

# CANBY DEPARTMENT

## CANBY STUDENTS WIN HONORS AT SCHOOL

CANBY, Ore., March 27.—The following pupils of the Canby grammar schools have been neither absent nor tardy during the month ending March 23, 1917:

Seventh and Eighth grades—Howard H. Eccles, principal; Lolita Hornig, Helen Swartz, Aileen Buchanan, Cora Douglas, Alberta Gillmore, Hil-dred Baker, Ethel Mickelson, Vesta Merk, Mortimer Lee, Charles Bates, Wilson Lanner, Howard Hets, Noel Oathes, Pohn Mickelson, Norman Eld, Amelia Kraft, Violet Ledford, Marian Porter, Violet Russell, Mark Dodge, Earl Mack, Ralph Koshler, Earl Meeks and Harold Oathes.

Fifth and sixth grades—Nona Austin teacher; Clifford Wallace, Clarence Eris, Royal Nakano, Christ Kraft, Pauline Kinney, Ivan Meeks, Lloyd Kendall, Champ Vaughan, Lorena Hornig, Bernard Reese, Otto Schmidt, Keith Draper, Catherine Draper, Judith Nelson, Wanda Wallace and Anita Schaubel.

Third and fourth grades—Frances Potter, teacher; Edward Rees, Verne Arneson, Charles Mickelson, Earl Lee, Robert McClure, Virgil Lavesney, Earl Miller, Charles Leflow, Ernest Kraft, Zedie Lee, Laverne Eckerson, Marian Bates, Bernice Arneson, Alice Nakano, Edith Carlson, Blanche Kendall, Florence Mainwood, Gladys Mainwood, Aletha Draper, Leonard Newstrom, Hugo Schaubel, Mitchell Syster, Gerald Bair, Ross Rider, Leonard Goe, Edward Robinson.

First grade—Mina B. Hubbs, teacher; Ruth Bee, Violet Mainwood, Gertrude Reese, Ella Leach, Ivan Arneson, Keith Marks, Kenneth Evans, Ray Hessa, Keith Mack, Ernest Meeks, Leonard Draper.

Second grade—Lavinia Sheridan, teacher; Fred Eris, Edward McKee, Clay Mainwood, Ross Syster, Virgil Geiger, Kenneth Mack, Donald Stumm, Gilbert Jost, Wava Wheeler, Georgia Fletcher, Ruth Sannes, Gladys Dosier, Hortense Styer, Mildred Oathes, Riverside School, Olive Whipple, teacher; John Hein, Clarence Lepinsky, Glenn Hutton, Clyde Dodge, Edna Lepinsky, Ora Needham, Ernest Hutton, Clarence Stoller, Charlie Stoller, Katherine Hejn, Henry Courand, Thelma Dodge, Norman Christensen.

## FIVE HUNDRED CLUB IS ENTERTAINED

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Graham entertained the Five Hundred club at their home Wednesday evening. The high scores were won by Mrs. M. J. Lee and Harry B. Evans. Dainty refreshments were served by the hostess. Those present were Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Hair, Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Eccles, Mr. and Mrs. Adam H. Knight, Mr. and Mrs. Grant White, Mr. and Mrs. Herbert A. Berkman, Mrs. M. J. Lee, Mr. and Mrs. Harry B. Evans, Mr. Charles Graham and Miss Lexie Graham.

## DEBATE POSTPONED OWING TO STORM

CANBY, Ore., March 27.—Owing to the storm Eastham grammar school of Oregon City and Canby grammar school postponed their debate to Friday, March 31.

The Canby negative team will go to Oregon City, while Eastham negative team will come to Canby.

The debate will be held in the Methodist church in the Sunday school room, while the Canby high school affirmative team meets the Colton negative team in the main room of the church.

## CHILDREN TO BEAUTIFY VACANT CANBY LOTS

CANBY, Ore., March 28.—Friday afternoon, owing to inclement weather there was only a small attendance. The club is advocating the planting of vacant lots in gardens and will assist the children in marketing the products. This will reduce "H. C. L." and make our town more sightly. Mrs. W. H. Lucke and Mrs. C. V. Prouty visited the schools securing the aid of the pupils.

## FIRE DEPARTMENT IS ORGANIZED AT CANBY

CANBY, Ore., March 27.—The Canby Hose company has been organized with the following officers: Adam Knight, president; H. A. Berkman, secretary; E. E. Bratt, treasurer. Thirty-five citizens have become charter members. Canby is now well equipped for fire fighting and the organization is one that has been badly needed.

## FUNERAL SERVICES MRS. BERG ARE HELD.

The funeral of Mrs. Susie Berg, of North Canby, was held at the Norwegian church Tuesday afternoon. There were many beautiful flowers. The deceased leaves a husband and four children. The interment was at Zion cemetery.

CANBY, Ore., March 27.—Rev. Stanford Moore is a guest of his parents, Rev. and Mrs. W. Boyd Moore, this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Smith, of Mackburg, were Canby shoppers this week.

Leon Jackson, of Adkins Mills, was a Canby visitor Thursday.

Mrs. Grace Sallor was a Portland shopper Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Bair were Portland visitors Thursday.

Felt Like 90; Now Like 21.

Many persons complain about feeling old before they should. Like a weak link in a chain, a weak organ overworks the whole body. Overworked, weak or disordered kidneys lower vitality. A. W. Morgan, Angolia, La., writes: "I suffered with pains in the back. I am 43 years old, but I felt like a man of 90 years old. Since I took Foley Kidney Pills I feel like I did when I was 21." In 50c and \$1.00 sizes. Jones Drug Co.

## From Farm to City

### How a Country Boy Became a Lion in Society.

By ESTHER VANDEVEER

Sam Atkins was a farmer boy.

Sam had met Jennie Williams at a barn dance, and then and there had commenced the union of hearts that grows stronger quickly when planted in youthful breasts. Jennie was a good girl, a pretty girl and in every respect worthy of Sam.

One day Sam was running his car on the road and just about to turn into the farm gate when he heard another car coming behind him. Looking backward, he saw that it contained a woman who was grasping the wheel. She was the only person in the car. She was approaching a turn in the road just beyond the Atkins farm, and her eyes were fixed in terror on it.

On the outer curve was a slope, which it was evident she dreaded, for as she passed Sam she was crying: "Over the bank! Over the bank! Over the bank!"

Sam was off the road, so that he escaped the car, which was evidently beyond the lady's control. As soon as she had passed him he gave chase, passed her, shut off power in his machine, jumped out and as the other car went by him jumped on to the footboard. Once there, he stopped the car just as it was about to plunge over the slope.

Then he saw that the woman driving it was a lady in an immaculate costume, the car being a handsome one and containing the richest upholstery and wraps. She paused the moment the danger had passed and remained unconscious for half a minute. During this brief interval Sam cast a glance at his own modest car, which had been wrecked against a tree, then at the smug appointments of the one he had saved.

"Why didn't you shut her off?" said Sam.

"I was paralyzed with fear."

"Do you think you can get on now?"

"I wouldn't try it again for the world. I've been taking lessons. This is the first time I have been out alone."

Sam took the wheel and drove the lady to her home, a magnificent country place suited to the requirements of a multimillionaire. She invited him into the house and said to him:

"But for you I would now be lying crushed under my car. Your car has been wrecked. I will see that a new one is sent you of such make as you may choose. This is simply to replace your loss. For saving my life ask any boon, and if in my power it shall be granted."

Sam protested that he had not done nothing that any one else would not have done under the circumstances and had lady owed him nothing. She persisted, and he said that he had always had a fancy to mingle for a brief season among persons of wealth. If the lady would give him an opportunity to do that a ball she would have repaid any debt she might owe him.

She looked him over from head to foot, evidently taking in his natural fitness for taking a place among the elite, then went to an escritoire and wrote a check for \$1,000, payable to bearer, and handed it to him.

"The first thing you will need," she said, "is clothes—I mean clothes for daily wear and for evening dress. Draw the money on this check and dress yourself as a city man. Then go to a dancing master and have him teach you what he can of etiquette and anything else you may need to fit yourself to appear in society. As soon as he reports to me that you are sufficiently equipped for the purpose I will give a ball at which I will introduce you to society."

Sam held the check in his hand, doubtful whether to accept or return it. The lady saw what was on his mind and told him that it would be unkind and ungenerous in him to refuse her the privilege of rewarding him for preserving her very existence. So Sam yielded. She then wrote the name and address of the proprietor of a fashionable dancing school and, after giving him such a luncheon as he had never sat down to before, sent him off to prepare himself for an appearance in a ballroom.

Sam went right away to his sweetheart and told her of his adventure and its result. Jennie looked grave and told him that he would never be satisfied again with country life, that he would aspire to marry some girl whom he would meet in high life and all would be over between him and his country love.

Sam protested with his lips, but not by his looks. So wrapt in the future was he that he scarcely heard what Jennie was saying. They parted, Sam to go to the city to buy new clothes and find the dancing master, Jennie to her room to weep.

Now, Jennie was an excellent seamstress and was doing some sewing for Mrs. Treborne, a wealthy woman who spent her summers at her country residence, half a dozen miles from Jennie's home. Mrs. Treborne would send her auto for Jennie in the morning and send her back in the evening, the girl spending the day at such inferior work as was required. The day after the parting between the lovers Jennie went to her daily work and appeared so disconsolate that her employer asked her what was troubling her.

Jennie told her story and received sympathy. A day or two later while Jennie was sitting her needle Mrs. Treborne said to her:

"Jennie, how would you like to go to the ball that your sweetheart is to attend?"

Jennie looked up at her questioner with a radiance that was a more speaking reply than words. Then her employer said that she had been thinking of the matter and resolved to do for her what was to be done for Sam. She told Jennie to drop her work, go home and prepare for a removal to another locality.

Mrs. Treborne sent Jennie to her daughter in the city with a letter unfolding her plan and asking her to prepare the girl for an appearance in society. Miss Soppie Treborne, a girl of twenty, at once fell in with her mother's plan to give Jennie the advantage that was afforded her lover. Miss Treborne made inquiries among her friends and learned that the lady whose life Sam had saved was a Mrs. Iddleton, a leader in society and an acquaintance of the Trebornes.

It was a month after Jennie and Sam entered upon preparation for an entry into fashionable life that the dancing master reported to Mrs. Iddleton that Sam Atkins was well prepared to attend a ball in high life as he could be, except by a long period of coaching, and even then he would smack of the country. The result was that Mrs. Iddleton issued invitations for a ball at her city residence. Sam was to be the guest of honor as an acknowledgment of Mrs. Iddleton's gratitude for having saved her life when her automobile was running away with her. The Treborne family were invited, including their guest, Jennie Williams.

The Iddleton ball was one of the very largest of the season. It was not given at the town residence of the Iddletons, but at Swinton's, a fashionable restaurant with entertaining rooms on the higher floors. Miss Treborne left Jennie in care of her brother and sought the hostess, who was receiving with the guest of honor beside her. An introduction between Sam and Mrs. Treborne resulted, and the girl remained with him till the dancing began, and he was obliged to ask her to be his partner.

Mrs. Iddleton had arranged to open her ball with an old square dance, the lancers. Miss Treborne led Sam from one end of the ballroom toward a set forming in the center, and her brother conducted Jennie in the same direction. The music started up as soon as this set was formed, and Sam, being out of his natural element, was so flustered that he saw no individual present but a medley of men and women moving about.

The first he saw of Jennie was in the figure where one couple confronts another and all bow. Sam was about to bend his body before a lady when—

"Was he dreaming? Had he gone daff? Had he died and been born into another world?"

There before him, robed in a cloud of silk and lace, smiling at him, was Jennie Williams.

He was brought to himself by his partner tugging at him to turn his back on Jennie and bow to the opposite couple.

Sam did not recover from his surprise during the dance. He blundered at every turn; but, fortunately for him, others blundered as well, for the lancers had not been danced before in years, and nearly all the dancers were unfamiliar with it. It was not till the last figure in the dance, the grand chain, that Sam recovered his senses. Then, while passing round, grasping the hand of one lady after another, he came to Jennie. The hand pressure, the loving look, she gave him not only sobered him, but warmed his heart to her as never before. He had seen her dressed in the plain costume of a country girl; now she appeared with all the advantage of an artistic costume.

When the dance was ended Mrs. Treborne took her brother's arm and walked away, leaving Sam and Jennie standing together. Jennie, who had acquired the manners of a lady even to a greater degree than Sam had acquired those of a gentleman, rested her fingers lightly on Sam's arm, and together they went to seats lined against the wall. There Jennie told her story.

Sam was later called away to be introduced as the lion of the evening; but, despite the flattering words that were said to him, he was bored. There was a hollowness in everything about him that repelled him. Nothing seemed sincere.

Sam remained there a week, and it was the most miserable week of his life. It seemed that all his time was taken up trying to avoid breaking in upon good manners. He was introduced at clubs, but he did not see that the men he met there had anything to do but drink cocktails and smoke. He was taken to functions, but it seemed to him that the people there were making for showing the fashions. At the end of the week he told Mrs. Iddleton that she had repaid any debt she might owe him and he was pluing for a breath of country air. She offered to send him home in her auto, but he preferred to "get a bitch" on a market wagon.

Jennie had returned to her home the day after the ball. The day Sam returned she was taking a walk down the road when Sam, who had donned his country clothes, came along in the wagon. Seeing her, he jumped out and folded her in his arms.

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"Jennie," he said, "the only advantage city people have over us is in their clothes. In all other respects we have the advantage of them. I'm going to save up and buy you a swell costume and dress you up in it once a month. At all other times I'd rather have you as you are."

Cut This Out—It is Worth Money.

DON'T MISS THIS. Cut out this slip, enclose with 5c and mail it to Foley & Co., 2835 Sheffield Avenue, Chicago, Ill., writing your name and address clearly. You will receive in return a trial package containing Foley's Honey and Tar Compound for bronchial and is gripe coughs; Foley Kidney Pills, for lame back, weak kidneys, rheumatism, bladder troubles, and Foley Cathartic Tablets, a wholesome and thoroughly cleansing cathartic, for constipation, biliousness, headache and sluggish bowels.

## OSWEGO NEWS

### SCHOOL CHILDREN GIVE MUSICAL PROGRAM

OSWEGO, Ore., March 28.—The school children did themselves credit on Parents' day at the public school, Friday, March 16, which was much appreciated by the audience.

Before marching the children assembled into the lower hall and saluted the flag.

The following program was rendered in a very creditable manner: Recitation, "Welcome," Margery Weightman; song, "Pussy Willow," primary class; recitation, "A Little Boy's Troubles," Ivan Walk; recitation, "Robin Redbreast," Retha Kieser; song, third and fourth grades; recitation, "Wishing," Arnold Farmer; dialogue, "Behind the Scenes," fifth and sixth grades; recitation, "Mother's Pool," Nephi Westergard; recitation, "Bed in Summer," Geo. Montgomery; Song of Spring, first and second grades; recitation, "The Snowdrop and the Sun," Gracie Cooper; recitation, "The Awakening of Pussy Willows," Edith Ricker; song, "Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean," third and fourth grades; recitation, "Mary's Cold," Wayne Hallinan; recitation, "When the Minister's Come to Tea," Aileen Worthington; recitation, Della Davis; song, "The Star Spangled Banner," school.

Mr. Garrison, teacher of music, gave a very interesting talk upon the teaching of music in the public school.

Mr. Calavan, county superintendent, gave a brief talk of interest to the pupils and visitors.

State Parent-Teacher association, closed the program with an interesting talk to the mothers present.

There were about thirty visitors present, who were much pleased with the progress of the pupils and the faithfulness on the part of the teachers.

### MRS. ANDERSON IS TAKEN BY SURPRISE

OSWEGO, March 28.—Mrs. Bertha Anderson was very pleasantly surprised at her home on Fifth street, last Monday afternoon, the occasion being her fifty-sixth birthday. A delicious dinner was served by Mrs. Anderson's daughters, Mrs. Arntson, Mrs. Lewis and Mrs. Rogers. Several useful as well as beautiful presents were received by Mrs. Anderson. Those present were Mrs. Ira Hays, Mrs. Frank R. Toulin, Mrs. Stella Shipley, Mrs. Mary White, Mrs. Joseph Hill, Mrs. J. W. Bickner, Mrs. C. Lewis of Rainier, Mrs. M. Rogers, Mrs. S. Atte, Mrs. R. Call, of Los Angeles, Mrs. A. Arntson and Miss Ellen Arntson, of Portland, and Mrs. Anderson.

Mrs. Wilson, of Portland, was the guest of her daughter, Mrs. Gilbert Haines, Wednesday.

"Dad" Smoke and family have moved into the house recently occupied by Isaac Austen and family.

The Ladies' Aid of the M. E. church met at the home of Mrs. Leslie yesterday. This was a business meeting and the time was spent in sewing. Lunch was served, and the afternoon was pleasantly spent. The next meeting will be a silver tea Thursday afternoon, March 24th, at the Oswego restaurant.

Mrs. Mildred Niebusch has returned from Spokane, where she has been visiting friends for a few weeks.

Thos. Fox was an Oregon City visitor Friday.

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