#### AFTER ALL

By CORONA REMINGTON

It was Saturday. In the garden be hind the house an old man was slowly pulling up dead stalks and pilling then in little heaps along the rows, and across the railing of the purch grady quilts and binnkets were sunning

Down the front steps came a youth,

He sauntered toward a battered mud-spattered little red cur that was standing in the front sard under a tree. Adjusting spark and gas levers rambling, ratiling of down the road. As he continued on his way an idea came to him, and he hurried, new driving with a purpose

Five or six miles further along he left the road, and finally stopped in front of a rather big white house and cast a quick glance over the surroundings. An idea came to him, and be put a gentle finger on the button that blows the horn. After a moment he was rewarded by the sight of Elsie Armstrong standing in the doorway. "H'lo, Harry !" she called.

"Uh-huh. Wait till I get my hat

and tell mamma." He had never before asked Eliste for a ride, nor any other girl for that mat-

Elsie came down the path swinging her hat in her hand and, unsided by her friend, jumped lightly into the open car. As she sat there beside him she was very near-nearer than she had ever been, and somehow he felt strangely thrilled. He looked with wonder at her little short nows all covered with freckles, and decided for the first time that it was really a beautiful nose; and there was some thing about her curly hair as it blew around her face that made him think of the poetry that he studied in English at high school.

"Got your lessons for Monday?" be asked after a while. "All but my hist'ry and math. Got

"Mighty near."

The conversation lagged again. He had so much to say, yet couldn't say a word, so they traveled along in si-lence past another farm or two.

mendow over there," she exclaimed suddenly.

stop and get some to take home." He drove to the side of the road, then stopped the car and they jumped

"Let's run," he suggested, catching "It's pretty here, isn't it?" said the girl after a pause.

"Uh-huh." More stlence, blissful, comprehen-

sive slience. blossoms," from Elsle after a while.

ed toward the nearest dogwood tree. Harry broke the branches and handed them to her until her arms were full.

"That enough?" he asked at last. "Uh-huh. Aren't they pretty!"

"Ob-b-b-b !" she said breathlessly.

what, Elsie?" he asked anxlously, fearful least be had offended.

but, after all, what was there to say?
"I've had a good time," she told him as she jumped out of the car in her

your mother?" "Tell her what?" she asked inno-

cently. "Tell her we're-engaged to be

thing; but we aren't, Elsie, are we?"

Elsie shook her head and stured at the ground. "No-no, we know more about it

love and get married." "Well, don't you think I'd make you

a good husband?" Harry asked aggrievedly.

"Well, good-by, dear," he said, blushing furiously, as he threw in the gears and went rattling out of the

And after all-I wonder.

for the truth of this story. She pre-sides over one of the college dining One day some curly lettuce was brought on. A freshman looked at it and exclaimed

"How clever of the cook to crimp it that way. How does she do it?"

#### THE KING OF BOYVILLE :-:

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WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE

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B OYS who are born in a small town are born free and ferent; there are doubtless good little boys who disdain bad little boys, and or little boys who are never to be noticed under any circumstances. But in a small town, every boy, good or bad, rich or poor, stands among boys on his own merits. The son of the banker who owns a turning-pole in the back yard, does homage to the baker's boy who can sit on the bar and drop and catch by his legs; while the good little boy who is kept in wide collars and cuffs by a mistaken mother, gares through the white paling of his father's fence at the troupe headed for the swimming hole, and pays all the reverence which his dwarfed nature can muster to the sign of the two In the social order of boys who live in country towns, a boy is measured by what he can do, and not by what his father is. And so, Winfield Hancock Pennington, whose boy me was Piggy Pennington, was the King of Boyville. For Piggy could walk on his hands, curling one foot gracefully over his back, and pointing the other straight in the air; he could ng by his beels on a flying trapeze; he could chin a pole so many times that no one could count the number; he could turn a somersault in the air n the level ground, both backwards and forwards, he could "tread" water and "lay" his hair; he could hit any marble in any ring from "taws" and "knucks down,"-and better than all, be could cut his initials in the ice on skates, and whiri around and around so many times that he looked like an animated shadow, when he would dart away up the stream, his red "comfort" flapping behind him like a laugh defiance. In the story books such a boy would be the son of a widowed mother, and turn out very good or very bad, but Piggy was not a story book boy, and his father kept a grocery store, from which Piggy used to steal so many dates that the boys said his father must have cut up the almanac to supply him. As he never gave the goodles to the other boys, but them for his own use, his name of "Piggy" was his by all the rights

There was one thing Piggy Penningon could not do, and it was the one of things which he most wished he ald do; he could not under any ciristances say three consecutive and erent words to any girl under fifand over nine. Even after hool Piggy could not join the select terie of boys who followed the girls down through town to the postoffice He could not tease the girls about absent boys at such times and make up

"First the cat and then her tail; Jimmy Sears and Maggle Hale," and then shout them out for the crow hear. Instead of joining this court troupe Piggy Pennington went of with the boys who really didn't care for such things, and fought, or played "tracks up," or wrestled his way lels-orely home in time to get in his "night ood." But his heart was not in these sign to let his feelings be known, but breaking upon her with a glory of did not convey the state of his heart. So only one heart beat with but one single thought, and the other took motto candy and valen-tines and red apples and picture voice. cards and other tokens of esteem from other boys, and bent on with any number of thoughts, entirely immaterial to the uses of this narrative. But Piggy Pennington did not take to the enchantment of corn slik cigarettes and ratten and grapevine cigars; he tried to sing, and walled dismal balabout the "Gypsy's Warning." and "The Child in the Grave With Its Mother," and "She's a Dulsy, She's a Darling, She's a Dumpling. She's a whenever he was in hearing distance of his heart's desire, in the ope of conveying to her some hint of the state of his affections; but it was useless. Even when he tried to histle plaintively as he passed her

rought forth no responsive echo. One morning in the late spring, he mong his mother's roses, which were ust in first bloom. He had taken out Before the first school bell had rung. echool house with a strange looking-purcel under his arm. He tried to put is cont over it, but it stuck out and he newspaper that was wrapped ound it, buiged into so many cor- she came not. There was one rose left, rs, that it looked like a home-tied

nidle of laundry. What you got?" asked the frecklecoed boy, who was learning at Piggy's the teacher, and the school by laying at how to do the "muscle grind" on the beautiful flower, without a word

But Piggs Pennington was the King

lid not hear the question, and say : "Lookle here, Menty, I wish you to him and asked gruffly:

would go and tell Abe I want him to hurry up, for I want to see him."
"Abe" was Piggs's nearest friend. His other name was Carpenter. Piggy only wished to be rid of the frecklefaced boy. But the freckle-faced boy was not used to royalty and its ways,

"Say, Piggy, have you got your red ball-pants in that bundle?" There was no reply. They had got

block when the freekle-faced boy ild stand it no longer and sald: "Say, Piggy, you needn't be so smart

about your old bundle; now honest, Piggy, what have you got in that bun-

"Aw-soft soap, take a bite-good fer yer appetite," said the king, as he ed about and drew up his left cheek and lower eye-lid pognaciously. The freckle-faced boy saw he would have fight if he stayed, so he turned to ppened, "Where do you suppose old

Just before school was called Piegy Pennington was playing "scrub" with might, and a little giri-his Heart's Desire-was taking out of her desk a wreath of roses, fied to a shaky wire frame. There was a crowd of girls around her admiring it, and speculating about the possible author of the gift; but to these she did not show the patent medicine card, on which was scrawled, over the druggist's advertisement:

"Yours truly, W. H. P." When the last bell rang, Piggy Penington was the last boy in, and he

Then he stole a sidewise glance that It was an age be-

a dark day. When a new boy, who didn't belong to the school, came up at recess to play, Piggs shuffled over

"What's your name?" "Puddin' 'n' tame, ast me agin an' I'll tell you the same," said the n boy, and then there was a fight. It didn't snothe Piggy's feelings one bit that he whipped the new boy, for the new boy was smaller than Piggy. And he dared not turn his flushed face toward's his Heart's Desire. It was ilmost four o'clock when Piggy Pennington walked to the master's desk to get him to work out a problem, and as he passed the desk of Heart's Desire he dropped a note in her lap.

It read:

"Are you mad?" But he dared not look for the answer, as they marched out that night, so he contented himself with punching the boy ahead of him with a and stepping on his heels, when they were in the back part of the room where the teacher would not see him. go, and said, as though nothing had The King of Boyville walked home that evening. The courtiers saw plainly that his majesty was troubled.

After this feat the king was quiet, At dusk, when the evening chores were done, Piggy Pennington walked past the home of his Heart's Desire and howled out a deleful bailed which

"You ask what makes this darkey

Why he like others am not gay," But a man on the sidewalk passing. said: "Well, son, that's pretty good. but wouldn't you just as lief sing as to make that noise?" So the king went to bed with a heavy heart. He took that heart to school with id not look toward the desk where he him the next morning and dragged it had put the flowers, until after the over the school ground, playing crack the whip and "stink-base." But when way, and his Heart's Desire was deep hair one of the white roses from his mother's garden-the Pennington's fore she filed past him with the "B" had the only white roses in the little

class in geography, and took a seat town-he knew it was from the wreath directly in front of him, where he which he had given her, and so light could look at her all the time, unobserved by her. Once she squirmed in an effort that he kept it out of his her place and looked toward him, but Piggy Pennington was head over heels in the "Iser rolling rapidly." When began, and every time she came past their eyes did at last meet, just as him from a class, and every time be



"He Walked on His Hands in Front of the Crowd for Nearly Half a Block."

ustimes; it was with a red shawl of for recess, the thrill amounted to a recess, and the other boys couldn't every time he had failed. Lying in have put him out, if they had used a wait for her at corners, and suddenly hand grenade or a fire extinguisher.

He received four distinct shots that backward and forward somersaults day from the eyes of his Heart's Desire, and the last one sent him home on the run, tripping up every primary urchin, whom he found tagging along by the

> The next morning, Piggy Pennington astonished his friends by bringing a big armful of red and yellow and pink and white roses to school.

He had never done this before, and when he had run the gauntlet of the big boys, who were not afraid to steal them from him, he made straight for his schoolroom, and stood holding them in his hands while the girls gathered about him teasing for the beauties. It was nearly time for the last bell to ring, and Piggy knew that his Heart's Dealre would be in the room by the time he got there. He was not mistaken. But Heart's Desire did not clamor with the other girls for one of the roses. Piggy stood off their pleadcuse in the gloaming, his notes ings as long as he could with "Naw," "Why naw, of course I won't," "Naw, what I want to give you one for," and ent half an hour before breakfast "Go away from here I tell you," and stfil Heart's Desire did not ask for There were but a her flowers. nd all his kite string. His mother called to order, and in desparation of the call three times before he beginning that the others were to be right o'clock he was at his tusk again. given away, and ask for one. But she -his Heart's Desire-stood near a Piggs Pennington was bound for the window, talking to the freckle-faced school house with a strange looking boy. Then Piggs gave away one rose after another. As the last bell began to ring he gave them to the boys, as the girls were all supplied. And still

her desk, and as the teacher came in

bome in one of the few two-story houses in the little town. Time and grain had Piggy tried to make some sign to let his feelings be known, but recess, and the street of the schoolhouse to the post office, and in a burst of enthusiasm he program that Alice was to have sung, walked on his hands in front of the was written simply—"Substituting to his breast. ness swept over his soul. That night Piggy Pennington followed the girls "Ab, ain't you afraid you'll hurt

yourself, doing that? Piggy pretended not to hear her, and sald to the boys: "Aw, that ain't nothin'; come down to my barn, an' l'il do somepin that'll make yer head swim."

He was too exuberant to contain himself, and when he left the girls he started to run after a stray chicken, that happened along, and ran till he was out of breath. He did not mean to run in the direction his Heart's Desire had taken, but he turned a corner, and came up with her suddenly.

Her eyes beamed upon him, and he ould not run away, as he wished. She made room for him on the sideand he could do nothing but walk beside her. For a block they were so embarrassed that neither

It was Piggy who broke the silence. Its words came from his heart. He had not yet learned to speak other-

"Where's your rose?" he asked, not

"What rose?" said the girl, as ough she had pever in her short

stepping irregularly, to make the tips of his toes come on the cracks in the Dora!" sidewalk. There was another pause, during which Piggy picked up a peb-

"Oh, that rose?" said his Heart's Desire, turning full upon him with the enchantment of her childish eyes. aking it to keep with the others. Why?"

"Oh, nuthin' much," replied the boy. "I bet you can't do this," he added. the most beautiful of all. She went to as he glowed up into her eyes from an bell in hand, Piggy surprised himself, sive bundspring.

And thus the King of Boyville first set his light, fittle foot upon the soil on the teacher's desk. That day was of an unknown country.

### THE SUBSTITUTE

The neatly-tailored woman with kindly humorous eyes entered the Pullman briskly and settled herself in a chair, watching with interest the varirious passengers dispose themselves. She had been sent now after an al-

Miss Martha Dun was known to round up notables and wring from them their socret thoughts, where other reporters falled in approach.

face was truly lovely, from thoughtful blue eyes to tender curving lips. The porter paid her the homage due

before she turned to the window It was at a country station that the wan little girl"-again Martha's naming-came hesitant up the car steps The porter led her to a seat before that of the lovely lady and across

fore her eyes, for the girl, swaying sud-denly, turned a frightened glance on her neighbor. "I am ill," she said. Tremblingly weak, the girl toppled

The lovely lady, raising the brown head, murmured words of encourage

in a few moments." "I will be unable to continue the journey," the wan little girl said rue fully. And it would mean so much to Granny and me. You see, I was to sing tonight at a small town entertainment. They were to pay me," she added impressively—twenty dollars, Now, I shall have to get off at the next stop

"You love to sing?" the lovely lady

My name is Alice Sanders, the girl offered, "Granny has sacrificed a great deal to give me the small benefit of local teaching."

able voice—the rest of the world has not awakened to that fact. You are kind to listen. Good-by,"

From her purse she drew a note-book and pencil, "Write for me," she requested, "a line of introduction. Just "A friend, substituting for Miss

in her astonishment was fully aware. breathlessly; "they will have some one to meet you there."

the lovely lady, "take this seat for a catingly. "Please, no," she said, A solitary old man was waiting at

In not finding Alice Sanders was evident. Alice's friend approached him with her explanation and he offered, not very graciously, to take her over to the hall, to "see the cor "They are walting there," he said, Martha Dun, coming out of Waycross station, followed resolutely on up the hill. The hill was filled that

msmiling audience and sang the songs had a long way to come with Vesta, that Alice had chosen. The house was und you must be hungry "
very still—then they applanded. The After the meal the fam ger's face flushed happily.

lovely lady took a place at her side. thrill of that first appearance-the friendly faces everywhere. You will not use this little story?"

A man with hair graying at the temples came hurrying toward the two, Before the noted singer of two continents he paused, "Dora!" he ex-claimed, "Tom!" cried the lovely lady. "I came here," he went on, "filled with hope because a little patient of mine told of a generous sweet lady who volunteered to take her place at this entertainment. Her descriptionthe news of your return to this coun-

during which Pigry picked up a pet-ble and threw it at a hird in a tree. porter's tablet in her bag. Then a voice called to her—the lovely lady's face was radiant.

the station, Miss Dun," she said. "And them. "Why, here it is in my grammar. I'm later, would it compensate if I were to give you the story of an old love affair renewed? Theodora Gall's one

#### THE HIRED MAN

By IDA W. GOULD

Vesta worked in a literary bureau ployed, and where, overhearing re marks made relative to the helpiess ness of her aspiring to the attentions of an admirer, she planned a surprise ance. Seated in an obscure corner of the lunch room, two girls laughed exultantly over poor Vesta's lack of style and charm.

"She went to Maine this summer," said one.

"She never had an offer, I believe," trilled the other. And so forth and so on they contin

But at that moment was born at idea in the mind of the listener. Opposite the literary bureau was

Many a time had Vesta bought her modest supply from a tall, good-looking young man.

while waiting for change she ad-dressed the young man as follows: "Mr. Fiaxman, would you like to in-craese your stipend? I will pay you ne dollar if you will meet me twice a week, walk one block with me, and

appear attentive." Twice a week only?" asked the gro cer's clerk engerly.

Vesta infused the temperature of ice into her voice.

"Twice only. Can you do lt?"

"Yes, Miss ——?"
"Cobb," snapped Vesta.

"Honest, Miss Cobb, I'll do it for nothing." I engage you," said Vesta, rising and recovering her parcels.

"I'll do it." Twice a week, as per agreement, Mr. Flaxman waited for Miss Cobb. They came under the observing eyes of the cynical young maidens, in whose esti-

ation Vesta began rising. It never occurred to Vesta that the young man could look at the situation in any but a business light. Therefore, when he took a heavy parcel for her one evening about seven weeks after their first agreement, with a quick mand she almost snatched it from him before the onlookers.

"Miss Cobb, Vesta-I'm going to our home with you this evening.

There's your car.' Vesta tried to remain immovable, Mr. Flaxman was running on ahead, her provisions for two days. Very rosy of countenance, she was forced to run after him. Quite out of breath, she sank into a seat. He placed the benvy package on the floor at her

They rode to her alighting place without a word. "This was not in our agreement,"

"Which is your house?"
"Fifty-three." Thunks; please hurry, Vesta. Pve exceeded the regular limit of time

Vesta was ready to weep. She looked at him imploringly, whispering: them! Oh, I wish I had not trusted

"Vesta-trust me not to be the cad you think me-Vesta was obliged to assume ho

pitulity, saying: "Mother, this is Mr. Flaxman. He's been helping me home

After the meal the family followed Vesta to the living ros Martha Dun sat on the front seat, garded the young man with great ap-

> The graphophone was brought into use. Mr. Flaxman told funny stories. Vesta was obliged to force a smile when they all urged him to come again He thanked them, while be

For a week Miss Cobb eluded him, allpping out by the back entrance. She was reticent when the family inquired for him. Then he changed his tactics, accost-

looked meaningly straight at Vesta

ing her pleasantly as she emerged triumphs I have never since known the from the rear of the building. Again he took her parcels. They walked a whole block before a

> word was exchanged. When finally they were out of sight of the critical stares of the "hands," Mr. Flaxman spoke "We are not playing now," he said,

Vesta's glance would have discouraged a less determined sultor ed a less determined suc. Mr. Flaxnan. I'll pay you your price now-Vesta took a bill from her hand-

"Vesta, I'll carry your parcels through this world and into the next, if you'll let up on that play-acting. I Martha Dun slipped away. At the will not take a cent for it. Please den't glare so-here, take my handker-chief-rub that powder off your nose." Vesta succumbed. They became the envy of the "hands" in the autumn "The doctor and I will drive you to when the wedding bells pealed for

The hired man became a willing

World's Present Need,

It is thought by some persons that if the common people rule the world there will be millennial conditions. But lady, "bring happiness. Just been ruling the world. Now the world

# The World's Greatest

The Home Town newspaper as we know it in North America is the world's greatest salesmaan.

Every day, everywhere, it tact.

"Hile! Want to take a ride?"

"Oh, look, Harry, at the edge of the

"Dogwood. The first I've seen, Let's

"Well, I guess we'd better get our They jumped to their feet and start-

again. Back another way. As he belped her across a little ditch he

'N-nothing only-my hand's cramped Relleved, he took the flowers and also the cramped little hand and they went on their way, two rather sober but wonderfully happy children. As rode homeward they said little,

own front yard. "Er, say, Elsie, you going to tell

"No-no. I guess not. She'd only say we're too young to know anything about love." "I'm not going to tell dad, either, cause he'd just cass and say the same

than they do, because we're in 1-love just because we're in love, and after a while when you're older you'll get in

"Oh, yes, but then you're d-differ-

#### A Clever Cook.

A woman, teaching in a well-known college for girls near Boston, vouches tables at which sit a dozen students.

life heard of such an absurd thing as a rose. "Oh, you know," returned the boy,

His heart was sinking rapidly.

By AGNES BROGAN

ost impossible interview.

So, now, the "lovely lady" entering took a chair directly opposite. The

a personnge, and she cast a little half file in the direction of Martha Dun

from Martha Dun-in search of a The story promised to be enacted b

a crumpling bundle of navy-blue on the ment. "You will be all right, my dear,

"All my life, I have longed to be

The girl's eyes twinkled. "Friends would tell you that I have a remark-

The line was written before Alice 'Stop at Waycross," she directed

"May I," inquired Martha Dun of ment? I would like to talk with you." But the lady, turning from a farewell wave to Alice, smiled pla-Waycross station. His disappointment

evening and disappointment in their

or Miss Sanders."

"Mr. Flaxman, I'm sure I am very
The lovely lady looked down on her grateful. Sit right here. I know you

When the applause had died away the probation, "Miss Dun," she said, "I ask that you will not mar my happy hour by publicity. Let me tell you. That girl who entered the train today might have been myself years ago-with my difficulties and yearning ambition. When I stood on that crude stage tonight, I was carried back to my first public singing in our town ball, the very country town from which Alice came today. And in all my professional

try-and I do find you, after all.

love story. The world will be interested—don't you think—in the fact that she returns from her European tour to marry a country doctor? For neither success nor riches," added the two things count for much in this is in sore need of uncommon people. world-kindly deeds and love."

# Salesman

is carrying the great message of commerce, bringing buyer and seller into profitable con-

The sales it makes every year total in the billions.

Its customers are in every home, in every office, on every farm.

Its cost per sale is less than any other salesman, for not only is it the world's greatest salesman in VOLUME but also in efficiency.

The biggest problem in merchandising today is high selling costs. Newspaper advertising, sent on the job of looking for sales where buying habits offer profitable opportunities, is the surest means of keeping down this vexatious item.

These are the days of scientific selling. Haphazard selling is the road to red ink figures.

Newspaper advertising is the easy road to all the people in all markets-and newspaper advertising and scientific selling go hand in hand.

The great increase in the

use of newspaper advertis-

ing reflects the tendency of

the times. Merchants of Heppner, we are offering you the services of The WORLD'S GREAT-EST SALESMAN every

## The **Gazette-Times**

The Gazette-Times is unques-

week in the year.

tionably the best advertising medium serving this territory. This is shown by the fact that it carries almost all the advertising placed in this field by advertising agencies, who make a close study of conditions and place their contracts according to the facts. They are not influenced by sentiment and are quick to recognize the fraudulent circulation claims of some papers bidding for their business. The circulation data submitted by The Gazette-Times is sworn to and is absolutely authentic and its claim of 1200 subscribers is backed up by proof.

HEPPNER RODEO, Sept. 27-8-9, 1923