

"A Business Man for a Business Office"



HAL HOSS

of OREGON CITY, CLACKAMAS COUNTY

Republican, for SECRETARY of STATE

... Experienced and successful in business administration.

... Former private secretary to Governor Patterson and member of the state Parole board.

... Familiar with work of secretary of state, and interested in development of Oregon resources.

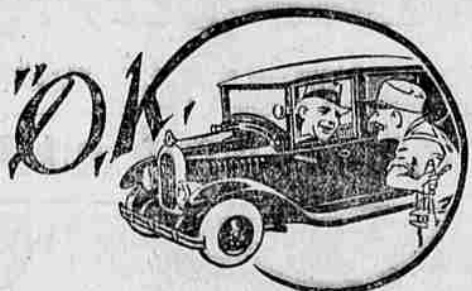
... Endorsed editorially for this nomination by 14 daily and 107 weekly newspaper editors, who recommend Hal Hoss for efficiency, courtesy and ability.

"Hoss is a real fellow. He has a shrewd understanding of men and affairs, knows how to keep his own counsel, knows how to carry responsibility, and acts firmly in matters within his authority." ... Oregon Voter

MAYER TYPOGRAPHY

Hal Hoss for Secretary Club, Alene Phillips, Secy., Oregon City

There are several golf courses in the country designed especially for women. Europe's best is the largest of those in the town steeples of Lanark.



It's Ready to Go!

When your car leaves our shop you can bet that it is in tip-top running condition, and that you won't receive an exorbitant bill, either.

We do all kinds of Auto Repairing

When you drive in at Highway Service Station for gas and oil, have us inspect your motor.

PERCY CROFT, Auto Repairing

at the Highway Service Company—our New Location.

National Guard Training

Offers Lessons in

Good Citizenship
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Education

Personal Hygiene
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Final Lessons of Manhood
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Two Weeks Summer Training and
Vacation all on Pay.

JOIN COMPANY "D"

162 Inf., now before the Summer Camp—starts June 12. Enlistment closes May 20th. Drill every Monday, 7:30 P. M., Armory. For further information call Lyle Marsters, A. M. Knudsen or Bill Gerstensen.

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Let us give you estimate.

We are exclusive agents for "Milwaukee" Red Cedar Shingles. A superior shingle at a price no higher than ordinary stock.

Coen Lumber Company

GIRL ALONE

ANNE AUSTIN

THIS HAS HAPPENED

Sally Ford, 16, ward of the state orphanage since she was four, is "famed out" to Glen Carson. She meets David Nash, athlete and student, who is working on the Carson farm during his vacation. David strikes Carson a crushing blow when he makes insinuations about David's friendship for Sally.

They run away and join a carnival—David as cook's helper and Sally as "Princess Lalla," crystal gazer. In Capital City, location of the orphanage, Sally is recognized by one of a crowd of little orphans who come trooping into the show, charmed by a beautiful woman. She learns from Arthur Van Horne, an easterner, who annoys her with his attentions, that the beautiful chap is Enid Barr, wealthy New York matron.

Sally is puzzled at Enid's interest in her. David and Sally flee from the carnival and to the county seat, where "half-married" Mrs. Stone, matron of the orphanage, and Enid Barr, Enid confesses she is Sally's mother but that she believed her child to be dead until recently. Enid separates Sally and David and for the next two years Sally is placed in a finishing school. When Enid sends out the invitations for Sally's coming-out party, Sally insists that she keep a promise made two years previous and send David an invitation. At her party Sally waits eagerly for David to come. When he arrives, she rushes to him but he seems changed. Later she asks him if he does not love her any more. He tells her she must forget him. They are interrupted by an unexpected visitor, Arthur Van Horne, who stands at the door.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY CHAPTER XLVI "Please don't go, David!" Sally implored, but he mistook her distress, occasioned by Arthur Van Horne's entirely unexpected appearance, for a plea for a longer interview which he knew would only cause them both pain. He shook his head dumbly and strode to the door. He paused there a moment to bow jerkily first toward Sally, then toward Van Horne, who was watching the scene with amused, cynical eyes. Pride mercifully came to Sally's aid then; she closed her lips firmly over the questions she had been about to fling at David with desperate urgency. She even managed to wave her hand with what she hoped was airy indifference as David opened the door.

"So!" Van Horne chuckled when the door had closed softly. "It's still Sally and David, isn't it? I'm glad I was vouchsafed a glimpse of this paragon. Astonishingly good-looking in a Norse viking sort of way, but rather a bull in a china shop, isn't he? But I presume that is why Enid fondly hoped when she allowed him to come, I rather that she did invite him? A very clever woman, Enid. I've always said so."

Sally's teeth closed hurtfully over her lower lip, but she said nothing. The pain and horror of David's uncompromising rebuff were still too great to permit room in her heart for fear of Van Horne. Of course he had recognized her at once, had undoubtedly recognized her from her pictures in the papers, but what did it matter now? David was gone—gone—He had not even kissed her—

"Still afraid of me, Sally?" Van Horne laughed, as her eyes remained fixed on his face in a blind, unseeing stare. "Afraid of you?" Sally echoed, her voice struggling strangely through pain. "Oh, you mean—" She tried to collect her wits, to push aside the incredible fact of David's desertion, so that she could concentrate on Van Horne and the frightening significance of his presence here coupled with his knowledge of her past.

"Dear little Sally!" Van Horne said tenderly, and Sally clenched her fist to stifle him, for using the words which had been beavered by sweet when David had uttered them so long ago. "I told you the last time I saw you that you had not seen the last of Arthur Van Horne. I meant it, but I give you my word I hardly expected to find you here! I spent the deuce of a lot of time and money trying to trace you after you left the carnival. Old Hylke finally told me that you'd run away and had probably married your David. So I took my broken heart to China, Japan, Egypt and God knows where. And now like the chap who sought for the Holy Grail, I find you at home waiting for me."

"I wasn't waiting for you," Sally contradicted him indignantly. "I was waiting for David and he's just told me that he doesn't want me. I hoped I'd never see you again!"

"Why, Sally, Sally!" Van Horne chided her, his black eyes full of mocking humor. "Don't you realize that I'm the oldest friend you have in this new life of yours? I really haven't got used to the idea yet of your being Enid Barr's daughter. Of course I knew there was something mysterious about her overweening interest in 'Princess Lalla,' but this thick old head of mine wasn't functioning very well in those days. My heart was too full of that same lovely little crystal-gazer. But when I read the papers, the story which good old asinine Courtney Barr gave out as to your parentage and his wardship which he had supplanted by a legal adoption, the old bean began to click again, and I can assure you I got a great deal of quiet enjoyment out of the thing. Fancy the impeccable Enid Barr having—"

"Oh, stop!" Sally commanded him, flaming with anger. "Don't dare say a word against my mother—I mean, against Enid!"

"Against your mother," Van Horne corrected her severely. "Of course I haven't told anyone, Sally, and I don't really see why I should. Listen, child: don't you think we ought to have long comfortable talks about old times? We're likely to be interrupted here any minute by a chaperon—or by your mother or by a couple of young idiots seeking a quiet place to 'neck' in. Slip out of the house when the shows are over—the servants' entrance will be better—and we'll go for a drive through the park."

"I shall do no such thing!" Sally repudiated the suggestion with a note of going back to the ballroom now. Please don't come with me."

When she arrived, breathless, at the door of the ballroom, she found Enid, whose face was white and anxious and suddenly almost old.

"Darling, where have you been?" her mother whispered fiercely. "I've had Courtney and Randall and two of the footmen looking for you. This is your party, you know. You have other guests besides David Nash. I know it was a mistake to ask him—"

"Where is he, Mother?" Sally interrupted rudely. "I've been with someone else most of the time. She could not bring herself yet to mention Van Horne's name to her mother, for fear Enid would notice some of the things which she had said. "I haven't seen him," Enid protested. "But run along now and dance. It's the last dance before supper. Remember that Grant Proctor is taking you down. Do be sweet to him, Sally."

"She would like for me to marry Grant Proctor," Sally reflected dully, as she obediently let herself be drawn into the dance by an ardent-looking young man whose name she could not remember. "She wants me to marry Grant Proctor when I'm already half-married to David. But David doesn't want me! Oh, David!"

Just before supper was announced she slipped away to her own rooms, to cry the hot tears that were pressing against her eyeballs. And on her dressing table, she found a note, mysteriously placed there by her own maid. Her cold, shaking fingers had difficulty in opening it, for she knew at once that it was from David.

"Dear little Sally," she read, and the tears gushed then. "Forgive me for bottling like this, but I couldn't stand it any longer. You know I love you, that I'll be loving you always, but you must understand that I can't marry you. David Nash, and that anything less would be too terrible for both of us. You must be wondering why I came. I wanted to see for myself that you are happy, that your mother is good to you. And, of course, I wanted to see you again, wanted to see if there was anything of my Sally in this beautiful girl."

"At last!" Sally read, and the tears gushed then. "Forgive me for bottling like this, but I couldn't stand it any longer. You know I love you, that I'll be loving you always, but you must understand that I can't marry you. David Nash, and that anything less would be too terrible for both of us. You must be wondering why I came. I wanted to see for myself that you are happy, that your mother is good to you. And, of course, I wanted to see you again, wanted to see if there was anything of my Sally in this beautiful girl."

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not try to conceal, wanted her to see.

"All right," she nodded. "You do love your mother, don't you?" he smiled significantly. "Maybe you'll learn to love Van a little, too. It would be—very wise."

It was half past four o'clock when the tireless debutantes were willing to call it a night. Sally braved the thing out, but her face was wan as she listened to the last compliments on the success of the party which had officially launched her into the circles of society to which her mother belonged by the divine right of inheritance and immense wealth.

"We'll talk it all over tomorrow, sweetheart," Enid said pityingly. "You run along to bed now. I've got to give a few instructions to Randall. And you'd better stay in bed all day, or until tea time any way. You were marvelous tonight, darling. So beautiful, so sweet. These wild young flappers—but run along, daughter beloved. You look as if you might faint with fatigue. Have Ernestine bring you some hot milk."

It was ridiculously easy for Sally to slip out of the house, using the servants' entrance, as Van Horne had suggested. She found him waiting for her and submitted wearily to being led to where his car was parked, a block away.

"What do you want, Van?" she asked abruptly, when the car turned into Central Park from Fifth Avenue at Eighty-fourth street, the wheels crunching the glazed crust of new snow.

"To talk with you and hold your hand, Sally. I'm possibly—oh, very possibly!" Van Horne laughed at her, reaching for her hand.

"What did you mean when you said it would be 'very wise' for me to love you a little?" she persisted, too tired to be diplomatic. But of course she knew. He held her mother's security and happiness in the hollow of his hand. That he could destroy her own social career if he wished did not occur to her, for she had not yet learned to care about it, to prize it. But Enid must be protected at all costs.

"I think you know," Van Horne shrugged. "But why put it into words? Some things are much nicer unsaid, if they are distinctly understood. Now—will you kiss me, Sally? I've waited a long time, sweet child, and I'm naturally not a patient man."

"Not tonight," Sally said in a low, flat voice, shrinking into her own corner of the seat. "Please turn at One Hundred and Tenth street and take me back home, Van. I'm utterly tired."

Van obeyed cheerfully, exultant over her indirect promise. When Sally was dropping exhaustedly on the stairs to her room, her mother still dressed in her formal ball gown, came hurrying frantically down to meet her.

"Darling, where have you been? I've been crazy with worry! How could you go out and meet that Nash boy so brazenly? Tonight of all nights!"

"I wasn't David, Mother," Sally said in a dazed, dazed voice. "It was Arthur Van Horne. He knows— all about me. He's known all along."

(To Be Continued)

In the next installment Sally learns something new about the startling Van Horne.

Our Pioneer brand of alfalfa seed is put up in banded bags, so that you know what you are getting. Many fine stands have resulted from planting this seed. Wharton Bros.

KIWANIS CLUB PAYS VISIT MELROSE GRANGE

The members of the Roseburg Kiwanis club enjoyed most interesting meeting with the Glendale Grange last Friday night. The grange members entertained the Kiwanians and their ladies with a cafeteria luncheon at 6:30 o'clock after which the two organizations put on an excellent and pleasing program, entertainers from both the Kiwanis Club and the grange meeting on stage, several social instrumental selections, readings, etc. Hon. James W. Mott, who was a visitor in the city over Friday night, made a brief address on a subject of general interest.

Ford sedan, good tires and in fine mechanical condition. Total price \$95. Terms considered. Hansen Chevrolet Co.

2,796 LANGUAGES SPOKEN

(Associated Press London Wire) PARIS, May 7.—People who are reputed to speak nearly every known language really are not entitled to their reputations, say statistically inclined linguists.

A recent compilation gives the tongues of the world as 2,796, decidedly more than most people would suppose. This is qualified, however, with the comment that figures differ among students of the subject because some classify certain dialects as separate languages while others do not.

The distribution of the chief tongues are given as 18 in Europe, 123 in Asia, 115 in Africa, 421 in the Americas and 117 in Oceania. These and the minor languages are all said to be living, spoken languages, although some have very limited use, as in the case of small tribes of savages.

A few live in Nippon.

EXFORD STOCKHOLDERS WIN TAX SUIT APPEAL

(Associated Press London Wire) WASHINGTON, May 6.—Former stockholders of the Ford Motor company today won their appeal from tax assessments involving approximately \$35,000,000.

The board of tax appeals held for the protesting former stockholders in the suit which grew out of the dispute as to the value of the Ford stock and what the minority holders should pay the government after its sale.

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Public Liability and Property Damage Two mighty important insurance coverages for the automobile owner. Are you protecting yourself by carrying this coverage on your car? This agency is at your service in writing all lines of automobile insurance.

WORLD CONFAB ON PEACE OPENS IN CLEVELAND TODAY

CLEVELAND, May 7.—(A. P.)—Men and women of many nations will gather in numbers in Cleveland, May 7-11, to take part in the first unofficial international peace conference in America since the World war.

The occasion is the World Conference on International Justice sponsored by the American Peace Society, which at the same time will celebrate its centennial.

The principal impetus to world peace efforts is expected to result from publication of the reports of six commissions of the conference, each of which has studied an international issue.

Bishop William F. McDowell of the Methodist Episcopal Church will tender the report on religion. John D. Elliott, United States commissioner of education, will report on that subject. Other reports will be made by Philip Marshall Brown, professor of international law at Princeton, on justice; Dr. E. H. Wilkins, president of Oberlin college, on international arbitration; Harold Monilton, author and expert of the Institute of Economics, on industry; and Edward T. Devine, American university, Washington, on social agencies.

Rep. Theodore E. Burton of Cleveland, president of the society, is chairman of the conference, and Dr. Arthur D. Call is director. President Coolidge has been designated honorary chairman of the organization's centennial celebration.

On May 10, "World Day," four ambassadors will speak: Paul Claudel, France; Sir Esme Howard, Great Britain; Baron Giacomo de Martino, Italy; and Frederik Wilhelm von Jittwitz, Germany.

Other noted figures on the program include Ignace Jan Paderewski, former premier of Poland; Nicholas Titulescu, Rumanian minister of foreign affairs; and Judge Florence E. Allen of the Ohio supreme court.

May 8 has been set aside to celebrate the hundredth anniversary of the founding of the society. William Ladd and Gov. Ralph W. Brewster of Maine will speak.

Women will take a greater part in the deliberations than at previous gatherings. Mrs. Dan E. Bradley is chairman of the women's promotional committee, and more than 125 women's clubs will be represented.

New Cleansing Cream Amazing

Becomes liquid as soon as it touches the skin, yet contains Cocoa Butter, so good for dry skins, and does not leave the skin saggy. Nourishes and cleanses every pore and keeps the complexion youthful. You will marvel at this new wonderful Cream. Ask for MELLO-GLO, a companion to the famous MELLO-GLO Face Powder. Nathan Fullerton.

U. S. Pensioners Live in 85 Foreign Lands.

Canada and Philippines Contain Nearly Two-Thirds of Total of Over Four Thousand.

(Associated Press London Wire) WASHINGTON, May 7.—More than 4,000 United States war pensioners dwell in 85 foreign lands and receive nearly \$2,000,000 a year from the bureau of pensions. The average payment is \$300.

Most of these pensioners are living in their native country, but others were lured abroad by adventure and the desire to live comfortably on the limited income. Nine hundred make their homes in 50 foreign speaking lands, 2,331 live in 21 English speaking countries and 1,100 dwell in insular possessions.

Although nearly every corner of the earth harbors an American war pensioner, none live in Russia, Greenland, Turkistan, Bolivia or the Azores.

Many of them fought in the Civil war, coming to the United States and receiving bonuses of thousands of dollars from rich Americans who did not desire to fight the Confederates. They returned to their homes and are being supported there by this government.

Germany leads the foreign pensioners with 165. During the world war, German and all other pensioners whose countries fought the Allies, did not receive their pensions because of lack of communication, but they were paid after the Armistice.

France has 78, Cuba 77, Italy 61, Norway 59, Mexico 53, Sweden 49, China 37, Switzerland 35 and Japan 32.

Canada leads the English speaking countries with 1,714. Ireland has 335, England and Wales 224, Australia 48 and Scotland 27.

In the insular possessions, 1,120 live in the Philippine Islands, 87 in the Hawaiian Islands, and the others in Porto Rico, Guam and Samoa.

A few live in Nippon.

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For Men



Made of pure thread silk, mercerized yarn foot and ribbed top.

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Here is our popular-priced Work Suit, an exceptional value. Set-on collar-band, closed fly and triple-stitched thruout. Sizes 34 to 44. Extra sizes 46 to 50.

Button-flap breast pocket, watch and pencil pocket, and six other pockets. Low priced at—

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