

A Place to Propose

By JANE OSBORN

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"I never thought how funny it was," said Sally, the new Mrs. Tom Leonard, "but Tom proposed and I accepted in the coalbin. You don't mind my telling, do you, Tom?" she asked, turning adoring eyes on her husband at the other end of the table. And of course their guests laughed. That is Bob Seton and Mrs. Bob Seton did, and so did the Collinses and Jerry Taylor and his fiancée, Alice Webb, and Neil Leonard, Sally's nineteen-year-old sister-in-law, looked round-eyed and very serious, and Kenneth Yates, sitting beside her, seemed to get the contagion of her disapproval and went on eating his oyster patty without a smile.

They had been talking about the manner of their various proposals. The Bob Setons admitted that in their case proposal and acceptance both took place when they were waiting their turn in the student employment office that winter that they both tried to pay their own expenses in college, and Jerry Taylor insisted that he first suggested matrimony when he and Alice Webb were swimming beyond the breakers in the Atlantic ocean.

"She had challenged me to race her to the sandbar," Jerry said, "and when she thought she was winning I called out that if I ever caught up to her and reached the bar first I was going to marry her. She called back, 'All right,' and I won the race. After that we were engaged."

The Collinses agreed that their proposal had been given and accepted in the Morse code. During the war, Mrs. Collins said, she had studied telegraphy as an act of patriotism. Mr. Collins had undertaken to instruct her as an act of patriotism. "And before the whole class he ticked off a proposal to me," said Mrs. Collins with mock indignation.

"Yes," replied Mr. Collins, "and she had the audacity to tick back, 'I love you, too; of course I'll marry you.' But then nobody else in the class was clever enough to understand what it was all about."

After that Mrs. Tom Leonard had said that she and Tom could never find occasion to get alone together. She was visiting Tom's family and Tom went to fix the furnace, whispering to her to follow, and down there in the coalbin, by the light of a dripping candle, he said: "Will you?" and she said: "I will."

"Why so sober?" asked Tom Leonard, looking down the table to his little sister. "Don't you approve of these confessions?"

"I don't mind the confessions," said Neil emphatically. "But I don't approve of getting engaged that way. Honestly, I don't. I may be a flapper and bob my hair and all that, but I'm old-fashioned enough to think there ought to be a proper setting for a proposal—soft music, low lights, a conservatory or a rippling brook, or something. Oh, I think it would be just horrid having the man you wanted to marry propose to you in swimming, with your hair all tucked into a rubber cap and your face all dripping with salt water."

For some reason or other Kenneth, sitting beside Neil, felt very much embarrassed. He managed to look up, thinking possibly he would be the center of every one's gaze.

"Being cross is very becoming to you," Kenneth stammered after dinner when after some maneuvering he managed to find himself tete-a-tete with Neil. "You were quite indignant at dinner, and I never saw you look prettier—and that's saying a lot. I knew you meant every word you said. I rather agree with you."

"I'm so glad," said Neil and then, "you know it's always nice to feel that there's some one who shares your opinions, just on general principles. But I certainly mean it. After I married I want to be able to look back on the occasion of my proposal as something infinitely romantic and picturesque. Besides, Sally admitted that she was at our house when Tom proposed and any well-bred person knows that a girl should never consider a proposal away from her own territory. And Tom ought to have known that it wasn't good form to propose to a girl in his own house. I may be old-fashioned—but"

"You're the most adorable—That was as far as Kenneth got. Tom Leonard had been pushed forward rather unwillingly.

"Come on, sis," he said. "Everybody's dancing and they want us to show them that new step we were dancing at Hillside Inn. Sally has had to go and quiet one of the twins, so you'll have to be my partner."

For the rest of the evening Kenneth tried in vain several times to finish the sentence he had begun, and Neil was as eager to have him, but it seemed as if a conspiracy had been formed by the Leonards and their guests to keep them separated.

"I want to finish what I started to say," Kenneth whispered as he was leaving, and as he was seized by the Collinses who had agreed to take him home, he got no further.

"I want you to," was all poor Neil could say.

There was an unexpected turn of events the next day—that is, unexpected for Neil Leonard. The twins were cross and irritable. Doctor Seton was summoned and after the

usual taking of temperatures and pulse feeling he looked gravely at Sally Leonard sitting in the nursery with her sister-in-law and said:

"They don't seem to be very sick, and there's no cause for anxiety. Scarlet fever needn't be a serious affair when children are healthy and everything is done to prevent complications."

Sally let out a little scream and Neil put a warm, strong arm about her.

"Please send a nurse at once, Bob," Sally said. "Two if you think they need it. Neil wants to go home this afternoon and—"

The doctor shook his head in his most professional manner. "I'm afraid she'll have to be quarantined. And so long as you must both stay here I see no need of nurses—at least so long as the twins are no worse than they are now."

"But she simply has to get home," protested Sally. "She's going to a dance with Kenneth at the Country club—"

"Don't think of that," protested Neil unselfishly. "You know I love to nurse—I took a short course in home nursing in boarding school—and you know I've had it, so I won't be running any risk. I'll just telephone Kenneth. He'll understand."

"I'm afraid he'll have to," said the doctor. "But, by the way," he went on. "I think I'd better telephone for you. I'll have to have you two girls quarantined off the lower floor, so that Tom can go and come. He's frightfully busy in the office. He can sleep in one of the rooms downstairs, and that maid of yours goes home nights anyway. She can cook for him and pass cooked food up the back stairs. Of course you must sterilize all dishes before you send them down again. I'll leave directions for the proper disinfectant solution you must use and then leave orders at the drug store for drugs and prescriptions."

"But won't I be able to telephone at all?" asked Neil, just a little alarmed.

The doctor shook his head.

Then please explain so Kenneth will understand and tell him of course I want him to take some other girl in my place and not to worry about me. Tell him I've had it—and—"

"Goodness sakes," said Sally, looking annoyed. "Don't you suppose Doctor Bob has anything to do but to be a go-between for you and Kenneth? Come, we'd better get the twins in their cribs."

"I'm so sorry," said Neil. "I oughtn't to have thought of myself." She took one of the twins in her arms tenderly and began unfastening the little boots. Sally followed the doctor to the door and remained there in whispered conversation while Neil got the two twins into their cribs.

Kenneth Yates was serving his legal apprenticeship in Tom Leonard's law office, and that night when Tom returned Neil rushed to the back stairs and began calling through the closed passage.

She asked whether Kenneth understood.

"I don't think he had much time to think of girls and dances," said Tom. "Complications have set in in that Titus inheritance case and some one had to pike right out to California to look up some records there and make some investigations. Of course Kenneth was the man to go—he may have to be gone a month or more. He—"

"But can't I write to him?"

"Not till quarantine is off," said Tom.

"Tell him I must speak to him," said Neil, shaking her bobbed locks indignantly at the top of the stairs.

"Tell him to come around before he starts and I'll talk to him out of one of the back windows. I'm sure that wouldn't do any harm."

Kenneth arrived at seven the next morning. He was planning to leave on the eight o'clock train. He stood at the back of the house and threw a harmless little stone against the window pane that Tom had designated as Neil's.

Neil hadn't expected him so early. She had sat beside the twins till midnight, though they slumbered peacefully in their little cribs. And she was deep in slumber when the summons came. It must be confessed that her bobbed locks were done up in dozens of little curling kids and when she appeared at the window she wore an enormous blanket bathrobe.

"Say, isn't it the limit?" shouted Kenneth.

"It's just dreadful," agreed Neil.

"I wanted to finish the sentence I began. I couldn't wait till I saw you again. I think you are the most adorable girl in the world. Neil, will you marry me?"

"Oh, yes, Kenneth," assured Neil.

"Kenneth, I'm so relieved—I couldn't have waited much longer."

Just then there was a merry peal of laughter and then a loud chuckle. More feminine laughter followed and then a chorus of masculine guffaws. From the shelter of the kitchen hedge appeared Tom Leonard and then Mr. Seton and Mrs. Seton, the Collinses and Jerry Taylor, with Alice Taylor at his side. Sally had crept into the room upstairs and was laughing at Neil's side.

"Doctor, lift the quarantine," ordered Tom. "Jerry, go home and unpack your bag. But first every one come in and have breakfast. Yes, Neil, it was a put-up game. We wanted you to find out that most generally a man proposes when the psychological moment comes, and it doesn't matter whether the girl has her hair in curling kids or not. Come on, folks, breakfast is ready."

"And the twins haven't scarlet fever, after all!" sighed Neil with infinite relief, and then, "you've just got to give me time to fix my hair."

Norman Kerry



Handsome "Norm" Kerry, one of the stars of the "movies" stands two inches over six feet in height and weighs 187 pounds. He is just past twenty-eight years of age and is single. He was born in Rochester, N. Y. He is an expert polo and football player and is a good swimmer. Golf, and heavy literature are his relaxations. He has been in the pictures the past six years.

THE RIGHT THING at the RIGHT TIME

By MARY MARSHALL DUFFEE

Custom is almost a second nature—Plutarch.

YOUR LUNCHEONS

IF YOU are planning to give a formal luncheon your invitations should go out at least ten days in advance, and unless the luncheon is very large and formal, these should consist of brief, cordial notes written on your best paper. These notes should set forth the date of the luncheon and the hour it is to be served. Formal notes should be written along the following lines:

"Mrs. James Brown Henry requests the pleasure of Mrs. Greene's company at luncheon on Thursday, the twenty-fifth of February, at one o'clock."

Less formal notes, in cases where the luncheon is given to more intimate friends, should read:

"Dear Mrs. Brown: I should be pleased if you will take lunch with me on Friday, the seventeenth, at half-past one. Trusting that you have no previous engagement which will prevent your coming, I am, Sincerely yours,"

Answers to such invitations should be sent out within a day or two after their receipt. Tardy replies to luncheon invitations are inexcusable.

The hostess should be dressed at least half an hour before the hour set for the luncheon, and waiting in the parlor to receive the guests. It is exceedingly bad form to keep an expected guest waiting.

When the maid announces that "Luncheon is served," the hostess leads the way to the dining room and stands at her place at the head of the table. The guests find their places by cards bearing their names placed at every cover. At the right of the hostess is seated the woman to whom she wishes to show the greatest honor, and other guests are generally seated where they will be most congenial.

When the guests are seated, the hostess begins to eat first, thus giving the signal to the guests. The grapefruit should be on the table, a half portion at each place, when the maid announces the luncheon. For the first course served by the maid, begin by serving the guest at the right hand of the hostess. In the second course begin with the guest on her left hand. In this way no partiality is shown.

Coffee is the last course to be served, and when the hostess is quite sure that all of her guests have finished, she should rise and lead the way into the parlor again. Here the hostess and her guests converse, and it is nice to have a little music if some of the guests play or sing. Guests should stay from a half to a full hour after luncheon, and as they leave, express their pleasure to the hostess.

Throughout the luncheon it is the duty of the hostess to see that conversation does not lag, and to keep an eye on one and all of the guests, making sure that not one of them is bored or neglected.

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A LINE O' CHEER

By John Kendrick Bangs.

A REMONSTRANCE

NOW stop your growling 'bout the heat That shimmers on the sizzling street. It does not cool you off to curse, And fume about, and fret and fuss, And when 'tis hottest pray remember How much you'll need it next December.

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STATE NEWS IN BRIEF

Toledo.—The Evergreen blackberry crop in Lincoln county this year probably will be about as heavy a crop as has ever been harvested. Available for commercial picking there will be 200 tons of this fruit, most of which is tributary to this point.

St. Helens.—Work has been started by the St. Helens Lumber company on the extension of its dock. The new addition will extend 24 feet along the entire length of the dock, about 900 feet, and will provide storage space for more than 1,000,000 feet of lumber.

Baker.—Prairie City is again coming to the front as a mining center. The biggest strike since the days which brought fame to the Dixie Meadow mine from 1912 to 1914 has been reported at the Standard mine on Dixie creek six miles north of Prairie City.

Albany.—The entire Linn county tax supervision committee, consisting of A. C. Miller of Albany, Ed Myers of Seio and J. C. Mayer of Lebanon has tendered its resignation to the governor. The Linn county men deemed it unnecessary to spend time in supervising tax rolls.

Salem.—Governor Pierce has granted a conditional pardon to James Charles Connors, who was serving an indeterminate sentence of from two to 20 years in the penitentiary here for forgery committed in Multnomah county. The release of the convict was not recommended by the members of the state parole board.

Salem.—E. C. Downing of Stayton was brought to a Salem hospital Saturday night suffering from the loss of his left arm, which was torn from his socket, fractures of the right arm and other injuries sustained when he was caught on a fast revolving shaft while employed in the Stayton chair factory. His clothing was torn from in Roseburg after spending several

Pendleton.—The acreage of Turkey Red wheat in the west end of Umatilla county will be materially cut in the seeding that is done this fall, according to the belief of T. O. Krause, farmer of that district who was here recently. The hard red wheat brings a lower price than the softer white wheat which has a lively export demand, and more white wheat will be seeded this fall.

Roseburg.—Conditions in the Umpqua national forest are excellent, according to Forest Supervisor Neal who has just returned to his office in Roseburg after spending several weeks making a thorough survey of the situation in the field. Only four small fires, all less than a quarter of an acre, have occurred so far this year and these caused no damage. All were started by lightning.

Bend.—The day after "Polly," aged green parrot, was discharged as official mascot of the Bend fire department, she died—of a broken heart, department members say. Polly recently became unable to distinguish between a fire alarm and a telephone call at the fire station, and shrieked "Fire" whenever a bell rang. She was removed to the house of one of the firemen Friday. Saturday she died.

Stayton.—The Murphy-Gardner Lumber company is moving its sawmill to the Dave Patoff place, on Drift creek, near Silver Creek Falls. The company expects to erect a permanent mill at this place, as there is available about 25,000,000 feet of timber. The railroad shipping point will be Shaw, and the output of the mill will be hauled on trucks. This company has just finished cutting all the available timber on the J. T. Hunt place, north of Sublimity.

Lebanon.—The shingle mill of the Super Shingle company of this city burned down early Friday morning. The mill was located on the bank of the South Santiam river, just outside the city limits. The fire had gained such headway when discovered at 6 o'clock that all the fire department, which responded promptly, could do was to save a large stock of sawed shingles near the plant. As the plant was beyond the city limits it required a long line of hose to reach the fire.

Salem.—Reports received from the rural districts indicated that the 1923 wheat yield in the Willamette valley is the largest of many seasons. Threshing has been in progress for several days. Fall wheat ranges from 25 to 40 bushels to the acre, which is exceptional for this section of the state. Spring wheat has not yet been cut. Growers said that market conditions were improving, and the producers probably will receive a substantial profit from their yield. Hay growers are not so fortunate, however, as there appeared to be no market for the commodity.

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DR. CHAS. J. DEAN

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MENTION THIS PAPER WHEN WRITING

Nature Study for Child.

Educational methods must develop so as to correlate teaching with the conception of nature as a whole, says Nature magazine. The child must be led to see that the bird, the flower, the striped stone and himself are all products of the same course that produced the universe, and that each of these has its own place and function in the one great scheme of nature.

Draco's Laws.

Draco's laws were enacted by him while he was Archon of Athens in 621 B. C. They were said to be written in blood, they were so severe. Idleness was punished as drastically as murder. Solon's code supplanted them.

Stray Bits of Wisdom.

If the horse were not shod with iron, the king would not be crowned with gold.—Spanish Proverb.

Tyrian Dyes.

The Tyrian dyes, so famous in ancient times, originated in Tyre about 1500 B. C. The English sent fine goods to be dyed in Holland until 1608. Chemical research has made modern dyeing a much practiced art.

Folding Fans Long in Use.

Folding fans were in use among the women of England at least as early as the reign of Queen Elizabeth. This is known because in the inventory of her wardrobe no fewer than 27 of them are enumerated.

Dusty Traveler's Dry Bath.

From a Story—"Mary was the sweet contour of the homeland hills to the returning traveler. Elton bathed in her gentle presence, and watched the pensive sweet oval of her gracious, washable face."—Boston Transcript.

Strength That Counts.

Most men do not lack strength, rather the will to use it, and knowledge how best to apply it. Physical strength needs the will to decide and the brain to direct, to insure use that will prove profitable.

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