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# TRIANGLE

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## O. W. FRUM

(Continued from page 4)

training on splendidly." "Early sat in the most comfortable chair he could find and lighted a cigarette. "What's the mystery about McKimber?"

"Is he here yet?"

"He comes tomorrow with wife and son. The eldest Raxon girl is highly



He Received Paul Raxon With Reserve.

excited. What is there to McKimber that old Peter is anxious to know his every move?"

"I'm in the dark, too. Peter says I'm under Nita's orders, and she will tell us what to do."

"You're all right, you're a guest," "Enry remarked. "I'm only a poor, honest footman and have to be ordered around."

"You've not had any run in with Raxon?"

"Not exactly, but he's a sneering swine. Told Bradney and me only this morning that men-servants were merely parasitic growths. Said that only timidly drove husky men like Alf and me into domestic service. I hope there's a time when he'll think differently."

"Milman wants you to familiarize yourself with Raxon's private rooms. From an interview in a New York paper, it appears he lives in a tower."

"He does. Since I've been here, not even his wife has ventured into it. I go in regularly to carry cedar logs for his open fire. The doors are fitted with special locks. I've taken an impression of the keys. Alf goes to town tomorrow. He'll fetch them. I'm not worrying. Nita and Peter—I never noticed those names rhymed before—are running this show. Raxon expects a great deal from you. He says you are the only expert he ever got for nothing."

Mrs. McKimber, whose fortune had enabled her husband to become one of the wealthiest men in a wealthy state, enjoyed staying in new houses and meeting new sets of people. She saw in this invitation to Great Rock the opportunity of discussing reduction to music, fruit diet, and the gospel of calories. On each of these points Mrs. McKimber had her experiences to relate.

Her son Robin, a good-looking man of five-and-twenty, did not welcome new friends unless he knew all about them and that knowledge proved satisfactory. On the drive from the hotel in New York where the McKimbers always stayed he kept questioning his father about the Raxons. Why should his father waste a week here when he could be touring the state and strengthening his political position? Robin desired to be a senator's son and taste Washington life under the happiest conditions.

Although Raxon had planned that McKimber should visit him, the manufacturer had no idea of it. McKimber on his way to Great Rock felt humiliated with the knowledge that he had virtually asked for an invitation here. A few months before such a thing would have seemed impossible. McKimber had learned suddenly that Paul Raxon was working to gain a primary nomination for the exalted position McKimber believed was already in his own grasp. At first he laughed the idea to scorn. But his campaign manager had showed him innumerable clippings filled with interviews in which Paul Raxon had spoken enthusiastically about beautify-

ing American cities so that the Old world sent her tourists to see them. Raxon had spoken before a federation of women's clubs and had been very well received. He was described as a ready and eloquent speaker.

"He's got a peach of a press agent," said McKimber's campaign manager gloomily, "and his line is absolutely new. It's making a great hit with the influential women."

"He can't win on that stuff," McKimber growled. He was one of those old-time politicians who distrust women and underestimate their power.

"Maybe not, but he can split the party vote, can't he? His platform is a winner. He promises the building trades plenty of work and he has been their man for twenty years. As I've said, the women will vote for him, and so will the intellectuals. I tell you, John, he's got to be stopped. If he runs, our party loses out. That's sure."

"What sort of a fellow is he?"

"Nobody seems to know. You've got to get under his skin. No good going to his office. In another man's office the cards are stacked against you. Try the social end of it. He's just bought Bellington's place and is going to entertain. I've got it. I know Herman Loddon pretty well. I'll work it so he asks you for a week-

end. How about it?"

In the end McKimber agreed this was the best plan. Eventually he, Mrs. McKimber and their son were asked for a week. McKimber did not look forward to his task. But he did not doubt his success. He had been used to dealing with men, and he would have little trouble with a dreamer with a better architecture complex.

Robin refused to be one of the party. He agreed to drive his parents to Great Rock, where they would make his excuses.

"I'm sure you would enjoy yourself," said his mother. "I can't think why you're so particular. Do stay with us, Robin."

The McKimber car described a sudden, alarming lurch.

"If you've accepted, I suppose I ought to stay," said Robin. "Gee, what a beauty!"

"Isn't it?" His mother agreed, thinking he had obtained some new view of the big house they were approaching.

But it was not a view of Great Rock which influenced him. Just for a few seconds as the heavy car swung around a curve Robin McKimber had looked into the amethyst eyes of a lovely girl. He had looked into many eyes, but these were different, baffling, alluring, inviting, repellent. He had barely time to see she was tall and slim and golden-haired.

"I hear," said his mother's placid voice, "that the eldest Raxon girl is good-looking."

"Good-looking," he said indignantly. "She is a peach!"

"When did you see her?" Mrs. McKimber looked at him curiously.

"I mean I've heard she is a peach," he explained.

"They lived in Paris for some years," Mrs. McKimber added. "I imagine they are chic."

"You bet," said Robin heartily.

McKimber sighed and spoke for the first time for some miles.

"You nearly ran us off the road a while ago," he said. "There was a drop of thirty feet at that point. I want to go to Washington. I don't want to end up here."

"I must have the wheel tightened,"

Robin answered. He hoped he was not flushing. He had thought himself to be above such displays of emotion. But then he had never seen such a girl before. Until now he had believed that writers who described heroines' eyes as violet or amethyst were merely lying. He knew now he had misjudged them. They too must have seen the eldest Raxon girl.

It took Robin's utmost composure to keep his face becomingly wreathed in smiles when he was introduced to the Misses Raxon. They were nothing; usual types, overdressed and badly made up. When they suggested he might like to see the estate he agreed readily, so readily that the eldest girl dismissed her sisters with a gesture. As the eldest she was to have the first chance.

Robin saw the golden girl as he crossed the golf links.

"One of your house guests?" he asked, as he hoped, without apparent interest.

"That's Miss Brown," said the Raxon girl. "No, she isn't a guest."

"A neighbor, perhaps?"

The eldest Miss Raxon laughed maliciously.

"She's a sort of housekeeper-secretary. Mother and we girls haven't time to think about ordering meals or firing servants, so we hired her."

Miss Brown had a maslike and was practicing short approaches.

"Of all the nerve," said Gertrude Raxon. "I'll see mother stops that. She can't learn how to play golf here."

Robin watched Miss Brown swing. The ball cleared three pine trees and nestled within putting distance of the hole. As pretty a stroke as he, a scratch man, could ever hope to make.

"I imagine she has learnt a good bit of golf somewhere else," he said dryly.

Gertrude Raxon became more and more distasteful to him. She was an empty-headed little flirt and could not interest him. As soon as he could he went back to his room.

His reward came at dinner. Miss Brown was there, quite well dressed. They were not introduced, and she sat some distance from him. Robin determined to get an introduction after dinner.

(To be continued)

### What Good Does It Do Him Now? Lineage Becomes a Thin Line in 900 Years

Berden, England.—King Harold's direct family descendant, Thomas W. Goodwin, a farm laborer near here, has no regrets as to the outcome of the battle of Hastings, which crushed the Saxon rule and deprived him of the right to the British crown.

"William the Conqueror was a hustler, I imagine from what I hear," said Goodwin, "and hustling counted, even in 1066 just as it does today."

"A castle means nothing to me," went on the farmer whose ancestry goes back in an unbroken line to Earl Godwin, the father of King Harold, "and I am perfectly satisfied with my lot."

**Wife Contented Also.**

Mrs. Goodwin, too, is contented in her thatched roof cottage—her home since babyhood—40 miles from London. There are three children—Cyril, aged eight, is known throughout the neighborhood as "Little King Harold." "Princess" Irene is fourteen and her sister, Catherine, is four.

The Goodwins have relatives in the United States, but they lost trace of them years ago.

Goodwin first heard of the startling family news this year from the parish vicar, Rev. Kynaston Hudson, who for years has been looking up the genealogy of many of his parishioners. His lineage is vouched for by England's Doomsday book.

"I thought at first that I might gain a thousand pounds one way or another out of this 'discovery' and then I'd buy some land," said Goodwin, "but it appears now that I will never get a farthing, but still I have no complaint to make."

**Earns \$10 a Week.**

Goodwin, who is forty-two, earns about \$10 a week. His house rent is free. He has never owned an acre of land.

After the famous battle, fought chiefly with spears and battle axes, when Harold and all of his troops were slain, King Harold's family lost everything and few of the Goodwins since have been land owners.

"I have heard that, since my ancestry has been linked up with the last of the Saxon kings, some of my neighbors remarked that I was a high stepper," Goodwin chuckled to the interloper who followed him about a 14-acre field while he drove a team hauling a barley sower, "but the fact is I was always what they call a high stepper—I acquired that habit stepping over furrows in the field."

"I had a look at Buckingham palace once, but I prefer the old house on the hill, up there."

**Odell Lake Excursion**

Sunday next, July 17, promises to be a big day at Odell lake according to C. H. Moody, our Southern Pacific Agent, who is expecting large numbers to take advantage of this special train excursion.

Tickets to Odell lake and return on this special are \$5 (children between 5 and 12, \$2.50), and the train is to leave at 8:36 a. m., arriving at Odell lake at 1 p. m.; return train will leave at 5:30 p. m.

Mr. Moody further states the special will be equipped with a dining car; also that lunch and other supplies may be obtained at Odell lake resort. A large number of boats are maintained at Odell lake for those who wish to enjoy boating, also pack animals and saddle horses for those who would follow the many trails.

Odell lake and the numerous other lakes, streams, mountains and trails make this section of the Cascade range, one of particular beauty, providing all the necessities for keen enjoyment of the great outdoors.

Prior to the building of the new Southern Pacific line from Eugene to Klamath Fall., this region was difficult to reach, but it is now only a few hours ride on the train, which goes to its very center and on its way provides wonderful views of scenic beauty.

In our story, "The Recluse of Fifth Avenue," this week Miss Nita Barnes proves to be the craftiest, nerviest and most successful of the whole band of plotters. It's woman's wit against the smartest, richest and most successful of crooks.

**Metal That Resists Heat**

Tungsten, used for the filaments of electric light bulbs, is a rare metal of the chromium group. When pure it is white and pliable. It can stand great heat and melts only at 6,150 degrees Fahrenheit.

# new low Fares

Make the most of reduced summer roundtrip fares now in effect. You can travel on the train at surprisingly low cost. Ride in comfort in long, smooth-riding coaches by day; roomy Pullman accommodations for overnight travel.

Save time, money and nervous energy by going on the train. Fares with limits to suit you plan; for example—Sunday only roundtrips, fares for travel over the week-end—Saturday to Monday, or Friday to Tuesday. Also fares with 16-day limit and others good for the summer season.

Ask about these travel savings; the ticket agent will suggest the one that fits your plans at lowest cost.

## Southern Pacific

C. P. Moody, Agent

### Act Quickly, Music Teachers

Music teachers who are to instruct high school pupils, in order that such pupils may get credit at examination for work done outside of school are required to have at least completed a high school course or its equivalent.

The state board of examiners must evaluate the work of each candidate for acceptance as such teacher.

Applicants must have had two consecutive years of successful experience as music teachers.

They must be able to play a number of good selections of recognized merit.

They will become, in effect, members of the high school faculty. Willingness to observe the requirements of the school authorities is essential.

To qualify for service in the coming term they must pass a brief written examination before the high school principal on the 19th of August.

They are required to fill out a blank furnished by the state board and file it with that board by July 15. If all the requirements are met they will, on payment of a fee of \$2, be given a certificate of such duration as the examining board may determine.

The only way to fill and file that blank within the prescribed time will be by going to Salem tomorrow, the 15th.

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### Cheaper Than Before the War

Farm electrification has passed the experimental stage in this country. In the past year a total of 227,500 farms in 27 states were supplied with electricity and 175 uses for electricity on the farm were found. The number of farms now served represents an increase of almost 87 per cent in three years.

From Wichita, Kansas, came a report recently published in these columns of some surprising destructive doings of agitated air. Below, on the other side of the ledger, from the Evening Eagle of the same city, is a narration of constructive domestic possibilities inherent in that wizard electricity, which, lighter than air, is more powerful than any other force known in physics.

The Eagle says Mrs. F. D. Quinlisk of Wichita found that it would cost 9 cents a day to operate an electric refrigerator, as compared with 25 cents for ice. She operated her cutting iron 10 hours for a cent, the fan 14 hours for a nickel, the heating pad 5 hours for a cent, the flatiron an hour for 3 cents, the percolator for 2½ cents, the toaster for 2½ cents an hour, the vacuum cleaner for less than a cent an hour, table and floor lamps for .7 of a cent an hour, grill 84 cents an hour, dishwasher .7 of a cent an hour, fireless cooker 37 cents an hour, immersion heater 17 cents an hour, ironing machine 8 cents an hour, sewing machine 3 cents an hour, range 15c a day, vibrator .3 of a cent an hour, waffle iron 4 cents an hour and radio 14 hours for a nickel.

She also found that electricity costs less than before the war.

You can get a range and a refrigerator from the Mountain States Power company and this wizard will come through one wire and at one time boil or roast the contents of one and freeze those of the other.

Railways last year utilized nearly twenty-five percent of the total steel output of the United States, according to F. W. Taylor. That was due in no small part to major construction jobs of which the principal were Southern Pacific's new 276-mile Cascade line, the new 210-mile Southern Pacific mainline thru Arizona, and that company's pioneer 1,101 mile line down the West coast of Mexico.