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THE DALLS - - - OREGON

The Adaptability of Jimmy.

By Troy Allison.

Copyright, 1907, by C. H. Sutcliffe.

"I've waited for him long enough. I found a gray hair today," Elizabeth's voice was a comical reproduction of grief.
Miss Hartley interrupted the fascinating occupation of punching with his scabrous plan a lace pattern around a leaf on the large rubber plant and looked at her reproachfully.
"You know you always have me to fall back on," he suggested placidly.
"Of course I might not come up to your exact ideas of what a Prince Charming ought to be, but could you idealize me a little, eh, Elizabeth?"
"My dear boy, you don't seem to realize your—or—nose in the least! Now, could you imagine the prince



"YOU NEEDN'T SAY ANY MORE," he said, with a sneer. "I'll grant it's the noblest Roman of them all, but it would be as much out of place on my prince as a Faustian front would on Romeo."

He eyed with honest admiration the death's head and crossbones he had punched in the center of the leaf.
"Your dainty and aesthetic prince would be grieved to hear your slight slippage against the steam radiator, my child. You are not supposed to refer to anatomical subjects."
She sniffed her disdain and, turning her back to him, put her little worn slippers against the steam radiator.
"You are so terribly prim, too, and so—absolutely expected! I have known you so long that I know you through and through. There is never any room for speculation. Maybe one could get about your nose if you would ever do anything—unexpected!"
He did—immediately, and she arranged her rumpled hair, her eyes blazing at him angrily.
"James Hartley—never would have believed it of you! And to think I've known you six years!"

A little startled at his own recklessness, he picked up a paper knife from her writing desk and commenced operations on the abused rubber plant with assumed nonchalance.
"You wanted me to do something unexpected," he suggested mildly.
"Any man might have done that," with withering sarcasm.
"Elizabeth Lent, I am more than shocked at such an admission, for I've wanted to try it for six years and have been too cowardly!"

He grew more confusedly angry.
"Make a joke of it if you like," she blazed. "It probably serves me right for thinking there was one man that could be trusted."
He turned abruptly and took his hat from the top of the piano.

"You needn't say any more," his face was pale with anger. "You've had me at your beck and call for all these years, and you never would take me seriously. As for jokes, my love for you has been a huge joke to you always. I'm tired of it—and if I'm never to be taken seriously we'll put an end to it all. I apologize most humbly for my recent rudeness, and I went out, closing the flat door with an unmistakable evidence of temper before she could realize that there had actually been a quarrel."

She stood up mechanically and commenced rearranging the furniture of the little parlor. She broke off the demolished leaves of the rubber plant and started to the dining room to put them in the wastebasket.
Her roommate sat at the dining table working on a sketch.
"Jimmy gone this early?" she asked in surprise.
"Not coming any more," answered Miss Lent, with studied indifference.

Frances Carson ran the background of the sketch into the Grecian face she had finished and let it drop on the table a hopeless blur.
"What have you done to Jimmy?" she demanded accusingly. "He's the best fellow I ever saw."
"Is he indeed?" Miss Lent dropped the leaves into the basket with a gesture of superior scorn. "Glad you think so."

The other woman commenced washing her paint brushes and threw the

spoiled sketch in the basket on top of the leaves.

"You have treated him shamefully all these years," she said, looking squarely into the other's wrathful eyes. "You have been dreaming of heroes and ideals and in the meanwhile have been taking all and giving nothing to the best type of man that exists. I only hope that you haven't treated him so badly it's beyond making up."

Miss Lent started toward the bedroom door defiantly.

"He'll get over it and come back in a few days," she said, with calm assurance.

But Jimmy did nothing of the sort. Weeks passed, and Miss Carson found that she need cook only one chop for dinner, for the other was never touched. Elizabeth grew thinner and paler, and the doctor finally looked worried when he asked about her cough.

"Did you mind never been a believer in the doctrine that it was good policy to let things drift. She believed in the judicious application of a helping hand. She watched her friend's listless face one night after dinner as she sat in the Morris chair, her book lying forgotten on her lap.

"Elizabeth! I can't bear to see you looking so wretched," she said, rising energetically. "I'm going out and get something else for your cough. And you simply must make up your mind to go to Florida for the rest of the winter, as the doctor advises."

She put on her coat and hat and went out to the drugist's, but to the nearest telephone booth.

"Is that you, Jimmy?" she called when she had got her number.

"I may be a traitress, a villainess and everything else that indicates the double dyed feminine conspirator, but I couldn't resist the temptation of calling you up and telling you that you are an idiot."

"Don't get huffy! I've just cause for complaint! Did you know that Elizabeth has been too ill to go to her office for over a month?"

"I thought you didn't. The doctor told me privately that he didn't believe she would stand the winter unless she could be induced to go south. No—hush—don't say a word to me. I'm not going back to the flat for two hours, and she is really too ill to be left alone."

"Perhaps you might think of one," she suggested.
"We could tell him that we were engaged."

"But it wouldn't be true," he reminded her.
"You could make it true," she pleaded.

"Will you, Dodo?"
In a minute he was beside her, holding her steady on the limb. The teeth stopped chattering and Dora nestled close.

"I shall not play with Mr. Beaulieu," she said humbly. "I would rather play with you."

"What reason can you give him now?" he demanded.

"Perhaps you might think of one," she suggested.
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Two In a Tree

By LULU JOHNSON.

Copyright, 1907, by C. H. Sutcliffe.

For a moment Dora searched the rack, then she remembered that her jacket was upstairs, and she caught up her brother's golf coat. She could slip crosscloths to the woods and be back in no time at all. She must have some arbutus for the supper table.

As she was crossing the Benton farm, she heard an angry bellow and smiled. Benton's prize bull was confined in the next lot. He could not bother her then with a roaring crash, the maddened animal broke down the flimsy fence and came charging across the lot after the fury inciting red coat.

Dora, in a glance, measured her chances and swung up into the single apple tree that stood in the center of the field. Its branches hung low, and it was no feat for the active girl



THE ANIMAL WAS PART GAINING ON HIS NEW PREY.

to swing up and find a perch well above the reach of those lowering horns.

The bull looked about puzzled for a moment, then he caught sight of the girl in the branches and charged again. His impact shook the tree, but it did not dislodge the girl, for she clung with her arms about the trunk.

Being a patient animal, the bull waited, and Dora was so much occupied with the unpleasantness of the situation that she never noticed the approach of a man in a red golf coat until he was midway across the lot.

"Look out," she shrieked, "it's a bull!"

The newcomer obeyed both injunctions, but the cry had attracted the bull's attention, and the animal was fast gaining on his prey when suddenly the man leaped to one side and the bull plowed on. By the time it had turned the man was running for the tree and swung himself up just as the bull reached him.

"Narrow squeak that," he chuckled. "I felt like Don Jose in 'Carmen.' Is it you, Dora?"

"I should think you could tell the difference between a bull and a cow," he said severely. "The idea of walking right into a field with that coat."

"I was all right," was the easy response. "King Champion broke the fence. I was taking a short cut to the links. Glad I left my club there last night or I should have lost them. How did you get here?"

"I was going after arbutus," she explained. "I was wearing Ted's coat and that horrid creature broke down the fence to get after it."

"Amiable animal," commented Fraser. "I'd like to get down and pat him on the head—with an ax."

"We're trespassers. He's on his owner's property," she reminded him.

"That's so," he agreed, "but that does not affect my desire in the least."

"And Ted has some friends to support," she warned, "and there won't be any arbutus."

"He'll have supper, anyway," reminded Fraser. "That's more than we are likely to get."

"Don't you think the creature will go away?" pleaded Dora.

"I'll ask him if you like," he offered. "but he doesn't look as though he ever would. Fraser lets him stay out all night. Dissipated sort of creature. King Champion is."

her stubborn. She had declared that she always kept her promise, and when he reminded her of an earlier and forgotten promise the adjective had been revived.

Fraser saw his mistake in an instant. "I didn't mean that, Dodo," he pleaded. She held up her head.

"Won't you be nice?" he begged. "You can play golf with any one you want, only don't be angry."

"It was not nice to reopen the argument when you knew I couldn't escape it," she declared.

"I didn't mean to," he declared. "I wasn't even thinking of that row." "You were," she said very positively. "It is useless to deny it, either, for I shall not argue."

He made several efforts to convince her, but to no use, and at last he sank into a shivering silence. The sun had set, and the air was growing chill. He missed his coat sadly, but Dora did not notice his plight until his teeth chattered so that she heard him. "You are cold, and I made you throw down your coat," she cried penitently. "It's all right," he protested.

"It's not," she contradicted. "It's all my fault too."

"The coat was sacrificed in the interest of scientific experiment," he declared. "It shows that a blooded bull can at least count up to two. He's waiting for the other one, and then he probably won't be satisfied."

"You'd be warmer if you sat next the trunk on this side, away from the wind," she suggested. "I could keep off the cold on the other side."

"Kind fall off," he objected wistfully. "For, of course, since you hate me, you wouldn't let me hold you on."

There was no answer to this, and Fraser deliberately opened his mouth that the sound of his clicking teeth might be more plainly heard. Dora stood it for ten minutes, then:

"Fred."

"What is it?" he asked.

"Please come over," she pleaded. "I don't hate you."

In a minute he was beside her, holding her steady on the limb. The teeth stopped chattering and Dora nestled close.

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