

April 12

George Grimes and wife and Loraine and Verlon spent Sunday with Mrs. Grimes' mother, Mrs. Fleming.

Sunday visitors at the Lafe Osborn home were Frank Grimes and wife and daughters, Genevieve and LaVelle, of Lebanon, and Com Osborn and wife.

Miss Nellie Gooch is visiting in Shelburn this week.

Delmar Churchill spent Sunday in Salem.

Shelburn has been very gay the last week. No less than three parties and two dances have been attended by some of our most energetic young men.

Lotus Osborn motored to Salem Saturday afternoon to spend the week-end.

Mrs. R. M. Russell, after spending a few days at the home of her parents, returned home Friday afternoon.

Martin Kuiken, of Lyons, is visiting his brother, W. R. Kuiken.

Sunday visitors at John Wolf's were Jim Piatt's family and E. R. Osborn and family.

Mr. Kula and family motored out from Albany Friday afternoon.

Wednesday callers on Mrs. Rosa Miller, were Mrs. O. G. Wyman and Dorothy and Frederick and Mrs. C. C. McClain.

A real spirit of helpfulness was shown last week when 13 teams and 15 men and a tractor did plowing at the Charles McAllister place. Mr. McAllister, who has been confined to his bed with "Flu" for six or eight weeks, was quite touched by this neighborly act, and was very grateful to all who took part in the days work.

L. J. Oglesbee and wife spent Sunday with James Trollinger and family.

Mrs. Alice Perkins, of Salem, and two little daughters, spent the week end with her brother, J. J. Ransom, and family.

WITHOUT LOVE

By ELSIE G. PARKER.

The weather was bracing as Marge walked home from the Daysville post-office, yet her footsteps lagged. In her hand were two bulky letters. To the kindly neighbors, who took much interest in Marge and her career, these letters—always fat ones—were a joy.

Marge was an authoress, you must understand. Oh, yes, she wrote many, many stories; but only she knew that they were all unpublished. The village folk thought the reason she refused to talk about her stories was a modest one. They did not understand the meaning of the thick envelopes which contained rejected manuscripts.

Three years ago Marge had a love affair. All Daysville had known it, and had thrilled at it. Then one day, in the city paper's society page, there had been an announcement: "Miss Ray Day Butan betrothed to Mr. Robert Benedict."

"His" name! Marge's sweetheart! Everyone was indignant; and Marge wrote him a brief note telling him never to try to see her again.

Those three long years had gone by slowly. And Marge, now an ardent man-hater of twenty-two, was an authoress. Yet her works could hardly be called stories; they were satires. All the scorn she felt for "man" she embodied in her manuscripts.

"Love!" she would say. "Love! Everyone writes of it, sings of it, dreams of it. Not I! Here is one who would not write of love, but will laugh at it. It's nothing but a farce, anyway!" And she really thought she believed it.

Consequently, back came all her stories, accompanied by a polite little rejection slip.

In the city, Bob Benedict had risen from a newspaper reporter to assistant manager and editor of a short story magazine. And, while reading some of the numerous manuscripts one day, he came upon one written by a Marge Wilcox of Daysville. It was

no other than the girl who had "thrown him over" without an explanation! With increased interest he reread the story that ridiculed love and men.

"Jove, but she's bitter! Maybe some one jilted her, as she did me. She deserves it—but no, confound it! She must have had a good reason," he mused.

At length he persuaded the editor to let him experiment, and send the following letter:

"Dear Maadm: We read your unusual story, 'Green Apples,' with much interest. Although at present we cannot use the story, we would like to have, some time in the near future, an opportunity to talk with you about some work you might do for us.

"Very truly yours,

"THE EDITOR."

When Marge received this letter she was overjoyed. In fact, she almost changed her opinion of men. She wanted to go to the editor the next day, but, of course, that would look too eager, so she waited two whole days.

All a tremble, she reached the building where the magazine was published. She told the office boy that the editor had asked her to call. He was not at all impressed, but, indifferently, took her name toward the editorial offices.

"The editor is out, miss, but the assistant will see you," he said, when he returned.

"Bob!" she gasped, when she opened the door and saw who was in the room. "You!"

"Why, Marge!" exclaimed the assistant editor, trying to look very much surprised, and to control his shaking knees.

"You wanted to see me—I mean, the editor wrote me—the letter will explain—" she passed him the letter.

"Ah, yes, Miss Wilcox," he said, very "editorially." "Won't you sit down? We feel you have talent, and are wasting yourself on this satire stuff. What the public wants is the love interest or human interest. Now, a good wholesome love story stands more—"

"If you wished to see me to tell me to write love stories, I might just as well be going. For I don't intend to write any," she said, defiantly.

"You don't need to write love stories, but you do need to have stories with human interest."

"Are you trying to tell me my stories are inhuman?" the girl demanded.

"No, but I think you were inhuman when you wrote me that letter three years ago with nary an explanation."

"Why, why—" stammered Marge, completely overwhelmed by the unexpectedness of the remark. "The announcement in the paper," she said lamely.

"What announcement?" snapped the assistant editor.

"Your engagement."

"I never was engaged to anyone but you, and never will be. Didn't it ever occur to you that someone else might bear the same name that I do? And remember this, young woman, you're not going away from this city till a certain judge friend of mine grants me a special license and a certain minister says certain words—binding ones, too."

"Don't you know, dear, that we can't live successfully without love, just as we can't write successfully without it?"

And at last Marge did understand

Let the Tribune do your printing.

Strained Music.

The organist at Gloucester cathedral declares that the present vogue of wearing hair over the ears is responsible for a lot of poor singing. His opinion is open to criticism, but it is generally admitted that it would be better if some singers wore the hair over their mouths instead.—Eve (London).

The Right Sequence.

"A topline quotation in a contemporary runs: 'Tell me my faults and mend your own.' Before starting any other mending, neighbor, suppose we first mend the motto so as to get the proper sequence. Isn't this better: 'Mend your own faults and then tell me mine.'—Boston Transcript.

Artesian Water Always Warm. Water flowing from deep artesian wells is always warm, on account of the internal heat of the earth.

Joe Funk and N. I. Morrison attended the Odd Fellows convention at Harrisburg Saturday, and extended an invitation, on behalf of the local lodge, to hold the next district con-

vention here. Alpine was given preference by the delegates, however and the convention will be held in that place.

Millard Shelton took his sheep to Lebanon the other day for demonstration and while there was induced to show how to shear. Millard is becoming quite a favorite among the sheep growers, as well as among the sheep clubs, and he deserves it.

O. P. Hoff, present state treasurer, has just announced his candidacy before the primaries for reelection. He says he stands for economy in the future as he has stood for it in the past. It is our belief he has made good.

There will be services at the Baptist church both morning and evening. The Easter program will be at 7:00 p. m., before the preaching service. Rev. Swartz, of Vancouver, will officiate. Everyone invited.

BANKRUPT SALE SALE SALE THE BOOTERY STOCK

Commenced Wednesday April 12, 1922. Sale continues until every pair of shoes is sold

THE ENTIRE STOCK

Consisting of shoes, boots, oxfords, pumps for every member of the family, to be thrown to the public at a fraction of their original cost regardless of present day values. It is to your advantage to be on hand and attend the bankrupt sale. This is an opportunity you should not and cannot afford to miss. In order to convert this stock into cash in the least possible time, we have arranged the stock in lots and groups.

Ladies Footwear, 98c and up Mens Shoes, \$1.88 and up Infants Shoes, 39c and up Boys and Girls Shoes, \$1.98 and up Childrens Shoes, 98c and up

Money saved is money earned. Don't forget that every pair of shoes in this stock MUST BE SOLD

167 N. Commercial St.

The Bootery John J. Rottle in charge

Salem, Oregon

DO YOU KNOW VIOLET-RAY

?

WATCH THIS SPACE