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'HE LAUGHS BEST—'

By BERTHA ROSE.
(© by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

"A LL off. 'S far as the car goes!"
called the conductor. The pas-
sengers rose and moved toward the
door.

A white-haired old gentleman was
the first to step off, and he did so with
much forethought and precision, for
the street was slippery beneath its
slushy covering. After him came a
middle-aged lady of firm countenance
and rigid bearing, and directly behind
her stepped a dainty, dark-haired young
girl.

There was something irresistible in
Barbara Lundgren's eyes. They were
large and black, but deep down in
their fathomless depths lingered a sug-
gestion of fire.

Barbara, being young and small and
graceful, with none of the apprehen-
sions in her youthful mind, which in-
variably attach themselves to old age,
naturally did not watch her step care-
fully before stepping off the car. She
stepped gaily down, all the glowing
anticipation of a successful shopping
expedition reflected in her eyes, and
down she fell, into the half-melted
snow and mud.

She heard a loud, derisive laugh, and
turned in time to catch sight of the
now departing owner of that laugh. In
her heart she swore vengeance.

Her face burning with a fiery red-
ness and her right leg smarting with
pain, she allowed herself to be helped
and escorted to a safe section of the
sidewalk by a chivalrous young man.

"You're not hurt much, I hope?" he
asked in a rich, masculine voice.

She looked up at her benefactor and
gathered in a moment that he was tall,
kind and handsome.

"No," she smiled wanly. "I'm not
hurt—much." Then, the smile vanishing,
"Did you hear that—that beast
laugh when I fell?"

"Did I hear him?" he rejoined heartily.
"Yes, and I wanted to box his vul-
gar ears for it."

"I wish you'd done it!" Her eyes
flushed. "But I'll retaliate. He'll learn
who laughs best—the first or the last."
Fingering her muddy wrap, Barbara
breathed:

"Oh, I'm a fright. How'll I ever get
home like this?"

"Would a taxi do?" he ventured, be-
ginning to stand somewhat in awe of
those miraculous, onyx-black eyes.

When Barbara arrived home she
bade Marie, her pretty Auburn-haired
sister, follow her upstairs and there
she broke forth with her story. "I'll
teach him better!" she stormed.

"How are you planning to get even?"
Marie inquired, her gentle heart appre-
hending dreadful consequences.

"I'll find a way!" And no more
could Marie extract from her.

The weeks sped by, and the gentle,
forgiving brown eyes watched the fiery
black ones with fear and wonder. And
yet nothing happened.

In the meantime, Tom Lyons had
manifested not a little interest in Bar-
bara which she, in her turn, reciprocated.
Marie was not left out, either, for Tom
one evening brought to the home of
the two girls an attractive-looking
friend of his who immediately fell
desperately in love with that lovely
lady whose name was Marie—and vice
versa.

Barbara's chance for revenge came
at last, as all things come. It occurred
in a pharmacy. Mr. Phelps, the drug-
gist, with whom Barbara was on inti-
mate terms, introduced her to Lewis
Prescott, a young friend of his.

Many times, in the days that fol-
lowed, Barbara found occasion to visit
the pharmacy. And many times Mr.
Prescott took her to the theater, to the
knowledge of no one but Lewis and
herself.

One evening, when Marie was out,
Barbara asked her new lover indoors.
It was then that he proposed to her.
And it was there she answered, with
an affection of tremulous love:

"Oh, how unexpected this is!"

He waited happily, failing to per-
ceive the revengeful flame in her now
lowered eyes.

"Don't say no," he pleaded.

"Will you come next Thursday
for the answer?" she faltered.

"Yes," he promised valiantly, and
went.

The appointed day saw Mr. Prescott
walking buoyantly up D— street, the
very springtime of youth in his gait.

At her door he halted. Something
seemed strange. Sweet strains of music
floated. He experienced a burning
sensation.

Suddenly the brown door was thrown
open. A flood of beautiful music—a
picture of pink and white roses and
lilies of the valley—clinging white
crepe—showers of millions of small
flakes, blue and pink and white—

Lewis breathed heavily.

In a moment the two brides—Bar-
bara and Marie—were safely deposited
in a grand limousine, and in another
moment a lively, full voice fell upon
the ears of the baffled spectator—Bar-
bara's voice.

"He laughs best—" she called smil-
ingly.

"Who laughs last," was Tom Lyons'
hearty conclusion as, smiling gaily, the
happy group drove merrily away.

He Had Been Thinking.
She—But don't you believe that two
can live cheaper than one?
He—Yes; two men can live much
cheaper than one woman.

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YOU KNOW HOW 'TIS

By LAURA J. COOK
(©, 1923, by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

"I AM afraid I cannot do much for
you, my dear, but perhaps this lit-
tle story may help you to see your
way."

The girl perched herself on the
porch railing and, with a little smile,
waited patiently for the old man to col-
lect his thoughts before beginning his
story.

"She was very much like you," he
began, his eyes following eagerly the
course of a motorcycle speeding along
the almost deserted road.

"She was not pretty, but always
smiling and happy, and perhaps that
is better. You know how 'tis. I think
I shall call her Peg, though it was not
her name. I met her several times at
the theater, but I did not see enough
of her to know her well.

"Peg and her chum had been pals
since they were kids together, but for
the sake of some petty argument they
had not spoken for about a month. I
learned afterward that Peg had be-
come aware of the fact that her sweet-
heart and her chum were seeing too
much of each other; so, hoping to keep
them apart, she quarreled with her
chum.

"Peg not only went with 'Buddy,' as
she called him, but when he had been
hurt the winter before she went with
one of his friends, so Buddy thought
she did not care for him. After the
quarrel Buddy and Peg's chum saw
more and more of each other. Acci-
dentially? Maybe 'yes,' maybe 'no,'
maybe 'neither.'

"Anyway, they grew to care for each
other, and when it was too late Peg
awoke to the realization that she loved
only the one who had called her 'Peg o'
My Heart.' She gave up the others—
yes, there were several—and then sent
for me for advice. I never understood
why she chose me, because I was of a
different nationality, only two or three
years older, and we barely knew each
other, but perhaps she did right. You
know how it is."

For a moment the old man sat silent-
ly ruminating, then, at a remark from
his listener, he resumed his story.

"She was never the same happy-go-
lucky girl again. She appeared happy,
but at times there were tears in her
eyes, and whenever she met Buddy and
her chum she turned aside with a sharp
intake of breath.

"Peg told me all her troubles that
night and asked me many things. I
told her not to let Buddy see she
cared and perhaps it would be all right
in the end. Several times Peg sent
for me to talk over things, and we
were soon intimate friends. I had a
motorcycle and together we took many
rides, stopping sometimes to argue or
to talk over common interests.

"That was one thing about Peg. She
could adapt herself to a great deal of
person, for she had read a kind of
book and could argue along many lines;
she loved sports, and she knew a little
of 'most everything.'

"Well, I came to love Peg and one
day I told her so, and asked her to
marry me. I remember how she looked,
for she was dressed about as you are
now, with her khaki knickers, shirt,
soft collar and tie. She seemed lover-
lier than ever to me.

"I love you, too," she answered,
tears in her eyes, 'but I can never
marry you while there is my Buddy to
think of, for I still love him.'

"I left town next day, and that is
all, my child, because I could never
bring myself to return, and I do not
know the rest of the story. Perhaps
Peg and Buddy were reunited, perhaps
not. I do not know."

As the old man finished the girl
stood up.

"Thank you, Uncle Joe; you have
helped me, because I shall go tonight
with Bob and I shall forget the others.
I never cared for them, anyway, but—
you know how 'tis."

"I Gotta Beat It."

The librarian in charge of the story
hour is always very careful of her
diction, as the telling and retelling and
dramatization of these stories afford
a splendid opportunity to stimulate the
use of good English. The results are
often gratifying and often disconcert-
ing. These children possess an un-
usually strong sense of the dramatic.
The story for the afternoon had been
Cinderella, and now one of the six-
year-olds was "telling it back" to the
"teacher."

She started out beautifully, but as
she became more and more interested
in her tale, she reverted to her accus-
tomed speech. Finally, in the third
scene, where Cinderella, while dancing
with the prince, suddenly discovers
that the clock is striking twelve, Rose,
no longer a mere story teller, but Cin-
derella herself, looked up at the clock,
dramatically clapped her hand to her
forehead and in a tense, emotional lit-
tle voice, cried:

"My Gawd! Look at the clock. I
gotta beat it!"—Margaret M. Stokes in
Scribner's.

Know Little of Henry Hudson.
Charles Barnard, an authority on the
subject, says that the time and place
of the birth of Henry Hudson appear
to be lost. "We only know," he says,
"that he had earned, perhaps by the
time he was forty, sufficient reputa-
tion as a bold and skillful navigator
to be placed in command of the ship
Half Moon of Amsterdam. Early in
1609 he made a contract with a party
of Dutch merchants to act as captain
of their private exploring expedition,
and in the written agreement between
them he was described as Henry Hud-
son, Englishman."

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choice, buy it now. No McCormack
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care of your grain hay is with a
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perior Manilla, 650 feet to the pound.

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lable Chain Belting.

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and a lot of other things—and what
we have not got we will get for you.

Come in and see us when you need
anything and we will try to give you
one hundred cents worth for a dollar.

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Be Summer Favorite



Midsummer will bring the charm-
ing hat. It is of mustard-colored French
horsehair, with a rare flower trim in
green and shrimp.

NO GREEN PAPER ENVELOPES

Ban Placed on Them by Official of
the Post Office Department to
Stand.

American business men frequently
run up against some federal regula-
tion or other which temporarily vexes
them because they feel that it is a
governmental infringement upon their
way of doing business, even though the
matter is generally trivial. They do
not realize that oftentimes this regula-
tion is for their own advantage or in
the interest of human welfare.

A good illustration of this has just
been found by the bureau of foreign
and domestic commerce and the Post
Office department, and the explanation
has caused the business concerns in-
terested to agree most heartily that
the federal regulation should stand.

This illustration was with regard to
the use of green paper in "window
envelopes," which are now extensively
utilized by American business houses.

A circular, issued last January by
the office of the third assistant post-
master general, says that "the station-
ery used in window envelopes, or at
least that portion upon which the ad-
dress appears, must be white or, if
colored, of a very light tint or shade.
The use of dark-colored stationery is
not permissible."

The rules and regulations division
of the Post Office department states
that "green is probably the most diffi-
cult color for the mail distributors to
handle under the trying conditions
under which they have to work."

HADN'T CAUGHT THE MEANING

Headline Writer Might Have Done
Better to Have Glanced Over
That Fish Story.

Edwin E. Slosson, director of Science
service, Washington, tells this
story in the New York Herald:

"Those who read anything more of
the newspapers than the large type at
the top of the columns will have ob-
served that copy readers do not always
take the trouble to read the articles
to which they provide headlines. Just
so artists do not read the stories
which they illustrate and publishers
do not read their books before writ-
ing the blurb for the slip cover. All
the headline inventor seems to care
about is getting the proper number of
words in the line without regard to
what the letters mean.

"A few years ago it was discovered
that ponds and streams could be kept
free from wigglers by breeding min-
nows in them, and that this was a
good way to prevent the growth of the
anopheles mosquitoes which carry the
malaria fever microbe. The informa-
tion was given out to the press by
the United States Fish commission in
an article headed, 'Fish Prevent Ma-
laria.'

"But one editor, finding that this
was too short for his line and feel-
ing the need of adding a practical
touch, filled out the head so as to
read 'Fish Prevent Malaria: Eat More
Fish.'"

T. C. Kent, professor of mathe-
matics at Oregon Agricultural col-
lege, was a visitor here during the
week in the interest of that institu-
tion.

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and, like all wide-awake grad-
uates, are looking to college.
The State of Oregon offers you
the best of training and a col-
legiate degree in the leading
pursuits and professions, as
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Tactics, Mining, Pharmacy, Voc-
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is rich in opportunities for
leadership and personal
culture.
FALL TERM OPENS
SEPTEMBER 28, 1923
For information write to
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Oregon Agricultural College
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persons having in their possession
and holding any sheep bearing my
brand. My brand is a Circle Bar, (a
circle with bar across.)
Dated at Boardman, Oregon, this
7th day of July, 1923.
M. C. MARSHALL,
1117 Boardman, Ore.

DEER SEASON OPEN AS
USUAL ON AUGUST 20
Salem, Aug. 8.—Attorney general
Van Winkle Wednesday prepared an
opinion at the request of George
Neuner, district attorney of Douglas
county, in which it is pointed out
that the deer season will open this
year, as in the past, on August 20,
despite the fact that the state game
commission elected to change the
date to September 10.
W. C. Winslow, Salem attorney,
representing a group of valley sports-
men, recently was granted an in-
junction by Circuit Judge Bingham,
prestraining the commission from
putting into effect their order. The
case is now on appeal to the su-
preme court.