

NEW ST. PAUL EPISCOPAL CHURCH

Through the efforts of the Rev. C. W. Robinson, the beloved rector of St. Paul's Episcopal Church, the parish is to have the finest house of worship in the city. The great retaining wall on the river bank is now completed, and work on the building will be started soon. The wall which is of concrete, is 125 feet long and 10 feet high. There will be retaining walls on Courthouse Alley and Ninth Street. Work on the church proper will start in the spring and the building will be ready for occupancy within one year. Mr. Robinson announced Thursday evening that the total cost would be in the neighborhood of \$25,000.

"While the work will be slow," said the rector Thursday evening, "the growth of Oregon City and the other northwestern cities is such an assured fact that I am confident it is worth while to erect a building that will be a credit to the city for generations to come."

The church will be built of stone and will have a cloister on the river that may be used by the public for civic meetings. Mr. and Mrs. Spaulding entertained relatives from Baker City and Silverton during the holidays. The entertainment for the Sabbath school was well attended Christmas eve by old and young. A box of candy was given to each one present. A concert at the M. E. church in the choir led by Professor Hall, of Spilwood, was much appreciated by those present.

Mrs. Rice, of Oak Grove, entertained relatives with a Christmas dinner. Mrs. Graves and Teddy Graves, of Portland, were the Christmas guests of Mr. and Mrs. Evans. Mrs. Evans attended a family reunion at the home of her parents at Troutdale New Year's day. Mr. and Mrs. Hedy will occupy their former home after the 1st of the year, returning from Woodburn to Oak Grove.

Here is a remedy that will cure your cold. Why waste time and money experimenting when you can get a preparation that has won a world-wide reputation by its cures of this disease and can always be depended upon? It is known everywhere as Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, and is a medicine of real merit. For sale by Huntley Bros. Co., Oregon City, Hubbard, and Canby.

Wood Andrews spent Christmas with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Andrews. Chas. Eklow has accepted a position as bookkeeper with Mr. Schaefer.

A number of our young people attended the dance at Canby Saturday night and a bunch of them went to Aurora Tuesday night. They report a good time. Mr. and Mrs. Larson spent a pleasant Xmas by having their children, Teddy, Theoline, Clara and Helen at home with them.

Carey Rameby, an old resident of this place and who now resides at Klamath Falls and who is State Game Warden of Klamath County was calling on old friends here Sunday. School closed December 22 for the holiday vacation and will open Jan. 2. The teachers, Miss Chinn and Miss Ross, are spending their vacation at their homes.

Mrs. Goerther and son, Walter, visited Mrs. Goerther's son, Fred Snyder and wife at Hubbard Sunday. The teachers and pupils gave an interesting entertainment Monday evening in the hall, which was largely attended by parents and friends. The children all did well and were a credit to the efforts of the teachers.

Mr. and Mrs. Wallace have gone to Oregon City. Miss Joyce Wilkey, of Portland, was visiting Miss Cora Berg Sunday of last week. Mrs. C. G. Toll received a new plan for Christmas, presented by her husband.

Mr. and Mrs. Toogood and son, of Hansel, Neb., were visiting Mrs. Andrews last week. Mrs. Toogood is a niece of Mrs. Andrews. Miss Nellie Johnson, of Glendale, is home for a visit. During the last year...

Mrs. Spaulding and daughter, Edith of "Korax," were visiting Mrs. North Saturday. They have been to Oregon City Saturday to see his wife and children. They are getting along well on their trip. Mrs. Spaulding was very well. Mrs. Larson, of Portland, is home for a visit. Mrs. Spaulding and daughter were in the city for a short time. Mrs. Spaulding and daughter were in the city for a short time.

Heart to Heart Talks.

By EDWIN A. NYE

DESIRE—WILL—SUCCESS. What a man wants that he will get or be changed by the trying—Emerson. "I have been wanting to write to you," says my correspondent, "but hitherto have not had the time." I take my friend's words with a grain of salt. If he really had wanted to write to me—not being in our unusually engaged—he would have found the time. "My dear, I have been wanting to call on you for an age," says the visitor, "but you know I have been altogether busy."

And the friend understands that her earlier has not wanted to call or she would have done so. What one wants he gets. A strong desire puts the will power into action. A whole-hearted wanting of a thing is a leverage in getting it. Here is the formula: Desire + will = success. The formula is as true, other things being equal, as is the law of physics respecting a moving body. In order to find the impact or striking force, of a moving body you multiply the velocity of the body by its weight.

So of accomplishment. Multiply a real want by a real will power and you will get the impact of effect upon the thing desired.

One of my friends, hearing of a mutual friend who at the age of forty, though married and with a family to support, entered a university, said: "I wish I could do that. I have always wanted a classical education."

He did not want it! If he very much wanted that education he would get it. The man who thus excused himself from trying was rich and a bachelor.

Mostly we get what we want. Miracles aside, nothing can defeat the divine combination of wishing and willing.

As Emerson says, if in the extreme exception we do not get our desire we are thereby changed into something stronger and better. We get what we want badly enough to try hard enough to get it.

Taking No Chances. Grown old in the service of his master and mistress, James was a privileged retainer. He was waiting at table one day when a guest asked for a fish fork. Strangely enough, the request was ignored.

Then the hostess noticed the episode and remarked in a peremptory manner: "James, Mrs. Jones hasn't a fish fork. Get her one at once!" "Madam," came the emphatic reply, "last time Mrs. Jones died here we lost a fish fork."

James has now been relegated to the garden—New York Globe.

Looked Into the Window. A rather peculiar case of absentmindedness was that related of Peter Burrows, an Irish lawyer. A friend who called on Burrows at an early hour one morning found him staring with his face bent close to an empty wall.

"What on earth are you assuming that attitude for?" he asked. "To look in the glass," was the reply. "But there's no glass there," laughed the acquaintance.

"Bless you!" I didn't notice that before," said Burrows, and then, calling his servant, he asked him what had become of the mirror.

"Why, sir," said the man, "it was broken six weeks ago."

Oysters as Food. Oysters come nearest in composition to cow's milk than do most other meats, as all the four kinds of nutrients needed are present in good degree. Oysters have a larger excess of the flesh building substance relative to the other constituents than milk, so we "balance the ration" by addition of starchy food and fats when eating oysters, thus securing a good meal at a cost that compares favorably with that when other meats are chosen—Professor John Nelson of Rutgers College in New Jersey.

The Iron Shroud. Ludovico Sforza, who lives in the iron shroud, was the first to die by this horrible torture.

Then I told her of the first time I saw her—how while I was shocked I was pleased. She said that it was that same shock that desire to break in upon forbidden things, that pleased girls. She also confessed that several of the girls who took part in the play, unexpressed by authority, were in the habit of rolling out the oaths I had heard her use just for the pleasure of doing something they had no business to do. As for herself, she played the part of the man who did the swearing. I asked her to do it just once more and after that never to do it again. She declined to oblige me.

IN FASHIONDOM.

The Negligee Has Long Sleeves This Winter



OF PINK FLANNELLETTE

The trim lines of this pink flannellette gown and the long coat sleeves give it a smart up-to-date appearance. Pink tulle blinds the edges, and a pink cord finishes a practical and pretty negligee.

CAMERA APRON.

It is Most Convenient For Carrying Paraphernalia.

The camera apron was devised for the convenient carrying of camera paraphernalia on out of door trips. A yard and a quarter of gray denim were used. The body of the apron was a straight piece twenty-six inches long, with a strip eleven inches deep across the bottom for pockets. The remaining eight inch strip of denim was cut into three pockets, two of which were placed above and one as a patch pocket over the middle of the lower row.

Tape was used for finishing the raw edges of the three pockets and served also for dividing the eleven inch strip into three pockets. All raw edges were finished with wide white tape stitched twice. A facing of thinner cloth was sewed on top, and drawstrings were run through.

The pockets held plate holders, focus cloth, chamois skin, record book, etc. One upper pocket was lined with chamois skin for the shutter, with bulb and tubing which needed special protection. All pockets closed with a snap at the top, and the whole was folded completely when not in use.

For a man this might be made with out drawstrings at the top, and it could be folded and carried by shawl straps.

What Man Understands Woman?

The query, "What woman understands man?" is not proving half so popular as Hughes le Roux's query, "Qui est l'homme qui comprend les femmes?" ("Who is the man who understands women?"), the answers to which are filling the columns of Le Matin of Paris.

Says one wise woman, "A man may understand any woman except the one whom he loves at the age of eighteen."

Mme. Saint-Malo says, "The man who understands us is the man who can admire everything in a woman, even her defects."

Another well known authoress asserts, "The man who can understand us is the man who can be our confessor."

One who signs herself Emille says, "The man who understands us is the simpleton. He is the man who will recite poetry in our salons at I do not know how ridiculous he makes himself."

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An Incongruity

By JOHN GALLAGHER, JR.

After my admission to the bar a friend of Mr. Larkins, of the law firm of Larkins, Larabee & Lincoln, gave me a letter to him recommending me for a salaried position in his office. I was advised to see Mr. Larkins at his home, where I would receive more friendly attention than in his office. I called about 4 o'clock, expecting to find him returned from his office, but since he had been detained there later than usual I concluded to wait for him. I was shown into a large drawing room as dimly lighted as those of most city dwellings. Indeed, since it was winter and the days were short there was hardly any light at all because of heavy window draperies.

A door opened into a conservatory, and while sitting in profound silence I heard a succession of oaths. There were two incongruities connected with the matter. In the first place, the profanity came from out of a profusion of flowers and, in the second, was spoken in a woman's musical voice. Furthermore, they did not express irritation; the lady who spoke them seeming to be simply rolling them out just to hear them. In other words, as they were uttered there was no meaning to them.

They soon stopped and were followed by a few notes of song. In the same young girl came out of the conservatory, passed through the drawing room, unconscious of my presence, and, wearing like a trowser as she went, passed out into the hall and upstairs. I got a view of her as she passed a gas jet that had just been lighted, and her face was as innocent of guile as her tongue was defiled.

I was especially pleased that she did not see me for she would doubtless have been deeply mortified. Mr. Larkins came in presently, and I presented my note of introduction, which was instrumental in securing for me the place I coveted. I soon learned that he had a daughter who was considered a beautiful girl, and I inferred that she was the one I had heard uttering profanity. I was curious about her, for I could not understand how a refined woman could have a fancy for listening to oaths uttered by herself.

I had not been long in the employ of Larkins, Larabee & Lincoln when Mr. Larkins invited me to dine at his house. I accepted gladly and on the evening appointed appeared at the house in evening dress and wearing my best expression. It seemed singular that I should be desirous of impressing a girl who could swear like an army in Flanders, but such was the case. When introduced to her I found it difficult to repress a smile, thinking as I did how shocked she would be did she know that I had heard her at her worst.

I can't say that Miss Laura Larkins was a demure young lady, but she gave me the impression of being very refined, modest, pure. Indeed, she was the last person I would have supposed would indulge in the un ladylike habit of swearing. To tell the truth, there was something so novel in such marked contrast in hearing a lovely girl with a sweet voice uttering profanity that I wished she would do it again. But instead her words were well chosen and pure English, there was not a bit of slang, and everything she said was refined.

This introduction at the house of my employer resulted in a love affair between me and Miss Larkins. After while I was made a junior member of the law firm, where I was employed, and, being approved by Mr. Larkins as a son-in-law, I was accepted and duly engaged. While I had been fascinated by the incongruity of oaths spoken in a melodious voice, I was at times troubled by this peculiarity. Might not a girl who would give vent to such epithets have something bad about her inner self which some day would crop out to shock me? I wished to tell her that I had heard her swear and bear her explanation, but could not bring myself to do so. So I went on, subject to occasional fits of terror lest I would marry one whose devilish nature might burst forth at any moment.

My fiancée was at the time I met her a college girl. One day I took up in her house the book of a play in which she had acted as an undergraduate. One part, that of a man, was marked throughout. While reading it I came upon the very oaths I had heard her utter. Here was an explanation. She had performed this part.

A moment later when she entered the room I fired them at her.

"Oh," she said, "you have been reading the part I played at college. We girls were expected to leave those swear words out. But we never did at rehearsal."

"Why not?"

"Why does any girl fancy what she is supposed to let alone?"

THE NEW YEAR'S DINNER OF OLD JAPAN

As Christmas is the greatest holiday of the year with us, so is New Year's the time of great rejoicing with the Japanese.

And no wonder, for to the folks of Old Nippon January means rest from the labor and toil of gathering the harvest. For this reason and because it is supposed to be the beginning of all things new the Japanese have made it their festival month.

At the very end of the old year great pine branches are placed by all gateways and hearths and the numerous shrines of their gods.

The pine branch signifies constancy and is hung with a straw circle made to resemble a sun, having rays of light coming from it, and stuck with a sar-dine, edible seaweed, a leaf of ever-green and many bits of paper.

The straw rings are also placed upon a great many articles of furniture and a number of kitchen implements because at one time these things were thought to be endowed with life.

New Year's is a busy time for the housewife, who has to cook and prepare all the dishes which have a special significance for the great day.

First comes clam soup. The clam, which opens when cooked, typifies the opening of good fortune.

The Japanese word for health is "inami," and so beans, which are called by a name which sounds like this, must be eaten.

Radishes and fish, salmon and sweets must be eaten also, for on this marvelous night the Japanese believe that a whole year is added to one's life.

For this evening the children may be as troublesome as they please without fear or reproach, for no sound of scolding or quarrelling is ever heard in a Japanese home at this time.

When the great meal has been made ready the gods of the household are first served. Many lights are lit before them. Saké is offered in little vases. Before the shelf on which are the gods the family hang colored seaweeds, each possessing a supposed power for luck.

Seaweed, which means rejoicing, is also offered in bundles. When the family have fully honored and worshipped their gods they set about eating the great meal.

"Once you have partaken of this feast," says they, "a whole year is added to your life!"

Thus, if a child is born in December, his family will gravely declare him to be two years old after this meal.

A Painter's Odd Ways.

Alfred Triani was a thin, wiry fellow, both a very slow and a fastidious painter. His sketcher from nature, a condition which is said to have hastened his end, for he had a book for every hour of the day and every condition of weather, and overlaid with these, he would often trudge a lengthy distance to his work. He would then start, say, on an incomplete morning effect in sunshine, to be cast aside for a similar subject in shadow if the scene clouded over or for a noontime one directly that hour was reached. It is said that he consequently sometimes carried as many as a dozen varieties of the same view.—St. James' Gazette.

The Only "Must."

"Mandy, you've simply got to be more careful!" "Deed, miss, ain't got to do nothin' but die."—Judge.

How He Won Her

A Story Illustrating a Feminine Foible

By ARTHUR BURLEIGH

General Le Verrier told this story at dinner in his own house to his friend, M. Chauveleau:

"I entered the army at the opening of the war of 1870, existing in an infantry regiment. My father was a plain farmer not far from Fontainebleau, and I was among a people who were very much excited over the war and latent upon the soldiers who were being recruited in their midst. I was very much in love with a girl of seventeen who smiled sweetly upon me, especially after I had enlisted to fight the Prussians. I joined the Forty-third, whose uniform was the simple baggy red trousers and blue coat of the common infantry soldier, and soon had occasion to regret that I had not joined a more showy corps, for when a recruiting officer for the Twelfth cuirassiers came along a rival of mine for my girl's favors, Francois Duval, enlisted in that corps and when uniformed was resplendent in white riding breeches, high boots, a shining metal cuirassier and helmet. My sweetheart—Clochette was her name—when next she passed me had just seen Francois riding along the road decked out in all his finery. I saw an expression of disappointment on her face the moment she looked at her compeer myself.

"Nor was this all. The very next day I saw her walking beside my rival, seemingly dazzled by his splendor. As soon as I could obtain leave I went to see her and received a very cool reception.

"At once put to an application to be transferred to the lancers, whose uniform is quite as beautiful as the cuirassiers'. But of course no attention was paid to such a request, and I was doomed to continually appear before the girl I loved in the cheap uniform of an infantryman. I wished we would be marched at once to the war, that I might betake myself and my red breeches away where Clochette would see neither. But the regiments

born fighter. Most of us are good for something, and fighting was my redeeming quality. I have never been good for anything else. At Gravelotte a body of Prussians came down on us from their superior numbers as to over power our regiment, which was the tip of the left wing. Within five minutes the colonel, lieutenant colonel and major were killed, besides many of the fine officers. Our fellows were starting to run, leaving the flank exposed so that the Prussians could slip in right behind the line, which was a mile long. Either a rout or the capture of most of this line was imminent. The cuirassiers were driven back, and I caught sight of my rival galloping to the rear. It was a critical moment, like the first few drops of water trickling through a long hole in a dam which if not stopped, will let loose a frightful flood. It was I who plugged the hole. Taking up the colors, which were being trampled on the ground, I held them aloft and cried out:

"Comrades, reform on your flag!" "Immediately they began to reform as I directed at an angle with the next regiment on our right, so that instead of having the Prussians on our flank we faced them. The general of our division, seeing the situation, ordered a regiment from an unexpressed point to support us, and they came in our rear at a double quick. The danger was averted. Other corps kept coming to that part of the field, and we were strong as adamant. After the fight my general sent for me and said:

"You are advanced to the rank of major and will assume command of your regiment at once. Go and get off the uniform of a private and put on that of a field officer."

"Do you know what I was thinking about when he said that? I was wishing my reward had brought me into the ranks of the lancers that I might don a showy uniform with which to win back Clochette. However, I could only feel pleased that I should at least equal my rival by being mounted, and, though my uniform would be much the same as before, it would be of finer texture and more highly decorated.

"As you know, we met with one disaster after another, and at last those of us who were not killed or captured were driven back across our country, the Prussians following us. I had been advanced to the rank of general of brigade. I was very young for such a position—about twenty-one; but, as I have said, I was a born fighter and nothing else. I couldn't understand why so many of my comrades remained in the ranks while I had been so speedily advanced. I didn't value my promotion, because with all the gewgaws worn by a general of brigade I did not consider him a bird of such plumage as a private of cuirassiers, nor would Clochette.

"As luck would have it, we approached Paris through the region from which we had marched to the war, and the worst of it was that the Twelfth cuirassiers were returning by the same route. I still loved Clochette. You know, the struggle was very brief and there had been no changes in me as the man—only as the soldier. I knew as we marched through my native village the country people would line the way looking at us and Clochette would be among them. Though I would ride at the head of my brigade, with Clochette I would not count for as much as Duval in his splendor of a private of cuirassiers. Something must be done. I thought out a plan on which I relied, and you are the first man to learn of it.

"The evening before we were to pass through Fontainebleau I rode over to the headquarters of General Berrien of the Eighteenth corps and told him that I wished to march through the village with his command, in which I was not known. I told him my secret and my experience, at which he laughed heartily. Then I asked him to permit me to march past my neighbors at the head of one of the bands of his command as drum major. When I explained my reason he embraced me, remarking that all the world loves a lover, and my plan was admirable. He assured me that in the showy uniform of a drum major I would certainly win my sweetheart.

"The leader of the band of the Fifteenth, he said, 'wears the most showy uniform of any drum major, and you shall take his place.'

"He sent an orderly for this man, who reported at once, and I was pleased to see that, though he was tall, I was nearly his height. He was ordered to send his uniform to my headquarters and to turn over the leadership of his band the next day to me.

"Much had happened since we had married away that our friends at home knew little or nothing about. No one knew of my advancement. When we marched through the town girls joined their fathers, their brothers and their lovers, marching hand in hand with them. I had placed myself at the head of the Fifty-third band and looked magnificent in my splendid uniform. While marching through the town, twirling my baton high above my head, I espied Clochette among the throng beside the road. She was looking at me admiringly. I smiled at her

in our vicinity were not filled up for some time, and the people—principally the girls—were constantly gazing at us. And I noticed that those corps which wore the showiest uniforms attracted the biggest crowds. Every time I saw Clochette go by me with her hand looking up at him as though she were a sister of Jupiter. I wished to betake myself with gold and diamonds.

"The day we set out in time and were marching to the frontier. We who were drum majors of Fontainebleau were marching in the rear and fought the Prussians at Sedan. I saw Duval's cuirassiers making a charge.

"I was in the rear, in the position of a drum major, and I could not see the Twelfth cuirassiers. When we marched through the town girls joined their fathers, their brothers and their lovers, marching hand in hand with them. I had placed myself at the head of the Fifty-third band and looked magnificent in my splendid uniform. While marching through the town, twirling my baton high above my head, I espied Clochette among the throng beside the road. She was looking at me admiringly. I smiled at her

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SCOOP THE CUB REPORTER

Who Ever Heard Of A Newspaper Man Possessing \$3,000?



By HOP

