Go somewhere this summer. Plan to make

it the happiest vacation you ever had.

Low Roundtrip Fares

are in effect throughout the sum-

mer season. It's amazing what

they will enable you to see and do.

So go-this vacation. Know Oregon. Visit Tillamook Beaches,

Newport Beaches, Coos Bay

Beaches, Mountain Resorts, Crater

And rely upon our agents for

full travel information. Ask for

our illustrated booklet

"Oregon Outdoors."

Lake, Oregon Caves.

ten, Dallas. If I thought-I'd go back

to Hollis & Sprague's and begin all

over again at forty a week if I thought you'd-"

Chapter XVI

General Goguet and Roelf Pool had

been in Chicago one night and part of

a day. Dirk had not met that to met them at Paula's donner that

evening. He was curious about Pool but not particularly interested in the

warrior. Restless, unhappy, wanting to see Dallas (he admitted it, bitterly)

he dropped into her studio at an un

accustomed hour almost immediately

after lunch and heard gay voices and

Dallas in a grimy smock and the

scuffed kid slippers was entertaining

two truants from Chicago society-

Gen. Emile Goguet and Roelf Pool.

They seemed to be enjoying themselves

immensely. She introduced Dirk as

casually as though their presence were

a natural and expected thing-which

it was. She had never mentioned them to him. Yet now: "This is Dirk De-

campaigners together in France.

Roelf Pool. So were we, weren't we,

peared to be having a very good time. Roelf Pool's dark face had lighted up

"I ought to know you," said Dirk.

She's one of my reasons for being here. Why, I'm-" He was laughing.

talking excitedly, like a boy. Dallas.

to Dirk, "from the elaborate program

that was arranged for them this after-

noon. I don't know where the French

got their reputation for being polite.

The general is a perfect boor, aren't

you? And scared to death of women

He's the only French general in cap-

tivity who eyer took the trouble to

We're all going," announced Dalls

and made a dash for the stuffy little

Well, this was a bit too informal.

Roelf explained, delightedly. "It's

a plot. We're all going to drive out to

your mother's. You'll go, won't you?

"Go?" now put in General Goguet.

'Where is it that we go? I thought

we stayed here, quietly. It is quiet

Roelf attempted to make it clear.

'Mr. DeJong's mother is a farmer.

You remember I told you all about her

in the ship coming over. She was

wonderful to me when I was a kid.

She was the first person to tell me

what beauty was-is. She's magnifi-

a farmer. Well!" He shook Dirk's

first time to find him interesting.

hand again. He appeared now for the

"Of course I'll go. Does mother know you're coming? She has been

hoping she'd see you, but she thought

"Wait until I tell her about the day

I landed in Paris with five francs in

I've a feeling she'll be there, exactly

"She'll be there." It was early spring; the busiest of sensons on the

.They were down the stairs and off in

the powerful car that seemed to be at

the visitors' disposal. Through the

loop, up Michigan avenue, into the

South side. Chicago, often lowering

and gray in April, was wearing gold

and blue today. The air was sharp,

but beneath the brusqueness of it was

a gentle promise. Dallas and Pool

were much absorbed in Paris plans,

Paris reminiscences. "And do you re-

member the time we . . . only seven

francs among the lot of us and the

dinner was . . . you're surely coming

over in June, then . . . oils . . . you've got the thing, I tell you . . . . you'll

pe great, Dallas remember what hiray said study work birk was wretched. He pointed out

objects of interest to General Goguet.

Sixty miles of boulevard. Park sys-

tem. Finest in the country. Grand

the same. She will, won't she?"

"Ah! A farm! But yes! I, too, am

cent. She raises vegetables."

you'd grown so grand-"

here, and no reception committees."

"Going where?" inquired Dirk. The

general, too, appeared bewildered.

"They've run away," she explained

all agrin, was enjoying it immensely.

I'm Roelf Pool!"

Gen. Emile Goguet bowed formally, but his eyes were twinkling. He ap-

"Don't."

laughter.

Roelf?

me?

Dirk.

learn English."

bedroom off the studio.

You simply must."

His tone was wistful.

### (Continued)

"And guess," thrilled Paula, "guess who's coming with him, Dirk! That wonderful Roelf Pool, the French sculptor l'

What d'you mean-French sculptor! He's no more French than I am. He was born within a couple of miles of my mother's farm. His people were Dutch truck farmers. His father lived in High Prairie until a year ago, when he died of a stroke."

When he told Selina she flushed like a girl, as she sometimes still did when she was much excited. "Yes, I saw it in the paper. I wonder," she added, quietly, "if I shall see him."

That evening you might have seen her sitting, fingering the faded shabby time-worn objects the saving of which Dirk had denounced as sentimental. The crude drawing of the Haymarket; the wine-red cashmere dress; some faded brittle flowers.

Paula was giving a large-but not too large-dinner on the second night. She was very animated about it, excited, gay. "They say," she told Dirk, "that Goguet doesn't eat anything but hard-bolled eggs and rusks. Oh, well, the others won't object to squabs and Jong-Gen. Emile Goguet. We were mushrooms and things. And his hobby is his farm in Brittany. Pool's stun-ning—dark and somber and very white

Paula was very gay these days. Too gay. It seemed to Dirk that her nervous energy was inexhaustibleand exhausting. Dirk refused to admit to himself how irked he was by the sallow heart-shaped exquisite face, the lean brown clutching fingers, the air of ownership. He had begun to dislike things about her as an unfaithtul spouse is irritated by quite innocent mannerisms of his unconscious mate. She scuffed her heels a little when she walked, for example. It maddened him. She had a way of biting the rough skin around her carefully tended nails when she was nervous. "Don't do that!" he said.

Dallas never irritated him. She rested him, he told himself. He would arm himself against her, but one minute after meeting her he would sink gratefully and resistlessly into her quiet depths. Sometimes he thought all this was an assumed manner in her.

"This calm of your-this effortlessness," he said to her one day, "is a pose, isn't it?" Anything to get her

"Partly," Dallas had replied, amiably. "It's a nice pose though, don't you

rthink? What are you going to do with a

wirlikke that! Here was the woman who could hold him entirely, and who pever held out a finger to hold him. He tore at the smooth wall of her indifference, though h. only cut and bruised his own hands in Coing it.

"Is it because I'm a successful busin that you don't like me?" ness m "But do like you. I think you're awful y attractive man. Danger-

an awful "Oh, don't be the wide eyed ingenue. You know d d well what I mean. You've got me and you don't want me.

If I had been v successful architect instead of a suc essful business man would that have m ide any difference?" "Good Lord, no! Some day I'll prob-

ably marry a horny-l anded son of tol!, and if I do it'll be the horny hands that will win me. If yo u want to know. I like 'em with their wars on them. There's something about a man who has fought for it -I don't know what it is-a look in his eye- the feel of his hand. He needn't have been successful-though he probably would be. I don't know. I only know he-well, my pocket. No, she doesn't know we're you baven't a mark on you. Not a mark. I'm not riticizing you. But you're all smooth. I like 'em bumpy. That sounds terrible. It isn't what I mean at all. It isn't-"

"Oh, never mind," Dirk sald, wearily. "I think I know what you mean. Lis-

## **CUT FLOWERS** AND SHEET MUSIC

HALL'S Floral and Music Shop



ABE'S PLACE

oulevard. Drexel boulevard. Jack son park. Illinois Central trains. Terrible, yes, but they were electrifying. Going to make 'em run by electricity, you know. Things wouldn't look so dirty, after that. Halsted street. Longest street in the world.

And, "Ah, yes," said the general, po-

litely." "Ah, yes. Quite so: Most interesting.

The rich black loam of High Pralie. A hint of fresh green things just eeping out of the earth. Hothouses. oldframes. The farm.

"Tut I thought you said it was ! small farm!" said General Goguet, as they descended from the car. He ooked about at the acreage.

"It is small," Dirk assured him. "Only about forty acres."

"Ab, well, you Americans. France we farm on a very small scale, you understand. We have not the land. The great vast country." He waved his right arm. You felt that if the left sleeve had not been empty he would have made a large and sweeping gesture with both arms.

Selina was not in the neat, quiet house. She was not on the porch, or in the yard. Meena Bras, phlegmatic and unflustered, came in from the kitchen. Mis' DeJong was in the fields. She would call her. This she proceeded to do by blowing three powerful blasts and again three on a horn which she took from a hook on the wall, She stood in the kitchen doorway.

Why suffer from headaches? Have

YOUR EYES Examined

F. M. French & Son Jewelers, Optometrists

Albany, Oregon

····· in a low voice: "There, that's what I mean. That's what I mean when I say & want to do portraits. Not portraits of ladies with a string of pearls and one lily hand half hidden in the folds of a satin skirt. I mean character portraits of men and women who are really distinguished looking-distinguishedly American, for examplelike your mother."

Dirk looked up at her quickly, half smiling, as though expecting to find her smiling, too. But she was not

smiling. "My mother!" "Yes, if she'd let me. With that fine splendid face all lit up with the light that comes from inside; and the Jawline like that of the women who came over in the Mayflower; or crossed the continent in a covered wagon; and her eyes! And that battered funny gor geous bum old hat and the white shirt

# Southern Pacific C. P. Moody, agt, Phone 226

his heels together with a sharp smack

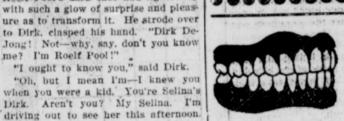
bent from the waist, picked up Selina's

# SPRING Paint TIME

You are invited to inspect and price our new and complete line of

Lowe **Paints** Varnishes

HILL & @ Hal sey Oregon



Dr. C. FICQ, Dentist "PLATES THAT FIT"

Growns, bridge work and fillings. It wirl pay you to get my prices on your dental work. Casick bank building, Albany

facing the fields, blowing, her red cheeks puffed outrageously. brings her," Mecna assured them; and went back to her work. They came out on the porch to await Selina. She was out on the west sixteen-the west sixteen that used to be unprolific, halfdrowned muckland. Dirk felt a little uneasy, and ashamed that he should

Then they saw her coming, a small dark figure against the background of In spite of everything." sun and sky and fields. She came swiftly, yet ploddingly, for the ground was heavy. They stood facing her, the four of them. As she came nearer they saw that she was wearing a dark skirt pinned up about her ankles to protect it from the wet spring earth, and yet it was spattered with a border of mud spots. A rough, heavy gray sweater was buttoned closely about the straight, slim body. On her head was a battered soft black hat. Her feet, in broad-toed sensible shoes, she lifted high out of the soft, clinging soil. Her hair blew a little in the gentle spring breeze. Her cheeks were faintly pink. She was coming up the path now. She could distinguish their faces. She saw Dirk; smiled, waved. Her glance went inquiringly to the others-the bearded man in uniform, the tall girl, the man with the dark, vivid face. Then she stopped, suddenly, and her hand went to her heart as though she had felt a great pang, and her lips were parted, and her eyes enormous. As Roelf came forward swiftly she took a few quick, running steps toward him, like a young girl. He took the slight figure in the mudspattered skirt, the rough gray sweater and the battered old hat faito his arms.

They had had tea in the farm sitting room and Dallas had raade a little mouning over the beauty of the Dutch luster set. Selina had entertained them with the shining air of one who is robed in silk and fine linen. She and General Goguet had got on famously from the start, meeting on the common ground of asparagus culture. "But how thick?" he land demanded.

for he, too, had his pet asparagus beds on the farm in Brittany. "How thick at the base?"

Selina made a circle with thumb and forefinger. The general groaned with cavy and despair. He was very comfortable, the general. He partook largely of tea and cakes. He flattered Selina with his eyes. She actually dimrled, flushed, laughed like a girl. But it was to Roelf she turned; it was on Roelf that her eyes dwelt and rested. It was with him she walked when she was silent and the others talked. It was as though he were her one son, and had come home. Her face was radiant, beautiful.

Seated next to Dirk, Dallas said.

waist-and her hands! She's beautiful. She'd make me famous at one leap. You'd see!"

Dirk stared at her. It was as though he could not comprehend. Then he turned in his chair to stare at his mother. Selina was talking to Roelf.

"And you've done all the famous men of Europe, haven't you, Roelf! To think of it! You've seen the world, and you've got it in your hand. Little Roelf Pool. And you did it all alone. Roelf leaned toward her.

his hand over her rough one. "Cabbages are beautiful," he said. Then they both laughed as at some exquisite joke. Then, seriously: "What a fine life you've had, too, Selina. A full life, and a rich one and successful." "I!" exclaimed Selina. "Why, Roelf,

I've been here all these years, just where you left me when you were a boy. I think the very hat and dress I'm wearing might be the same I wore then. I've been nowhere, done nothing, seen nothing. When I think of all the places I was going to see! All the things I was going to do !"

"You've been everywhere in the world," sald Roelf. "You've seen all the places of great beauty and light. You remember you told me that your father had once said, when you were a little girl, that there were only two kinds of people who really mattered in

the world. One kind was wheat and the other kind emeralds. You're wheat Selina.

"And you're emerald," said Selina quickly.

The general was interested but un comprehending. He glanced now at little exclamation. "But the diaper Our bostess Madame Storm! It is ver fine to run away but one must come back. Our so beautiful hostess." He had sprung to his feet.

"She is behutiful, isn't she?" sale Selina.

"No," Roelf replied, abruptly. mouth is smaller than the eyes. When the mouth is smaller than the eyes there is to real beauty. Now Dallas "Yes, me," scoffed Dallas, all agrin

"There's a grand mouth for you. If large mouth is your notion of beauty then I must look like Helen of Troy to you, Roelf."

"You do," said Roelf, simply. Inside Dirk something was saying. over and over, "You're nothing but a rubber stamp, Dirk DeJeng. You're nothing but a rubber stamp." Over and over.

"These dinners!" exclaimed the gen eral. "I do not wish to seem ungra clous, but these dinners! Much rather would I remain here on this quiet and beautiful farm,"

At the porch steps he turned, brought

giossy smrtirout that never bulged." bath, he thought, dully, automatically. Then, quite suddenly, he flung himself on the fine slik-covered bed, face down, and lay there, his head in his arms, very still. He was lying there half an hour later when he heard the telephone's shrill insistence and Saki's gentle deferential rap at the bedroom door. [THE END.]

CASH PAID for false teeth, den-fal gold, platinum and discarded jewelry. Hoke Smelting and Refining Cr. Otsego, Mich,

Amor A. Tussing LAWYER AND NOTARY

HALSEY, OREGON

DELBERT STARR Funeral Director and Licensed Embalmer Motor Hearse.

Lady Attendant,

W. L. WRIGHT Mortician & Funeral Director

D. TAVLOR. Halsey, or W. L. WRIGHT, Harrisburg

First-class Work

I. W. STEPHENSON.

### Their Name Was Legion! By COURTNEY

RYLEY COOPER

A romance of liquid gold - of flowing oil. Also a romance of the American Legion, especially of those happy fighters the Marines.

Legion men, read this splendid tale and see how readily your buddies respond to the call of red-hot action!

All others should read it for its exceptional interest and good fictional qualities. A peace-time story with a war-time flavor.

WATCH, FOR IT AS A SERIAL IN RURAL ENTERPRISE

#### Efficient Service. Brownsville ..... Drugger Oregon] Picked Up Selina's Rough Work Halsey and Harrisburg Worn Hand and Kissed It. rough work-worn hand and kissed it And then, as she smiled a little, uncertainly, her left hand at her breast, her cheeks pink; Roelf, too, klssed her hand tenderly. BARBER "Why," said Selina, and laughed a soft tremulous little laugh, "Why, I've never had my hand kissed before." She stood on the porch steps and ev were wbirled swiftly away, the four of them. slight straight little figure in the plain

white blouse and the skirt spattered

"You'll come out again?" she had

said to Dallas. And Dallas had said

yes, but that she was leaving soon for

"When I came back you'll let me do

"My portrait!" Selina had exclaimed,

Now as the four were whirled back

to Chicago over the asphalted Halsted

road they were relaxed, a little tired.

They yielded to the parcotic of spring

Roelf Pool took off his hat. In the

cruel spring sunshine you saw that the

black hair was sprinkled with gray.

"On days like this I refuse to believe

that I'm forty-five. Dallas, tell me

in her leisurely caressing voice.

"It is true," said Dallas.

"You're not forty-five," said Dallas

Roelf's lean brown hand reached

over frankly and clasped her strong

white one. "When you say it like that,

They dropped Dallas first at the

shabby old Ontario street studio, then

Dirk at his smart little apartment, and

Dirk turned his key in the lock

Saki, the Japanese houseman, sild

silently into the hall making little hiss

ing noises of greeting. On the correct

little console in the hall there was n

correct little pile of letters and invita-

tions. He went through the Italian

living room and into his bedroom. The

Jap followed him. Dirk's correct eve

ning clothes (made by Peel the English

tailor of Michigan boulevard) were laid

correctly on his bed-trousers, vest,

"All right, Saki." He waved him

away and out of the room. The man

went, and closed the door softly be-

should. Dirk took off his coat, his

vest, and threw them on a chair near,

the bed. He stood at the bedside look-

ing down at his Peel clothes, at the

shirt, coat; fine, immaculate.

"Oh. Leave any message?"

"Missy Stlom telephone."

"No. Say s'e call 'gain."

'Messages, Saki?"

with the soil of the farm.

Paris, to study and work.

your portrait?"

that was in the air.

I'm not forty-five." .

Dallas, it sounds true."

went on.

wonderingly.