

DON'T TAKE CHANCES
WITH ICY ROADS
Have Your Tires Re-treaded with Non-Skids

You have no doubt been driving for the past two months with chains, which is always hard on your tires, and coupled with the hard icy roadbeds your travels have probably made several ugly wounds in the tire treads which the chains cause you to overlook. Inspect your tires carefully and if in need of any vulcanizing or retread work bring them to us. We guarantee our work and will save you miles and money if you will let us fix up those tires now.

Rogers Tire & Rubber Co.
Vale, Oregon.



Say, what are you fellows looking so downhearted about this evening? You ought to be over in KELLY'S with the rest of the gang, playing Pool, Billiards and Cards. That is the only place to be these cold, sloppy evenings. He has a nice, cozy, warm place to rest your feet these dreary nights. His stock of Cigars, Tobacco, Confectionery or Drinks is unexcelled either in quality or price. Ooze around one of these evenings and look it over.

The Pastime Pool Hall
T. G. Kelly, Prop. Vale, Oregon

Fine Income Property

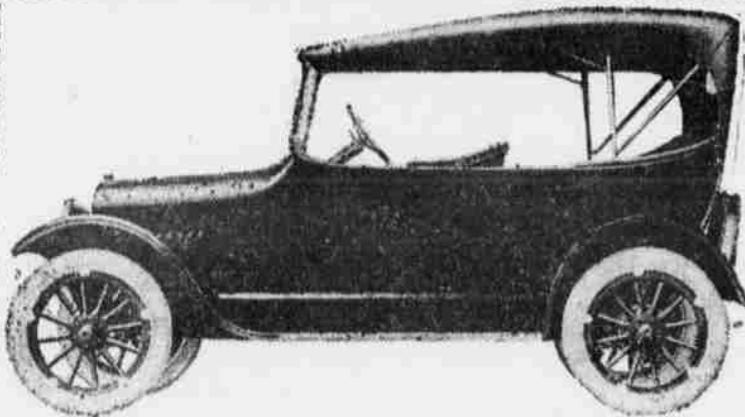
IN FAMOUS BROGAN FRUIT SECTION.

40 acre Orchard, Apples, Pears, Peaches and Grapes. Good Water Right.

Gross Sales of Fruit in 1919—\$13,000.00

Good House, Concrete Basement, Barn and a number of Out Buildings.
Price \$16,500.00... Terms on Part.

Johnson Engineering & Investment Co.
Vale, Oregon.



CHEVROLET "FOUR-NINETY"

The Car For You.

Easy to operate. More miles to the gallon. New tire. Our Best Advertisement. The Chevrolet are the ones we have sold. Ask your neighbor about his.

Kessler Garage

KESSLER & WOODWARD, Props.

Vale, Oregon.

**A Good Magazine
---A Good Cigar**

and an easy chair before the fire with the family gathered round. That's an evening of solid contentment in the "Great American Home."

WE ARE HEADQUARTERS

for every magazine or periodical under the sun and can always supply you with your favorite reading.

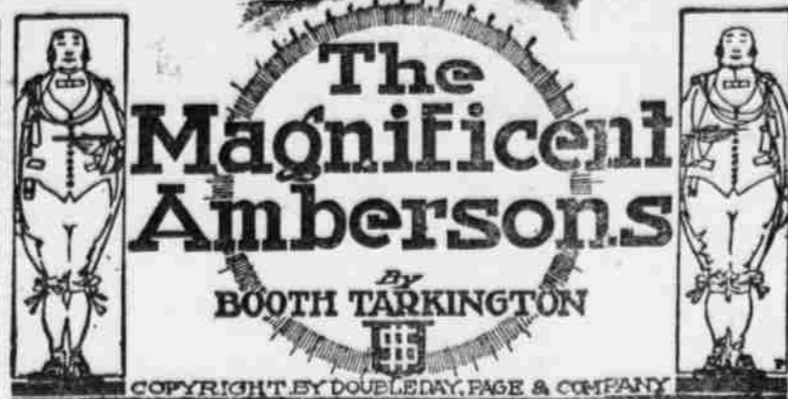
CIGARS, TOBACCOS, CONFECTIONERY.

When you drop in here to select those mellow high grade cigars or to get fillin' for the pipe, remember the wife and kiddies would appreciate a box of fine candy for their evening at home. Peanuts, Popcorn and Fruits.

The PostOffice News Stand

A. S. Hunt, Prop.

The Handy Place to Shop Vale, Oregon.



(Continued).

He added something to this praise of his nephew on the day he left for Washington. He was not to return, but to set forth from the capital on the long journey to his post. George went with him to the station, and their farewell was lengthened by the train's being several minutes late.

"I may not see you again, George," Amberson said, and his voice was a little husky as he set a kind hand on the young man's shoulder. "It's quite probable that from this time on we'll only know each other by letter—until you're notified as my next of kin that there's an old valise to be forwarded to you, and perhaps some dusty curios from the consulate mantelpiece. Well, it's an odd way for us to be saying good bye; one wouldn't have thought it, even a few years ago, but here we are, two gentlemen of elegant appearance in a state of haste. We can't ever tell what will happen at all, can we? Life and money both behave like loose quicksilver in a nest of cracks. And when they're gone we can't tell where—or what the devil we did with 'em! But I believe I'll say now—while there isn't much time left for either of us to get embarrassed about it—I believe I'll say that I've always been fond of you. We all spoiled you terribly when you were a little boy and let you grow up an prince—and I must say you took to it! But you've received a pretty heavy jolt, and I had enough of your disposition, myself, at your age, to understand a little of what cocksure youth has to go through inside when it finds that it can make terrible mistakes. Well, with my train coming into the shed, you'll forgive me for saying that there have been times when I thought you ought to be

adventure of the department store, or perhaps an escape from the charging traffic of the streets—and not infrequently a girl, or a free-and-easy young matron, found time to throw an encouraging look to George.

He took no note of those, and, leaving the crowded sidewalks, turned north into National avenue, and presently reached the quieter but no less begrimed region of smaller shops and old-fashioned houses. Those latter had been the homes of his boyhood playmates, old friends of his grandfather had lived here—in this alley he had fought with two boys at the same time, and whipped them; in that front yard he had been successfully teased into temporary insanity by a Sunday school class of pinky little girls. On that sagging porch a laughing woman had fed him and other boys with doughnuts and gingerbread; yonder he saw the staggered relics of the iron picket fence he had made his white pony jump, on a dare, and in the shabby, stone-faced house behind the fence he had gone to children's parties, and when he was a little older he had danced there often, and fallen in love with Mary Shannon, and kissed her, apparently by force, under the stairs in the hall. The double front doors, of meaninglessly carved walnut, once so possibly vanished, had been painted smoke gray, but the smoke grime showed repulsively, even on the smoke gray; and over the doors a smoked sign proclaimed the place to be a "Stag hotel."

This was the last "walk home" he was ever to take by the route he was now following; up National avenue to Amberson addition and the two big old houses at the foot of Amberson boulevard; for tonight would be the last night that he and Fanny were to spend in the house which the Major had forgotten to deed to Isabel. Tomorrow they were to "move out," and George was to begin his work in Brown's office. He had not come to this house without a fierce struggle—but the struggle was inward, and the rolling world was not agitated by it, and rolled calmly on. For of all the "ideals of life" which the world, in its rolling, inconsiderately flattens out to nothingness, the least likely to retain a profile is that ideal which depends upon inheriting money. George Amberson, in spite of his record of failures in business, had spoken shrewdly when he realized at last that money, like life, was "like quicksilver in a nest of cracks." And his nephew had the awakening experience of seeing the great Amberson estate vanish in such a twinkling; it seemed, now that it was indeed so utterly vanished.

On this last homeward walk of his, when George reached the entrance to Amberson addition—that is, when he came to where the entrance had formerly been—he gave a little start, and halted for a moment to stare. This was the first time he had noticed that the stone pillars, marking the entrance, had been removed. Then he realized that for a long time he had been conscious of a queerness about this corner without being aware of what made the difference. National avenue met Amberson boulevard here at an obtuse angle, and the removal of the pillars made the boulevard seem a cross street of no overpowering importance—certainly it did not seem to be a boulevard!

George walked by the mansion hurriedly, and came home to his mother's house for the last time.

Emptiness was there, too, and the closing of the door resounded through bare rooms; for downstairs there was no furniture in the house except a kitchen table in the dining room, which Fanny had kept "for dinner," she said, though as she was to cook and serve that meal herself George had his doubts about her name for it. Upstairs, she had retained her own furniture, and George had been living in his mother's room, having sent everything from his own to the auction. Isabel's room was still as it had been, but the furniture would be moved with Fanny's to new quarters in the morning. Fanny had made plans for her nephew as well as herself; she had found a "three-room kitchenette apartment" in an apartment house where several old friends of hers had established themselves—elderly widows of citizens once "prominent" and other retired gentry. People used their own "kitchenettes" for breakfast and lunch, but there was a table-d'hotel arrangement for dinner on the ground floor; and after dinner bridge was played all evening, an attraction powerful with Fanny. She had "made all the arrangements," she reported, and nervously appealed for approval, asking if she hadn't shown herself "pretty practical" in such matters. George acquiesced absent-mindedly, not thinking of what she said and not realizing to what it committed him.

He began to realize it now, as he wondered about the dismantled house; he was far from sure that he was willing to live in a "three-room apartment" with Fanny and eat breakfast and lunch with her (prepared by herself in the "kitchenette") and dinner at the table-d'hotel in "such a pretty Colonial dining room" (so Fanny described it) at a little round table they would have all to themselves, in the midst of a dozen little round tables which other relics of disrupted families would have all to themselves. For the first time, now that the change was imminent, George began to develop before his mind's eye pictures of what he was in for; and they appalled him. He decided that such a life veered upon the sheerly unbearable.

that after all there were some left that he just couldn't stand, made up his mind to speak to (about it at "dinner," and tell her that he preferred to ask Bronson to let him put a sofa-bed, a trunk and a folding rubber bathtub behind a screen in the dark rear room of the office.

But at "dinner" Fanny was nervous, and so distressed about the failure of her efforts with sweetbreads and macaroni; and she was so eager in her talk of how comfortable they would be "by this time tomorrow night."

After "dinner" he went upstairs, moving his hand slowly along the smooth walnut railing of the balustrade. Half way to the landing he stopped, turned, and stood looking down at the heavy doors masking the black emptiness that had been the library. Here he had stood on what he now knew was the worst day of his life; here he had stood when his mother passed through that doorway, hand-in-hand with her brother, to learn what her son had done.

He went on more heavily, more slowly; and, more heavily and slowly still, entered Isabel's room and shut the door. He did not come forth again, and bade Fanny good-night through the closed door when she stopped outside it later.

"I've put all the lights out, George," she said. "Everything's all right."

"Very well," he called. "Good night, Aunt Fanny."

His voice had a strangled sound in spite of him; but she seemed not to notice it, and he heard her go to her own room and lock herself in with bolt and key against burglars. She had said the one thing she should not have said just then: "I'm sure your mother's watching over you, George." She had meant to be kind, but it destroyed his last chance for sleep that night. He would have slept little if she had not said it, but since she had said it he did not sleep at all. For he knew that it was true—if it could be true—that his mother, if she still lived in spirit, would be weeping on the other side of the wall of silence, weeping and seeking for some gate to let her through so that she could come and "watch over him."

He felt that if there were such gates they were surely barred; they were like those awful library doors downstairs, which had shut her in to begin the suffering to which he had consigned her.

The room was still Isabel's. Nothing had been changed: even the photographs of George, of the Major and of "brother George" still stood on her dressing table, and in a drawer of her desk was an old picture of Eugene and Lucy, taken together, which George had found but had slowly closed away again from sight, not touching it. Tomorrow everything would be gone; and he had heard there was not long to wait before the house itself would be demolished. The very space which tonight was still Isabel's room would be cut into new shapes by new walls and floors and ceilings; yet the room would always live, for it could not die out of George's memory. It would live as long as he did, and it would always be murmurous with a tragic, wistful whispering.

And if space itself can be haunted, as memory is haunted, then some time, when the space that was Isabel's room came to be made into the small bedrooms and "kitchenettes" already designed as its destiny, that space might well be haunted and the new occupants come to feel that some seemingly causeless depression hung about it—a wraith of the passion that filled it throughout the last night that George Minner spent there.

Whatever remnants of the old high-handed arrogance were still within



He Did Penance for His Deepest Sin That Night.

him, he did penance for his deepest sin that night—and it may be that to this day some impressionable, over-worked woman in a "kitchenette," after turning out the light, will seem to see a young man kneeling in the darkness, shaking convulsively, and with arms outstretched through the wall, clutching at the covers of a shadowy bed. It may seem to her that she hears the faint cry, over and over: "Mother, forgive me! God, forgive me!"

(To be Continued Next Week)

CANCER
NO KNIFE AND LOSS OF BLOOD
NO PLASTERS AND PAINS FOR HOURS
TUMORS PILES FISTULA
GOITRE
DISEASES OF WOMEN
SKIN STOMACH BOWELS
FOUR YEARS STUDY IN EUROPE
OVER THIRTY YEARS EXPERIENCE
PHYSICAL THERAPY LABORATORIES
PORTLAND
412 to 417 Journal Building, Portland, Ore.
Rags Wanted.—We pay 5 cents per pound for clean cotton Rags. Bring all you have. Malheur Enterprise.—Janit.

Miracles in Money

A city skyscraper seems a miracle in steel and stone. But it is only a vast number of girders painstakingly placed together—a vast quantity of bricks placed end to end and one above another.

Miracles in money are seeming miracles only. You can work miracles in your own life.

Saving Wins Success

You can have a big prosperous farm, own a car, or travel wherever you wish.

Men who have really succeeded spell it S-A-V-E. You can win the same success. You do not need a lot of money to do it. You need no great education.

You need only the determination to start now and continue. Let us help you.

To Save Your Money and Make Your Money Safe

BANK WITH US

Capital and Surplus \$105,000.00

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VALE, OREGON

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Lines all complete in fancy dress, work or school shoes.

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BALGEMAN & BURBIDGE.
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HUDSON Super-Six
and
BUICK Valve in Head
MOTOR CARS

REPUBLIC MOTOR TRUCKS

GOODYEAR CORD AND FABRIC TIRES.

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Authorized Dealer.

Eastern Oregon Auto Co.
H. E. YOUNG, Prop. Vale, Oregon.

Your Baking Powder
"CALUMET"

Moderate in Price and High in Quality.
Sold With Money Back Guarantee.

1 lb. can 30c.
2 1/2 lb. can 75c.
5 lb. can \$1.35

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