gladness lurking in my glance.
I want to be upon my feet
When boys who now romp as they please
Have hairless heads, and grown discreet,
Can bob their grandsons on their knees.

I WISH to linger here below
Until my age shall be so great
That other men will want to know
How I have dodged the common fate.
When I am in my nineties, those
With whom at present I compete
Will not be caring, I suppose,
And yet my triumph will be sweet.

FOR then, at last, I'll look as wise
As any owl that's born to blink,
And I will solemly advise
Men how to live and what to think.
I'll be a local wonder then;
My long-sought greatness will arrive,
And I'll be sitting pretty when
I reach the age of ninety-five.



Rich Girl, Poor Girl

By VIRGINIA TERHUNE VAN de WATER

CHAPTER 78.

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LATE that afternoon Henry Hollingshead sent for his wife's attendant to come to him in the library.

The girl had pleaded the necessity of remaining in the sick-room as an excuse for not going down to the dining room for luncheon. Miss Johnson was sleeping, and Adelaide must remain on duty.

A tray of luncheon had been brought up to Mrs. Hollingshead's sitting room for her. The door connecting with the sick room was open. The patient could not move without the attendant's hearing her.

But Hannah Hollingshead moved seldom today. She was, when awake, too lethargic to speak more than a whispered word or two. Most of the time she slept.

Miss Johnson came back to the sick room at 5:30. It was then that Henry Hollingshead sent word to Adelaide that he would like to have a talk with her.

With a strange foreboding, she went downstairs. She had dreaded facing her employer—a dread that had increased as the day wore on. It was in vain for her to tell herself that she had done her best by him and his wife. Her morbid state of mind gave her a strange sense of guilt.

This was why she entered the library with an expression almost like fear on her pale face. Henry Hollingshead saw it with a little frown of disappointment.

She did not look like the brave, bright girl he had learned to like. Could he have been mistaken in her all these weeks? Could Patty have been mistaken in her?

The thought of his daughter may have softened his mood, for whn he spoke it was in a kind voice.

"Come and sit down, Addie," indicating a large chair opposite his own.

She obeyed in silence. The library was in semi-darkness, its only illumination the glowing fire on the hearth. She saw from the dented couch pillows that the occupant of the room had been resting before her entrance. Even in the flickering light he looked tired and worn. As Adelaide faced the fire, Henry Hollingshead looked directly at her. And he made the comment she was expecting—the comment that nurse and maid had made to her this morning.

"Your lip looks very sore—worse than last night. I am sorry."

"It will be all right soon," Adelaide tried to smile.

"My poor Hannah would be terribly distressed if she knew that she had hurt you."

"I am glad she does not know it," the girl said.

There was a long and awakward silence. Adelaide knew that the man was trying to say something and finding it difficult. At last he spoke, slowly, awkwardly.

"You must know how much I appreciate all that you have done for us since you have been here. But for you, I do not know how we could ever have kept my poor wife from guessing the truth."

He paused. Adelaide raised a protesting hand. "Please, Mr. Hollingshead, do not trouble yourself to talk along those lines! I have only done my duty. But," with sudden courage, "I have been wondering if I would not best be going pretty soon. Understand—" as he started to protest—"that I am willing to stay here just as long as I can be of use to Mrs. Hollingshead. But, as she is now—I mean, if she continues to notice as little as she does today—perhaps you will not need me!"

She had fortified herself to utter this—had repeated the phrase to herself again and again as she had sat in the sick room upstairs.

"Do you want to go away?"

The question was asked in a low voice, as if the speaker were determined to keep all signs of emotion from words and manner.

She would not lie if she could help it. She hated the lies she had been obliged to tell. She must speak the truth now.

"What I want is of no consequence," she said. "I mean—you must consider Mrs. Hollingshead—and your wishes—only."

"But I want to know if you wish to go?" the man insisted.

Adelaide swallowed hard. It was not easy to speak the truth.

"If I am not necessary to Mrs. Hollingshead—yes."

"Why?"

She moved uneasily.

"Please, Mr. Hollingshead — is it worth while to go into all that? I do not need to assure you that you have been anything but kind to me. I am speaking honestly when I say this. Had I been your own daughter—or your daughter's best friend—you could not have been kinder, more considerate of me."

"You have done much for my wife," he reminded her. "And as I owe you a debt of gratitude, I do not find it easy to run the risk of making you uncomfortable now by speaking plainly. But I am a plain man—and I believe that the honest way is the best, always."

(To Be Continued Tomorrow)

Recall Petitions Aimed at Three Seattle Officials

Seattle, Aug. 7.—Recall of the three members of the King county board of commissioners on charges of misappropriation of funds and county supplies is sought in three petitions filed Saturday with the county auditor. The commissioners are Claude C. Ramsey, Lou C. Smith and Tom Dobson.

The three office holders were recently indicted by the county grand jury and are awaiting trial on the charge that they manipulated the management of the county ferry system in such manner as to misappropriate $36,-$27.11 from the county treasurer to the use of J. H. Price Construction company. A mass meeting to arrange plans for circulation of the petitions for recall has been scheduled for next Saturday night.

ACCIDENT VICTIM BURIED

Harrisburg, Or., Aug. 7.—Funeral services for Henry Harget, 16, who died at the Eugene hospital Wednesday from injuries received when he fell from a load of hay July 29, were held at the Methodist church here Friday, Rev. F. Audley Brown officiating.

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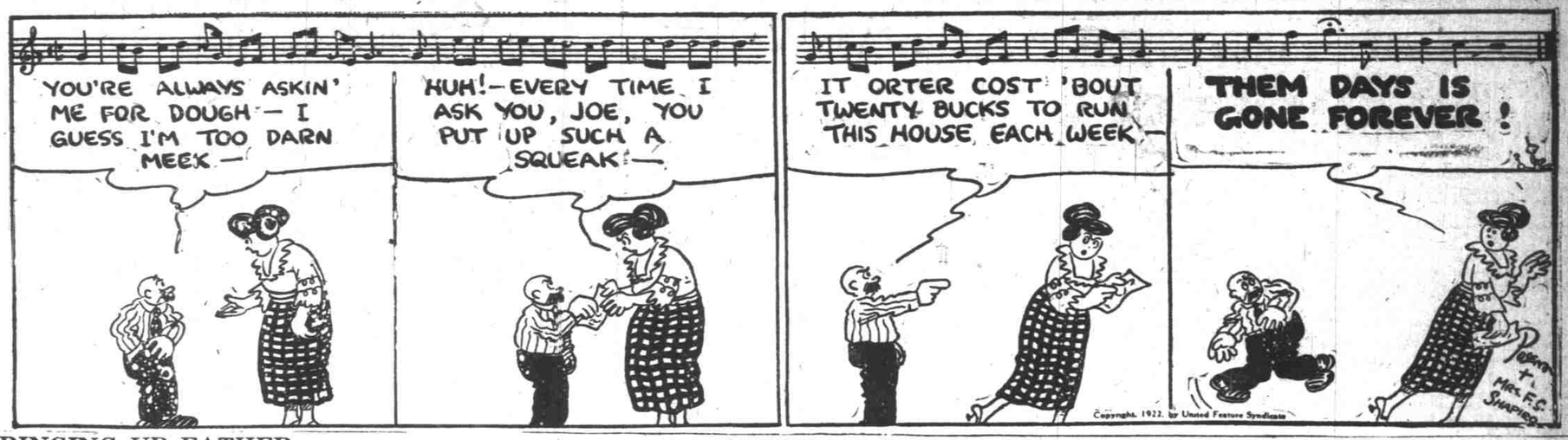
THEM DAYS IS GONE FOREVER—Trap This on Your Trap-Drum

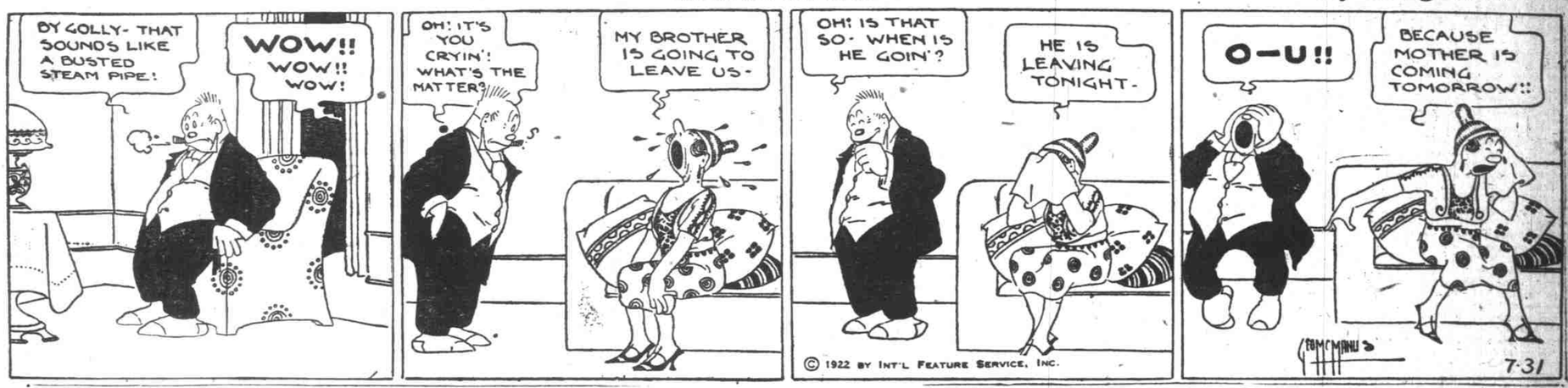
By A. Posen



BRINGING UP FATHER

(Registered U. S. Patent Office.)

By George McManus



KRAZY KAT

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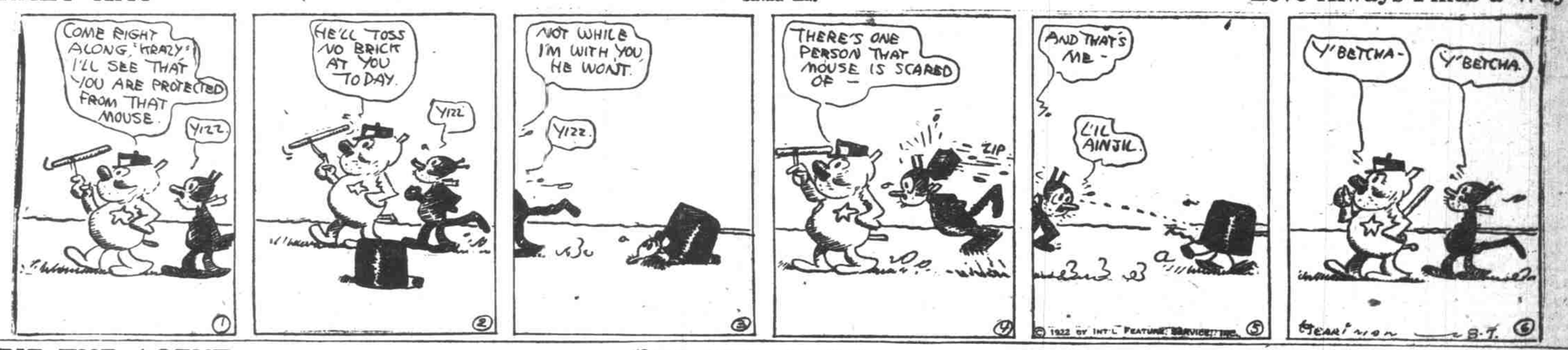
Love Always Finds a Way



ABIE THE AGENT

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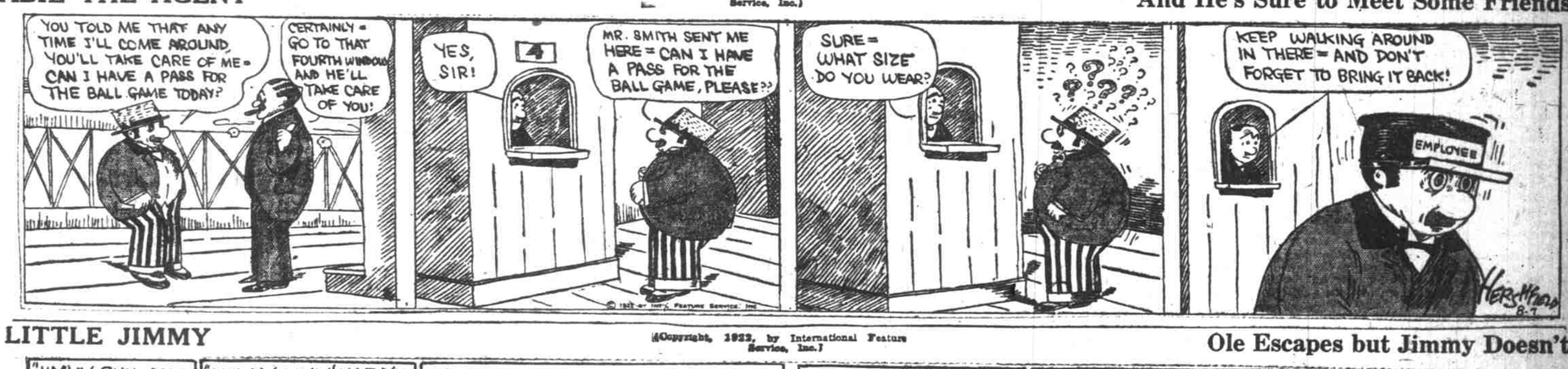
And He's Sure to Meet Some Friends



LITTLE JIMMY

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Ole Escapes but Jimmy Doesn't

JERRY ON THE JOB

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There Are Two Kinds of Mistakes