

Verse and Reverse

AN ALWAYS ENDANGERED RACE

By S. E. Kiser

THE human race, it seems to me,
Shows mighty poor appreciation
Of all that's done to keep it free
From swift and sad extermination;
Reformers everywhere appear
With new obstructions and restrictions.
They try to make man's duty clear,
And if they often seem severe,
They merely follow their convictions.

The human race, if all is true
That we have heard about it, surely
Has been in luck to muddle through;
Its course has been directed poorly;
Whenever danger may be met
The human race goes out to meet it;
Sunk far in sin, it seems to fret
Until it gets in deeper yet;
There's nothing in the world to beat it.

The human race is always just
About to tumble to damnation;
From those who have its fate in trust
We get this first-hand information.
They have to be upon the jump,
And they must watch forever, daily
Preventing an impending bump,
And keeping man, the reckless chump,
From going to the devil gaily.

The human race deserves no praise
For being still alive and doing;
Consider its unholy ways,
And all the pleasures it's pursuing;
No wonder they who wish to run
The world, and make the rules for others
Are saddened, seeing all the fun
The race is winning or has won;
It's simply awful, ain't it, brothers?



THEM DAYS IS GONE FOREVER— "The Bobber-Shop Chord"

By A. Posen



BRINGING UP FATHER

(Registered U. S. Patent Office)

By George McManus



KRAZY KAT

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Mistaken Identity



LITTLE JIMMY

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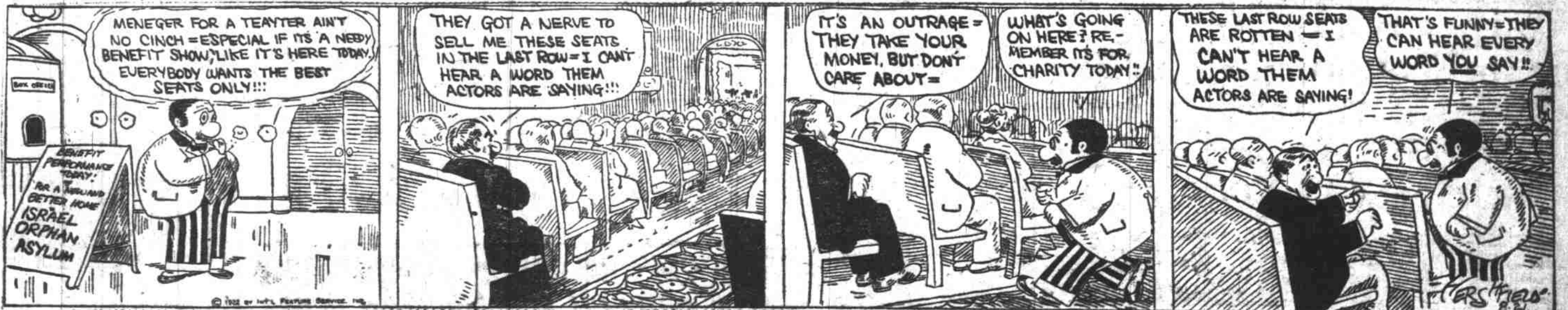
Life Is Very Disconcerting to Him



ABIE THE AGENT

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A Bit of Razzing We Would Say



JERRY ON THE JOB

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A Logical Way of Looking at It



Rich Girl, Poor Girl

By VIRGINIA TERHUNE VAN de WATER

CHAPTER 90.
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"YES," the man repeated, "I understood you when I talked with your mother. You are like her—only younger and prettier. You have her soft voice, her gentle manner. Now I know why the experienced you have had never rubbed the bloom from the peach. That is an old-fashioned phrase—but it expresses what I mean."

She was looking at him, her heart beating fast. She must tell him now the truth about herself.

"Perhaps, if you know all I have done," she said timidly, "you would not think so well of me. For, Dr. Carter—I have knocked about quite a bit."

"You know it?" she contradicted. "You know that I was a milliner's assistant. But you do not know that, just before I went to Mr. Hollingshead—I sang—it—"

He held up a silencing hand. In Heyman's cabaret? Yes, I do know it. Mr. Hollingshead told me all about it at the time that we had to ask you to sing for his wife."

"Then you knew!" the words were scarcely more than a whisper.

"Yes, I knew. Oh, child, dare I tell you what I felt when I learned that?—how the love that had begun to grow in my heart sprang to such a vigorous growth that I could scarcely conceal it from you? I knew what an ordeal that cabaret experience must have been—I could fancy how you had kept up a brave front to your mother—when all the time you were half sick with fear."

"And then—I watched you in that house—with that poor, dying woman there—how you put your own abhorrence of certain things in order to spare her pain in order to keep her with her husband a little longer—in order to help me fight the fight for her life."

"Do you think I did not see it all? My dear, my dear! How blind you must think me and how blind you must be if you do not know that I love you better than all the world beside!"

He was holding both her hands in his firm grasp. His eyes were gazing into hers with an expression of which she had but a passing glimpse until now. She understood as never before that in his love lay all her happiness, all that life could hold of sweetness.

She could not speak. Nor could she look away.

"I know you do not love me yet," he was saying. "But all I ask is that you will give me a chance to try to make you love me. His humility broke down her reserve. With a little exclamation of ignorance she drew her hands from his clasp, and put her arms about his neck.

"But there are things I have not yet told you," she insisted half an hour later.

"What kind of things?" the man asked, smiling down at her. "You cannot scare me now, darling, by anything you may say—since nothing can change what you have already said."

Strikers Remove "No Scab Trade" Sign From Stores

Pasco, Wash., Aug. 21.—Feeling that it is an injustice to ask Pasco merchants to continue to display in their windows the signs "No Scab Trade Solicited Here" and "Our Prices Subject to Change Without Notice," the striking shophmen themselves took the signs out of the windows Saturday.

The strikers stated they do not want to injure Pasco business men to do anything that will in any manner injure the city's future, especially so since most of them have homes and some of them other property in Pasco and they would themselves suffer with the rest of the community, if alleged threats of the company to retaliate were carried out.

5 Seek Same Office In Klickitat County

White Salmon, Wash., Aug. 21.—The contest for the nomination for county commissioner for the west end of Klickitat county promises some excitement, five contestants having filed. Beside John W. Wyers, present commissioner, J. S. Clark of Lytle, A. E. Harder of Glenwood and R. J. Bates and R. Byrket of White Salmon have filed.

10,000 Acre Diking Project Seems Sure

Warren, Aug. 21.—The diking project of more than 10,000 acres of land, reaching from Soapstone to this place, and embracing a large part of Sarvies island, now seems assured. The reclamation of this rich delta land will be a boon to the residents of this section as well as a big source of supply of vegetables to the Portland market.

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