

MOLLIE'S TRIAL

By AGNES G. BROGAN.

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"Now did you see that?" asked Mollie, dizzily, "there go the tops of my hollyhocks."

Her new neighbor's eldest boy could be seen from Mollie's window gleefully dismantling her tall plants of their flowers, while in the rear a grinning trio admired his boldness.

"Here you," cried Mollie, in as sharp a tone as it was possible for Mollie to use, "keep to your own side of the garden. You ought to be ashamed!"

Almost in tears, Mollie turned to her older sister, Mrs. Manly. But now, the presence never found out the champagne was expected, Mrs. Manly instead, leaned out of the latticed window with a smile of sudden interest upon her face.

"Who?" she asked eagerly, "is that tall fellow behind in the yard, Mollie?" Her sister stared, aggrieved.

"Why that?" she replied, "is the dotting father of those five irrepressible boys."

"The father?" exclaimed Mrs. Manly. "And you spoke of the boys as being motherless? What a pity, that there are five."

"I fail to see what his wifeless condition has to do with me," said Mollie crisply.

She had caught her sister's inference.

"The sour faced woman who keeps house for the man and his children, told Chloe that the boys might have been better, if they had not been left motherless."

Mrs. Manly drew in her head, disappointed.

"And he has such a fine face—your new neighbor Mollie," she regretted. "If only he had happened along before he took into himself a wife. Or at least if he did not now possess those five terrible boys."

Half impatient, half laughing, Mollie turned to her sister.

"You poor match-making hopeful," she said, "will you never give up your fancies for me? Now, that I have that careless father here in his garden, I shall go down in my severest manner and call him to task. A spinster has some rights of her own, even hollyhock-flowers, and pot cats."

Indulently smiling, Mary Manly watched her small graceful sister, ascend a small ladder upon her own side of the garden wall, and beckon her neighbor to conference. The neighbor came with alacrity. He appeared almost as joyous as young Danny had, in his sultry pursuit of hollyhock blossoms. The conference lasted sometime, ending peacefully with a floral offering from the opposite side of the fence. The neighbor had evidently given in exchange for Mollie's domed plants a rare and blooming one of his own, and as Mollie precariously descended with her burden it was necessary for the neighbor to hasten around to her side of the wall, and assist her.

"His name," Mollie calmly confided, "is John Almsworthy. He has taken the place for the summer. The Lemon—it seems that the boys dub their crusty house-keeper 'The Lemon'—has no control over their actions; Mr. Almsworthy will reprimand them." Mollie turned her face away.

"He reminded me of the fact," she said, "that they have no mother."

"It was upon the following morning, that Mrs. Manly again saw her sister ascend the ladder to the garden wall. This time she bore a basket of Chloe's fresh-baked cookies, and enjoyed tossing them to the frocked faced archers, hastily congregated beneath. The boys caught the cookies with triumphant shouts. Their manner of acceptance bawling much to be desired.

"Hit us another, Peachy," cried Danny. Mollie redoubled in indignation. "If that is the way you are going to talk for me," she admonished, "not another word."

"Ah! see!" exclaimed Pete, the second boy. "That means all right, Peachy. That's what we call you when we're alone."

Mollie was shamefully pleased. "Peachy" they named her, these strange half-wild young creatures. And when evening came, more often than not Mollie rode in the new neighbor's car—the new neighbor's wife with the dabbled boys crowded in behind. Mrs. Manly became seriously alarmed. From her sister's first open avowal of John Almsworthy and the family Mollie had returned into domestic silence upon the subject. Mrs. Manly's clearest efforts could bring from her no word. Mrs. Manly, of her deliberateness put two questions. Mollie laughed happily.

"I do love 'The Almsworthy,'" she admitted, "and I am—going to marry him."

"The boys," she added, "are some that were brought to John's notice as in need of assistance. They are orphans and recently convalescent. John conceived the idea of bringing them out here for the country air. John is a bachelor, you see, and hereafter has no one to think of save himself. From now on," added Mollie cheerfully, "he will have me." She signed "I will miss those boys," she said.

Declined the Honor. "So you have turned a new brand of cigars after me, have you?" said the celebrity.

"I have taken that liberty, sir," replied the manufacturer.

"Well, I wish you would call it something else. I have tried one."

NO LONGER OLD AT THIRTY

Women Have Proved Conclusively That Age Is Not at All a Matter of Years.

Perhaps women who are not at all sensitive about their age are still in a minority. But their number is growing. In almost any gathering where women chatter pleasantly and with some intimacy about things which interest them you find at least one woman who cheerfully admits that she is not thirty-five, but forty-five, or that it is a very long time since she was thirty.

One of the tragic conventions which have helped to wreck women's lives is this stupid tradition that at any given age a woman gets old. Years ago most women celebrated their thirtieth birthdays with a sense of depression. With greater common sense, women at least began to see that even after thirty they might enjoy life, and that the games and amusements and joys which are possible at twenty are no less possible at forty.

Today there lingers this ancient superstition that if you have reached a certain age you must not admit the fact. But it will not endure long. Now that we hear of a woman of ninety playing really capable golf, of women past fifty banding themselves together in chesery fashion as golfing veterans, of women of every and any age enjoying life, it will become unfashionable to conceal one's age.—From the Continental Edition of the London Mail.

Who Owns a Glacier?

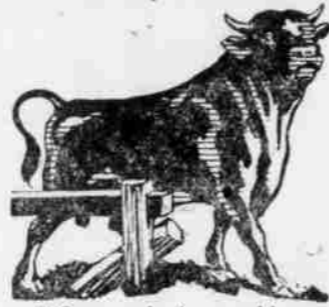
When the retreat of a glacier leaves a piece of ground uncovered, whose is it? The state's, says the law of France and of Italy. The canton's, says the general law of Switzerland. But in the Grisons the commune is held to own both the glacier and the ground it covers, so that a body like a parish council often possesses some millions of tons of good blue ice.—Manchester Guardian.

How Shall They Park?

Akron, O., recently, by ordinance, eliminated all angular automobile parking, with the result that accidents have been cut 25 per cent in downtown sections and street car service has been improved. In Buffalo practically all parking has been changed from the parallel method to the perpendicular, which allows three cars to park where one formerly did.

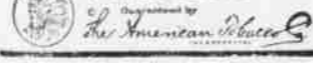
Sounds Like Double Meaning.

Some female defendants are homely. And some are acquitted.—Nashville Tennessean.



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BOYS PROVED THEIR HONESTY

Small New York News Vendors "Made Good" Without Having Given Promissory Notes.

One of the great New York newspapers pays an astonishing tribute to the young merchants who sell its wares upon the streets. This newspaper, like practically every other, printed an "extra" after the big Jersey City prize fight. When the papers arrived at Times square the young man whose business it was to sell them to the newsboys, taking their cash in return, found himself overwhelmed by an eager flock of youngsters who grabbed the papers as fast as he could open the bundles and raced away to dispose of them without going through the usual formality of paying for their stock.

Many a boy could have kept all the money he received as profit and neglected to pay for his papers, but, so the paper declares, as soon as the storm of selling was over the boys returned to the neighborhood and settled, until the cash turned in was exactly what it should have been for the number of papers sent out from the office of publication.

That was only ordinary honesty, it is true, but a kind of honesty met with seldom enough to be uncommon. Yet it would be expected by those who are familiar with newsboys. The newsboy doesn't expect to be cheated, and he certainly doesn't intend to cheat anybody. More power to him.—Hartford Times.

Do Not Fear Trees.

I don't think that anybody (boy or otherwise) who has the knowledge of trees required by the test for the merit badge in forestry will ever be afraid to be alone in the woods at night, or at any other time. Once you know what the leaves do, and what makes them green and how the sap runs and why (or as much of that "why" as is known), and how the wood tissue is formed, and how the roots work, and what the tree does in winter—when you know such things about trees, you should never again be lonesome in the woods. For though all these are merely scientific facts, they will make the trees real living things to you, and then you will begin to understand what is meant when one speaks of the trees "whispering" and of the leaves "clapping their hands."—George Gladden in Boys' Life.

Recognition.

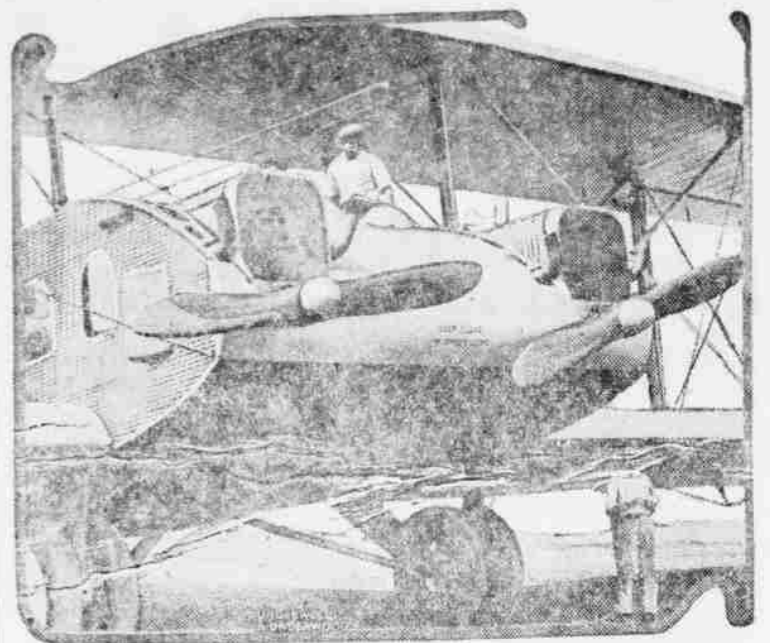
"Be easy on me, your honor, this is the first counterfeiting I have ever done."

"You made a remarkably good job of these bills, and I believe in recognizing genius."

"Thanks, your honor."

"Ten years." — Birmingham Age-Herald.

Airplane With Peculiar Fuselage



Closeup view of the peculiarly broad fuselage of the 32-passenger Remington-Dunnell biplane piloted by Bert Acosta at Curtiss field. The huge plane, designed for cross-country passenger service, has a wing spread of 70 feet, and is capable of staying in the air for eight hours. Its two Liberty motors of 855 horse power each, drive it at 110 miles an hour.

Secretary Wallace Meets Group of Young Farmers



Secretary Wallace receiving 170 farm club boys and girls who were spending a week at the University of Maryland in recognition of their agricultural achievements. Mr. Wallace shook hands with them and showed them through the grounds.



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