

"House To Let"

What the Sign In the Window Started.

By F. A. MITCHEL.

Jenkins was an eminently respectable bachelor of forty.

One day he received an invitation to go with a friend who lived in the suburbs for dinner and the night. The difference between a house with a woman in it, to say nothing of several impish children, and his own solitary apartments was appalling. In his own bedroom he would awaken in the morning amid a tomblike silence. In this abode of a family he lay awake for nearly an hour listening to unceasing sounds that seemed like music to him.

There were a constant opening and shutting of doors, children shouting, children scolded, children petted; now a few deep tones from a father warning Johnny that if he didn't stop fooling and dress himself he would get a spanking and now a feminine call to Edie to "come and let me do your hair." It was the contrast of this life about him—this union of hearts and interests—with his silent chamber that made him yearn for the one and hate the other.

Jenkins returned to the city, spent the day in his office, went to his room—heaving a sigh as he entered it—dressed for the evening and started for his club. Shortly before reaching it he passed a neat looking two-story stone front dwelling in a window of which was a placard "To Let." He stood leaning on his cane looking at the house; then went on muttering: "It's no use, I've no wife."

The next morning passing the house to let he thought that, after all, it would be better than his rooms and he would go in and look at it. At the moment a feminine voice said to him:

"There doesn't appear to be any word on the notice where to apply."

Jenkins turned and saw a young woman whose appearance was as refined as her voice. Her attention was all directed to the house, and Jenkins believed that she had made the observation to herself rather than to him. Nevertheless he raised his hat and said:

"Perhaps it means that one may inquire within."

"It doesn't matter," said the lady, still more to herself than him.

The words were spoken in the same tone with which the day before he had said to himself: "It's no use, I've no wife."

"I'll ring if you like," said Jenkins.

"Oh, thank you. Never mind on my account."

"I'm intending to make inquiries for myself, though I have no definite idea of taking a house. I don't need one."

"Nor I."

He went up on to the stoop and rang the bell. His summons was answered by a middle-aged person who lived in the basement, evidently a caretaker. The lady waited for Jenkins to act as spokesman, but he hesitated. He did not know whether to say "this lady wishes to look at the house" or "I wish to look at the house." He compromised.

"We would like to look at the house," he said.

"Oh! Walk in!"

"There are eight rooms," said the caretaker, leading the way through the apartments. "On this floor parlor, dining room, library and kitchen." Then, leading them upstairs: "Four bedrooms up here. This front room will make a beautiful room for you and your wife, sir, and this little room adjoining it just big enough for the children, if you have them. There's another small room back that would make a good nursery and a guests' room. The bathroom is at the end of the hall."

If the poor woman had been cognizant of the terrible blunder she was making she would have been deeply pained. And yet she would have had no cause to be pained. Though Jenkins put on a wooden expression, there was a very pleasant

feeling about his heart. Though the lady blushed a rosy red, there was a suspicion of a smile playing on her lips.

"How many children have you, ma'am?" asked the woman, suddenly breaking in upon her description of the house.

"No children," replied the lady, ignoring the woman's inference that the two were married.

"No children? Oh, dear! Somehow it doesn't seem to me that people are married till the little tots come. Without them folks are

liable to run to cats and dogs, a poor makeshift for children. Dear little souls! How nice it is to see them romp and play! I like the girls best, of course, but little boys are nice, too, especially when they're fine, manly little fellows. But in every family there should be both boys and girls."

While the woman was running on, unconscious that the picture she was drawing was the unfulfilled desire of the two people she was talking to, that they were not married and both had for years wished to be married, especially for the home she had suggested by her remarks upon children, Jenkins was looking at the ceiling, out of the window, any place except where he might be expected to look. Suddenly he turned his eyes upon the lady beside him and saw blushes coming and going like an aurora borealis, with smiles on the lips like sunlight on ripples of water. Then their eyes met.

The usual happening from such a meeting of eyes under such circumstances might be embarrassment, or it might be half embarrassment and half amusement, or it might be anger. The look between these two was neither of these. There was more in that glance than has been written in many a volume, and no volume could express as much. The man's eyes said, "Let us fulfill the picture." The woman's said, "I will."

"Do you think you will take the house?" asked Jenkins as they stood on the sidewalk about to part.

"Rather, do you think you'll take it?" was the reply.

"I am certainly not so ungallant as to stand in a lady's way."

"Nor would I think of taking it if you want it."

Jenkins stood thinking for a moment before replying. It was their artificial relations that were occupying his thoughts.

"Suppose," he said, taking out his card, "you send me word as to your decision."

"I will," she replied in a low tone.

"On second thought, I will not put you to so much trouble. If you will let me know, I would be pleased to call for it."

"I should be happy to have you do so," she gave him her address.

"Good morning!"

"Good morning!"

In a few days Jenkins called upon the caretaker, with whom the renting of the house had been left, with a couple of boxes in his pocket and executed one for the owner and another for himself.

"When will you move in, sir?" asked the woman.

"I don't know. I would like to have you remain as you are and take care of the house for me for the present."

Months passed before the caretaker got her order to do the cleaning. Then everything was made spick and span, and furniture began to arrive. Jenkins went to the house and saw that it was arranged as properly and with as much taste as could be expected of a bachelor, then when all was finished left it in charge of the woman and went away.

The next she saw of him he drove up to the door in a carriage, wearing a frock coat, a silk hat and a chrysanthemum in his buttonhole. He handed out the lady who had inspected the house in his company, and when inside and her wraps were thrown off she was very beautifully dressed.

Years have passed since these two strangers met at the "house to let" and later went to live in it as man and wife. A family such as the caretaker described are there, and all are happy. The house is but a stone's throw from the club, but Jenkins never goes there. He says he has no use for it.

Very Observing Editor

I walked behind a charming young woman the other day. She was very beautiful and was dressed quite tuff-frutti. Her shoes never cost less than ten dollars, and her stockings were the most entrancing pale yellow. Oh, she was a beautiful sight! That is, she would have been if her stockings and their contents had not acted so much like the tops of the letter Y after they left her shoes. I realize that I should not have permitted this one harrassing fact to disturb me, but I am a lover of the beautiful and artistic, and some way it hurt and hurt. And too, if this were a single instance it would far, far easier to endure, but it is not; ah me, it is not!—Marysville Democrat.

KALOMITE, THE LAUNDRY MARVEL

This sanitary, scientific product, manufactured from pure ingredients, is one of the greatest discoveries of the age and is Woman's Greatest Wash-day Friend.

Use of washboard or washing machines no longer necessary. Kalomite separates and removes any kind of dirt from white, colored, woolens, silk, or any kind of clothes or laces, quickly, surely, completely and economically, without injury to the fabric or hands. Is NOT a powder, liquid or wax.

Kalomite never fails, satisfaction guaranteed.

Enough for three ordinary washings for 15c. Send stamps for trial package. Local Distributors wanted. G. H. Rarey, General Distributor, Lebanon, Oregon.

How to Prevent Croup.

When the child is subject to attacks of croup, see to it that he eats a light evening meal, as an overloaded stomach may bring on an attack, also watch for the first symptom—hoarseness, and give Chamberlain's Cough Remedy as soon as the child becomes hoarse. Obtainable everywhere.

Executor's Notice to Creditors

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned has been appointed executor of the last will and testament of Isaac C. Bates, deceased, by the County Court for Linn County, Oregon, and that all claims against the estate of said deceased should be presented to the undersigned executor at his office in Seio, Oregon, within six months from the date of the first publication of this notice, which is February 15, 1917.

C. C. Bryant, R. Shelton,
Attorney. Executor.

The Mystic Seven.

A certain fond father sent his son to a university last fall. As a farewell piece of advice he told the young man that "his success was almost assured, since both the word 'success' and your name contain seven letters." The midyear examinations, however, proved to be his doom, and he was compelled to return home.

"Well," said his father, "didn't you keep in mind what I told you about the seven letters?"

"I did that, father," answered the boy, "but you must remember that there are also seven letters in 'failure.'"—Exchange.

A Joke That Failed.

Once when Henrik Ibsen was engaged in writing a play he by chance dropped a scrap of paper on which were the words, "the doctor says."

Mrs. Ibsen determined to have a joke and one day casually remarked: "Who is that doctor in your new play? I suppose he'll say some interesting things?"

Ibsen at first was silent with astonishment. Then he broke out into a fit of rage, full of reproaches for her spying.

Leave It to Pat.

An Englishman when in a crowd performed a trick of which he boasted no one else in the crowd but himself could do.

"Any fool could do that," said Pat, who was looking on.

"Well, why don't you try it?" said the Englishman.

"Begob," said Pat, "I'm no fool."

Rank Foolishness.

You occasionally see it stated that colds do not result from cold weather. That is rank foolishness. Were it true colds would be as prevalent in midsummer as in midwinter. The microbe that causes colds flourishes in damp, cold weather. To get rid of a cold take Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. It is effectual and is highly recommended by people who have used it for many years as occasion required, and know its real value. Obtainable everywhere.

FORD

THE UNIVERSAL CAR

320,817

Have been built and actually delivered to retail buyers since Aug. 1, 1916.

These figures—320,817—represent the actual number of cars manufactured by us since August 1, and delivered by our agents to retail buyers.

This unusual fall and winter demand for Ford cars makes it necessary for us to confine the distribution of cars only to those agents who have orders for immediate delivery to retail customers, rather than to permit any agent to stock cars in anticipation of later spring sales.

We are issuing this notice to intending buyers that they may protect themselves against delay or disappointment in securing Ford cars. If, therefore, you are planning to purchase a Ford car, we advise you to place your order and take delivery now.

Immediate orders will have prompt attention.

Delay in buying at this time may cause you to wait several months.

Enter your order today for immediate delivery with our authorized Ford agent listed below and don't be disappointed later on.

Ford Motor Company.

Prices: Runabout \$345, Touring Car \$390, Coupelet \$505, Town Car \$395, Sedan \$645; f. o. b. Detroit.

On display and for sale by
FRED T. BILYEU
SCIO, OREGON

Blossom Time in the Golden State

A friend just back from Southern California says: "The weather was fine, in fact too warm for heavy clothes. Many were in bathing at the beaches. Oranges were ripe in the valleys while the mountains nearby were covered with snow."

With warm, sunny weather it will not be long before the blossoms on the trees will be everywhere announcing that spring is here.

Take a vacation trip now while life is different; where climate surroundings and amusements are out of the ordinary. Spend a different February.

THREE TRAINS DAILY
Scenic Shasta Route

will take you there in comfort.

Ask the Agent.

JOHN M. SCOTT, General Passenger Agent,
Portland, Oregon

Southern Pacific Lines
CALIFORNIA ORANGE DAY MARCH 10

\$1.25 FOUR MONTHLY MAGAZINES \$1.25
And Our Paper—All One Year



Get The Most For Your Money

Send your subscription to our paper at once, and we will give you a year subscription to these splendid magazines for only 25 cents additional. The extra quarter brings you \$1.25 worth of standard magazines.

This offer is open to old and new subscribers. If you are already a subscriber to any of these magazines, your subscription will be extended one year from date of expiration.

This offer also includes a FREE dress pattern. When you receive your first copy of Today's, select any dress pattern you desire, send your order to Today's Magazine, giving them the size and number of the pattern and they will send it to you free of charge.

Never before has any newspaper been able to offer magazines of such high character at this price. We are proud of this offer and we urge you to take advantage of it at once.

\$1.25 Send Your Order Before You Forget It \$1.25
The Magazines Will Stop Promptly When Time Is Up