

★ The Willamina Times ★

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W. P. DUNTON

EDITOR AND PUBLISHER

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Found the Natural Way Out

By DOROTHY DOUGLAS

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(WNU Service.)

MARY MARDEN nibbled her pencil as persistently as the young lambs nibble the first succulent grass on the hillside in spring.

Her story, the one she must get out before the end of the week, or have the wrath of the big editor down on her fair head, was going along smoothly and excitingly and Mary had great hopes for it.

As a matter of fact, she hoped it would prove one of her best. She had signed a contract to give all her stories to one very large publisher, and she wanted to produce only her best, since they appreciated her stories to such an extent as to sign her away from all other publishers.

So Mary nibbled away most of her pencil in her effort.

The telephone rang at her side. "Drat!" said Mary, startled out of her splendid trend of thought. "Hello!"

"I say, Miss Marden, did you or did you not sign a contract with me to sell stories only to me?" The voice of the great editor was full of wrath.

"Unless we are both out of our senses, I most certainly did," said Mary.

"Then what do you mean by giving one of the best you've ever done to Ladies' Review?"

"But I didn't!" expostulated Mary. "I never sold a story to that magazine in all my life."

"Well, there's one in today's issue signed Mary Marden. Better come along and have a chat about it. It's called 'The Rogue' and—"

"I didn't write it—it's not my story," almost shouted Mary, "and we'll just see who's using my name."

After an interview with her publisher Mary went forthwith to the editorial office of the Ladies' Review and of the editor-in-chief demanded knowledge of the person who was writing under her own name.

"We have not met the young lady personally," said the editor, "but—as a matter of fact, Miss Marden, one cannot put a copyright on a name—perhaps the young lady also bears that title lawfully. Perhaps the best thing to do would be to write a letter, which we will be glad to forward, and arrange a meeting. Perhaps you can come to some amicable arrangement—about the name."

"You're quite right," she said. "I will just pen a note now, if you don't mind. My publisher is very wroth—he quite raked me over the coals when he thought I had sold you a story."

"And I don't blame him—I wish we'd been the lucky firm—you've got a mighty fine pen, Miss Marden."

Pretty much nibbled, thought Mary, and wrote her note to that other Mary asking for an interview.

She had a letter back, in which the writer suggested a meeting at a small Bohemian cafe called the Blue Rat. "I will be seated at the table in the left-hand corner as you enter and will be wearing a small nosegay of a few violets and a single red rose. If you wear the same emblem we will have no difficulty in recognizing our namesakes."

Mary laughed when she read the letter. No doubt that other Mary was also a good writer—the letter suggested to her that she and the other Mary would perhaps find much in common.

Two evenings later Mary Marden sallied forth, daintily frocked in mauve and wearing the few violets and a single red rose that was to introduce her to the other Mary Marden.

Upon reaching the door of the Blue Rat she hesitated for the fraction of a second on the threshold. Some funny little sensation made her heart beat rapidly—after all, there was a real bit of adventure in what she was

doing. She half-way wished she had brought some one else along.

She smiled to herself, however, and went boldly in. Seated at that table in the left-hand corner was a young man with a few violets and a single red rose in his lapel. Mary blushed hotly, but it was too late to turn back without making herself conspicuous. Besides, the very good looking young man had arisen obviously to greet her and she took her seat opposite him as if they were very old friends. Mary hoped the other guests in the restaurant did not notice anything odd about the meeting.

"I'm Mary Marden," said the young man and laughed. "I am frightfully sorry you thought I was a lady, but I can't help that now. I've been writing under the name of Mary Marden for a good many years, out on the Far West—so what are we going to do about it?" He laughed again and Mary smiled.

"I was just—surprised," she finally said softly. "My publisher was so cross with me when he saw what he supposed was one of my stories in a rival publication."

"I'll punch his head—for being cross with you," said the other 'Mary' in a very threatening masculine voice, "but first, before we discuss what we'll do about our names in duplicate, let's order dinner—I'm hungry, aren't you?"

And even before the dinner was half finished they both came to the conclusion that collaboration in the literary world would be a very simple and natural course to follow and that the two Marys would merge into one being—also quite naturally.

Darwin's Frog

In nature the females usually attend to the young, but a remarkable exception is that of the strange creature known as Darwin's frog, a native of Chile. This frog lays her eggs, and the male collects them in a chamber in his throat—a strange nursery in which the young are reared, emerging as fully developed frogs. There are also foreign species of frogs which spend their whole time in trees, but it is necessary for the tiny tadpoles when they emerge from the eggs, to have liquid in which to live. This difficulty is overcome by each youngster living in its egg, which is much larger than usual, and in this nursery the frog goes through the various stages until it is able to leave as a perfect frog ready to carry on its existence in the trees.

Coveted by Witch Doctors

White baboons are rare, almost unknown, but one has been seen by an European trader in the Tsitsa valley, near Umtata, Africa. The trader has been offered two oxen for it by local witch doctors if he can manage to shoot it for them, as they are keen on the dead body for "muti." The trader states that it is a huge animal and uncanny to look at. Many years ago there was a white baboon in the Fletcher district. It used to kill newly born lambs, but was never known to do any other damage. It was known as "the white spook" and was supposed to have a charmed life. When, eventually, it was shot, five previous bullet wounds were found on its body.

"Stop, Look and Listen"

Various accounts of the origin and adoption of the sign, "Stop, Look and Listen" have been given and no two agree. However, Col. J. C. Fuller, vice president and manager in charge of construction of the old Gettysburg & Harrisburg railroad, now part of the Reading, in looking over a court decision in a suit brought for injury at a crossing, found that the judge stated that "It is the duty of every one to stop, look and listen before crossing a railroad." He at once adopted it for use at crossings on his line and it was made standard on their line in Pennsylvania on July 23, 1891, although its origin was prior to that date.

Churches

M. E. Church

Rev. F. G. Drake, Pastor

WILLAMINA

Sunday School at Willamina, 10 a. m. Epworth League, at 5:30 p. m. Church service at 7:30 p. m.

The sermon will be the third of a series dealing with John 3:16. The subject will be "The World".

Prayer Meeting every Wednesday evening at 7:30. Everyone is cordially invited.

BUTLER

Morning Worship will be at 10 a. m. Sunday School at 11 a. m.

GRAND RONDE

Sunday School convenes at 10 a. m. followed by Church Service at 11:15. Epworth League meets at 7:30 p. m. A cordial welcome is extended to all to attend these Services.

S. D. A. Church

Local Elder, W. H. Johnson
District Elder, Geo. F. Watson

Sabbath School at 10 a. m. Sermon at 11:15 a. m. The public is cordially invited.

Scouts at Court of Honor

The Willamina Scouts made an outstanding Record in advancement at the last two sessions of the Court of Honor. They had an average of 71% of their members receiving badges. This is 6% higher than their nearest competitor.

Mr. Beason of McMinnville is giving a prize to the troop that has the highest percentage of their scouts receive badges at three Courts of Honor. The contest will close next month.

The scouts that received badges at the last Court of Honor are: for second class badges, Mervin Worth, Roscoe Neely, Gerald Baker and Virgil Thorpe; for second class Merit badges, Barney Thurber, Ralph Dunton, Russell Newbill, Gordon Beck, Wendel Wooden and Rex Sheppard; for first class merit badges, Arnel Neely and Kermit Myers.

Farmers Union Meeting

The regular meeting of Bellevue-Sheridan Farmers Union was held Wednesday, January 13 at the Bellevue school house. County Agent S. T. White gave a talk. A report on fire insurance was given by agent Schreiber. A report on the Farmers mill, known as the Sechrist grist mill and recently bought by the farmers, was reported by Wm. Duerst. S. T. White announced a clover meeting, which was held at the Clear View school house, Tuesday, January 19.

A good lunch was served by the Ladies Auxiliary.

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, Management, etc., required by the Act of Congress of August 24, 1912, of The Willamina Times, published weekly at Willamina, Ore., for Oct. 1, 1931. The names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor and business manager are all the same: W. P. DUNTON, Willamina, Ore. The owner is: W. P. DUNTON, Willamina, Ore. The mortgage holders are: Willamina State Bank of Willamina, Ore., and Mrs. A. F. Bissell, Copco Calif. Signed: W. P. DUNTON, Publisher, Subscribed and sworn to before me this 14th day of January, 1931. (Seal) Paul Fundman, Notary Public. My Commission Expires Mar. 21, 1932.

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