



**The ORIOLE**  
by Booth Tarkington  
Illustrations by Irwin Myers

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Like so many other young unearthened rehearsals, this one was never to be played for an audience. Adults are un- dependable. Thirteen attempts to ex- ercise a great philanthropy, and every grown person in sight, with the possible exception of Great-uncle Joseph, goes into wholly unanticipated fits of horror. Cause and effect have no re- lation: Fate operated without reason- able sequence—like a monkey.

And while Florence, thus pensively disturbed, sat beside fat Uncle Joseph during their long, long drive, relatives of hers were indeed going into fits; at least, so Florence would have de- scribed their gestures and incoheren- ces of comment. And straight into such a fitful scene did the luckless Herbert walk when driven home, after the movies, by thoughts of food, at about six that evening. Henry Rooter had strongly advised him against return- ing.

It may reasonably be felt that it required no particular gift of prophecy to hazard the prediction that in all probability a most unpleasant form of inquisition awaited Herbert on his re- turn to his home. And Henry Rooter had the wisdom (and experience) of thirteen.

"You better not," he said, wisely. "Honest, you better not, Herbert!"

"Well, we got apple dumplings for dinner," Herbert said, his tone show- ing the strain of mental uncertainty. "Eliza told me this morning we were goin' to have 'em. I kind of hate to go, but I guess I better, Henry."

"You won't see any apple dumplings," Henry predicted.

"Well, I believe I better try it, Henry."

"You better come home with me. My father and mother'll be perfectly willing to have you."

"I know that," said Herbert. "But I guess I better go home and try it, anyhow, Henry. I didn't have any- thing to do with what's in the Oriole. It's every last word ole Florence's do- ing. I haven't got any more right to be picked on for that than a child."

"Yes," Henry admitted. "But if you go and tell 'em so, I bet she'd get even with you some way that would prob- ably get me in trouble, too, before we got through with the job. I wouldn't tell 'em if I was you, Herbert!"

"Well, I wasn't intending to," Her- bert responded gloomily; and the thought of each, unknown to the other, was the same, consisting of a symbolic likeness of Wallie Torbin at his worst. "I ought to tell on Florence; by rights I ought," said Herbert; "but I've decided I won't. There's no tellin' what she wouldn't do. Not that she could do anything to me, particularly."

"Nor me, either," his friend inter- posed hurriedly. "I don't worry about anything like that! Still, if I was you I wouldn't tell. She's only a girl, we

"Yes," said Herbert. "That's the way I look at it, Henry; and the way I look at it is just simply this: long as she's a girl, why, simply let her go. You can't tell what she'd do, and so what's the use of go and tell on a girl?"

"That's the way I look at it," Henry agreed. "What's the use? If I was in your place, I'd act just the same way you do."

"Well," said Herbert, "I guess I better go on home, Henry. It's a good while after dark."

"You're makin' a big mistake!" Henry Rooter called after him. "You won't see any apple dumplings, I bet a hundred dollars! You better come on home with me."

And Herbert no more than half opened his front door before he per- ceived that his friend's advice had been excellent. So clearly Herbert perceived this, that he impulsively de- cided not to open the door any far- ther, but on the contrary to close it, and retire; and he would have done so, had not his mother reached forth and detained him. She was, in fact, just inside that door, in the hall with one of his great-aunts, one of his aunts, two aunts-by-marriage, and an elderly unmarried cousin, who were all just on the point of leaving. How- ever, they changed their minds and decided to remain, now that Herbert was among them.

It really seemed that to many per- sons who were gathered there, appar- ently in important consultation, his appearance was distinctly welcome. His own feelings were in nowise mixed. They were distinctly ap- prehensive, and the volley of mingled questionings and reproaches which met him did not tend to remove them. Each member of the party seemed to feel in some manner particularly ag- grieved.

Herbert's father joined them, a few minutes later, but it had already be- come clear to the son that the North End Daily Oriole was in one sense a thing of the past, though in another sense this former owner and proprie- tor was certain that he would never hear the last of it. However, on ac- count of the life of blackmail and slavery now led by the members of the old regime, the Oriole's extinction was far less painful to Herbert than his father supposed; and the latter wasted a great deal of severity, in- sisting that the printing press should be returned that very night to Uncle Joseph. Herbert's heartiest retrospec- tive wish was that the ole printing press had been returned to Uncle Joseph long ago.

"If you can find him to give it to," Aunt Harriet suggested. "Nobody knows where he goes when he gets the way he did this afternoon when we were discussing it all with him. I only hope he'll be back tonight!"



"Oh, if Boys Could Only Be Girls!" Herbert Just Looked at Her.

"He can't stay away forever," Aunt Fanny remarked. "That garage is charging him five dollars an hour for the automobile he's in, and surely even Joseph will decide there's a limit to wildness some time!"

"I don't care when he comes back," Herbert's father declared grimly. "Whenever he does he's got to take that printing press back—and Herbert will be let out of the house long enough to carry it over. His mother or I will go with him."

Herbert bore much more than this; he had seated himself on the third step of the stairway in the hall, and maintained as much dogged silence as he could. Once, however, they got a yelp of anguish out of him. It was when Cousin Virginia said:

"Oh, Herbert, Herbert! How could you make up that terrible falsehood about Mr. Crum? And, think of it; right on the same page with your cousin Florence's pure little poem!"

Herbert uttered some sounds, totally incoherent but loud, and expressive of a supreme revulsion. The shocked audience readily understood that he liked neither Cousin Virginia's chiding nor Cousin Florence's poem.

"Shame!" said his father. Herbert controlled himself. It could be seen that his spirit was not broken, even when Aunt Fanny mourned, shaking her head at him, smiling ruefully:

"Oh, if boys could only be girls!" Herbert just looked at her.

"The worst thing," said his father —that is, if there's any part of it that's worse than another—the worst thing about it is this about Noble Dill."

"What about that poor thing?" Aunt Harriet asked. "We haven't heard."

"Why, I walked up from downtown with old man Dill," said Mr. Atwater, "and the Dill family are all very much worried. It seems that Noble started downtown after lunch, as usual, and pretty soon he came back to the house and he had a copy of this awful paper that little Florence had given him—"

"Who gave it to him?" Aunt Fanny asked. "Who?"

"Little Florence."

"Why, that's curious," Cousin Vir- ginia murmured. "I must telephone and ask her mother about that."

The brooding Herbert looked up, and there was a gleam in his dogged eye; but he said nothing.

"Go on," Aunt Harriet urged. "What did Noble do?"

"Why, his mother said he just went up to his room and changed his shoes and tie—"

"I thought so," Aunt Fanny whis- pered, hurriedly, but solemnly. "Crazy."

"And then," Mr. Atwater continued, "he left the house, and she supposed he'd gone down to the office; but she was uneasy, and telephoned his father. Noble hadn't come. He didn't come, all afternoon, and he didn't go back to the house; and they tele- phoned around to every place he could go, that they know of—and they couldn't find him or hear anything about him," Mr. Atwater coughed, and paused.

"But what," Aunt Harriet cried, "what do they think's become of him?"

"Old man Dill said they were all pretty anxious," said Mr. Atwater. "They're afraid Noble has disap- peared."

Aunt Fanny screamed. Then, in perfect accord, they all turned to look at Herbert, who rose and would have retired upstairs had he been able.

As that perturbing evening wore on, word gradually reached the most out- lying members of the Atwater family connection that Noble Dill was miss- ing. Ordinarily, this bit of news would have caused them no severe anxiety. Noble's person and intellect were so commonplace—"insignificant" was the term usually preferred in his own circle—that he was considered to be as nearly negligible as it is charita- ble to consider a fellow being. True, there was one thing that set him apart; he was found worthy of a su- perlative when he fell in love with Julia Atwater. Of all the large and ardent group in like condition, he ob- tained conspicuousness as "The Worst." Of course, this distinction caused him to become better known and more talked about than in his earlier youth.

However, the eccentricities of a per- son in such an extremity of love are seldom valued except as comedy; and even then with no warmth of heart for the comedian, but rather with an incredulous disdain; so it is safe to say that under other circumstances Noble might have been missing, indeed, and few of the Atwaters would have missed him. But as matters were, they worried a great deal about him, fear- ing that a rash act on his part might reflect notoriety on themselves through their beautiful relative—and through the North End Daily Oriole. And when nine o'clock came and Mrs. Dill reported to Herbert's father, over the telephone, that nothing had yet been heard from her son, the pressure of those who were blaming the Oriole more than Julia became so wearing

that Herbert decided he would rather spend the remaining days of his life running away from Wallie Torbin than put in any more of such a dog's evening as he was putting in—thus he defined it.

He made a confession; that is to say, it was a proclamation. He pro- claimed his innocence. He began the history of it with a description of events distinctly subsequent to the lit- tle game with Patty Fairchild, and explained how he and Henry had felt that their parents would not always be with them, and as their parents wished them to be polite, they had resolved to be polite to Florence. Proceeding, he related in detail her journalistic exploit.

Of the matter in hand he told the perfect and absolute truth—and was immediately refuted, confuted and demonstrated to be a false witness by Aunt Fanny, Aunt Carrie, and Cousin Virginia, who had all heard him ve- hemently declare, no longer ago than the preceding Sunday, that he and his partner had taken secure measures to prevent Florence from ever again set- tling foot within the newspaper build- ing. In addition, he was quite show- ered with definitions; and these, though so variant, all sought to phrase but the one subject; his conduct in seeking to drag Florence through the mire, when she was absent and could not defend herself. Poor Florence would answer later in the evening, he was told, se- verely; and though her cause was thus championed against the slander it is true that some of them felt stirrings of curiosity in regard to Florence. In fact, there was getting to be something like a cloud upon her reputation. There were several important things for her to explain; among them, her taking it upon herself to see that Noble re- ceived a copy of the Oriole, and also her sudden departure from home and rather odd protraction of absence therefrom. It was not thought she was in good company. Uncle Joseph had telephoned from a suburb that they were dining at a farmhouse and would thence descend to the general region of the movies.

That word of any sort had come from Uncle Joseph was in a measure reassuring, but the air of perturbation and gloom was not noticeably re- moved. The general impression might be summed up in the words of his sister.

"Nobody knows what that man'll do, when he decides to!" Aunt Carrie said nervously. "Letting the poor child stay up so late! She ought to be in bed this minute, even if it is Saturday night. Or else she ought to be here to listen to her own bad little cousin trying to put his terrible re- sponsibility on her shoulders."

One item of her description of him- self the haggard Herbert could not bear in silence, although he had just declared that since the truth was so

ill-respected among his persecutors would open his mouth no more until the next day. He passed over "bad," but furiously stated his height in feet, inches and fractions of inches.

Aunt Fanny shook her head in mourning. "That may be, Herbert," she said gently, "but you must try to realize it can't bring poor young Mr. Dill back to his family."

Again Herbert just looked at her. He had no indifference more profound than that upon which her strained conception of the relation between cause and effect seemed to touch; and, from his point of view, to be missing should be the lightest of calamities. It is true that he was concerned with the restoration of Noble Dill to the rest of the Dills so far as such an event might affect his own incompara- ble misfortunes—but not otherwise. He regarded Noble and Noble's disap- pearance merely as unfair damage to himself. He continued to look at this sorrowing great-aunt of his, and his thoughts made his strange gaze ap- pear to her so hardened that she shook her head and looked away.

"Poor young Mr. Dill!" she said. "If someone could only have been



And Under That Light Sat Noble Dill, with him, and kept talking to him until he got used to the idea a little!"

Cousin Virginia nodded comprehendingly. "Yes, it might have tired him over," she said. "He wasn't handsome, nor impressive, of course, nor any- thing like that, but he always spoke so nicely to people on the street. I'm sure he never harmed even a kitten, poor soul!"

"I'm sure he never did," Herbert's mother agreed, gently. "Not even a kitten. I do wonder where he is now."

But Aunt Fanny uttered a little cry of protest. "I'm afraid we may hear," she said, "any moment!"

And the most tragic news of Noble Dill these sympathetic women could have heard would have surprised them little; they had unanimously set their expectation in so romantically pessim- istic a groove. But if the truth of his whereabouts could have been made known to them, as they sat thus together at what was developing vir- tually into his wake, with Herbert as a compulsory participant, they would have turned the session into a riot of amazement. Noble was in the very last place (they would have said, when calmer) where anybody in the world could have madly dreamed of looking for him! They would have been right about it. No one could have expected to find Noble tonight inside the old, four-square brick house of Mr. H. I. Atwater, Senior, chief of the Atwaters and father of the dis- turbing Julia. This was an old man of rigidly limited sympathies; and his opinion of Noble Dill had become al- most notorious; here was no bosom of refuge for a lorn Noble needing solace, nor was his house for any moment hospitable with Julia out of it. More- over, Mr. H. I. Atwater, Senior, was not at present in the house; he had closed and locked it yesterday, giving the servants a week's vacation and telling them not to return till he sent for them; and had then gone out of town to look over a hominy mill he thought of buying. And yet, as the wake went on, there was a light in the house, and under that light sat Noble Dill.

Returning home, after Florence had placed the shattering news within his hand, Noble had changed his shoes and his tie. He was but a mechanic; he had no motive. The shoes he put on were no better than those he took off; the fresh tie was no lovelier than the one he had worn; nor had it even the luckiness to be a purple one, as evidence of grief. No; his action was, if so viewed, "crazy," as Aunt Fanny had called it. Agitation first took this form; that was all. Love and change of dress are closely allied; and in happier times when Noble came home from work and would see Julia in the evening, he usually changed his clothes. No doubt there is some faint tracery here, too indistinct to repay contemplation.

When he left the house he walked rapidly down-town, and toward the end of this one-mile journey he ran; but as he was then approaching the railway station, no one thought him eccentric. He was, however; for when he entered the station he went

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**NOTICE OF SHERIFF'S SALE**

Notice of Sale of Real Estate Under Execution. Holland Bank, a corporation, Plain- tiff vs. Edward M. Price and Abbie Price, his wife, Lorenzo R. Thomas and Lillian E. Thomas, his wife, and Joseph H. Cutler, Defendants.

By virtue of an execution issued out of the District Court of the Sixth Judicial District of Bingham County, State of Idaho wherein Holland Bank, a corporation, plaintiff, and Edward M. Price and Abbie Price, his wife, and Lorenzo R. Thomas and Lillian E. Thomas, his wife, and Joseph H. Cutler, defend- ants upon a judgment rendered the 19th day of September, A. D. 1921, for the sum of Sixteen Hundred Sev- enty-seven and 13/100 dollars, United States gold coin besides cost and interest, I have this day levied up- on all the right, title, claim and in- terest of said defendant of, in and to the following described real es- tate to-wit:

Lots 3 and 4; the South half of the Northwest quarter; the South- west quarter of Section Four in Township 3 South of Range 33 East B. M. in the County of Bingham, State of Idaho, together with the tenements thereunto belonging.

Public notice is hereby given that I will, on the 14th day of Novem- ber, A. D. 1921, at ten o'clock a. m. of said day in front of the Court House door of the County of Bingham, sell at public auction for Un- ited States gold coin, all the right, title, claim and interest of said de- fendant Edward M. Price and Ab- bie Price, his wife, Lorenzo R. Thomas and Lillian E. Thomas, his wife, and Joseph H. Cutler, of, in and to the above described property, or so much thereof as may be nec- essary to raise sufficient money to satisfy said judgment, with interest and costs, etc., to the highest and best bidder.

Dated Oct. 11, 1921.  
A. H. SIMMONS, Sheriff.  
By D. P. BRILL, Deputy Sheriff.  
4t O-21- 28 N 4-11

**NOTICE OF SHERIFF'S SALE**

Notice of Sale of Real Estate Under Execution. Holland Bank, a corporation, Plain- tiff vs. Edgar D. Hale and Emma L. Hale, his wife, The Idaho Farm Loan Company, Ltd., a corporation, Aroet C. Hale and Eliza- beth A. Hale, his wife, Newel Daines, Boise Payette Lumber Co., a corporation and G. L. Chadwick, Defendants.

By virtue of an execution issued out of the District Court of the Sixth Judicial District, County of Bingham, State of Idaho, wherein Holland Bank, a corporation, plain- tiff, and Edgar D. Hale and Emma L. Hale, his wife, The Idaho Farm Loan Company, Ltd., a corporation, Aroet C. Hale and Elizabeth A. Hale, his wife, Newel Daines, Boise Payette Lumber Co., a corporation and G. L. Chadwick, defendants, up- on a judgment rendered the 19th day of September, 1921, A. D., for the sum of Nineteen Hundred Fifty- two and 63/100 dollars, United States gold coin, besides costs and interest, I have this day levied up- on all the right, title, claim and in- terest of said defendants Edgar D. Hale and Emma L. Hale, his wife, The Idaho Farm Loan Company, a corporation, Aroet C. Hale and Elizabeth A. Hale, his wife, Newel Daines, Boise Payette Lumber Co., a corporation, and G. L. Chadwick, of, in and to the following describ- ed lands, tenements, and real estate, viz:

The South half of the Southeast quarter; the Northeast quarter of the Southeast quarter of Section 9; the Southwest quarter of Section 10; and the Northeast quarter of the Northwest quarter of Section 15, all in township 1 South of range 35 East B. M. in the County of Bingham, State of Idaho.

Public notice is hereby given that I will, on the 14th day of Novem- ber, 1921, A. D., at ten o'clock a. m. of said day, in front of the Court House door of the County of Bingham, sell at public auction for Un- ited States gold coin, all the right, title, claim and interest of said de- fendants, Edgar D. Hale and Em- ma L. Hale, his wife, The Idaho Farm Loan Company, Ltd., a corporation, Aroet C. Hale and Elizabeth A. Hale, his wife, Newel Daines, Boise Payette Lumber Co., a corporation, and G. L. Chadwick, of, in and to the above described property or so much thereof as may be nec- essary to raise sufficient money to sat- isfy said judgment, with interests and costs, etc., to the highest and best bidder.

Dated Oct. 12, 1921.  
A. H. SIMMONS, Sheriff.  
By D. P. BRILL, Deputy Sheriff.  
Oct. 21- 28 N-4-11-4t

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(Continued on Page Seven)