

**HIS FIRST CLIENT**

By LILLIAN P. LEONARD.

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"Cheero, old dear!"  
"Whereya get that stuff, 'cheero'?"  
"Cheer up! Look at the sun shining and—"

"Little birdies singing 'twee, twee,' I suppose!" growled Ross in a tone of utter disgust. Bringing his feet down from the window sill with a bang and rising with a huge yawn he stretched his already long arms to their utmost. As he stood in this position he looked like some colossal figure supplanting the cosmic powers, his mouth wide in invocation. So thought the apparition as she opened the door and stood hesitating on the threshold! Ross, crimson, brought himself into shape, while the man opposite slid the cuspidor under the desk with his foot.

For the girl in the doorway was the first human being, other than themselves, who had opened that door; that door lettered with ornate gilt lettering:

Ross Adams  
Henry Demson  
Real Estate, Mortgages,  
Justice of the Peace Notary Public  
WALK IN.

The girl stepped into the room and took the chair proffered by the momentarily flustered Ross, while Henry evaporated toward a door marked "private" in severely plain, black letters. The usual light remarks had been made, and Ross, taking a gasping flyer into his first taste of business, asked:

"There is some matter I could assist you in, Miss?"

"I came to see a justice of the peace," replied the girl, blushing vividly.

"Well, I am Ross Adams, justice of the peace."

The girl looked at the floor, bit her lip and stammered:

"You marry people?"

He took a grip on himself and answered airily:

"Oh, yes, to be sure, when everything appears all right and parties have the license."

"How many people have you married, Mr. Adams?"

"Why, er—er—hundreds—of course I never kept count."

"Oh, I am so sorry; I wanted to be the first. Will you marry me?"

"Yes, indeed. I shall be delighted," smiled Ross.

At this moment the door swung open and two men, heavily bearded, stalked into the room, and in military precision took a stand on each side of Ross, while in duet they chanted:

"We are witnesses to your promise to marry this young lady?"

With a swift back-action swat, Ross cuffed the pseudo girl soundly across the cheek, while with lightning speed he eluded at the men's beards. They came forth in each hand, but there also came forth a startled yelp in an unmistakably feminine voice from the girl in the chair, and Ross was staring horrified at "Girle" of college days in the face of one of the men he had denuded of a beard.

"Now, see here, 'Girle,'" said Ross, "I always told you that no good ever came from practical joking. You have brought this upon yourselves. But," turning to the girl, who was crouched down in the chair with a hand held to a crimson cheek, "my deepest regrets to this young lady for my brutal act and my only hope is that she will forgive me. Who is she anyway?"

"Oh, that's only my kid sister and she don't mind a little crack like that! Ought to see her sometimes after she has put on the gloves with me!"

"Huh!" flashed the girl. "Mr. Ross, you should see him when I get through with him! He looks like a beef steak pie for a week after! But though I know that every tooth is knocked down my throat and that my jaw is fractured in a thousand places, I guess I'll forgive you this time."

"Gee!" mourned "Girle," "went and messed up the whole show after our rehearsal for a week. But, see here, Ross, this is Jim Turner," motioning toward the other man who had leaped to the side of the girl and was trying to comfort her in a most lover-like manner.

"All right," replied Ross, "and now, the why of all this fool farce?"

"Oh, Sis and Jim want to be married, that's all. Folks kicking up a rumpus, but Sis and I are strong for Jim, so go to it!"

Ross, from whom all timidity of "first business" had fled, took from his desk drawer the necessary book and calling in the grinning Henry as a witness joined the couple in marriage.

"Now," said Ross, "my privilege to kiss the bride shall be taken advantage of and may it in some measure erase the memory of the blow."

So Ross performed this ceremony, also, to everyone's satisfaction with the exception, possibly of the bridegroom's.

"The joke's on me, so it's my—" Ross put his hand into his pocket where reposed safe and sound just seven coppers, one dime and a pant's button.

"I should say not, it's our splurge," said "Girle," pressing a fat roll into Ross' hand. "So, on with the feast!"

After this spectacular entry into the business world, Ross went surely and firmly upward in his practice and the day was not long in coming when the same group, with the addition of a certain girl, made up another wedding party.

**MISS FINCH**

By CLARISSA MACKIE.

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Neil Latimer had met Celia Finch and Ethel, the youngest of that popular family, noted for its feminine pulchritude, but of Rosamond, the eldest, he had only heard echoes of her calm beauty. Men said she was a marble statue and that nothing could awaken her dreaming peace.

"My sister Rosamond?" Celia had repeated one day. "She's the dearest thing, but she wouldn't be interested in any of this," she waved her fan at the room full of dancers. "She is browsing among books most of the time, is the most absent-minded creature imaginable, and—we are missing most of this dance, aren't we?" she ended wistfully.

Neil apologized and in a moment they were vanishing in the maze.

One afternoon when the fever of spring was in the air and he could not remain indoors harnessed to the routine of a busy office, Neil got into his car and rode out East avenue to the country club. The Finch residence was on East avenue and he had passed Mrs. Finch and the younger girls in the shabby car driven by a middle-aged negro. The Finches were poor in this world's goods but, as they came of a good old family and had many rich relatives, the fatherless family went around a great deal and entertained occasionally in their lovely, decaying home, filled with heirlooms.

Just as Neil reached the Finch residence he became aware that the machine needed water. A maid was standing with her back to him hanging out a snowy washing of clothes. She wore a pink sunbonnet, but he could see a couple of clothepins protruding from the depths of the bonnet.

"Good morning," he said in his pleasant voice. "May I have a pail of water, my car—" he did not finish the sentence but paused in dismay, for the clothepins were removed from the loveliest of lips and the face turned to his was never that of an ordinary maid-servant. Such rare beauty could only belong to the sister of Celia and Ethel—she saw his embarrassment and smiled gravely.

"Water? Certainly," she said in a voice which made his pulses tingle. "If you will come to the house I will give you a pail; there is water in the garage, but you may as well fill the pail in the kitchen." She led the way into a great kitchen, immaculately clean, where an ancient colored woman, crippled with rheumatism, sat in a comfortable armchair by the fire. She croaked hoarse protests when the girl gave Neil a shining pail.

"No, Miss Rosamond, honey, done you be waitin' on folks lak that—"

"Please, be quiet, Aunt Heppy," chided the girl.

"I am sorry to trouble you—I didn't know that I might be intruding—I am acquainted with Mrs. Finch and her daughters and—"

"You must be coming to dinner tonight, then," suggested the girl. "I recognized you at once—I am Rosamond Finch."

Neil took her hand. "May I stay a little while and be kitchen company?" he asked. "I'd like to get acquainted."

Rosamond looked doubtful. Then a wave of color invaded her fairness. "I shall be glad, Mr. Latimer, but you see it would embarrass mother and the girls if it were known—you see, Heppy is crippled, so, as we cannot afford another maid, I come out and help. Heppy directs me and I love to cook—"

"She shore am de beateest cook!" interrupted Heppy.

Rosamond joined in Neil's laughter. "Heppy is a good teacher, and it gives the younger girls a chance to go about. 'I've been out two seasons already, and I do like a chance to keep up with my studies. I must fly around now because there is dinner to get—oh, we have an extra maid in for that to help Ahner in the dining room. Can you mix mayonnaise?"

"Can I?" Neil washed his hands and pushed back his cuffs.

"If you will let me help you a little I'll forswear any knowledge of you and your dark plottings in this kitchen."

"Very well," she laughed merrily, "only you must fly at the stroke of four, so that you will not scandalize mother and the girls."

Neil never forgot that hour spent in the kitchen with lovely Rosamond Finch.

That night at the happy, informal dinner party for which the Finches were famous Neil saw her again and she seemed another girl. Her family and friends took fire from her gaiety and it was a never-to-be-forgotten evening. Rosamond Finch had awakened.

During the weeks that followed Neil learned more about the interesting family of girls who maintained their social position on a depleted income, renounce their own clothes, until there came a day when they had to unpack Mrs. Finch's own wedding dress and veil for Rosamond's bridal. After all the "eldest Miss Finch," who had contentedly stayed at home in the kitchen, was the first bride, and Aunt Heppy, who had turned her into a famous cook, was almost as proud as Neil himself as the bride came up the aisle. "She looks like a lovely statue," said some on that day.

Neil only smiled. He knew that beneath the marble there was flame—had he not kissed his Galatea into life?

**FASCINATION IN AIR FLIGHT**

Various Reasons Advanced Why People Will Pay High Price for Short Trip Through Space.

Why do people fly?  
Would you care for a spin in the air so much as to spend \$15 for a 20 minutes' flight? If so, what is your motive?

Interviewing a half dozen commercial aviators along Miami's water front on this subject brought the following facts to light:  
About 60 per cent of all passengers carried on the short 30 minutes' sight-seeing flights are women.

According to aviators the types to whom scraping the clouds appeals are:  
The wealthy man—the business man. He wants to see what flying is like. He sees the future of commercial aviation. The short flight offers also a novel method of entertaining friends.

The "sport." He flies for the excitement of the thing. He usually insists on stunt flying. Then, too, an occasional flight provides a way of demonstrating to his friends his sporting self.

The average man. He finds in the short flight at \$15 for himself or \$25 for himself and a companion a method of realizing the thrill and pleasures of the air. He is presented with an opportunity of realizing an overwhelming desire at a minimum expense.

The large percentage of women passengers is considered something of a slip at those revealing in the thought that women were too timid to fly. According to pilots, in most cases women accept an offer of an aerial spin on the direct dare of their masculine companion.—Miami (Fla.) Herald.

**TRAINING WAIFS OF CAIRO**

Government of Egyptian City Has Instituted School Where Stray Boys Will Be Educated.

It looks as if the problem of the waifs and strays of Cairo was going to receive at last serious attention.

After much insistence on the part of some public-spirited officials a special school for boys of this class has been opened in the environs of Cairo, where they will be looked after and trained by the government without their having committed some crime to admit them into the reformatory, previously the only institution of the kind.

Nothing so far has been done for the girl children, though another home is promised for this purpose. It is therefore satisfactory to hear of the formation of an organization called the "Brotherhood Federation," ostensibly nonsectarian and international, with the object of looking after and improving the lot of the child waifs generally.

A meeting recently held in support of this movement was given much prominence in the local English papers, but in spite of its intimate bearing on a purely Egyptian problem none of the Arabic papers appears to have given the matter any publicity.—Christian Science Monitor.

**Progressed by Slow Stages.**

Thirty years ago the men of Hartshay, a hamlet of Derbyshire, England, were accustomed to meet at a bridge on the edge of the town, where they would read the papers and discuss events. This was all right in summer time, but in the winter it was different and they would occasionally adjourn to a sheltered spot under the bridge. From this they moved into a vacated pigsty and later annexed another pigsty. This rude building was improved by their own efforts until it was a fairly comfortable place. From this humble origin there is now a rather pretentious library, with the best papers and magazines and a stock of good books.

**Willed Everything Away.**

A lawyer in Chicago was retained by a contractor to draw up his will. The task was accomplished apparently to the satisfaction of the client; the lawyer's fee was paid, and the latter supposed, of course, that the matter had been concluded. To his great surprise, therefore, he received another call from his client the next day, who expressed his conviction that the affair had not been properly adjusted.

"Why, what's the trouble?" asked the legal light.

"Trouble enough," said the man. "I didn't sleep the whole night through for thinkin' of that will! You've fixed it so I've not left myself a chair to sit on!"—Philadelphia Ledger.

**Comparisons Are Sometimes Odious.**

Johnny was attending his first grade school, after graduating from kindergarten, where he greatly adored his teacher, a pretty young woman in her teens. His mother noticed his lack of enthusiasm in his new studies, and that he never mentioned his teacher.

Finally, one night when she was putting him to bed, she asked: "Johnny, don't you like your new teacher?"

"Oh, I like her well enough," he replied, "but, mother, she looks just like a potato chip."

**Chinese Railways.**

Of 6,836 miles of railway in China in 1918, more than 4,000 miles of main and branch lines were owned and operated by the government, these comprising 14 railways in 14 out of the provinces. In addition there are provincial and private railways owned by mining companies, gaging 425 miles and lines aggregating near

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**SERVICES AT PAULINA**

The Reverend W. O. Teninty, pastor of the first Presbyterian Church, will leave today for Paulina where he and Mrs. Teninty will spend practically the rest of the summer. There will be services held regularly at Paulina every two weeks, beginning on Sunday July 10. The next service to be held at Prineville will be July 31. Services will be at Post, Suplee, and other points during the summer.

**LOCK COTTER PIN IN PLACE**

Not Necessary to Bend Ends Over Flat Against Bolt or Rod—Just Prevent Slipping.

After having slipped the cotter pin into place do not bend the ends over flat against the bolt or rod. It isn't necessary to do this, because the cotter will lock just as securely if the ends are spread just enough to prevent slipping out.

When the ends are bent considerably, it is harder to straighten them sufficiently for later removal of the pin, and further, the ends are very apt to break off when the part is in service, with the very probable result that the ill-treated cotter will slip out. Thus, instead of excessive end bending being an effective locking means, it is in reality no lock at all.

**TWO-PIECE JACK IS USEFUL**

Contraption Will Be Found Convenient by Owners Who Intend to Lay Up Their Cars.

The illustration shows a bit of a contraption that should interest such automobile owners as propose to lay



Handy Two-Piece Jack.

up their cars for the winter or to leave them out of service for any great length of time. It is a simple two-piece jack made of round bar steel and capable of lifting the tires off the floor with one motion of the lever. No car, or course, should be left idle for long with its weight resting on the tires.

**THE LIGHT**

By MILDRED WHITE.

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Janet Darcy stepped from the train at Willowby Junction, and stood peering through the half-darkness. The small station was closed and locked for the night, and the great train rushing again on its way left Janet a solitary arrival. Troubled, she walked the length of the platform, then sat down on the crude steps to think the situation over. She had left her beautiful city home that afternoon hastily, and in an unenviable frame of mind. Mother, father and the governor were all insistent in their demands for an early marriage, while Janet was not sure that she wanted to be married at all.

In her hasty departure Janet had never considered the possibility of her present position. Taxis, she supposed, awaited train arrivals in even Willowby town.

Aunt Clarabelle's cottage, Janet knew, nestled at the foot of the straggling village street, two miles away. It was not the walk of the two miles that she feared to attempt, but the unaccustomed darkness of the tree bordered road. As she sat on the station steps, the sheltered girl became nervously alarmed; the spot was exceedingly desolate and the purse in her traveling cloak pocket was filled with bills. Desperately, at last she arose and began her stumbling way. Ruts and twisted brambles seemed set like a trap for the unwary.

Then, almost directly before her, she suddenly saw a light. Someone, had come from among the trees to the roadside, and the someone carried a lighted lantern. Janet drew fearfully, but as the light went twinkling on, noiselessly she followed. It would be useless to try to locate Aunt Clarabelle's abode in the confusing twist of ways.

This light must lead to some companionship, perhaps to the village, where she might be accommodated for the night; Janet steadily and with new courage pressed onward. The striding figure before her turned abruptly down a hidden lane; at its end Janet saw the outlines of a small house.

The man, as she drew near, put down his lantern to open the house door; Janet silently waited, as unannounced he entered and struck a light. She saw at a side of the room a sick woman lying upon bed, with a child fretting at her side. The tall man advancing lifted the child gently in his arms and with a laughing word sent it after an orange tossed on the floor. Then, throwing aside his cloak, he bent an anxious face over the sick woman, Janet, studiously regarding his face, was all at once reassured. "Yes, doctor," she heard the woman gaspingly answer a question; then, impulsively, Janet stepped past the lantern into the room. The doctor glanced up sharply.

"Take off your wraps," he startlingly commanded, "and come here."

Half unconsciously of her own action Janet Darcy obeyed.

"We will have to work fast," the man told her. "Kindly follow directions without question. Hot water at once." Peremptorily he issued his orders.

Janet, the sleeves of her white waist rolled high, went to the cold kitchen stove. There was wood piled near, and matches.

Desperately, as the woman's labored breathing reached her, she bent to her task. A fire was crackling at last beneath the kettle. Janet's soft fingers were smudged and blistered, but her eyes shone victoriously.

She saw the perspiration on the young doctor's forehead as she responded eagerly to his demands.

"It's pneumonia," he told her as they rested. "Pretty bad, but I think we will be able to break it. Rural postman informed me of the case, returning from his route this evening. Immediately I telephoned to the city for you. That is, I telephoned for my usual nurse, but I suppose you happened to be the only one available at the time. You made good time getting out. Now, we will leave our patient. Look to the comfort of the child."

Janet turned with a smile in her weariness—this language of command she had never known impressed her pleasantly. It was as if between the strong capable man and herself existed some bond of understanding and sympathy.

Janet washed and fed and coaxed the baby to sleep. Then, disheveled and star-eyed, she sought the watchfully alert physician.

"Any further orders?" she asked quietly.

It was ten days later when Janet Darcy stood in the small house doorway, while Sukey Wells sang inside, with the patient now well on her way to recovery. Alan Brent, looking down on the volunteer nurse, smiled a very, very tender smile. To him, she had just made full confession; to him she had told her story.

"You are wonderful," he said softly. "I think," mused Alan Brent, the doctor, "that I will send little Sukey Wells, our general helper, in the morning. You will both be kept busy."

"But, oh! Janet, you who have been so sheltered, are you certain that you will never regret your refusal to marry the great governor?"

Janet Darcy's answering smile was confident.

"Your light," she said, "showed me my true way."

**IRELAND UNDER ALIEN RULE**

Power of the Danes Broken by Brian Boru in 1014—Normans Became Amalgamated.

About 800 A. D., the pagan hosts of the Northmen and Danes fell on Ireland with fierce destruction. After a century of destruction, Irish kings led their people in a succession of wars, for the deliverance of their country, and Brian Boru, or Brian Boru (926-1014), king of Munster, by his great victory in the battle of Clontarf, on April 23, 1014, finally broke the power of the Danes in Ireland. In 1171 Ireland was invaded by the Normans from England, in the time of Henry II, and its conquest began. "In Ireland," to quote the words of Prof. Edward A. Freeman (1823-1892) "the Norman was more purely a conqueror than anywhere else, but in Ireland his power of adaptation caused him to sink in a way in which he sank nowhere else. While some of the Norman settlers in Ireland went to swell the mass of the English of the Pale, others threw in their lot with the native Irish, and became, in the well-known saying, 'more Irish than the Irish themselves.'"—Detroit News.

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