

**THE KIDS WERE WILLING**

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MILDRED FRASIER walked four blocks after leaving the car, through the strange, still heat that foretold a storm. A few drops of rain were falling to a rolling accompaniment of lightning as she mounted the steps to the door of the small brown house which still bore her husband's name, Dr. Ezra C. Frasier. Doctor Frasier had been dead eight years and his widow was now a saleswoman in the dress department at Coleman's big department store.

It had been a hard day for Mildred, for she had sold but one dress, although she had tried, as never before to please her customers. She had a feeling that unless her sales mounted up she was not going to be retained much longer, and she trembled with apprehension. Her last resort would be to sell the house, the dear home Ezra had given her. The children would not like that, for there was a bit of garden that Trivilla loved. But, of course, they could not stay there unless she could keep on at the store. In fact, she had not gone to work until she had been forced to. As the children grew older they needed more and more money, and they were now practically using for themselves every cent of the small income Ezra had left her. Thus she had been forced to provide for herself and almost entirely for the house out of her small earnings.

As Mildred entered her living room, after having hung up her coat and hat, her daughter sprang up from the sagging davenport. Trivilla was fifteen, tall, slim, flat-figured, yet with a look of grace and pliancy that convinced one of an immense store of vitality. She was like an American Beauty rose—just that radiant and perfect. Flowing hair, brilliant skin, eyes like hand-polished agate and a mouth which dared the whole world to kiss her. Mildred had never been like that, and she paused now to gaze at her daughter; wondering where Trivilla's beauty had come from.

"Mother!" Trivilla said excitedly. "Leon and I have asked Mr. Boyd to dinner."

Mildred turned pale. "But, dearest—" she began helplessly.

"I know. There wasn't a thing in the house to eat this morning after we cleaned up the breakfast table and built our lunches. But there is now. Leon got a whopping big steak and I stopped at the delicatessen's for pie and potato salad. And if you could just make a cup of good coffee—"

"I can, of course," Mildred replied. She went on to the kitchen.

A moment she stood with her eyes shut trying to pull herself together. Then she reached for the coffee percolator.

John Boyd had been a friend of her husband's. He had gone west soon after Ezra's death and had returned within the year. The first time he had called after his return he had seemed to be greatly impressed with both children, Leon particularly, and had made a real friend of him, and the boy had improved wonderfully under the man's fine training. But his feeling for Trivilla seemed altogether different. Mildred suspected that some day, when the girl was old enough to know her own mind, John Boyd was going to propose to her. Until then he was winning her by every means in his power.

It would be a splendid thing for Trivilla to have this handsome, rich, intellectual man's love, and Mildred was glad for her daughter's sake. But there was something in her own heart that terrified her. She herself loved John Boyd.

Trivilla came into the kitchen presently.

"Mother, Mr. Boyd is here. Aren't you going to fix up or anything?"

Mildred smiled. "No. Won't I do?"

"Oh, you will do." But Trivilla was frankly disparaging. "Only I hate that sloppy old dyed blue thing and your hair is rough. Let me smooth it." She attempted to pat smooth the rich braids of dull brown hair which covered her mother's head.

Mildred went in to greet her children's guest. She found Leon sitting on the arm of John's chair with his arm frankly about John's shoulders. Leon was thirteen.

"We pretty near had to kidnap him, mother," Leon proclaimed, as John arose to shake hands with her.

At the table Trivilla was captivated. She loved good food and a guest and she and Leon talked gaily while Mildred sat in apparent serenity with no outward display of uneasiness or heartache.

As dessert was served the storm broke in fury and the lights went out. Trivilla brought her pink candles and Leon produced a flashlight. They laughed as they groped among the dishes.

If Trivilla had been lovely under the chandelier she was ten times more lovely by candlelight, a glowing, imperious thing with hair like a helmet of burnished copper. Under cover of the dimness Mildred watched the man opposite her as his eyes rested upon her daughter. In three years he could have Trivilla. She herself had been married at that age.

"Too bad it is storming," John said. "I had planned to take you kids for a ride up Checonet creek. It is lovely there now, with every branch and bough burgeoning."

"Can't we go tomorrow?" asked Trivilla eagerly.

John said "We'll see," and smiled in Mildred's direction. It was the last thing she remembered for a time.

Faintly at last into her consciousness came voices, the sound of somebody crying and the feeling of hands. Thoughts gathered. What was the matter? Had she fainted? She opened her eyes and saw that the lights had come back on and that three persons, John, of course, and the children were about her as she lay on the floor. Indeed, she lay in John's arms and his face was white as it bent above her.

She felt herself being lifted and borne to the living-room davenport. She could see now and her head felt right, but there was a queer faintness at the pit of her stomach.

"Mother," Trivilla sobbed. "We thought you were dead."

"Dead!" she spoke painfully. "I only fainted—"

"No, no," Leon said. "You were struck. A bolt came down the chimney. We all felt it, but you were sitting with your back—"

Suddenly Mildred realized the whole unhappy thing. A little more and she would have been gone beyond recall. Would it not have been better?

"What a pity," she said.

"Thank God it was no worse," John breathed.

Mildred tried to smile.

"I feel as if I had gone to sleep all over," she said.

"You can't go back to work tomorrow," Trivilla insisted.

"Oh, of course I shall. I shall be all right by then."

"No!" John said sternly. "You won't go back to work tomorrow, or next day, or next week. This thing has got to end. I'm going to take care of you after this, Mildred."

"Oh, mother!" begged Trivilla. "If he wants to, let him."

"Please, mother," added Leon.

Mildred drew herself up.

"But I am quite capable of taking care of myself," she said, coldly.

Suddenly John laughed and took her hand.

"I know that, my dear. And you needn't get huffy at my interference with your independence. But don't you think if you married me we could make a pretty happy family? The kids are willing, I'm sure, if you are."

"Marry you?" Mildred said. And then she began to cry, she who had been so brave for eight hard years.

John took her into his arms and at a signal from him the boy and girl stepped from the room.

**Wild Animals Swayed by Musical Sounds**

It is a well-known fact that some animals are fond of music, while others are exceedingly particular as to the instruments played in their presence, says Ruby Denton in Our Dumb Animals. Lions have been found to listen with marked attention to the piano. They appreciate the top and middle notes, but begin to roar terribly when the bass notes are struck loudly. Tigers cannot endure the shrill notes of the fife. Scientific experiments have been made to show that the ears of the tiger are much more sensitive than those of human beings, and that sharp-toned instruments irritate the sensitive organs of hearing.

That is why some people in the jungles of India and China have sometimes been able to save their lives by playing a fife or some similar instrument that they have happened to have along with them when attacked by a wild beast. The ferocious animal has appeared to forget all else but the irritation caused by the sensitive membrane of its ears and has been more than willing to flee with all possible haste. In zoos experiments have been made with horns, fifes and violins, and their effect upon the animals noted, the result being that all take rather kindly to the softer notes of the violin, but are much disturbed by the shrill tones of the harsher instruments.

In those countries where oxen are used for labor they take great pleasure in the singing of their driver. They work better at the plow when stirred by a cheerful song. It is also customary for the Arabs to sing to their camels during long journeys across the desert.

**Famous Cemetery**

Among the first large cemeteries in America was Greenwood cemetery, which had its beginning when a stock company in Brooklyn purchased the wooded heights of Gowanus bay. Much of the land was swampy, rocky waste and thick undergrowth. The founding of this cemetery was to provide a large central burying ground to replace the many small, private ones, where too often the bones of the dead had been scattered by the growth of the city, says Maude Stewart in "Vrouw Knickerbocker."

The first citizen of Brooklyn to be buried in Greenwood cemetery was John Hanna, who died in 1840. Since that date 500,000 others have been buried in Greenwood.

**Resourceful**

"Brown's nerve is the limit." "What's he done now?" "He called yesterday morning to borrow a gun, saying he wanted to shoot a dog that kept him awake nights." "Well?" "My dog's been shot."

**Poet Lost in Wonder at Friend's Capacity**

Absent mindedness was one of Tennyson's faults when deep in conversation on his favorite topic—his poetry. After dinner one evening he turned to a friend who had been his sole guest and began a long dissertation on the production of one of his plays, while the butler, having filled the guest's glass, placed the decanter of port before his master. As Tennyson talked, he drank, and not noticing his guest's empty glass, kept refilling his own until the decanter was empty. Then he said, "That was a very good bottle of port, don't you think? Shall we have another?" The guest assenting, the butler brought in a second decanter which went through the same experience as the first, Tennyson's friend having one glass from the butler, and the poet, entirely engrossed in talk as before, consuming all the rest. Early the next morning his guest awoke to find Tennyson standing by his bed, regarding him with evident solicitude.

"How are you this morning?" was the host's query.

"All right, thanks."

"Sure you are all right?"

"Quite sure."

"Ah, but pray, do you always drink two bottles of port after dinner?"—Kansas City Star.

**Dust as a Shield**

The British royal commission on mines has made some interesting experiments on explosions of mixtures of coal dust and air. It has demonstrated that such mixtures are eminently explosive, and also that the explosions can be mitigated, or confined in area, by means of stone dust, which is not explosive.

A coal dust area was placed between a dustless region and one spread with stone dust, after which an explosion was produced in the coal dust by firing a cannon. The results appeared to demonstrate that the effects of an explosion may be transmitted to a considerable distance over a dustless zone by the coal dust driven before the air blast, but that the stone dust has a restraining effect.

**Picking Up a Pin**

In this country to pick up a pin seen on the pavement is supposed to be an indication of thrift. In Russia this is not so. A traveler writes:

"I was walking one day with an old Russian lady down a street in Moscow. Seeing a pin on the ground, I stooped to pick it up, when my companion restrained me, saying:

"Don't do that. According to a Russian superstition, if a person afflicted with a disease drops a pin and somebody picks it up, the disease will pass from the dropper of the pin to the picker-up."

**Phase of Life**

As the ice upon the mountain, when the warm breath of the summer's sun breathes upon it, melts, and divides into drops, each of which reflects an image of the sun, so life, in the smile of God's love, divides itself into separate forms, each bearing in it and reflecting an image of God's love.—Longfellow.

A corn and apple show is to be an annual feature at a bank in Baltimore County, Maryland. Another banker has been able to get his county to "think corn," over 500 farmers planting improved corn. Many other bankers in the state are giving moral support and funds to this work.

**Pry Gravel From Tires**

The State Highway Department and the Oregon State Motor association issue the following advice to motorists driving over freshly oiled and gravelled roads. The warning is this:

After you have driven over newly oiled highway and at the end of every eight or ten miles of oiled highway, stop and with a screw driver, pen knife, or what you have, pry out all bits of crushed gravel that have collected on the tires.

Damage to tires has been great and indignation of motorists correspondingly greater, due to cuts wrought by gravel imbedded in

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tires, according to the highway department and motor association, who have been bombarded with calls from all parts of Oregon during the past few days.

The exact condition is this: Oiling of the principal unpaved highways is necessary. Spreading of crushed rock and gravel over the new oil to keep it from splattering over the under sides of automobiles is also necessary. But, the film of oil that gathers over the tires picks up rock and gravel. After the automobile has left the oiled stretch the rock is ground into the rubber by constant pressure between the car and highway, and consequently punctures the tire. Thus, damage to the tires brings about indignation of the driver, with a subsequent recoil upon the highway department and motor association.

The state highway department have carried on a series of investigations to remedy the situation and arrived at the conclusion that both oil and gravel are necessary to the motorist. The motorists themselves must keep the gravel from working into the tires and that is where the screw driver, pen knife and what not enter into the situation.

This condition is purely temporary and will only exist while roads are freshly oiled and only causes trouble for a few days after the gravel has been spread. Were it possible to shut off the oiled road and eliminate the necessity of gravel, it would be much better for the highway department and for the motorists themselves but this condition is not always possible and since it is not, this grievance must be born as the lesser of two evils.

Wherever possible the highway department is providing detours so that the oil and gravel may be avoided.

The highway department is now experimenting with rolling the gravel after it is spread over the oil and should this prove successful, much of the trouble will be eliminated.

**Farm Market Review**

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ember delivery at Portland and \$2.20, \$2.25 the hundred for cash

No. 1 Sonora at San Francisco. Coast malting barley continued firm but central western barley went lower permitting exporting from Chicago.

Orchard Grass seed—Danish orchard grass seed has been offered

at \$12.50 a hundred, duty paid at New York. The domestic crop is about half as large as last year's the carryover about 100,000 pounds more. The Danish crop is a little better than last year's, the carry-over less.

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