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FRIENDS

By MARGARET K. SULLIVAN.

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A sweet, clear voice rang out above the clatter of dishes, and reached the ears of the tired, dusty driver of the big touring car on the hot road. With a quick, voluntary motion, and a glance in the direction of the cottage from which the sound came, the driver slowed down the car almost to a halt, then the singing ceased and another sound came to his hearing. It was that of a child crying and the sweet song was changed to a mother's coaxing, comforting monotone, while the rattle of dishes had stopped. Whatever the driver had in mind when he slowed down the car could not be conceived, for with an impatient movement he released the brakes and sent the machine forward at high speed.

A few minutes later a pretty young girl in her early twenties appeared on the porch carrying in her arms a little child of about two years.

"Now, Janie, a big girl like you should not be crying. Why can't you be good like little brother?"

"Janie doed dirt, Muddle," protested the little one, and then catching sight of the gleaming car fast disappearing in the distance, she dimpled and gurgled, stretching her little dimpled arms toward it.

Suddenly she heard a soft purring sound in the distance. Yes, it was the motor returning. Half curiously she watched it, unconsciously smoothing the pretty gingham dress she wore, until suddenly she realized that it was coming no nearer. "What can be the trouble?" she wondered. For trouble it surely must be, for there was no other house within walking distance of the car but this one. She saw a figure in the distance descend from the car and begin walking slowly toward the house, without even a backward glance toward the car.

"Water or gasoline?" he was heard to say.

Slowly she went forward and stood framed in the doorway. The least she expected was a surprised glance from the man she stood facing, but to her surprise she was addressed in a tone of stolid politeness, and met a look as stony and unrecognizing as the one she felt on her own face.

"Please may I have a bucket of water for my engine?" he inquired.

"Certainly, sir; I'll get it for you," she returned in the same polite, casual tone as his own.

"But—er—I, May I get it for you?" he asked. "It's liable to be heavy."

"Oh, no, thank you. I am perfectly able to carry it."

"Wait just a moment," she said, in a kinder tone. "I'll get you a drink."

As she returned with the water, her face flushed from the exertion of carrying the bucket, she noticed that the man was staring moodily at the ground, then with a quick motion he stared at her, and from her to the children with a queer expression on his face.

Flushing over his hand impulsively, he said: "Maud, let us at least be friends, if only for the sake of these children here."

With a surprised look at him, she ignored his hand, and stood as if stunned.

"Muddle, muddle," broke in little Janie, "Janie wanna wine."

At the sound of the little one's voice the light broke on the astonished girl. "Oh, Fred, Fred," she cried, and then dropping into a chair she buried her face in her hands and her shoulders shook convulsively. With one leap over the low railing the young man reached her side.

"Maudie, it's my fault, dear, that you came to this. Let us forget it. I'll always be your friend. Don't dear, don't feel so bad. I—"

"Oh," came from the girl, "It's so f-funny—"

It was now the man's turn to be astonished, for the face turned up to him was wet with tears—of laughter!

"Well, what the deuce is up? I—I—What is it, Maud? He finished despondently.

"Oh, Fred, I see it all now. Janie, come here, dear. Where is mother?" she asked.

"Mamma?" questioned the child, plainly. "Mamma? She gone way off."

A light of understanding broke over the young man's face, and under his breath he murmured "Maudie," then "Muddle," and found so little difference that he joined in the laughter with a light heart.

But Maudie's face had again clouded, and a tone of restraint crept into her voice as she said: "But, Fred, that don't explain your not writing me for so long. Tell me, please, why it was?"

With his two arms about her, Fred explained his long absence, due to sickness, then his return home, her disappearance, the long hunt for her, and his final conclusion of her faithlessness, which was strengthened by the sight of her with the little ones.

On Catamount Road

By IZOLA FORRESTER

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Audrey listened anxiously. Surely there came the unaccustomed throb of a motor somewhere along the hill road. Didn't they know, she thought, that no cars ever used it, that it zigzagged along the edge of the ravine with a sheer drop of two hundred and eighty feet to the bottom of the river? She rose, the tin plate pails filled with huckleberries dangling from a rope around her waist, and pushed back her hair to shade her eyes.

"Say!" she called as loudly as she could. "Say! Look out for the road!"

She held her breath for an answer, but the hum of the motor drowned her voice, and as the low gray roadster swept around the bend, it hit a broken place in the road, and was gone crashing down into the tree tops before she could make a sound.

So adventure and excitement became unexpected guests in Catamount valley, and for weeks they lay in the Pendleton cabin a woman with wide, somber, dark eyes and silent lips, who groped her way back from the shadows almost regretfully.

The chauffeur and two men had been taken up to the hospital at Kingsley. Audrey heard that one of them died. Mrs. Stewart had not seemed interested when she told her this, nor had she even asked which one. Audrey hoped privately it wasn't the young one with the curly blond hair and little short-cropped mustache in the army uniform. There had been only two boys to go out from the valley to wear khaki, and she felt an added interest in this youngster who seemed to have escaped the perils of war to become acquainted with death in Catamount ravine.

Then one day, when she was helping Mrs. Stewart slip into a negligee and try to sit up awhile, she turned over a folded leather case in her smaller suitcase. It opened and she saw a photograph of the same face, only younger, and this time its owner wore yachting clothes. Mrs. Stewart glanced at her as she bent over it absorbedly.

"Was he the one?" she asked in a hushed tone, and her fingers twisted the knotted fringe of the white coverlet.

"Why, I don't know," Audrey answered eagerly. "I liked him best. The old man swore terribly when they were carrying him, and this one never said a thing and had to get him up with ropes."

Mrs. Stewart shuddered. She tried to put from her the reality of that last drive that was to have ended in a finality so different to the one that overtook them all. Even had been very silent. She had told him when they left Kingsley that she would give him his answer before they reached their destination. "And Dick had sat with her in the back, talking and laughing all the way on the last stretch, never dreaming how, in his joy of youth he was turning her from the thought of marrying simply for money and the rest from eternal worry. They had passed mountain shacks along the way, and she had looked at them with curious eyes. Could women be happy in such places with only love?"

It was the fourth week when he came, the young one, as Audrey always called him to herself. It had been the chauffeur who had died, he told them. Mr. Radloff was doing well, in fact intended returning to New York on Monday and sailing the following week. Mrs. Stewart never even colored at his news, and Audrey wondered which one she cared for.

Then followed weeks of enchantment. Mrs. Stewart had insisted on making the journey back to the city for special treatment, she said, and while she was gone Dick Granger stayed at the cabin. Her father liked him. It roused him to have some one to talk to, and Dick liked to go over his collections with him and help him. It was such an old story to Audrey she never realized what a strange life they led up on the side of Shamokin mountain, she and the old scholarly naturalist.

"It's just always been this way," she told Dick. "I was born right here, and my mother died here. I love it all, and I've been away to school twice, but I always long to come back. It's so free, don't you know? Why, your car was the first that has ever come over our road. Everybody knew how dangerous it was. It's lucky you're alive."

"Isn't it?" Dick smiled down at her standing six feet two in his lieutenant uniform. "Do you know, I wish I could always stay here now. I haven't any real home. My people were New Yorkers, but my mother's married, again, and I'm rather the odd gossamer. I used to wish when we were coming back that I had some one who was waiting for me over here."

"Wasn't—" Audrey checked herself. Possibly Mrs. Stewart would not like to have her use her name. But Dick caught the inference and shook his head.

"She's never thought of me twice seriously. Radloff can give her everything she wants in life. They're going to be married in Paris."

"They are?" Audrey leaned forward in amazement. "Why, I thought of course she was coming back here."

"Why?"

"For you," she said briefly, quite as if he had been some part of Mrs. Stewart's luggage which she left behind.

"What on earth did you stay here so long for if you didn't expect her back?"

"I like it here," Dick told her firmly. "Maybe when I leave the army I'll take a slice of the mountain, too, and live near your father. I'm sick of noise and turmoil and everything like that. I want—well, just this."

He half closed his eyes and looked down at the panorama outspread below them. Hills breaking from the morning haze, acreage of green fields in little tilled squares down in the valley, with the river glittering like silver here and there, and back of them

the mountains and green slopes. "I am coming back to stay here," he added. "Aren't you glad, Audrey?" "I don't know," she frowned. "Father likes it, but he's old, and I like it, I guess because it's home, and I don't know any better, but you're a man, Dick. You don't have to stay away from people and things that are happening. I'd hate to think you'd lost your peace. I always think of you as a fighter. Maybe it would have been better if you had married Mrs. Stewart. I've seen her look at your picture, and I'm sure she would have cared for you if you'd only tried harder."

"I didn't want to," he answered. "I met them both in Paris while she was in war work there, and I was lonesome. She was mighty kind to me, and I suppose I was a bit sentimental, but Audrey, that isn't love."

Audrey stood up suddenly and pointed down the valley. There was a fire in his eyes she could not meet.

"On clear days you can see way down to the little hill side of Kingsley."

"Isn't that nice," laughed Dick. He reached over her shoulders, and took her hands in his, drawing them back to his lips. "Maybe we'll build our shack right here, Audrey. You can't send me away when I want to stay. I've fought all I want to. Now I want a home and you."

WARRIORS IN GAY UNIFORMS

Soldiers of Uncle Sam in Samoa Make Picturesque Appearance on Parade Ground.

The Fita-Fitas, or native soldiers of American Samoa, are considered the most picturesque of all the American army. That country is under the control of the navy department and the naval officers of Pago Pago form the governing body of Tullin and the five other small islands. The young men among the subjects are valuable office assistants. The Fita-Fitas are the outside unit. Their duties are municipal as well as military. They act as policemen, and also as guards of honor for the governor on inspection tours.

The fatigue uniform consists of a sort of black kilt with a bright red stripe around the border. Above the waist and below the knees the uniform is of nature's own. A leather belt, carrying a dagger on the side, holds the kilt, or lava-lava, in place. The dress uniform consists of the fatigue uniform with the addition of a sleeveless white vest. The pretty, vivacious Samoan belles "fall" for this uniform as readily as their American sisters do for the khaki.

The principal feature of the Fita-Fita organization is a native brass band, which has mastered music so well that its repertoire includes a wide range of classical and popular airs. It plays on all the boats that stop at the harbor, while the passengers dance. The band also provides music for the dances at the naval station.

Some Few Things That a Woman Can Do Successfully Without Elaborate Kit of Tools.

With a hairpin all that is "double" can be done. With a hairpin a woman can pick a lock, pull a cork, peel an apple, draw out a nail, beat an egg, see if a joint of meat is done, do up a baby, sharpen a pencil, dig out a silver, fasten a door, hang up a plate or a picture, open a can, take up a carpet, repair a baby carriage, clean a lamp chimney, put up a curtain, rake a grate fire, cut a pie, make a fork, a fishhook, an awl, a gimlet or a chisel, a papercutter, a clothespin, regulate a range, tinker a sewing machine, stop a leak in a roof, turn a flapjack, caulk a hole in a pair of pants, reduce pressure in the gas meter, keep bills and receipts on file, cut patterns, tighten windows, clean watches, untie a knot, varnish floors, do practical plumbing, pry shirt studs into buttonholes too small for them, fix a horse's harness, restore damaged mechanical toys, wrestle with refractory bottle stoppers, improvise suspenders, shovel bonbons, inspect gas burners, saw cake, job tramps, produce artificial buttons, knobs and eyes, sew knit and darn, button gloves and shoes, put up awnings and doctor an automobile. In short, according to the Farm Journal, she can do what she wants to; she needs no other instrument. The hairpin is king.

Searchlight Telephone. One of the latest inventions of talking through the air without the use of wires is the searchlight telephone, developed by Dr. A. O. Rankine of London. By it conversation is transmitted by a beam of light.

The apparatus has been tested over a distance of 14 miles with much success. In an illustration he received clear and distinct messages in a building a considerable distance from the transmitter.

Only by the interception of the beam of light can the conversation be tapped, the new plan differing in this feature from wireless messages, which are scattered broadcast. Either artificial or natural light can be used.

One Rainy Night. It was my first grand affair and I had invited the judge's daughter. Three weeks of my salary had been invested in raiment Lord Chesterfield might approve. My elder married sister was to be a receiving matron.

In spite of the sloppy rain that night, the taxi had brought my lady down in uncrushed safety to the hall. Her gown was quite the daintiest in sight. My white kids were adjusted, and I felt indeed we were a distinguished pair as we crossed the ballroom in the limelight to the receiving line.

My sister greeted the judge's daughter graciously and turned to bestow on me her company manners, incidentally her critical eye.

"Good evening, brother," she smiled as she glanced from top toward toe and suddenly, sub rosa, "Turn down your trousers!"

I looked at my feet. My cheeks flamed! I had crossed the floor with full three inches of trousers still turned up in proof that "it" was raining in London.—Chicago Tribune.

Y. W. C. A. PLANS WORLD PROGRAM

Mrs. John D. Rockefeller, Jr., Heads Association's 1920 World Service Program.

\$3,000,000 NEEDED FOR WORK.

Leader Calls Association a "Stabilizing Influence" in Outlining Post-War Program for Women—Federal Council of Churches to Announce "Y. W. C. A. Sunday."

Mrs. John D. Rockefeller, Jr., chairman of the National Educational Campaign Committee of the 1920 World Service Program of the Young Women's Christian Association, has made the following statement:

"Since the war we are more than ever aware of the economic, industrial, educational, social and religious difficulties which beset the lives of girls and women everywhere. In meeting the post-war needs of women the Young Women's Christian Association stands as an instrument of service, tested and proven by war, and organized to meet the manifold problems of peace."

"Because of its fifty odd years of experience in meeting fundamental problems affecting girls, the Young Women's Christian Association is an organization particularly fitted to exert a stabilizing influence upon the troubled times through a consistent program of service for girls and women."

"American women are asking how they may share in the world's reconstruction. They can do so by enlisting the support of their communities for this World Service Program, which will insure to the world a healthier and better womanhood."

"This campaign of the Y. W. C. A. to tell the people of the United States about its work and to raise \$3,000,000 with which to carry on Y. W. C. A. work during 1920 in the United States, Europe, China, Japan, India, South America, Egypt, Siberia and Mexico will close the week of February 22 to 28, which will be known as Y. W. C. A. Week."

"The Federal Council of Churches will probably set one Sunday as a time for ministers throughout the country to address their congregations on general conditions affecting women and the Young Women's Christian Association as an instrument of service."

"The immediate task is to bring to the people of the United States a knowledge of conditions affecting the lives of women in all parts of the world. We can no longer ignore the character, the manner of life and the ideals of other peoples, whether we want to or not. A special call is now coming to the Association from China, Japan, India and South America, where work was held back during the war because of the necessity for special activity in France and the United States."

"The World Service Program calls for \$4,500,000. Of this amount \$1,500,000 has already been secured."

The educational campaign committee includes among its members Mrs. Robert E. Speer, president of the National Board of the Y. W. C. A.; Mrs. Henry P. Davison, Mrs. William Van Hayes, Mrs. Robert L. Dickinson, Mrs. William Adams Brown, Mrs. Van Sanford Meritt-Smith, Mrs. Lewis H. Lapham, Miss Ellen Hale Stevenson, Mrs. Frederic B. Pratt and Mrs. Herbert Lee Pratt.

SMALL Y. W. C. A. IS COMMUNITY CENTER

Recreation for Girls Is Important Feature of Work.

Fifty-two young women in the United States are known as Y. W. C. A. "town secretaries." All of which means that the fifty-two are organizing recreation work for girls and for the community at large in towns of less than 10,000 inhabitants.

The Y. W. C. A. may be in one rented room or more. It may be a whole building, but at any rate there is a recreation room and if possible a kitchen, reading and writing rooms. If the Y. W. C. A. has a building of its own it becomes a community center, where all women's organizations may meet.

Old Age Unhealthy. We can't help thinking, that the business of a centenarian is very unhealthy. We rarely hear of them unless they are dying.

Keeping Mirrors Bright. To clean mirrors, keep a piece of sponge, a cloth and a silk handkerchief. First sponge the glass well, so as to clean off all spots, then dust over it powder blue tied in muslin; rub it off lightly and quickly with the cloth, and finish by rubbing it with the handkerchief.

OREGON NEWS NOTES OF GENERAL INTEREST

Principal Events of the Week Briefly Sketched for Information of Our Readers.

Efforts are being made to organize an athletic club at The Dalles. At an election in Banks the measure to incorporate the town was passed. A contract has been let for an apartment house in Pendleton to cost \$77,000.

An extension school will be held in Alsea, Benton county, January 29, 30, and 31. The legislature passed the bill providing for the licensing of automobile drivers.

The Oregon State Dairymen's association will meet in Eugene January 21 and 22. More than 100 persons at Mapleton were vaccinated during the past week because of a smallpox scare there.

E. C. Cole, official dog catcher for the city of Eugene, made a profit of \$171 the past month catching dogs. The Oaco Orchard company in Benton county sold nearly \$65,000 worth of fruit this year off its 400-acre tract.

Wasco county is undertaking a systematic squirrel poisoning campaign under the auspices of the agricultural agent.

July 22, 23 and 24 are the dates selected for the third annual convention of the Oregon State Elks' association to be held in Salem.

Mrs. Mary E. Collins, 70, Oregon pioneer of 1853, and widow of the late Judge James L. Collins, died at the family home in Dallas.

Impressive ceremonies attending the laying of the cornerstone for Bend's \$35,000 Catholic church will be held Sunday afternoon, January 25.

A state-wide movement has been inaugurated by the Oregon Bankers' committee, to interest the children in clubs for the raising of registered livestock.

Land purchased a few weeks ago in Deschutes county by the Deschutes Valley Seed company is being cleared and 200 acres will be planted to potatoes this spring.

At a meeting of the Lebanon National Farm Loan association it was reported that federal land bank loans had been made to stockholders to the amount of \$230,000.

Silas Williams, resident of Linn county continuously since he crossed the plains to Oregon in 1852, died at his farm eight miles southeast of Albany, aged 85 miles.

The citizens in and about Knappa, a farming district in Clatsop county, are planning to install a gravity water system which will supply about 75 ranches and families.

Fruit growers from all over Polk county report that since the recent heavy snow rabbits in large numbers have descended upon their orchards and are ruining the trees.

The bar shortage, regarding which lumbermen have been complaining for some time, has caused the Albany Lumber company to suspend operations at its mill temporarily.

Authority to procure an oil painting of the late James Withycombe, former governor of Oregon, was given by the legislature, providing that up to \$600 be expended for a painting of the executive.

The cost of trail work on the important projects in the Cascade national forest during the year 1919 was from \$28,69 a mile to \$473.39 a mile, according to a report of Forest Supervisor Macduff.

A tract of 13,000,000 feet of timber on the Siskiyou mountains and adjacent to the Pacific highway has been purchased by the Barham brothers of Ashland, who will begin logging operations at once.

A joint meeting of the dental societies of Lane, Linn and Marion counties to be held in Eugene some time during the month of February is being planned by the members of the Lane County Dental society.

George F. Deiss was killed last week on the Coast Range Lumber road near Mabel. He was standing between two cars when they came together, and was pinned between the projecting ends of logs.

An industrial survey of Linn county will be made by the Albany Chamber of Commerce to be used in answering inquiries regarding the county's resources and industries and in general advertising of the county.

Severely frozen feet sustained during the storm in December when he volunteered to save boiler machinery at Brooks-Scajolan logging camp No. 1, caused the death at Bend of W. C. Billings, leader foreman.

A joint session of the house and senate elected the following to the recreated fish and game commission: Fish commissioners—Frank M. Warren, five years; Chris Schmidt, three years; Charles Hall, one year. Game commissioners—J. N. Fleischner, five years; Marion Jack, five years; E. C. Simmons, three years; John Gill, three years; C. F. Stone, one year.

A. H. Powers, Anson C. Rogers, C. S. Winsor, Peter Loggie and Henry Senstaken, Coos Bay port commissioners, are on a tour of the Columbia river from Portland to Astoria, to inspect docking facilities provided by the various ports.

Governor Olcott was stripped of all power in the appointment of members of the state fish and game commission when the legislature passed the house bill providing for a joint fish and game commission of nine members who shall be elected by the legislature.

The Trigona Oil company, recently organized to drill for oil in the Rogue river valley, has received a drilling outfit and will start operations in a few days. The company has made an exhaustive survey of the territory on the east side of Bear creek, near Ashland.

The clerks of the several national forests in this state ended a two days' meeting at Eugene with the adoption of resolutions asking that they be granted an advance in salary and that they be designated hereafter deputy supervisors or administrative assistants instead of clerks.

Sensational allegations to the effect that the fish and game commission acquired the Reddish farm in Lane county to pay a political debt incurred during the last legislature are contained in a suit instituted in the circuit court at Salem against the commission by H. A. Holmes.

Senator Huston's bill providing for the establishment of a court of domestic relations in each county of the state which now has or shall hereafter attain a population of 200,000 inhabitants or more, and prescribing the jurisdiction, duties and powers of such court, passed the legislature.

By an overwhelming vote the people of Astoria at a special election adopted two amendments to the city charter. One creates a civic center commission and authorizes expenditure of \$250,000 in establishing playgrounds and a civic center and the erection of an auditorium. The other amendment authorizes a \$500,000 bond issue to carry out reclamation work along the city water front.

The Ashland Fruit and Produce association, a co-operative marketing association of which most of the growers of Ashland and vicinity are members, has closed by far the most successful year in its history. The report of Manager A. C. Briggs, read at the annual meeting, disclosed the fact that the association during the past year did a \$150,000 business, almost doubling its best previous showing.

D. F. Fisher, government plant pathologist at Wenatchee, Wash., has been directed by the secretary of agriculture to make an investigation of the frozen orchards in the Willamette valley and ascertain if there is not a possibility of saving many trees. A request for the investigation was made by Senator McNary, who has been informed of serious damage to the walnut and prune orchards around Salem by reason of the December cold spell.

Announcement was made at Portland by W. K. Newell, federal food administrator for Oregon, that the price of 18 cents per pound, retail, for cane sugar will be permitted at this time, owing to the prevailing high rate wholesale. Mr. Newell also made public a decision of himself and of United States District Attorney Humphreys that dealers will not be allowed to compel patrons to accept at the higher figure cane sugar of a certain quantity in order to obtain beet sugar at the 13-cent rate.

The rabbit poisoning campaign in the west end of Umatilla county under the direction of the county agricultural agent, Fred Benton, has proved a big success. Colonel J. F. McNaught, county farm bureau project leader, secured the cooperation of 106 ranchers who prepared six tons of alfalfa poisoned with strychnine and scattered it over the snow over a front of nearly 100 miles, to protect 26,000 acres of cultivated land. Counts were made on six representative lots of poison totaling 99 pounds and 1237 dead rabbits were found. Using this as a basis it is safe to say that at least 200,000 rabbits were exterminated in this campaign.

When the special session of the legislature adjourned Sunday morning after 3 o'clock, it left a record of passing favorably on 94 bills, and a miscellaneous assortment of memorial and resolutions. Following are the constitutional amendments and other measures to be submitted to the voters of this state at the special election May 21: Extending road limitation indebtedness from 2 to 4 per cent; relating to debts and liabilities of counties, enabling counties to fund their debts; relating to succession to governorship, providing president of senate succeeds; restoring capital punishment; providing additional tax levy for operation of soldiers', sailors' and marines' educational aid act; levying annual tax of 2 mills for support of public elementary schools; levying special tax for erection, equipment and maintenance of institution for blind; providing tax of 1.2 mills for support of University of Oregon, agricultural college and Monmouth normal; relating to acquiring of private lands for public purposes.

Man's Friend. The funeral of Harold Bannister, an outfitter of Leyland, was followed by his favorite dog. It entered the church with the mourners, and sitting by the bier, occasionally sniffed at the coffin. At the graveside the dog sat still while the coffin was being lowered and then put its paws on the edge of the grave and took a farewell view of its late master.—London Express.

Forces Within. Trials without discover forces within. Says Victor Hugo: "There are instincts for all the crises of life." A deep perplexity awakens a flash of insight; a bitter opposition sets the soul on fire; a brave peril opens our eyes to horses and chariots of fire; a severe catastrophe evokes a heroism of which the sufferer had not thought himself capable.—W. L. Watkinson.

Uncle Eben. "Imitation is the sincerest flattery," said Uncle Eben, "but when it's carried too far it's the same kind of a compliment a burglar pays you when he takes a likin' to yoh watch."

SALESMANSHIP

By GRACE O. WEATHERBY.

Betty did not heed the sunshine. She was seated on the rickety bench in the apple orchard, her favorite colie, Liege, at her feet. Her usually sunny smile was missing. Betty was in dire trouble.

Suddenly the dog barked and dashed towards a figure in khaki that bobbed slowly toward them. Betty sprang to her feet, and followed at a speed that rivaled the dog's, and was soon in a pair of rather woebly arms, the two clinging together silently. When speech was possible, Betty gasped, "Bob, we didn't expect you for another month! How does it happen that you are home so soon?"

"Well, sister mine, it was this way. We were booked to go at the time I wrote you, but unexpectedly we had the opportunity to get an earlier ship, and believe me—we took it! Nick and Dan are with me here. You don't mind, do you?"

"Bob," Betty drew her soldier brother down to the rickety bench nearest to have you safely home again is all I care about. But who are Nick and Dan? I don't remember hearing of them before."

"Oh, yes, I wrote you about them time and again. Just like you girls, never remember anything. Well, Nick and Dan and I were pals over there. We were in the same fights hurt at the same time and in the same hospital, and as they both lived in cities, I invited them up here for a month or so to rest up and get fat before going back home. Mother was so glad, and is feeding them on chocolate cake this minute. I don't think they went to the house, and Betty duly introduced to two tall young soldiers. Nick Parsons was very kind, his eyes and hair coal black and his skin rather swarthy. Betty liked him at once. Dan Scott was a refreshing contrast with his curly mop of red hair, and freckled face. For the first time Betty forgot her troubles and met two young fellows who spoke to her as they would wounded bodies in a hospital. One day Bob discovered his "pal" in the dumps" as he expressed it, and a number of signposts were placed to prevail upon him to stay.

"Well, Bobby, it is true, but I know I'm just crazy to get into business, and as a stenographer, and mother says I can't take a business course unless I find some way of earning the money for it. She doesn't like the idea, and says there is really no need for me to work but I'm going to, that's all! She said I couldn't do some of the farm truck if I liked, but I can't do it! People won't buy!"

"How do you go about it—selling it, I mean?" asked her brother.

"Why you know lots of farmers take their goods to the roadside and sell to the autoists that pass by. But somehow they won't stop for me!" Betty's voice ended in a wail.

Bob was very still for a minute, and then he asked her to show him the place where she sold from.

When they reached the farmhouse they found Nick and Dan both trying to tell Mrs. Dudley the same story of an adventure the two had in France, to the mingled amusement and bewilderment