

HER FATHER

By JANE GORDON

Tillie stood before the old-fashioned mirror in her room but quiet bedroom and looked at the picture. She looked at this photograph often—as often, that is, as her querulous aunt's demands left time.

"Tillie's time was, for the most part, taken up with mixing egg-nogs and cooking tempting morsels for her invalid, hurrying out to market and hurrying back again—frequently fearing that Aunt Susan might have needed her in the meantime.

"Perhaps if Miss Susan Dixby had really been Tillie's aunt she might have had more kindly consideration for this tireless nurse and companion. But the name 'aunt' was merely by adoption.

"The picture she loved to gaze at was a picture of the handsome irresponsible father who had long ago left her to Miss Susan's care. How often had Tillie been forced to listen to the complaining tale!

"And when your poor, silly young mother died, Tillie, there was that never-do-well left with a child he didn't know what to do with. And because I had been kind in sending jellies and things to your mother, who, goodness knows, had little enough to do with, he brought you over to me. You live alone, Miss Susan, says your father, and little Tillie will be company for you. When I find the right work I'll send you money from time to time."

"Guess, Miss Susan, would add dryly, 'be never found the right work.' "But he did come to see me," Tillie would put in timidly; "every year father came. And he was always far away."

"Yes, and went on again without inviting you to go with him." Susan would reply, "though you adored the man, just like your mother did."

"Tillie had secretly adored the good-natured big father; always with tears in her tired eyes, she recalled the threadbare stabbiness of him—the love in his dark eyes—as he bade her good-bye.

In later years the roving father wrote less and less frequently. Then his letters ceased altogether and Tillie was unable to locate him.

"Dead, probably," Aunt Susan sympathetically supposed. Tillie's brown hair had tinged with gray in her devoted service. But Tillie's life had not been altogether colorless.

offer of the position of French teacher in the local high school. But the first burst of enthusiasm ever that had passed. Now she was asking herself whether it were wise to settle down in her home town.

The cheery greeting of a young man interrupted her thoughts. He vaulted over the fence opposite, covered the space between them in three steps and sprang himself at her feet.

"Hello, old bookworm," he smiled. "I hear you've landed a position. Congratulations!" Mabel Turner nodded. "Wait, Horace. I was just debating whether it weren't ambitious to take the first offer—and that here at home."

"Why get city ambitions, Mabel? This may lead to something else," the young man suggested. "I've landed a job, too. Old Uncle Harvey is to initiate me into his woolen business. Pretty soft."

"I hope you'll settle down, then," she smiled. "You never took life seriously—"

"Which reminds me of my errand, Mabs," Horace interrupted, sitting up his arms about his knees. "I've fallen in love."

"And you just out of college? When, pray, did you fall?" "Almost overnight. You know Almee Dupont, the little French girl who was here last summer? She's back, visiting her aunt. She's bowled me over. Surprised!"

"Father. And where do I come in?" "Your French. The language and I quarrel. Almee chatters in it most of the time, and I haven't told her the essential—conversation! I know the grammar. Come!"

"Are you sure she isn't after the money your father left you?" Mabel asked candidly.

Horace frowned. She knew she hurt him, but it was for his good. She patted his shoulder then and picked up the French book.

hair, the light in her eyes and the neat trimness of her black dress. Besides, she was "some" waitress! She could make two orders to every one that the other girls made.

Neal liked the unconventional of Norris. He found it pleasant to sit at his accustomed table in the corner by the window, to watch Malsie move deftly in and out among the tables with her tray, and to have her come at last to wait on him. Sometimes it happened that Malsie stayed too long among the other tables and Neal had to give his order to one of those frowsy-looking girls. Then, between jealousy and disappointment, he lost his appetite and went back to his counter in the larder-dish with the feeling that the bottom had quite fallen out of things.

But this did not happen often. Generally, Malsie made it a point to wait upon Neal. He noticed it—and was satisfied with himself.

Malsie was beginning to like him! He took to brushing and wetting his hair and changing his collar before going to Norris. He thought he detected a more personal gleam in Malsie's smile after that. Sometimes she lingered a little longer than necessary at Neal's table.

There never was time to say much. Neal even forgot, sometimes, just the exact words that Malsie had said, but the fact that she had spoken to him at all thrilled him with a strange joy. For the rest of the day he lived a sort of ethereal existence—talking and grinning cheerfully to himself behind the counter, making wrong change, scriawling Malsie's name upon the back of his order-slip, and starting off for home at five o'clock without his hat.

Then Neal saw Malsie one night at a theater, sitting two rows in front of him. There was a man with her. He was lanky, with a long nose that turned up ridiculously at the end. Neal wanted to laugh at him; at the same time he was jealous. He wondered at Malsie.

At Norris' things went as usual, except that Malsie seldom lingered to talk. She was always very busy. A week later he saw Malsie again at another theater. She had the same companion; Neal could tell when the light fell across that ridiculous nose! Then he began to doubt—his self-surety ebbed little by little. And he blamed Malsie. Perhaps, after all, she was just like the rest of those girls at Norris—frivolous, dirty. Why had she encouraged him at all, then, to behave like this?

Neal's final conviction came one night when he met Malsie and her

escort again—on the street, gazing into a furniture store window. Their arms were locked. Malsie was laughing. She turned just as Neal went by, saw Neal lift his hat, looked calmly at him, and passed on without a word. A moment later her laugh came drifting down the street to Neal.

For a week after that Neal did not go to Norris. But the hardest thing to bear was the eclipse of his own self-assurance. When Malsie deliberately "swapped him over" for this lanky fellow with the upturned nose—he began to wonder at his own eligibility. Those seven days were miserable.

The next week he was back at Norris'. At least he would tell Malsie she couldn't treat him like this. He took his seat by the window. It was Malsie who came to wait on him. She brushed slightly when she saw him and waited while Neal gave his order. When she had brought it she lingered a moment. Then she asked:

"Why didn't you come this last week? Have you been ill?" Neal did not answer at once. Then he said abruptly:

"No—I saw you the other night."

Malsie looked bewildered. "Me? You saw me?"

Neal spoke deliberately. "Yes, I saw you; three times with a fellow with a turned-up nose. Once I saw—"

Malsie's sudden laugh interrupted him.

"Is—is that why you've stayed away? That wasn't me. That was Daisy. She's my twin sister, and that was Jimmy she was with. Ain't his nose funny. But he's a nice fellow, an' he an' Daisy's going to be married next month. Ain't it funny you thought it was me?"

The sudden pressure of her hand between Neal's fingers cut short her happy confession. Then, with a laugh of relief, she freed her hand and disappeared among the tables.

THE BRACELET

By JANE GORDON

(© 1923, Western Newspaper Union.)

Grant, sitting before the fire in the village inn, reflected pleasantly upon his adventurous afternoon. This, perhaps because he had been forced to ride in a saddle instead of the customary automobile. And because in the woodland path he had met a charming maid clad in a scarlet cape.

Aunt Martha, the erratic and uncertain, had sent him upon this errand to

the far wood in search of an old house which she had seen advertised in the city paper.

She had made known her intention of leaving Grant her heir.

She wanted this Walden house, she explained, as a refuge from friends, both social and charitable.

"I can go and come there as I please," she told her favorite nephew, "and I hope, Grant, that you will find the place as promising as the advertisement reads."

Grant had found the isolated country beautiful, even in the winter's first fall of snow. Then, as though in answer to his wish for direction, the young woman of the scarlet cape appeared. She came to view from behind an evergreen tree and the hood of her cape, falling back, disclosed golden-brown hair, ruffled and wavy.

The girl's brown eyes, meeting his, were startled—wide like a child's. But to Grant's question she merely stretched forth a white arm to point the way, and before she had withdrawn the arm into the fold of her cape his attention was attracted to a strange black bracelet that she wore. Flashing from its center was a great white stone.

Stilently the girl hurried on. But her image stayed with him as he rode toward Walden house, and Grant had gone on smiling at the romance.

An elderly woman gave him entrance to the house at the end of the wood. She was a friend of the new owner, she told him, occupying the place with her until such time as it should be sold. Grant decided, after a view of the quaint, well-kept rooms, that the house would exactly suit his aunt.

Returning in the early twilight of the winter afternoon he felt a thrill of anticipation at the possibility of a second vision of the woodland maid.

And she had passed him again, returning from her walk. Her arm waved a parting salute to him. Grant saw the flash of the black bracelet as the moon came to light the darkening way.

"Walden house?" the innkeeper answered his question—"Oh, yes, I know it well. The place came to the present owner through a legacy. It's quite a story. Belonged to Miss Patience Walden long years ago. Patience had a lover when she was young, and he gave her a bracelet—so they say—a queer black bracelet with a white stone in it. Then they quarreled just before the wedding, and the lover married another woman. Folks said it was because of the black betrothal bracelet that he had given Patience.

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.

Advertisement for Remington Game Loads. Includes illustration of a hardware store, a man loading a gun, and a box of Remington Game Loads. Text: 'Why Dealers Here in Town are selling so many Remington Game Loads'. 'IT doesn't take sportsmen long to get the ins and outs of anything new that's offered them.' 'When Remington announced the Remington Game Loads last year, not all the men who wanted to try them could do so. Because it was their first year and there weren't enough to go 'round.' 'But those who did shoot them told the others, and this season there is a demand for Remington Game Loads that has never been approached in the history of the loaded shell business.' 'Whether you are already a Game Load enthusiast or have yet to shoot your first box—you will be interested in the facts about powder we uncovered in our Bridgeport tests on loaded shells. These are given in the panel at the right.' 'To the practical minds of the Remington organization, these discoveries indicated that there was just one thing to be done—Fix a safe working standard of velocity, pattern and penetration for each kind of small game.' 'Make this standard absolute. And load just the right amount of powder to give it—whether it takes an eighth dram more or an eighth dram less.' 'That is the theory and practice of game loads. Uniform shooting results—instead of a hard and fast loading formula. Powder varies—Remington Game Loads do not.' 'Naturally, you won't find the weight of powder indicated on Remington Game Load boxes—because the weight is not fixed.' 'You do not find the name of the powder because Remington takes full responsibility for the shell complete—including the powder.' 'Go to your dealer's. Get one box of Remington Game Loads and shoot them. We'll leave the rest up to your judgment.' 'REMINGTON ARMS COMPANY, Inc.—New York City Established 1816' 'Remington THE AUTHORITY IN FIRE ARMS, AMMUNITION AND CUTLERY'

MAISIE

By ETHEL M. HALL

(© 1923, by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

There was a girl at Norris'. That was why Neal Hinton went there so often. Of course there were other girls—but they did not matter. They were promiscuous—frowsy looking, dull and painfully slow in bringing orders. But this one—Maisie!

AMBITIONS

By RUTH LONG

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The alluring promise of fall caught at the heart of a young woman swinging lazily in a hammock under the trees. A book of French studies lay open on the ground.