

MR. DOOLING

By ELIZABETH SMITH.

Mary Greeley sat knitting at her desk in a private office of the Woodworth Manufacturing company, where for ten years she had typed for the engineer. Through the opened sliding windows in the partition, which separated her sanctum from the counting room, she could plainly hear Paymaster Truesdale and Mr. Dooling, the bookkeeper, straightening out the payroll. There was also an occasional word from the traveling man, Mr. Bangs.

"Oh, dear!" mused Mary, sighing, as she caught a glimpse of herself in the large mirror over Mr. Robey's desk across the room. "I'm surely getting old, yet I'd do it over again just the same. Anyway, mother had every comfort while she lived. If we did live in two rooms, there'll always be comfort for me in the remembrance of that. No, I have no regrets, but I can't deny that I am very lonesome."

Mary was getting old. She had just ripened into full womanhood with no more plumpness than that which belongs to the well-rounded curves of twenty-eight. Always attractive, with her perfectly matured grace and poise, she was now positively beautiful.

And so the young men in the counting room must have thought, for all of them had proposed during her years at the plant. On being refused, they had one by one found a life partner elsewhere.

"No," Mary had told them, "While mother lives my sole duty is to care for her." And she had cared for her most tenderly until the end, which was now a year back.

"Miss Greeley," called Truesdale through the partition windows, "have you heard whether we're to have time off to see the president? I believe he is to land at eleven at Commonwealth pier."

"Yes," smiled Mary sweetly. "But I hear Mr. Robey talking just outside our door. He has just been to tell the department heads. Here he is—he'll tell you himself."

The engineer, who enjoyed the same princely salary as the general manager, was, owing to the absence of the latter, in full charge. He opened the door and announced:

"They are going to knock off at 11:30. I advise that you go to the other end of the works. You can see the president plainly from the windows there."

"All right, thank you," came from Truesdale. "But we have a little more to do."

Mr. Robey, a short, stout, amiable appearing little man, with steely cold blue eyes and a closely trimmed van-dyke, now bustled himself with a blue print.

"What a pity," thought Mary, her eyes running casually over him. "What a queer person he is, to be sure—living in a lovely house with no wife—only a man for cook and housekeeper. And no golf, no tennis, no club, except the yacht club, and only speed boats for a hobby. Well, he is a bachelor at thirty-five. I suppose he'll always stay single."

"Well, it is 11:30," announced that gentleman rising, watch in hand. "I think I'll move down to the other end of the building."

When near the office, Mary met Mr. Robey, who smiled at the coincidence of their both returning. "I am going for a cigar," he explained. Then he courteously opened the door and they entered. Crossing the soft carpeted floor they went to their desks for the sought-for articles.

Mary had picked up her knitting and was rising to go, and Mr. Robey had just found his cigars, but sat glancing at a blueprint when:

"Robey is a boob!" it was Truesdale talking.

"Nothing less," agreed Bangs.

The engineer and his secretary both held high ideals. Although they abhorred eavesdropping, their surprise held them spellbound.

"Why, just think of it," expatiated Truesdale, as he struck a light for his cigar. "Here is a man thrown into the daily companionship of the loveliest and warmest-hearted girl in all Boston and he hasn't known enough in all these years to make love to her. Right? I'm disgusted with his blindness!"

"Same here," offered Bangs. "He sees no beauty in anything but a con-founded old engine!"

"If I were he," came from Dooling, "I wouldn't wait a minute. I'd say, 'Mary, will you marry me?'"

"Blam!" went the door.

As the young men's footsteps grew fainter down the corridor, Mr. Robey looked up from his blueprint and across the room at Mary, who had slumped into her chair with her head bent forward and her eyes resting confusedly on the desk.

Crossing the room the dapper little man laid one hand very tenderly on Mary's shoulder; with the other he took her right hand and raising it to his lips declared:

"It was pretty queer, Miss Greeley, but it was true. You heard what Dooling said. I'd say, 'Mary, will you marry me?' Now I intended to ask you this. I ask you now. Will you? Oh, will you, dear?"

Mary, still deeply crimsoned, looked up through glistening eyes, and Mr. Robey, seeing love and happiness in the glance, stooped and kissed her.

Hand in hand, they sauntered down the long passage in blissful content, to where the loud cheering announced the coming of the great exemplar of peace. (Copyright, 1919, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

QUAINT MEXICAN COSTUME



A beautiful and typical Mexican girl of the better class gowned in her best and most stylish dress. It is an exquisite creation.

HOW TO LIVE TO BE EIGHTY

Eat Pie, Buckwheat Cakes and Other Fried Things and Drink Black Coffee.

Richwood, N. J.—Strong black coffee three times a day, fried potatoes, fried eggplant and other fried foods, with buckwheat cakes every morning for breakfast and warm molasses pie for lunch in season—this is the sort of diet of so-called "digestion ruiners" that Joseph Munyan of Richwood has thrived upon and which just sort of whetted his appetite for his sixtieth wedding anniversary dinner, served at a family reunion to celebrate the event.

Mr. and Mrs. Munyan have been living at Richwood for a half century, the husband having kept the general store in the village for 25 years, until he retired about fifteen years ago and turned the business over to a son. His survival of a diet which would have laid many an ordinary man low before his prime may be attributed to the fact that he got one of "the best cooks in the world," when he married the present Mrs. Munyan at Harfville, Gloucester county, on May 30, 1859.

JILTED, STUDENT SLAYS SELF

Maurice Kinnear Sends Bullet Through His Head When Girl Refuses to Wed.

Oberlin, O.—Unrequited love is said to have caused the suicide here of Maurice Kinnear, twenty, a student at Oberlin college. Kinnear's body was found in the unoccupied academy building of the college. There was a bullet wound in the head. The student was said to have grown morose after a young woman with whom he had been keeping company told him she was going to marry another. The dead youth's parents are in China, where they are missionaries. A brother and sister live in Oberlin.

ALIENS GOING HOME

1,200,000 Will Take \$4,000,000,000 With Them.

Chicago Expert Figures on Vast Exodus of Labor

Washington, D. C.—One million three hundred thousand aliens in the United States are planning to desert this country for their homeland and they will take with them approximately \$4,000,000,000 American dollars.

These facts were disclosed in a report by Ethelbert Stewart of Chicago, director of the investigation and inspection service of the department of labor, after an investigation of prospective emigration from America.

The estimate, Mr. Stewart says, is conservative. That the aliens will take \$4,000,000,000 is figured on the basis that the average amount each alien will carry is \$3,000.

An official statement from the department of labor says that up to June 1 investigations covered Chicago, the Indiana steel mill district (South Chicago, East Chicago, Indiana Harbor, South Bend, Gary, etc.), Detroit, Pittsburgh and surrounding steel districts, Johnstown, Pa., Youngstown, O., and Wilkesbarre, Pa., and surrounding coal mining area.

Of 363,408 Poles covered by the investigation, 24,500, or 15.04 per cent, will return to Poland, Austro-Hungarians, 28,02 per cent; Russians, 35.70 per cent; Croatians, 21.75 per cent; Lithuanians, 0.72 per cent; Romanians, 0.42 per cent; Italians and Greeks, 11 per cent; Serbs, 30.90 per cent; Slovaks, 34.50 per cent.

SNOWED IN

By NELLIE A. FAIRBANKS.

Jean Dickerman pressed her pretty pink chin deep into the palm of her hand, as she watched the small white snowflakes whirl around, then land in little piles outside the window.

"How I hate this old, lonely farmhouse with its rickety-old roof," and Jean shivered as the low moan of the wind broke the stillness.

"Just because Tom's father left him this old rattle-trap is no reason why I should spend my life here."

Living in the old, lonely farmhouse had been the bone of contention between Jean and Tom ever since he had brought her there a bride one year before and while Tom could see nothing but beauty in the place that had always been home to him, Jean's heart ached for a cozy little apartment in the city.

The sound of heavy footsteps told Jean her big, good-natured husband was approaching, and she realized it was supper time. Leaving the window, Jean started for the kitchen to be greeted by her husband with the words: "Well, girlie, I guess we are in for a big snowstorm. Jean did not reply, but prepared the supper in gloomy silence.

After the supper dishes were washed and put away Tom put some logs in the fireplace and drawing an armchair close to the fire he gently pushed Jean into it, and seating himself on the arm they watched the building logs in silence. Suddenly Jean spoke: "I think I will run up to the city tomorrow. Tom, and see whether for a few weeks. It doesn't seem as though I could stand this place any longer."

"All right, Jeanie, perhaps the change will do you good," Tom said good-naturedly. But as the light from the crackling logs fell upon his face Jean could not help but see the pained expression. Nevertheless she had made up her mind to go and nothing could stop her. She just longed for the noise and excitement of the city; and the next morning, although it snowed hard, found her on her way.

The train was four hours late, and when Jean arrived at her mother's cozy, four-room apartment she was tired and cross. Somehow her thoughts kept flitting back to Tom as she saw him last, standing by the window smiling and waving until she was out of sight.

The evening hours dragged slowly by, and as the steam pipes sizzled Jean found herself comparing the hissing noise to the soft crackling of the logs at home.

At ten o'clock she went to her old room, and after she had prepared to retire, turned off her light, and raising the curtain she gazed, as she had the night before, at the white flakes piling up on the roofs beyond, and as she watched she pictured Tom, sitting by the log fire. The wind blew the wet flakes against her window and Jean hated the sound. She looked at the clock on the tower across the way. It was now 11:30. Just ten hours before the next train home! Home, how strangely sweet the word sounded. Then an awful fear seized Jean. What if the snow continued and the train would be unable to run? Her fears were realized, for when she awoke the next morning the snow was still coming steadily down. Mother and father pleaded with her to stay, but nine o'clock found her on her way to the station.

The train was stalled for hours at different places, and it was not until nine o'clock that night that Jean reached the little country station, and as no carriages put in its appearance she started afoot to the farmhouse.

The big drifts in places were nearly to her waist, and if it were not for the bright light in the low farmhouse window ahead Jean would have lost her courage.

At last, cold and wet, she crept softly up the steps, then quietly opened the door. Tip-toeing softly, she made her way to the sitting room and up to the old armchair, and by the light of the dying fire she could see that Tom had fallen asleep. Pushing back his ruffled hair from his forehead, she pressed her cold cheek against his warm one.

With a start Tom awoke, exclaiming happily: "Why, girlie, what does this mean?" Then Jean explained how unhappy she had been the night before. "If I had been obliged to walk all the way from mother's, Tom, I would have come just the same," and as the wind moaned again through the chimney, Jean nestled closer and whispered: "That's music, dear, compared with the hissing of steam pipes," and the dying light from the logs fell upon a contented couple.

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Architects Alarmed by Shortage of Draftsmen.

Washington.—There is a serious shortage of draftsmen, according to reports that have come to the division of public works and construction development information and education service, United States department of labor. Since the revival of the building industry architects have discovered that it is difficult to obtain a class of workers formerly so plentiful that they could not command high salaries. The present shortage is believed to be due largely to the fact that many draftsmen have established themselves during the war in other vocations, where they have been able to procure better salaries than they could obtain in their original line of work.

SCRAP BIG WARSHIPS

Great Britain to Dispose of Vessels by Auction.

Many of 200 That Have Outlived Usefulness Hold High Place in Naval History.

London.—Nearly 200 warships of the British navy, most of which have outlived their usefulness, are to be sold to the highest bidder as soon as they can be cleared of their guns, etc. Among the vessels to be disposed of are several which have a high place in naval history and around which hovers an intense sentimental interest.

A somewhat similar step was taken by the admiralty in 1904, when a large number of obsolete vessels were disposed of. At that time a great hue and cry was raised, as many persons feared that the strength of the navy would be seriously impaired. But, as a matter of fact, the sale of the ships resulted in making the navy stronger than ever

HIS EXPLANATION

The removal of obsolete vessels in 1904 had a two-fold purpose, and in both respects was justified by the war. It set free the personnel needed to start the nucleus crew system, and placed out of commission ships which did not give an adequate return in fighting efficiency for the cost of their upkeep.

Widespread interest will be aroused by the revelation of the names of ships to be removed from service. Sentimental interest in his majesty's ships of war is strong, amounting almost to reverence, evoked by such an ancient monument as Nelson's Victory.

Among the ships now to be disposed of are many which have been brought prominently before the public eye. Several have flown the flags of distinguished officers, and not a few have made records in connection with the war.

More than 100 destroyers, comprising the "A" to "I" classes, are now classed as non-effective, and 97 of them, including 21 for immediate disposal, appeared in the list of April 9. There will soon, therefore, be no destroyers in the navy launched before 1900. All the torpedo boats, except the 36 turbine-driven boats of the coastal type built in 1906-09, are being cleared off, and 46 are in the list.

Perhaps the most interesting unit of this group is torpedo boat No. 070, which in the naval maneuvers was commanded by King George, then a lieutenant in the navy.

The great thing in this world is not so much where we are, but in what direction we are moving.—Oliver Wendell Holmes.

George—Well, dearest, I'm going to ask your father for your hand tomorrow.

Evelyn—Oh! I'm so glad, George! I was afraid you didn't have the courage.

George—I've got to do it. It's one of the duties of a gentleman.

Evelyn—But I'm so glad, George! I was afraid you didn't have the courage.

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The Paint Season

This is the time of the year when the spirit of cleaning gets everybody and the first thing that should come into your mind is the value of painting up your premises. We are exclusive agents in Heppner for the famous

Bass-Heuter Paints

—these paints are recognized as the very best that can be bought and we offer you them in every tint and shade.

We also carry a full line of KYANIZE in all shades. This varnish is made for the particular housekeeper who wishes to touch up the little places around the house that are not sufficiently large to call in a painter. And for retouching the furniture where it has become marred. Let us demonstrate them to you.

We would be glad to talk over your paint needs with you.

PEOPLES HARDWARE COMPANY

Spring Time is Paint Time

Say Mr. House Owner isn't this weather getting into your system and making you long to see the old home shine again like it did when it was new? Don't you realize that a new coat of paint would bring back all its freshness—that it would again have that new appearance of which you were so proud when you first built it? This is the time of the year to start at work—and you know how badly it needs it.

We wish merely to call your attention to the fact that we have a full line of standard paints—every color or tint that you possibly could think of. Besides every thing needed for the interior decoration of your home.

Of Interest to the Ladies

We have a complete line of Chinamel for touching up and refinishing those old pieces of furniture that you prize so highly—and this work will come right along with the spring house cleaning. These varnishes are prepared so that they do not require the services of a painter—and you've no idea the amount of good you can do in one room with a few of these colors. We've every one you could want.

Gilliam & Bisbee

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The Brick McAtee & Aiken, Proprietors ICE CREAM AND CARD PARLORS

Notice to Farmers I have a fine sheep ranch and a good cattle ranch, both with Forest Reserve Rights and each one at a bargain. It will pay you to investigate these. Call at my office or write for full information.

Roy V. Whiteis HEPPNER, OREGON