Bill Ran Away to Join the Colors

"We're Coming, Father Abra'am, Three Hundred Thousand Strong."

BY GRACE RADFORD OLIN

OTHER and I had taken care of Bill ever since his father died, and him a little shaver two and a half years old.

Anl then his sweet mother, heartbroken at the death of her young husband, closed her eyes forever.

And seeing as how Belle (the boy's mother) was our only child, we, too, would have died of grief if it hadn't been for Bill.

He had the bluest eyes and the sunniest smile I ever see in a child. And I guess we most spoiled him. Leastways, folks said we did.

But how was a body to help it? He'd just slip his arm around his grandmother's shoulders or give me a "chummy" nudge with his elbow, and if the cookie jar had been robbed or he'd sneaked off fishing 'stead of going to school-well, you couldn't say nothing, that's all.

You see, way down inside he was loyal and true and generous, if we did mollycoddle him.

Bill was most twenty when the war broke out, and somehow the laugh seemed to die out of his voice and the smile leave his face.

His grandmother's face went white every time she looked at him, knowing well he was brooding.

But Bill, never a word did he say; no more did I. I wanted to see what stuff the lad was made of. One by one the lads joined the col-

ors till half the village was gone, but never a word out of Bill. And pretty soon folks began to talk

and sneer at us. "Well, serves 'em right," they said. "They've pampered him and petted him

till he's just good for nothing." And though his grandmother and I had a deep and abiding faith in the

boy, it 'most broke her gentle heart. One night Bill didn't come home, and the morning mail brought a letter from

Bill's Farewell Note.

"Dearest folks," it read, "I can't stand this any longer. I'm geing away.

Trust me and forgive me. You'll hear from me later. BILL."

His grandmother cried and cried till I guess there were no more tears to shed. And as for me, I confess I was a little disappointed in Bill. I hadn't calculated Bill would run away.

Then the gossips begun to talk in earnest.

"Gone to avoid the draft," said some; "pleaded exemption on account of his grandparents, and then, ashamed to face his neighbors, has fled," said

Some said as how they had seen him in a camp on the border. Others were sure they had seen him working on a farm in a distant state. And all the time his grandmother and I not hearing a word from him.

'Joel," said his grandmother to me, "how'll we stand it?" And I put my literary reputation, not the so-called arms around her and said:

"Emily, I was just about Bill's age when the war with the South came. Just about as sunny-hearted, and alaughing and a-singing as he was When the force of the horribleness of the thing struck me I fell to brooding like Bill did.

"War is awful," I told myself. 1 didn't want to leave peaceful meadlows to kill men. You see, my views were selfish, Emily. I wasn't thinking about the other fellow at all.

"And then one night, still brooding. I fell into a deep sleep. And in that sleep came a vision.

"I saw a battlefield red with blood, I heard the cries of the dying. And in the midst of this chaos, this horre r, stood a man.

"A tall, gaunt man. He looked at 1:4 sorrowful eyes full of pleadir \$: and held out his hands entreatingly. "'Will you come?' he said. And, Emily, it seemed as if the scales fell from my eyes. A fragment of a song they were singing then came exultantly into my soul.

'Yes,' I answered him, 'we're coming, we're coming, Father Abra'am, three hundred thousand strong."

'So, you see, dear," I told her, "wedon't know how Bill felt about this war question, and we've just got tolive through it 'till we find out, that's

After the War Was Over.

Well, one night 'bout three months after the war was over, there was terrible excitement in the village. A big evation to the returned heroes,

Pears like we'd better go, Joel, so as folks won't say we're ashamed to," said Emily.

Never did I see town hall look so eplendid. All flags and bunting, and a big band a-playing war songs. The mayor stepped forward to in-

troduce the speaker of the evening. I can remember Emily's face, how ghastly white it grew. For the speak-er, young and khakl-clad, with a medal or two on his breast, was smiling right inte our very eyes. And above the crowd's approving cheers, Emily cried:

With a trembling finger I touched her wondering lips.

"Hush, dear!" I whispered. And then the boy spoke:

When the war clouds broke, the horror of it struck me to the heart. Night and day I brooded, and ques-

homes to murder their fellow men.

guish of stricken Belgium. And in the midst of these scenes stood a man, a tall, gaunt man, with pleading eyes and outstretched hands.

"'Will you come?' he seemed to say. And it seemed as if things were clear to me. I must think of the other fellow, that was the answer to my prob-

"And into my heart came a bit of song my grandfather used to sing. It would serve as an answer to the sorrowful man: "'Yes,' I said, 'we're coming, we're

ronding, Father Abra'am, three hundred thousand strong." And there sat Emily and I, crying like two children, but no one heard us, for the people were cheering, and the

band was playing: "We're coming, Father Abra'am, three hundred thousand strong."

Four Generations Lie

in an Ohio Cemetery The graves of four generations soldiers are now marked in one cemetery at North Baltimore, O. The body of R. M. Carson, twenty-seven, World war veteran, was recently placed near the graves of his three forebears who had fought in American wars. They were his grandfather, Tarlington B. Carson, who served in the Civil war; Samuel Carson, his great-grandfather. who followed the flag in 1812, and Robert Carson, his great-great-grandfather, who fought in the Revolutionary war.

With the High School Classics

By MARGARET BOYD

(9 by Margaret Boyd.) W. . those who do not think so

deeply, and they were the greater number by a hundred to one."

-Ivanhoe. Of those who do not think so deeply there are two classes: those who can not think and those who do not want

to think. Not everybody is able to think deep ly. We do have mental limitations. though few of us ever study hard enough or think deeply enough to reach them. For some people, how ever, the mental limits are quickly reached. Such people are variously classified as morons, subnormals and those who cannot "think so deeply."

Those who do not want to think are of two classes: those who are haz; and dislike mental exertion, and those who are afraid to think.

Jonathan Swift expressed the opin ion that if people did much thinking they must go mad; and all of us rec ognize the fact that there are certain ideas that do not bear thinking about Emerson warned of the risk attendant upon thinking when he wrote: "Be ware when the great God lets loose a thinker on this planet. Then all things are at risk. It is as when a conflagration has broken out in a great city and no mas knows what is safe or where it will end. There is not a piece of science but its flank may be turned tomorrow; there is not any eternal names of fame, that may not be reviled and condemned. The very hopes of man, the thoughts of his heart, the religion of nations, the man ners and morals of mankind are all at the mercy of a new generalization. And again: "What is the hardest task in the world? To think. I would put myself in the attitude to look in the eye an abstract truth, and I cannot I bleach and withdraw on this side and that. I seem to know what he meant, who said, 'No man can see God face to face and live."

Before a man can think deeply with out danger to his community it is necessary that he should be well in formed. Confucius is credited with the statement that "thought without learning is perilous," and there is no doubt that much of our present social and economic unrest is due to the thinking of men who were not sufficlently well informed."

When thinking on social and eco nomic problems it is necessary that the thinker should know not only the mecoretical truth of his subject, but the psychology of humanity as well .

R. M. LA FOLLETTE



tioned why men should leave peaceful COOLIDGE NOMINATED, 1065 to 49 =

saw the battlefields of France, the an- La Follette Gets 65 Votes on First Ballot and Johnson Gets 10

> Cleveland, Ohio, June 12.-Calvin Coolidge was nominated for president on the first ballot in the republican convention today. The vote was Coolidge 1065, LaFollette 39, Johnson 10.



Announcing NEW LOW PRICED BATTERIES without for Ford, Star Chevrolet and other small cars GILL STANDARD THROUGHOUT Let us show you the NewGILL ARROW GARAGE GANSLE BROS. Props.

********* Mary Succeeds on Main Street

By LAURA MILLER *******

WOMAN WHO COUNTS Roseburg.

Nellie Brewer Price is an accurate person, whose youthful handwriting is field branch, California, Department of Finance, to No. 15. Sacramento.

Of all the artistic and professional and business women met or written to, she's the first one who refuses to be beguiled into any opinions on her own career or that of "Miss Average So, though it goes against the grain for me to so much as make the right change for a dollar, I'll try to be accurate, too! And as a matter of fact there's enough romance in a mere letterhead, with Nellie Brewer Price's name second in the list of four per sons-all otherwise of masculine persuasion-who make up the board of control of that marvelous country known as California. But again I stand corrected because Mrs. Price insists there haven't been any outstanding events in her career.

There was a university education (To some of us a real event.) Folance office-because he was in ill health. (What wouldn't many a girl give to be able to help father!) During that time she took up shorthand and learned bookkeeping (whether with difficulty, at night school, or as part of the day's work, her unroman tic self doesn't say). Across the hall was a lawyer. He taught Nellie Brewer Price law in exchange for stenographic work. (Again that valu wonder about night study!)

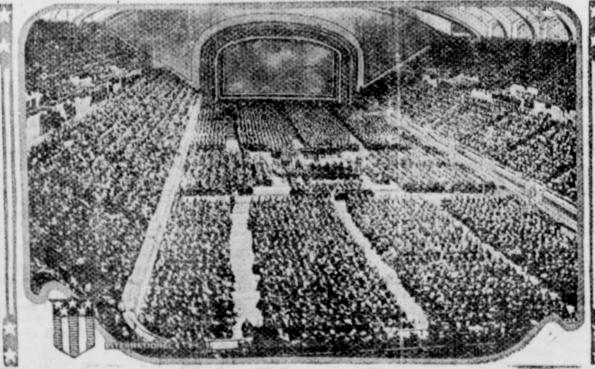
For the sake of accuracy she ac knowledges that she was the first woman admitted to the bar in New Mexico. (What sort of cases came to the first woman lawyer in that state so much a part of us, yet so close to old Mexico? She doesn't tell!) Los Angeles drew her with positions in the woman's city police court, then in a law-enforcement or ganization, and next in the Taxpayers' Association of California. The last kept her at work four years, com piling a digest of all laws affecting state boards and offices in California. The knowledge thus gained gave her special fitness for the work she now does as chief of the division of budgets and accounts. The general budget for all state expenditures, which she recently prepared and submitted to the legislature, that financial scheme on which the state will be run for the two years to come, totals \$116,000,000.

Remember the small boys who used scornfully to announce, "Aw, girls can't count"? For obvious reasons the girl Laura Miller used to be had no retort. But think what a small army of Nellie Prices could say!

HIRAM JOHNSON



Interior of the Cleveland Convention Hall



HALSEY RAILROAD TIME South North No. 18, 11:37 a. m. No. 17, 12:15 p. m.

23, 7,26 p. m. 24, 4:27 p. m. 21, 11:32 p. m. 22, 3:20 a. ni. Nos. 21 and 22 stop only if flagged. No. 14, due Halsey at 5:09 p. m., stops to let off passengers from south of

No. 23 runs to Eugene only. No. 21 runs to Eugene, thence Marsh-

balanced by dignified letter-paper. The Passengers for south of Roseburg should letter bears the heading: "State of take No. 17 to Eugene and there transfer

SUNDAY MAIL HOURS

The delivery window of the Halsey postoffice is open Sundays from 10:40 to 10:50 a, m, and 12:15 to 12:30 p. m.

Sunday mail goes out only on he north-bound 11:37 train:

Mail goes south once a day, closing at 11:05 a, m.; north twice, closing 11:25 i, m. and 5:30 p, m. Mail stage for Brownsville, Crawfordsville and Sweet Home leaves daily at 6:45 a. m.

Bad Automobile Smashup

H. L. Straley and wife and E. S, Marsters and wife, in the new straley car, driven by Leroy Straley, started for Albany yeslowed a job in her father's fire insur- terday. About 10 o'clock a load of hay was met. The car turned out, but when an attempt was nade to get back on the pavement smashup resulted, and all parties ere taken to a hospital.

Mrs. Marsters' collar bore was roken and she received cuts and ruises. Mr. Marsters' shoulder ras badly wrenched and he was it on the forehead and under the ve. Straley had everal ribs nd neck were wrenebed and one and severely cut.

The accident occurred between angent and Albany. The car is wreck.

With the High School Classics

By MARGARET BOYD

(© by Margaret Boyd.)

"Carefully then were covered the embers that glowed on the hearthstone." -Evangeline.

When the modern householder covers his fire at night, it is to keep the hot-water pipes from freezing during the night or to keep the house from becoming unduly chilly overnight. When the farmers of Grand-Pre covered their fires at night, it was to save themselves much trouble the next morning with flint and steel and tinder. Lighting a fire in those days was no simple matter of lighting a match -it was a slow, laborious process.

Countless centuries ago man discovered that fire would keep him warm in cold weather, would make his food easier to chew, would help him in flaking stone for axes and spearheads and would aid him in countless other ways. In the very earliest days men had to depend on lightning for their start of fire-hence it was perfectly natural that the Greeks should have believed Prometheus stole fire from the gods and gave it to man. When the lightning struck a tree and started a forest fire, our primitive ancestors no doubt hunted around in the wake of the fire for smoldering stumps and logs. These pieces of smoldering wood they probably carried to their caves and used to start fires that were kept alive for weeks or months at a time. If through carelessness or accident the fire was allowed to go out, the people of that early day were compelled to wait for another lightning storm to get a fresh supply of fire. Later man discovered that by rub-

bing two pieces of wood together very briskly he was able to start a fire. This marked a tremendous step forward in the history of fire making, for it made men independent of lightning storms,

Later still he discovered that by striking a piece of iron or steel against flint he was able to strike fire that could be caught by a bit of tinder if he were skillful enough. He also discovered that it was possible to start a fire by focusing the sun's rays through a piece of glass. Fire could not be started with a burning glass except on sunny days, and lighting a fire with flint and steel was tedious business; but both methods were much simpler than the method that had preceded

The matches that are in use at the present day are a comparatively recent invention, made possible by advancements in chemistry. Up until the days of the Civil war and for a quarter century afterwards they were looked upon as something that must be used sparingly-and the housewife who used matches to light a lamp when she had a fire burning at which she could light a splinter or a bit of rolled paper and from that light the lamp was regarded as extravagant.

A Secret Hope.

Those who say that they never cross a bridge until they come to it are secretly hoping that the river will . run dry and won't need a bridge.