

AFTER ALL

By CORONA REMINGTON

It was Saturday. In the garden behind the house an old man was slowly pulling up weeds and piling them in little heaps along the rows, and across the railing of the porch study quilts and blankets were sunning themselves.

THE KING OF BOYVILLE

By WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE

BOYS who are born in a small town are born free and equal. In the big city it may be different; there are doubtless good little boys who disdain bad little boys, and poor little boys who are never to be noticed under any circumstances.

of Boyville, and he had a right to look straight ahead of him, as if he did not hear the question, and say: "Lookie here, Mesty, I wish you would go and tell Abe I want him to hurry up, for I want to see him."

"Abe" was Piggy's nearest friend. His other name was Carpenter. Piggy only wished to be rid of the freckle-faced boy. But the freckle-faced boy was not used to royalty and its ways, so he pushed his inquiry.

"Yours truly, W. H. P." When the last bell rang, Piggy Pennington was the last boy in, and he did not look toward the desk where he had put the flowers, until after the singing.



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

the room, was at the door to go out for recess, the thrill amounted to a shock that sent him whirling in a pin wheel of handspins toward the ball ground, shouting "scrub—first bat, first bat, first bat," from sheer, bubbling joy.

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 desire would be in the room by the time he got there.

a dark day. When a new boy, who didn't belong to the school, came up at recess to play, Piggy shuffled over to him and asked gruffly: "What's your name?"

"Puddin' n' tane, ast me agin' n' I'll tell you the same," said the new boy, and then there was a fight. It didn't soothe Piggy's feelings a bit that he whipped the new boy, for the new boy was smaller than Piggy.

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 doleful ballad which began:

"You ask what makes this darkey weep. 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 us to make that noise?"

From her purse she drew a notebook and pencil. "Write for me," she requested, "a line of introduction. Just say, 'A friend, substituting for Miss Sanders.'"

The line was written before Alice in her astonishment was fully aware. "Stop at Waycross," she directed breathlessly, "they will have some one to meet you there."

Martha Dun sat on the front seat. When the applause had died away the lovely lady took a place at her side. "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."

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

"Where's your rose?" he asked, not seeing it. "What rose?" said the girl, as though she had never in her short life heard of such an absurd thing as a rose.

THE SUBSTITUTE

By AGNES BROGAN

The neatly-tailored woman with kindly humorous eyes entered the Pullman briskly and settled herself in a chair, watching with interest the various passengers dispose themselves.

The lovely lady, raising the brown head, murmured words of encouragement. "You will be all right, my dear, in a few moments."

"All my life, I have longed to be a singer. My name is Alice Sanders," the girl offered. "Granny has sacrificed a great deal to give me the small benefit of local teaching."

From her purse she drew a notebook and pencil. "Write for me," she requested, "a line of introduction. Just say, 'A friend, substituting for Miss Sanders.'"

The lovely lady looked down on her unsmiling audience and sang the songs that Alice had chosen. The house was very still—then they applauded. The singer's face flushed happily.

"I was carrying back to my first public singing in our town hall, the very country town from which Alice came today. And in all my professional triumphs I have never since known the 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 exclaimed. "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 description—the news of your return to this country—and I do find you, after all, Dora!"

THE HIRED MAN

By IDA W. GOULD

Vesta worked in a literary bureau where 30 or more women were employed, and where, overbearing remarks made relative to the helplessness of her aspirant, she planned a surprise calculated to overthrow their assurance.

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

"No—only on the agreed terms will 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 estimation Vesta began rising."

"You can't be so cowardly as to tell them! Oh, I wish I had not trusted you so." "Vesta—trust me not to be the cad you think me—"

When finally they were out of sight of the critical stars of the "hands," Mr. Flaxman spoke. "We are not playing now," he said. Vesta's glance would have discouraged a less determined suitor.

"It is thought by some persons that if the common people rule the world there will be millennial conditions. But the trouble is, the common people have been ruling the world. Now the world is in sore need of uncommon people.—Elmer Willis Serl."

The World's Greatest Salesman

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

Every day, everywhere, it is carrying the great message of commerce, bringing buyer and seller into profitable contact.

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 advertising reflects the tendency of the times.

Merchants of Heppner, we are offering you the services of The WORLD'S GREATEST SALESMAN every week in the year.

The Gazette-Times

The Gazette-Times is unquestionably 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.

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