

OLD JOHN'S CHANGE OF HEART

(By D. J. Walsh.)

JOHN BARKER, "Stingy John," as he was dubbed by the small boys of the neighborhood, sat on the doorstep of his ivy-covered cottage, which had been made beautiful both inside and out by the hands of Milly, his orphaned niece.

"That very day in a violent fit of rage he had caused her to leave the only home she had ever known. Where she had gone for shelter he did not know, and, what was worse, he had convinced himself that he did not care.

But tonight something was wrong. He did not find his usual satisfaction in counting his money and chuckling over his bank balances and the rents so soon coming due.

Perhaps his conscience was vaguely troubling him. A neighbor who had just left had told him in no uncertain words just what he thought of old John's treatment of Milly.

"For love of money," the neighbor had said, "you've sold yourself to the devil. He'll soon be able to claim your soul!"

And while old John had openly flouted him, he could not forbear a shudder. Try as he would he could not keep his thoughts from wandering. Had he really sold his soul to the devil?

He could not keep his mind from dwelling on Milly. In fancy he could hear the echo of her light footfall as she went to walk to and fro across the way bedrooms and hall, descending in the little womanly steps that seem so intricate to a man.

But old John's heart hardened as he remembered how she had defied him when he forbade her to allow that young scapout of a boy to ever cross his threshold again. Never would a pottering musician inherit his money. If Milly didn't have sense enough to marry a man of wealth then she shouldn't ever receive any of his.

Rather than give up her lover the girl had chosen to go out in the world and try to make her own living until such a time as the man of her heart could claim her.

Old John sat motionless, smoking his corncob pipe moodily. The loneliness of the little house made him reluctant to enter, though it was past the hour of his bedtime.

The hours dragged interminably. An ominous silence prevailed. Suddenly the air was rent by the shrill cry of a screech-owl, that harbinger of evil tidings.

The darkness seemed filled with horrible grinning faces. Another gust of wind came around the corner of the house, ending in a long-drawn-out, almost human sob.

The grim figure of the old man stirred uneasily.

Faintly in the wind the sound of a voice singing was borne to him. A voice of exquisite pathos and beauty. Old John peered nervously into the shadows, and then rose stiffly and entered the house.

No sooner had he lighted the old-fashioned lamp than there was the sound of feet outside and a loud rap on the door.

With shuffling, hesitating steps he started to answer the summons, but when at last his nervous fingers found the latch and opened the door he drew back in terror.

Without stood a majestic, terrible figure. To old John's benumbed faculties it was neither man nor beast—nothing less than the devil himself! The figure stood about 6 feet 2, clothed in scarlet from head to foot; wild-looking little red horns protrud-

ed from his forehead, and from his eyes darted tiny flames of fire.

Old John stood transfixed—paralyzed with fear, as in deep stentorian tones the apparition demanded to know what he had done with Milly.

In a quivering, trembling voice he attempted to explain that Milly had gone to the city, but before he could finish he fell to his knees in terror, half in a swoon.

When he at last ventured to raise his eyes again the figure was gone and he was alone with his conscience.

"Oh God," he moaned, "I've been a wicked, cruel old man. Hell's too good for me, but I've got another chance to make good and—I'm going to do it."

The next day the little community was set agast by the deeds of old John, "Stingy" John no longer.

First the mortgage was paid off the little church and a clear deed handed to its members. A mortgage the old man held on the house of a widow was lifted and a deed to the little home presented her entirely clear of incumbrance.

Old John maintained a grim silence, but he did things in no half measures. A sum of money was given to the town for the remodeling of the parsonage, which for years had well deserved this name.

Lastly, Milly came home and the little cottage was again made sweet by the sound of her girlish voice. It was to a different home she came.

No one knew what had happened, but everybody knew that "Stingy" John had suffered a change of heart. He even allowed Milly to kiss him, something she had not dared to do for many years—not since the greed and love for money had warped his soul.

There, too, was another reason for the girl's joyous singing. Not only had she returned to find a kind and gentle old man in place of the selfish and parsimonious one she had known for years, but he had promised that she might see her lover and that he would be given a chance to prove himself.

At that very moment a wonderful tenor was heard singing the "Flower Song" from "Faust"—the voice that had opened the gates of paradise for Milly.

Eagerly she met him at the door, and was soon enfolded in his strong arms.

"My little Milly," he murmured tenderly, "What a joy to see you again! I have been almost sick with fear for your safety, hearing that your uncle had cast you out of his house."

"A wonderful thing has happened," the girl answered with dimpling smiles. "Uncle is not mean or stingy any longer. He—loves me and wants me to be happy."

A look of incredulity passed over the face of the young man as he raised questioning eyes to his sweetheart. "I can't grasp it. You mean he has changed? Does he no longer object to me, and was that why you wrote me to come?"

"Yes," she answered happily. "Something has happened. I don't know what and it has made him different."

"There must be some explanation," the young man insisted.

"Well, there is," Milly rejoined after a second's hesitation. "It's such a peculiar thing, and of course I don't really believe it, but he says he saw the devil."

"He was always superstitious; perhaps it was his imagination. It couldn't have been anything real, you know."

"Well, you know," Milly went on explaining, "before he became so rich he was religious and money does make people forget God and religion, now, doesn't it?"

"I can't say, dear," her lover answered in his whimsical voice. "You

see, I never had any." Then he continued seriously, "How long since he had what he calls a warning?"

"It happened only a few hours after he—made me leave home. What he saw certainly must have been terrible looking. He says it was over six feet tall, dressed entirely in scarlet, with horns on his head and flames of fire coming from out his eyes."

There was a moment of stupefied silence. Then to Milly's utter astonishment Mark burst out in a laugh.

"Prepare yourself for a shock, my little one. Your uncle did see the devil—but that devil was none other than I."

Milly's expression was one of utter incomprehension and amazement. "You see, dear, I've been waiting to tell you that I've been selected to sing the part of Mephistopheles, the devil, in 'Faust' with the San Martino Opera company. We opened in Blarritz, which, you know, is only ten miles from here by motor."

"Right after my first performance a friend from here came and told me that your uncle had turned you out of the house—because you wouldn't give me up. I was so frantic with fear for you that I never waited to get off my machine, but jumped right into his car, thinking I might be able to find you before you left."

"I sang outside your window, knowing you would recognize my voice and come out, but as you did not answer I knocked on the door and demanded of your uncle to know where you had gone. He had said something about your being in the city, but I never dreamed that he had not recognized me in spite of my make-up and the phosphors on my eyes. It is the drollest thing that has happened for a thousand years!"

He gave way to another outburst of laughter in which the girl joined.

The look of amazement on Milly's face gave way to one of fondness and pride as her lover continued: "And they say I'm the youngest tenor yet to make a success as Mephistopheles. Our opening was a wonderful success—soon we can realize our fondest dream."

With a light little laugh Milly surrendered herself to the arms of her lover. "You may be the youngest Mephistopheles, dear, that ever secured a success on the stage, but I'm thinking you must have been about the most realistic one—ever. We must never tell," she whispered as their lips met.

Actress Made Victim of Marital Bickering

A convention whose delegates were almost exclusively women met in Detroit and set a record for exuberance that will probably stand for some time. They also proved to the other guests at one of the large hotels that liquor isn't necessary to have a tolerably good time.

The leading woman of a play that enjoyed a long run in Detroit was stopping at the same hotel. One morning she started for the elevator when she noticed a little man with a delegate's badge slumping down the hall.

A big, fat woman erupted through one of the doors and almost crumpled up the little man with her question: "Where have you been all night?"

"Oh, I was up here two times looking for you, but you weren't here, so I went out again," he peeped, meekly.

"I don't believe it and that's no excuse," the fuming wife interrupted. When she caught sight of the actress waiting for the elevator, "Another thing"—the fat woman pointed as accusing finger—"where did you get that woman?"—K. J. Beck in the Detroit News.

The DAIRY

POORLY FED COWS NOT PROFITABLE

Milk yields of many poorly fed cows could be increased as much as 50 per cent through improved feeding, says Dr. W. B. Nevins, assistant chief of dairy cattle feeding at the college of agriculture, University of Illinois. In a few cases the yield has been nearly doubled, he said.

"When the milk yield of a cow or a herd is increased through better feeding, the profits climb much more rapidly than the cost of the extra feed. In fact, many nonpaying herds have been put on a profitable basis simply through more liberal feeding of a ration better suited to milk production."

"Investigations by the college of agriculture, University of Illinois, have shown that cows producing 10,000 pounds (1,100 gallons) of milk, or more, annually used only 42 pounds of digestible matter for each 100 pounds of milk, while cows yielding only half that amount did so at a feed cost of one-third more for each 100 pounds of milk. Some cows were found which gave only 3,000 pounds (350 gallons) or less a year. These cows required one and two-thirds as much feed for each unit quantity of milk as the highest producing cows. The greater the production, the greater the efficiency with which feed is used for milk, for the amounts of feed needed to maintain the animal remain about constant. Some of the best cows use two-thirds of their feed for milk, while the poorest may use only one-third or less.

ability of the cows to produce a matter deserving as much attention as the feed. Improved feeding, however, may bring immediate results, while raising better cows takes several years."

Overfeeding Is Common Error in Handling Calf

"Overfeeding," says C. H. Ebbles, chief of the dairy husbandry division of the Minnesota College of Agriculture, "is probably the most common cause of lack of success in raising calves. It is a mistake to assume that because the cream has been removed the calf needs more milk or that because the calf is not doing well it is not getting enough milk and should be allowed to gorge itself. A good rule is always to keep the calf a little hungry. Some provisions must be made for making certain that each animal gets its share and no more. A satisfactory plan is to tie the calves in small stanchions during the feeding. Each calf then gets its proper amount and cannot interfere with the feeding of others."

"Under natural conditions, the calf takes its milk frequently and in small quantities. When fed by hand, two feedings a day is the general practice and special care must be taken not to allow the calf to consume more milk than it can digest. For the first two weeks the calf will consume more milk than it can digest. It is all that the largest calf should receive. If it can be done without too much inconvenience, the calf at this age should be fed three times a day instead of twice daily.

"As the calf grows older, twice-a-day feedings are sufficient and the milk may be increased but at no time is it necessary to feed more than six to eight ounces per day. The time of feeding the calf needs more than this amount, it will take the additional feed necessary in the form of grain."

Number of Requests of Success in Dairying

If it were possible to limit the number of requests of success in dairying to one, that one would be "Keep your cows," says Thomas M. Olson, instructor in dairy husbandry at the University of Illinois. Every feeding, or feeding a milked cow does not ensure success, although it will increase somewhat the production of the dairy herd. Pure bred dairy cows do not guarantee success, nor do pure bred cows have high producing capacity. Reproductive ability and equipment will probably make dairying more interesting, and increase somewhat the level production, but it is not a guarantee of success. Many great dairy cows have been discarded and their equipment

wonderful records in herds that would measure up to the standard so far as up-to-date dairy herds go.

No dairy cow has ever produced her maximum unless her feeder knew her. Knowing her means more than simply calling her by name and reciting the names of her ancestors. It means understanding her every need, desire, and condition. For after all, the dairy cow is an individual, and as such possesses individuality.

Feed for Profit

Our colleges and experiment stations have shown conclusively that there is no profit in underfeeding. This is true because the bulk of a ration that a cow receives is for board or as we call it, "maintenance." What an animal consumes over and above maintenance is the part of the ration which gives us a profit. If we feed only maintenance ration, we cannot expect a profit. To produce the best results, then, we must feed both liberally and economically.

"Inside" Information

Members of the squash family are sometimes overlooked by even the homemaker most anxious to vary her menus. The bureau of home economics, U. S. department of agriculture, suggests baked stuffed cymbaling as a good way to combine pork with a delicious vegetable. Try the following method of preparing it: 1 large tender cymbaling; 1 1/2 cups dry bread crumbs; 1 tablespoon chopped onion; 1 tablespoon chopped green pepper; 4 tablespoons butter; Salt and pepper; 2 cups vegetables if desired, such as cooked peas, carrots, beans, or celery; Crisped or cubes of salt pork. Wash the cymbaling shell until tender in boiling salted water. Remove and drain. While the shell is still warm, rub the inside with butter so the flavor will go through the vegetable. Brown the onion and green pepper in the fat, add the bread crumbs, and stir until well mixed. Cook the inside of the cymbaling until tender and dry; add to it the seasonings and the bread crumbs. Mix small pieces of the crisped bacon or salt pork and any of the vegetables mentioned with the other ingredients. Place the mixture in the shell and cover the top with buttered crumbs. Bake in the oven until hot through and golden brown on top. Cut in slices and serve at once.

The matter of variety and contrast in the texture and flavor of the foods combined in one meal

is not always given sufficient thought. Serve something crunchy like toast or browned crumbs on a scalloped dish, something soft, as a white sauce or custard something crisp and fresh, like lettuce or cold slaw, to give variety in texture. For variety in flavor some foods should be bland or mild, like potatoes or bread; some should have a pronounced flavor, as in the case of rare steak, roast lamb, ham, or cheese, or some of the vegetables such as cauliflower, cabbage, onions, green peppers; there should also be something sour in itself like tomato or pickles, or like spinach or beets, something that is ordinarily served with vinegar, or a salad with a French dressing. Sweet flavor is usually provided in the dessert, or it may be introduced elsewhere, as in candied sweet potatoes, or as jelly with meat.

NOTICE OF CALL OF BONDS

Notice is hereby given to the holders of the following bonds of the City of Vernonia, Columbia County Oregon:

Bond No. 2 of Improvement district No. 3, dated May 1 1923, said bond being in denomination of \$500.; Bond No. 1 of Improvement district No. 12, dated May 1, 1926, said bond being in denomination of \$119.65; Bonds No. 1 and 2 of General Obligation Bonds dated May 1, 1926, said bonds being in denomination of \$500.00 each. All of the above bonds being redeemable at the option of said city on Nov. 1 1927. That pursuant to said option, said bonds will be redeemed within 30 days from the date of this notice, to-wit: On the First day of November 1927, upon presentation to the fiscal agency of Oregon in New York City, to-wit: The National Park Bank.

In case the holders of said bonds fail to present same at the time and place mentioned herein for the redemption thereof, then the interest thereon shall cease and the agency aforesaid will thereafter pay only the amount of such bond and the interest accrued thereon up to the said first day of November 1927.

Dated at Vernonia, Oregon, on this 1st day of October, 1927.

J. C. Lindley, Treas., City of Vernonia, Ore.

Coquille—All but one mile of Roosevelt Highway to Crescent City graveled.

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