Willie and the Whumps.

By W. F. BRYAN.

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"What are whumps?" demanded Wiiliam, his infant soul thirsting for information.

"Whumps," replied Tim Mason, "are beings like men, but they are all clock-

work inside." "That winds up?" interrupted Wil-"Winds up with a key?"

"With a big key," assented Mason with inspiration. "They steal little boys and make the little boys wind them up every half hour day and night. When the little boys are so tired that they can't wind any more they eat them and then steal some more little boys."

"Clocks don't ent," scoffed the infant scientist.

"You have to oil them, don't you?" defended Tim. "That's it," he went on as Willie nodded assent. "They only eat very fat little boys."

Willie glanced at his own plump person and then looked up in alarm. "Can they run fast-faster'n me?" be "How fast can you run?" demanded

Tim, with a glance at the oval path around the lawn. Accepting the hint, Willie traversed the oval as rapidly as his pudgy feet could carry him, "They can run three times as fast as

that," declared Tim. "Come to think It over, some of the whumps can run three and a half times faster." "Then I won't run away into the

woods again," promised Willie, and he trotted solemnly around the corner of the house to play in the sand heap in the back yard. Bess Fariey dimpled deliciously as he

disappeared. "It was all I could do to keep my face straight," she said, with a laugh.

"I don't think we will lose Willie again as long as we stay in camp. It was an Inspiration, Tim, but what would the president say?"

"I'd go to join the nature fakirs," was the laughing reply; "but, at any rate, I shall not have to waste afternoons hunting for Willie that might be far more pleasantly spent on the porch with his sister. Getting lost in the woods eight times in two weeks betokens that the wanderlust is becoming a habit with the youthful Wil-

"A habit to be checked only by the whumps," assented Bess. "Let's walk as far as the spring and see if we can see any of the curious beasts. I suppose I need fear so danger?"

She glanced complacently at her slender outlines, and Mason smiled. "You wouldn't grease one pinion of one wheel of a whump," he said. "So let us pursue the whumps to their

Together they left the camp and pushed into the woods-those woods which so irresistibly attracted Bess Farley's small brother. It was Willle's first senson in camp, and his voyage of exploration invariably resulted in lost bearings and a rescue party, Confident that the fabulous whumps would keep the youngsters at home, Tim and Ress made their way to the spring with no thought of Willie. But bis sand toys soon palled upon the boy, and his active mind sought fresh employment. He wandered over to the edge of the inviting woods and gazed lovingly into the cool green pas-

In the trees the squirrels chatted, and he could hear the frogs croaking solemnly in the marsh just beyond the road. Perhaps if he was very cautious he might evade the dreaded whumps. He was such a little fellow, he might be able to hide if they chanced his

There was a lovely big green bullfrog in the marsh. Perhaps even now he was sitting on a tuft of grass fairly begging a small boy to throw stones at him. With the delightful feeling of adventure Willie cast discretion to the wind and slipped into the shady spaces.

But no big frog was amiably waiting to become a target. Willie could hear them croaking, but not even a baby frog offered itself to his aim, and the boy wandered on. He found a new charm in the woods, since at any moment he might be called upon to flee from a whump, and he pressed onward.

Suddenly his heart stood still for one awful instant. From the bushes just beyond came a sound of voices suddenly raised in bue and cry. Willie dodged behind the bush, scarcely daring to breathe lest his respirations bring about his discovery, but the sounds died away in the distance, and, growing bolder, Willie crept forward and beheld the lair of the whumps.

It was a rather inviting spot, not at all what one would expect in the clockwork beasts. Three white tents were sitched in a little glade opening to the lake. On the shore were boats and canoes, while about the tents were easy

chairs of rustle manufacture. The only fearful object was a kettle swinging from a tripod over the fire. This probably contained the last victim of the whumps' canabalistic tendencies, and Willie shuddered as he thought how narrowly he had escaped a similar fate. He was still congratulating himself upon his safety when without warning some of the whumps burst into the open, and Willie's blood chilled as he saw that they bore as captives Bess and Tim. The latter were brave. They were both laughing and joking sat down on the steps and strapped it kenly. and trying to pretend that they did not care, but that was all make believe,

Willie knew. One of the whumps forced Bess into a chair and another forced upon her a one that ever hit me with both feet at went down the steps. reddish drink that they drew from a once."-London Answers.

bettle submerged in the spring. That must be poison that they gave their victims to render them unconscious. One dreadful little moment Willie hesttated, then he burst into the open.

"Please, Mr. Whump!" he called, precipitating himself upon the man who was trying to make his sister drink. "Please don't kill Bess! Let her go and take me. I'll wind you up. Honest I will. You don't want her. She is such a skinny thing."

A roar of laughter greeted his appearance, and Bess blushed redly at his personal allusion. The campers were puzzled, but in French Mason explained the bugbear that had been ereated to keep Willie out of the woods.

"It's a shame to tease him," cried Bess, touched by the boy's willingness to sacrifice himself for her. "These are not whumps, Willie."

"Yes, they are," he insisted. "I can hear the clockwork ticking." He was clinging to the leg of Bess' captor, Jim Brace, and after one quick glance the biggest of the whumps caught the situation. "He hears Brace's dollar watch," he explained as he rolled in the grass in his giee and his fellows howled with delight. That dollar watch had been a standing joke ever since they had come in camp,

Brace smiled as a sudden thought struck him. "I am a whump," he admitted. "I am the chief, or mug whump. There is but one means of escape from my awful power. It is well known that whumps never eat persons who are married or engaged to be married. I must ask this lady if she is a bride or a bride to be."

"Neither," said Bess firmly, with a deflant glance at Tim. She knew that the boat club boys had guessed Tim's admiration for her. Indeed, it was an open secret to all. When the boat club boys had caught sight of the pair making their way to the spring and had laughingly captured them and carried them off to camp she had been rather glad of the interruption, for Tim for the hundredth time had been pleading his cause. She liked him-to herself she confessed that she loved him-but she was unwilling to assent to an engagement. This seemed painfully like a forced issue.

But Willie was determined to save her life. "You can be engaged," he insisted, with a glance at Tim. "Please, Bess, for my sake." "And mine, too," pleaded Tim, leaning against the chair. "Please, dear," Bess looked at Brace. "I am engaged," she said to the mug whump.

When the cheering had subsided and every one had shaken hands with Tim, Brace turned to Willie.

"In consideration of the great service you have rendered one of our mem- you?" bers," he said solemnly, "I as mug whump tender you the freedom of the forest. You will not even have to wind my watch, which is an all day job for a grown man."

"I'm so glad," said Wille beamingly, and Bess and Tim silently echoed the sentiment.

A Kaffir and a Beating.

pain which is being experienced in his ness. own body, so is he slow in imagining Kaffir related, says Dudley Kidd in blue team to the echo. "Savage Childhood," that when he was a child his father threatened him with a beating if he did something or other.

The child was puzzled as to what sort of thing a beating might be, for, ly," Helen told him-"Van Dorn." although he had often seen his bigger brothers beaten, his imagination was He's an ideal halfback." unable to work on the sight and reconstruct the experience of these others she agreed. into terms of his own senses.

When his father threatened him, therefore, he simply laughed, for he had not the remotest idea of how and beating really felt. It took a very short time for the young gentleman to extend the boundaries of his knowl-

Swift retribution followed the unto his father. As the children go about awfully daffy over you." entirely bare, there was no delay for preparation. The father took a stick directions," and with entire success.

"... hen the tears and smarting were over," said the Kaffir in his old age, "I sat down and thought it over, 'Well,' father means by a beating. I don't know what is the reason of it; but, the field. anyhow, I know what sort of a thing

Very Sympathetic.

The manager of a shop in Lewes stood in the doorway the other day the place went wild. when a man with a wooden leg and a crutch came along and said:

"I want you to do me a favor. want to leave my leg with you for a few minutes and go around to the next Irwin. Oh, do you remember the little street and work a house for half a crown. I've an idea that the folks are very sympathetic. If I go with one leg I am sure of it."

care of it."

The wooden substitute was unstrapped and handed over, and the cripple you always had my friendship, Irwin." used the crutch to help himself down the alley.

Five minutes later he rang the doorhave it opened by the man he had just

"Wh-wh-what!" he gasped. "Very sympathetic family lives here," quietly replied the other. "You seem to have met with a sad loss, and I'm anxious to help you. Here is a wooden leg which may fit you."

The leg was handed over. The man on, and as he got up and stumped

through the gate he said to himself: "Tye heard of coincidences since I was a youngster, but this is the first him, Aunt Sue," Helen said as they

The Blue Penmant.

By PHILIP KEAN.

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Helen Marshall was always dressed with a demureness that made an effective foll for the bronze brightness of her hair, the warm ivory of her skin, the red of her lips. Today she wore blue-a trim tailored gown of deep colored cloth, a little cocky felt hat and a great bunch of violets that outshone all the other blues except that of the peanant which she carried at the end of a slender cape.

"You beauty!" Holden said under his breath as he took his seat beside her on the grand stand,

She turned quickly. "Oh, Irwin," her face was brilliant with color, "it's worth everything to see you again! Aunt Sue," she said to the lady beside her, "this is Irwin Holden, the famous halfback of two years ago."

"The king is dead! Long live the king!" Irwin quoted solemnly. "There have been so many famous halfbacks, Helen, that it isn't any wonder that Mrs. McDonald doesn't remember me.'

"But I do remember," Mrs. McDonald assured him. "Helen has talked of you so much-and," she hesitated, "of your accident."

"I haven't been able to walk well on two feet since." Holden said grimly, "and this is the first game I have dared let myself see. It makes me wild."

"To think that you can't play!" Helen's tone was sympathetic.

"To know I can't ever do things that make a man worth while!" bitterly. "But you have done so many things that are worth while, and they tell me

that you are writing a book." "Oh, a book!" His tone was scorn-

"You might have let me know what you were doing!" she complained. "I think our old friendship deserved that." He glanced down at her.

"Ah, our friendship," he said. "I had two good feet when we cemented that, Helen. I wasn't a dummy on crutches."

"Irwin," she flashed out reproachful-"as if that made any difference!" "But it does make a difference," he said as he bent over her. "You know you worship strength in a man, don't

"Yes," she agreed quietly, "but not always mere physical strength."

"The one Isn't much without the other. Look at those fellows now." Down the field came the teams. The bands of the opposing sides crashed out the good old tunes, college yelf succeeded college yell, and the banks of spectators stretching up and up on transfigured it. the seats in solid masses of blue and, Just as a Kaffir is slow in locating crimson were agitated to uproarlous-

'Isn't it fine? Isn't it fine?" Heleu what others are suffering. A grownup said breathlessly, having cheered the

Holden nodded. "They are bound to win," he said, "They are made of the right stuff." "I only know one of them personal-

"He's the strongest man in the lot.

"He is ideal in more ways than one," He fiashed a quick glance at her.

"I have heard you thought so." "Who told you?"

"Some of the fellows," She turned her back on him squarely

"I didn't suppose that you talked me over with the fellows," she said over her shoulder. "I den't," uncomfortably, "but one

pardonable sin of showing disrespect couldn't help hearing that Van Dorn is "So were you-two years ago."

She said it daringly, giving him a and applied it vigorously, "according to glimpse of flaming cheeks and indig- ask you to give her into my keeping." nant eyes, and then once more he was forced to contemplate the knot of bronze hair under the cocky hat.

His face went white, but he said I said to myself, 'now I know what quietly, "We are missing the best of offer for yourself? How can you conthe game," and turned his attention to

All about them people were absorbed a beating is.' I often laugh when I by the play. Aunt Sue, unlearned and think how stupid I was before that." , unlettered in football lore, was oblivi- Francis Wallingford. "That is enough ous to everything else. These two alone thought of other things.

It was at Van Dorn's touchdown that

"Oh, he's great, great, great!" Helen enthused as she waved her pennant frantically. "I haven't seen anything like it since the last game you played. blue pennant that I made you pin to your sweater for luck-and it didn't bring you luck."

"Very well," said the shopkeeper, me luck. I lost the game, I lost the and said that they were lost, "Just leave your leg here, and I'll take strength I gloried in-I lost you, Hel-

"No, no," she protested; "you knew "But I didn't want friendship, and hadn't the right to ask for anything bell of a house in the next street, to else, and so I kept away from you. But after two years of separation the I sent you the tickets and asked you to come to the game."

"The whole world was changed when I read your letter," she said simply, north pointing gum is soft and gray. have missed you so, dear boy."

Then for a moment he let himself go. "Oh, Helen, Helen!" he said bro-

tuous throng poured out of the seats. "Irwin wants us to go to dinner with

In their walk across the green they

attracted more than usual attention, the younger boys admiring Helen's beauty, the older ones recognizing in the man with the crutch the famous halfback of two years ago, who hadthen been reported engaged to the girl by his side.

Van Dorn, flushed with victory, came up to their table at the college inn.

"I've won your pennant, Miss Marshall," he said, looking like a young god, with his great strong figure, his fair hair tossed back from his forehead.

"Did I promise it?" Helen asked uncertainly.

"Indeed you did," he stated securely, "and I shall wear it like a knight for his lady."

With her eyes avoiding Holden's, Helen untied the blue trophy slowly from the cane. In the sight of the whole room Van Dorn pinned it to his sleeve. He did it triumphantly, bending over her with an air of possession that made Holden set his lips sternly and turn to a tense study of the menu.

"May I come back and go home with you?" he asked, but Helen shook her

"Trwin will take us," she said, "but show Aunt Sue the trophy room. She has never seen it."

As they went away she faced Hol-

"Oh, he took things so for granted," she told him. "I promised as I might to any of the college fellows. But what will people think?"

"What I think," Holden said slowly, time. "that you are going to marry Van Her steady glance met his.

"I am not going to marry him." "Why not?" he probed. "Because of this"-About her neck at the end of a long

chain she wore a locket of dark blue enamel marked with a "Y" in seed "You remember it?" she asked as she

opened it. "You gave it to me on the evening before that last game." "Yes," he said, "I remember," and

then as he saw what it contained he stopped. Within was a wisp of bright blue silk

stained and torn and crushed into that small space. "It is all that was left of the little silk pennant that I gave you for luck," she told him. "After you were hurt I to Chairman Thomas Taggart at

It ever since." His hand closed over it eagerly. "Dear." he said, and his voice broke, "you know how I love you."

"I have never doubted it-even when you stayed away." "How could I come? How could I

ask you to marry me?" "How does any man ask?" blushingly.

"But other men are not cripples." "Oh, what difference does it make?" she flung out. "Haven't you the same mind and heart and soul as before?" The light that illumined his face

"Marry me," he cried, "and mind and heart and soul shall go to the making of your happiness!"

Van Dorn came back presently, making triumphant progress, with Aunt Sue in tow. On his arm was the blue pennant for all the world to gaze, but Holden's eyes rested on it serenely, for above his heart, hidden from the profane glances of the multitude, was the little stained wisp of sapphire silk, the News. token of his dear lady's favor.

He Got the Girl.

"Mrs. Trelawney," said Francis Wallingford, "there is something that I have for a long time wished to say to you."

The president of the Society For the Squelching of Husbands looked over her glasses and frowned. She evidently knew what was coming, but after a moment's silence she said in her most impressive platform tones: Well, go on. What is it?"

"I-I love your daughter, Miss Gladys. I have reason to believe that she returns my passion, and I want to Mrs. Trelawney's features hardened.

and there was a cold, metallic ring in her voice as she answered. "What recommendations have you to vince me that you will always love her-that you will always think her

beautiful?" "She looks like her mother," said to convince me that her beauty will not diminish as her years increase. Of course I know that this can hardly be regarded as a final test. You have not yet reached the age at which women

begin to lose their"-They were interrupted then, but he got the girl.-Cleveland Leader.

Guides In the Woods.

The sportsmen, sinking down upon a mound of dead leaves, looked drear-"No," he said dully, "It didn't bring fly about the bare autumnal woods

But the guide pointed to a spider's web. "It is easy to get your bearings if you are anything of a woodsman," he said. "A web like that, for instance, is nearly an infallible guide. you knew it and I knew it. And I Spiders nearly always choose a southern exposure for their houses. This web points due south.

"Tree bark is another guide, for it is temptation to see you was too great so harder. lighter, drier on the tree's north side. Gum, too, helps. Gum that, oozes from the southern part of a tree is firm and amber colored, but

chestnut and ash, have all their moss and mold confined to the north side. The cedars and other evergreens bend But the game was over, and a tumul- their tips toward the south, "Even stones are compasses in the

The hardwood trees, the oak and

wilds. Fronting the sunny south they are bare and dry. It is on their shady, damp, northern side only that they bear moss."

Ben Franklin

who used to run a newspaper down East years ago, also edited an almanac which contained some wise sayings. Here is one of them:

"The way to wealth, if you desire it, is as plain as the way to market. It depends chiefly on two words—industry and frugality. He that gets all he can honestly and saves all he gets (necessary expenses excepted) will certainly become

What Ben said was not only true at that time, but it still holds good at the present day. There is no better way to save than to have a bank account

We will be glad to have you start an account at this bank. -you are not tempted to spend it.

The Bank of Oregon City

son, Carl.

California

ROCK CREEK AND SUNNYSIDE. 1

There was quite a crowd of rela-I wish if you have a minute you'd tives met at Grandpa Johnson's at Sunnyside on December 15 in honor of his 76th birthday, and took dinner with him. Although he is not able to talk he enjoyed the day very much.

There were 28 present. We hear that Mrs. Kate Summer is intending to take a trip East with her brother, who has been visiting her We hope she may have a pleasant

A surprise party visited Adolph Stoll's on Saturday evening and spent the evening in playing games. A anon, are gu lunch was furnished by the crowd and Silas Shadle.

all report a nice time. Mr. and Mrs. Sutton, of Ohio, have studies at the U. of O. for the holibeen visiting Mr. and Mrs. George
Deardorff for several days. They left
on Friday for California. They are
is home to spend the Christmas holidays with friends here.

ions to be enjoyed on Christmas and hope they may all have a fine time. Colds have been quite prevalent lately. George Johnson's boys have all taken a turn at it last week.

Denver Begins to Pay.
Denver, Colo., Dec. 23.—The first stallment (\$25,000) of the \$100,000 fund pledged to the Democratic National Committee by the Denver Convention League, was forwarded today made them let me have it. I have kept | French Lick, Ind. The remainder will be paid in equal installments on January 22, February 22 and March 22.

Correct Interpretation Essential. Many of the most beautiful pleces of poetry in literature would seem uninteresting and flat if read by a bad reciter. In the same way a good reelter will make attractive a poem whose beauties are not so apparent. A one painter will light up each little beauty in his pictures until the smallest detail is attractive and strikes the eye. It is only the mediocrity whose

lack of interest.-Strand Magazine. Logical Supposition.

Little Lloyd - Papa, was George Washington married to England? Pa- spent the Christmas holidays pa-Of course not, my son. Why do the parents of Mrs. Dimick, Mr. you ask such a silly question? Little Mrs. J. W. Caples, of Forest Grove Lloyd-This book says England is our mother country, and as George Wash- been working for the Chicago, Milington was the father of his country I waukee & St. Paul Railway in Washsupposed they were married.-Chicago

He Was Incorrigible.

Underdone-My husband is complaining again of your cooking, Mary. Mary (reassuringly)-Oh. mum, I don't take any notice of him, for 'tis the nature of him to find fault. Ain't he forever complainin' of you, mum?-Illustrated

Of Practical use.

"Well, Jack, what are you studying in economics?" "Graft, father."

"Now, of what earthly use will that ever be to you?" "Oh, I dunno. Say, dad, for twenty plunks I won't let mother know why

you were late to dinner last night, and

I'll fix it so you can go to the club

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PERSONALS

Mr. D. H. Mosher, of Salem, spent Christmas with Oregon City friends.

Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Church spent Christmas in Seattle, guests of their

Mr. and Mrs. B. T. McBain are home

Mr. and Mrs. Josiah Martin, of Leb-

Miss Juliet Cross is home from her

anon, are guests at the home of Mr.

from a pleasant sojourn in Southern

Messrs. George and Frank Sullivan, students at the U. of O., are home for the Christmas holidays.

Mr. Norwood Charman has gone to Chico, Cal., to spend the Holidays with Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Robinson. Miss Clara Caufield, Miss Nieta

Harding, Miss Edna Caufield are home for the Christmas holidays. Messrs. Orel and Virgil Welch and Ross Eaton, students at McMinnylla,

are home for the Christmas holldays. Miss Evan Meldrum and Miss Mary Sandstrom, students of the Wast ton Normal at Cheney, are home for the holidays.

Miss Ruth Latourette returned her home in Oregon City to rer and until after the holidays.—McMinn Telephone. Miss Angeline Williams, instru-

at the State University, is visiting Oregon City friends over the Challet mas holidays. Mr. O. A. Cheney and daughter, Edith, spent Christmas with friends in McMinnville, the guests of Miss

Ethel Cheney.

work is characterized by sameness and Mr. Philo Zimmerman is wrestling with grip and mumps at the st time, but is not joyous over the took or the outcome of it. Mr. and Mrs. Walter A. Dir

> Mr. Carleton B. Harding, who ington, is home to spend Christmas.

Miss Mary Belle Meldrum arrived

home Saturday night from Moscow, where she has been attending the University of Idaho, to spend the holidays here. Mrs. A. W. Shipley and Misses Mabel and Laura Shipley, of Bull Run,

are spending the Christmas holidays

with Mrs. Shipley's parents, Mr. and Mrs. S. Clinefelter. Mrs. J. C. Taylor, of Long Beach, Cal., well known here, is convalescent, and Mrs. Francis Welsh, her daughter, who has been assisting at her bedside

has returned to her home in this city. Messrs. Roy Sleight, Lester Marrs, McMillan, Marshall Lazelle, Ralph Miller, John Hanny and Joseph Ganong, students at the Oregon Agricultural College, are home from Corvallis for their holiday vacation.

MEADOWBROOK.

this evening."-Cleveland Plain Dealer. The families of Messrs. Schaeffer and Nicola celebrated Christmas with trees on the evening of December 24. Mr. Trullinger's new blacksmith shop is located at corner of South Main and Prairie avenue. Mr. and Mrs. Winslow have been

looking at city lots in the south part

of town and we hope that they may locate here. O. R. Orem was back to visit friends in town last week. He now lives at Mulino, but has not forgotten his

"first love."

Roy Kay and family, of Ostrander, Wash., are visiting old friends here over the holiday season. Mr. Mallatt and family are spending Christmas with friends at Mulino. Fred Schaffer is to be a candidate

for Mayor on the Prohibition ticket, rumor says Clay Engle, who has just taken a new wife, can't help but smile these

days. A. L. Larkins is getting better at this writing. Light plant is running night and day now to keep out the darkness.



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prices in no case mean lower qualities. It is the saving on standard groceries that makes buying here truly economical. We have too much faith in your discernment to offer you inferior qualities at any price. Daily arrival of new season goods in Diamond W or Preferred Stock Canned Fruits and Vegetables, Xmas Candles, Nuts, Dates, Raisins, etc.

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