

Fate at the Wheel

By FREDERICK HART

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When Arthur Stanley awoke to consciousness of things around him he realized two things: one was the pain that beat with maddening insistence at the back of his head, the other was the presence of a soft hand that rested lightly on his brow and a soothing voice that spoke words of pity in his ear. He opened his eyes painfully but found the glare of the sunlight too much for him and closed them again. Desperately he tried to reconstruct the incidents that led to his present state. There had been a long stretch of white road—he remembered that perfectly—that had challenged the young blood in his veins and the sixty-horsepower under his hands to their utmost. Yes, and he had responded to the challenge; he remembered seeing the number 65 crawl into sight in the little oblong opening of the speedometer; 65-70-73; could he make 75? And then . . .

He seemed to remember a slight turn in the road—such a turn as he was accustomed to look at with contempt. But there was a little side-slip somehow—and then he didn't remember any more, strive as he might. He groaned at the futility of his effort. "Does it hurt so much?" The soft voice was speaking. The voice surely had no part in his recollections. He opened his eyes again and this time forced them to stay open despite the pain it caused him. And he told himself, shaken as he was, that it was worth the trouble.

He was lying on a miraculously smooth greenward that was as soft as a mattress to his aching limbs, and under his head was a smooth white arm, while a slim hand kept up its soothing ministrations. And very near to his own face was a tender pair of eyes and a gently curving mouth that expressed all that ministering angels are supposed to be. This miraculous apparition was kneeling by him and comforting him. He tried to struggle into a sitting posture and almost shrieked at the sudden stab of pain that the effort cost him. And then he was aware of another presence—a masculine presence on the other side, who spoke gruffly the while it delved in a little black bag that clinked ominously. The stabbing pain repeated itself and despite his efforts he moaned. The masculine presence was speaking again.

"We can't move him like this," it said. "Wait a minute."

Arthur Stanley saw a hand holding a handkerchief pushed under his nose, smelt a sickish-sweetish odor, took a couple of convulsive gasps and—knew no more.

When he awoke he was in a cool, white bed in a cool, white room, and the divinity of a few minutes—or was it hours?—before was bending over him.

"Wh-where am I?" he queried weakly. "And how—how did I get here?"

"Sh-sh! The doctor said you mustn't talk. If you'll lie still I'll tell you how it happened."

He was in a mood to lie still, as the slightest movement racked his body with strange and unaccustomed pains, and he listened motionless as she told him how she had been sitting on the piazza reading when she had heard a fearful crash and saw his body come hurtling through the hedge that divided her place from the road; how she had been alone at the time except for an old gardener who pattered around the place; how she had sent him on a run for the doctor while she ministered such first aid as she could, and finally how she had had him moved to a room in the house instead of to the hospital when examination had disclosed no necessity for an operation—merely a setting of some broken bones and complete rest.

"But—but where am I? And who are you?" He seemed to be striving to bring a halting memory within the boundaries of his control.

She laughed deliciously.

"I knew you wouldn't remember me," she said. "We met last winter at the Dalrymple's ball at the Ritz—but I was only a little 'flapper' then, and I was awfully glad to get a chance to dance with you—oh, yes, I knew you then—by reputation—but you didn't know me. Don't you remember Constance Whitney?"

It came back to him in great lantern flashes—the glittering ball, the round of dances with girls he knew and cared nothing for, and the one dance that had stuck in his memory—a waltz with a dreamy-eyed little girl who danced as though she were the spirit of the music itself—a little girl classed only as a "sub-deb," but who had made more impression on him than any of the other girls he had met that night. He remembered how he had inquired about her, only to find out that her family had taken her off to Europe for the season; and then she had slipped his mind until—

"What happened to the car?" he asked.

"I'm afraid there's nothing much left of it but junk. You were very reckless—this last with a pretty air of proprietorship—to drive so fast. It's all smashed."

"I don't care a hang if there's nothing left but the tail light," he announced vigorously. "I was pretty lucky—in his eagerness he tried to sit up, and sank back with a groan. The pretty, smiling face opposite

changed in an instant to one of the gravest concern.

"You mustn't move at all," she declared, "and I've talked heaps too much to you already. I'm going to leave you. Briggs will bring you your dinner in an hour." And despite his weak protests she left him.

But there were other afternoons—afternoons when his gradually increasing strength permitted him to sit up and talk for hours together to her. He met her father—a gray-haired example of the old school gentleman—and her mother, a prim, smiling old lady who made much of him as mothers will who have no sons—but most of all he enjoyed the long, quiet afternoons spent with her, listening to her rippling voice as she talked to him or read aloud from some book or other.

It was a gala day when at last he was allowed to go outdoors. He was carefully carried down in a huge chair which was set on the lawn in the late afternoon sunlight. He drew in a deep lungful of the tingling air and exhaled it gratefully.

"Gad!" he exclaimed. "It's good to see the sky again!"

Constance was with him, tucking the rug about him, giving him a little heap of letters and telegrams—messages from his friends, congratulating him on his recovery. He read them eagerly, hungrily. It was good to have so many people inquiring about him.

Suddenly it came over him what a great sacrifice the girl who was sitting beside him had made for him. In a wave of tenderness and gratitude he caught her hand.

"My dear Constance, how can I ever thank you? You must have ruined your summer waiting on me. I—I didn't deserve it. Why, you gave up everything! You shouldn't have done it." He still held her hand, and it came to him that she made no effort to release it. He looked at her face and saw the tears in her eyes.

"It—it wasn't anything," she said, turning away to hide her tears. "I—I just couldn't help it. I—I wanted to—more than anything in my life." She was frankly sobbing now, and trying to free her hand. But he clung to it and drew it toward him.

"Why, Constance, dear—Constance—I didn't know—I didn't think you cared like that. Dearest girl, I've wanted to tell you all along, but I thought you only pitied me."

"Oh, it was more than that," she cried. "Ever and ever so much more—so much more than—"

But it was so much more that she couldn't say it. Her arms around his neck told him.

PLAN FOR SATELLITE CITIES

Test of an "All-Sufficient" Small Community Has Been Set for Near London, England.

Much interest has been taken throughout England in a new plan for the building of a city about twenty miles from London on model lines. Under this Welwyn Garden City scheme it is intended that a town of ultimately about fifty thousand inhabitants shall be gradually constructed as a complete unit, with its own factories, warehouses, shops and residences. In contrast to the many districts which are almost exclusively confined to dwelling houses for people who go into the metropolis daily in pursuit of their livelihood. Such places have come to be known as dormitory suburbs, and the new scheme is based on the theory that the only solution of the whole problem of comfortable housing and convenient transport is to set up instead what are described as satellite cities, in the sense that London itself is the center of all things, but that within a radius of twenty to twenty-five miles there should be a ring of these almost self-contained communities. An interesting feature of the scheme is that the capital provided will only receive a maximum interest of seven per cent, and as the town is gradually built, any increment of values arising from the settlement of the people will be conserved for their own social advantage.

Umbrella Handles.

Lack of variety in umbrella handles has been notable for the last few years, and those that are shown for the coming season are little changed, says the New York Times. There have been a few attractive wooden handles with well-carved dogs' heads, but they were in the small parlors of short-time use. A French importer had a variety of handsome umbrellas or sun umbrellas for women with smart, carved wooden handles, big balls or animals' heads, which were reduced in price early in the season, but which at the 25 per cent reduction cost from \$22 to \$40. These were carved by soldier artists on the other side. One of the novelties of the last season has been in the form of big, gay-colored silk handbags, with upright pockets on the inside, in which were tucked tiny, gay-colored folding parasols, the hinged handles turned down.

More Grandparents Needed.

Six times within a year Jerry, of Muncie, who is six, had acquired a new aunt or a new uncle by marriage, the brothers and sisters of his parents having been married in that period. At the conclusion of the sixth wedding he had attended in a comparatively short time, Jerry sighed heavily as he remarked to his mother: "I'm getting pretty tired of getting a new uncle or aunt every few weeks, I've got enough now to last me, but what I'd like would be to get a few new grandmas and grandpas like those I got."—*Indianapolis News.*

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ALL DRUGGISTS SELL IT

Monmouth Herald

Monmouth, Ore. Oct. 9 1920
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To the Voters of Polk County

As a candidate of the Republican party for Representative for Polk county to the Legislature, I respectfully solicit your votes on November 2nd for that office.

By educational, business and agricultural experience, I believe I am qualified to represent the varied interests of the county, and, if elected, I shall work for the welfare of the whole county and for whatever will advance the growth and prosperity of Oregon.

P. O. Powell

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with LOCAL APPLICATIONS, as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarrh is a local disease, greatly influenced by constitutional conditions, and in order to cure it you must take an internal remedy. Hall's Catarrh Medicine is taken internally and acts thru the blood on the mucous surfaces of the system. Hall's Catarrh Medicine was prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years. It is composed of some of the best tonics known, combined with some of the best blood purifiers. The perfect combination of the ingredients in Hall's Catarrh Medicine is what produces such wonderful results in catarrhal conditions. Send for testimonials free.

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Leaves Monmouth	Leaves Independence
7.45 a. m. North Bound	8.15 a. m.
1.50 p. m. " "	2.25 p. m.
5.15 " " "	5.43 " "
10.00 a. m. South Bound	10.33 a. m.
3.15 p. m. " "	3.51 p. m.
6.40 " " "	7.12 " "

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As a Citizen of Oregon You Need The Port of Portland

If you owned a store you could not make a big success unless your business methods were as modern as your competitors. Unless Oregon develops her shipping facilities she cannot expect to get her share of the world's business. It rests with the citizens of this state whether Oregon shall develop her wonderful resources and reach out for bigger markets, or remain practically an inland state.

To become a real port, a 30 foot channel must be dredged in the Columbia and Willamette Rivers from Portland to the Pacific Ocean. This will enable farmers, stockmen and lumbermen in the interior of the state to reach the markets of the world at a lower freight rate and greater profit to themselves.

The taxing and bonding power to make these improvements can be granted to the Port of Portland only by the people of the state. You and every other citizen will benefit if you, on November second,

VOTE 310 YES

On the ballot--The Port of Portland Dock Commission
Consolidation Bill

OREGON PORT DEVELOPMENT LEAGUE
G. S. O'Neal, Secretary

"Capital and Industry: Keep Out"

WOULD YOU, AS A PATRIOTIC CITIZEN OF OREGON, PLACE

SUCH A SIGN ON THE BORDERS OF THE STATE

That is exactly what you will help to do if you do nothing to prevent the passage of measure No. 314 and 315 on the November ballot entitled, "Constitutional Amendment fixing Legal Rate of Interest in Oregon."

This measure proposes to limit the rate of interest in Oregon to 5 per cent. You can by law, fix the rate of interest in Oregon, but you can not, by law, force the loaning of money in this state, when a much higher rate can be secured elsewhere. The passage of this measure would force the withdrawal of the millions of foreign capital which is today loaned on factories, business and real estate in the state and send your local money owners outside of the state to better investments

Passage of this measure would mean foreclosure of thousands of mortgages, would result in financial paralysis, and would mean widespread unemployment.

You, no doubt, understand the viciousness of this measure, but have you talked to your neighbors and friends about it? We urge you to do everything you can to defeat this measure. Oregon's reputation as a sound state for investments requires that this [measure] be overwhelmingly defeated.

VOTE 315 X NO

AND URGE YOUR FRIENDS TO DO LIKEWISE,

STATE TAXPAYERS LEAGUE

(Paid Adv.)