

In Borrowed Plumage

The College Cloakroom Maid and the University Porter

By JANE OSBORN.

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When Thornbury college opened last autumn there was a new maid in the cloakroom. Something about her dark, close fitting dress, her small, ruffled apron and her parted hair, tied with a big black bow at the back of her neck, suggested a French maid much more than a student. But the fact was that Molly Dodge really was a poor southern girl working her way through the woman's department of this big university.

During the three or four hours that Molly was not attending lectures she had to stay in the stone doored, locker lined cloakroom and be ready at any time to get students' hats and coats or put them away in their owners' lockers.

At first it had seemed not at all bad, for Molly had a soft, lovable, southern way of talking and honest brown eyes that made all the girls like her. But as the months passed they became accustomed to seeing her every day, and they passed her thoughtlessly by. It would not have been so hard if Molly had been intellectual, but she was not at all fond of books. In fact, if she had had a chance she would probably have been a little frivolous.

But there were two things that made Molly's life bearable. One was the daily visit of the university porter, and the other was the appearance now and then of new and pretty hats and wraps. Molly had a little mirror over her desk in the cloakroom, and whenever any specially charming hat appeared on the clothing counter she would wait till the girls had left the room and then with it on her own pretty head steal an admiring glance at herself over her desk.

And the porter! Well, he used to come over from the university every day with the students' mail, which it was Molly's duty to sort and distribute. Of course a woman student of Thornbury college ought not to have flirted with so humble a personage as the university porter, but Molly was only half a student. The half that was cloakroom maid looked forward with impatience to the daily visitation of the porter's cheerful smile and contagious laugh.

On rainy days Molly had to handle countless damp and muddy rubbers and galoches and dripping umbrellas. That alone would have made her dislike the rain, but besides that students always wore their old hats when it rained.

She was looking out of the iron bars of her basement window at the gloomy sky one dark day in March when all at once there swept in a stately senator, a veritable billow of soft black furs. She carelessly slipped them off, smiled at Molly and hurried off to her class.

"What a dream!" thought Molly. "And on a day like this! But what does it matter when one has a carriage?"

Molly raised the soft pieces gently from the counter and started to put them in their locker. But the temptation was too great. She came back and replaced them lovingly on the counter. Then very carefully she pinned the toggle over her pliant little face and glanced approvingly at her image in the mirror over her desk. If only she could see the rest, she wished. In a flash she jumped over the counter, closed the door into the hall and slipped into the luxurious coat. Then she stepped up to the students' long pier glass.

"If only it were a little longer," she thought. And then, turning around at the sound of the opening door, she faced the porter. He closed the door quickly and stood against it. Then he turned to Molly and laughed. But Molly didn't laugh back. She slipped out of the furs, sprang over the counter and, with a guilty blush, took the morning mail.

The next day when the porter came Molly was deep in a volume of Horace. "Nice book you're reading, Molly," remarked the porter, and Molly, the student, smiled coldly without raising her eyes.

After that the porter left off the "Molly" from his morning's salutation, and Molly had no difficulty in repressing him. In fact, she was a little disappointed that he took his squelching so willingly.

About a month after the episode of the furs there was a dance in the college gymnasium, and Molly, as was her custom on such occasions, took her place as maid in the dressing room. Here she buttoned gloves and slippers and arranged ruffles and bows for her more favored colleagues till her fingers were numb. Then during the long hours of the dance she was supposed to sit and guard the wraps and lend her aid in case of a dilapidated cuff or torn ruffle. But tonight strains of the dance music took possession of Molly's soul and started her dainty feet tapping on the stone floor. Her curiosity and her loneliness had the upper hand, and she slipped out of the dressing room, ran along the corridor and up the wide stone stairs toward the gallery overlooking the gymnasium.

As she was hurrying timidly along she had to pass one of the lecture rooms, which had been converted for the occasion into a men's checking room. Three young men were standing idly smoking. There was something

about the cut of an evening coat that fascinated Molly, and she turned in the shadow to look.

Suddenly her heart stood still. It really was the porter, the tallest one, with the light hair. He was laughing now. She was just turning to run when he faced about. And just for a second his eyes met hers through the darkness of the dimly lighted corridor. She had been discovered deserting, and by the porter! As she couldn't go back to the dressing room now without being seen openly, she fled to the gallery and slipped into a seat.

So the porter was probably a student from the university! The porter whom she had tried to repress was a friend of some girl at the dance. Her head swam with the excitement of the information.

Just then the violins struck up a dreamy waltz. She leaned forward as far as she dared to see the dancers. Oh, if only she had that blue satin gown! She seized it enviously in her imagination. And then as the dancing began her thoughts floated out on the music, and she danced with them.

Just then she heard steps behind her, and, looking back into the shadow, she saw dimly outlined the face of the porter.

"Hello, Molly," he said cheerfully. "Sh!" She put her hand to her lips. "Some one might hear."

"Well, let's sit somewhere else. I hate to whisper."

"All right," Molly rose timidly. They passed by a short cut out in the starlit campus.

"This is a great deal better," he said as he helped her on to a secluded ledge of the great stone building. "You looked lonely up there watching the dancers."

"I wasn't lonely. I like to see them."

"Oh, they aren't bad," he said dryly. "But when a fellow's working his way through his last year he hasn't much time to waste, I say," he said, looking at her curiously, "what were you thinking about up there?"

"Oh, I wasn't thinking at all! I was just making believe—waltzing off in that soft blue satin dress. The music gets hold of me like that and drives away the cloakroom and the wet umbrellas and rubbers and cross-sensors!"

"And obtrusive college porters who catch you dressing up in other people's furs?" she laughed.

"Oh, no!" she said, without smiling. "I never can make the porter fade away with the wet umbrellas and rubbers. He seems to stay and watch me float around in other people's blue satin dresses, dancing with other people's partners. He just stays and laughs." She looked up at him. "Only there won't be any porter in the cloakroom any more. There will just be a poor student working his way through college like the cloakroom girl. I shall miss the porter, I think."

"But he couldn't stay, you know," he said. "The cloakroom girl liked him at first, and the porter used to look forward all day to seeing her the next. Then one day she remembered she was a student and he was only a porter, and after that she was cold and distant. But the porter went right on dreaming about her. And now," he said, taking Molly's tired little hand in his, "he is going to let the poor student try his luck."

And that luck was in his favor as proved by the absence of Molly in the cloakroom when college opened in the fall.

Song of the Ancient Spinning Reel.

The first reel that was invented was the hand reel, the yarn being wound into skeins by turning the wheel and fastening the skeins after counting a sufficient number of strands. The fax was first woven into thread or yarn on the spinning wheel; then the bobbins full of yarn were placed on the hand reel and yarn wound off them on to the wheels into skeins. The strands were carefully counted and the lichen fastened on them to keep them together. The lichen was a thread running across the skeins to keep them in place.

A later invention was the clock reel with a face on which numbers were printed, and it had two hands like a clock. When the wheel was turned, reeling off the strands from the bobbin, the clock would tick when a certain number of strands were wound on the reel, and the housewife, instead of tediously counting the threads, as on the earlier invented reel, would fasten on the lichen.

In a quaint old ballad entitled "Mistress Polly at the Reel" occurs this refrain: He kissed Mistress Polly as the clock reel ticked,

the kissing being done at the propitious moment when Mistress Polly was busy fastening on the lichen.

A Lecturer's Amusing Experience.

I was giving a lecture with the aid of a lantern, said Mr. Harry Furness, and I was showing some portraits of Mr. Gladstone in my entertainment. "The Humors of Parliament." I was telling my audience as I pointed to the pictures on the screen that one moment he looks like this and at another he looks like that, when there was a great burst of laughter.

I proceeded to speak about Gladstone's flashing eye and noble brow, and by the time I mentioned something about his aquiline nose my audience seemed to be in hysterics. Thinking that by some mischance the wrong picture was being thrown on the screen, I turned round and was at first horrified to see a gigantic fly apparently walking about on the nose of the Grand Old Man.

It appeared that the fly had got into the lantern, had been caught between the lenses and was being magnified a hundredfold on to the screen.—London Tit-Bits.

THE SPORTING WORLD

Gibson's Great Work.

There is always one man on a ball club around whom the playing machinery revolves. That man is the catcher. He may not be spectacular, and he may be neither a good base runner nor a good hitter, but he must be reliable, quick of thought and quick of action. Without a good catcher no ball club can win a pennant.

We may talk of the Tinkers, the Mathewsons, the Leaches, the Clarkes and the Wagners, but there is one man who could have been withdrawn from the lineup of the Pirates a month or so ago and the club would not have had a chance to win the pennant. The athlete in mind is Catcher Gibson.

Gibson has been the backbone of the Pittsburgh club since the beginning of the season, and the importance of his



CATCHER GEORGE GIBSON OF THE PITTSBURGHES.

work can be seen from the fact that he has caught practically every game the Pirates played.

It is the business of a catcher to prevent the other team from scoring. He is the major general of the club when it is playing on the defensive. He must work his pitchers so as to handicap the base runners and when it comes to a showdown and he is forced to throw his heaves to second must be as true as a rifle shot. Gibson has been in charge of that work for the Pirates this season, and the answer is found in the standing of the clubs. Four years ago Gibson was considered a second rate catcher, but he has stuck to the job so faithfully and has improved with such rapid strides that his great work was instrumental in the Pirates winning the pennant. Without him they would be lost.

Consumptive Home For Ball Tossers.

A home for veteran ball players who fall victims to consumption to be established in Colorado and maintained by the club owners, or, rather, by the patrons of two major and two minor leagues, is the plan favored by Bill Everett, the former Chicago National league star, whose home is in Denver. He hopes to see it put in effect within a short time. As outlined by the veteran, only a decidedly moderate sum of money would purchase a comfortable home in Denver or its vicinity, and a small annual income would maintain it, providing a superintendent, a nurse when necessary and the services of a physician. The necessary money Everett suggests raising by setting aside for a brief period 1 per cent of the gate receipts of all games played in the National and American leagues and the American association and the Eastern league.

Admission to the proposed home would in that case be restricted to

players who brought credentials from proper officials establishing the fact that they had played for at least one season in one of the major leagues or in the minor leagues named. Only those suffering from tuberculosis or similar ailments, for which residence in Colorado is almost compulsory, would be eligible.

Baseball in Germany.

A baseball game was played in Berlin recently for the benefit of the American Women's club, of which Mrs. Thackara, wife of the American consul general, is president. The ball was thrown on to the diamond by Ambassador Hill. The two nines were made up of Count von Bernstorff, the German ambassador to Washington; Captain Heath of the British embassy, the members of the American embassy and representatives of the American colony.

New Hurdler For Penn.

Jack Hall, the old Mercersburg hurdler and interscholastic champion, has said that he would enter the veterinary department of the University of Pennsylvania this fall. Hall has a record of 15 4-5 seconds for the high hurdles and 25 seconds in the low and is sure to prove a valuable man to Mike Murphy.

Some Pitching, This.

Frank Dick, the Memphis (Tenn.) Southern league pitcher, performed the unusual feat recently of disposing of his opponents, the crack City league champions, without a run, hit, base on balls and without a runner reaching first base. The professionals won, 9 to 0.

Sprinter Lughy May Go to Yale.

Emilio Lughly, the phenomenal middle distance runner, who recently came to this country from Italy, where he is a graduate of the Polytechnic School of Genoa, is to make Bridgeport, Conn., his home in the future. It is Lughly's intention to eventually enter Yale university.

In Passing.

"I'm lonesome," said the price of beef To the price of the new silk gown. "In my upward climb I see, with grief, So few of you coming down!" —Chicago Tribune.

The Drop From the Sublime.

"Well, no matter which of 'em discovered the pole, it was a magnificent undertaking." "I just wonder if either of 'em was seasick." —Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Johnnie's Idea of It.

The foot that rocks the cradle Is the foot that rules the sphere. The hand that spins the spinners Is the hand we mostly fear. —Los Angeles Express.

Just Possible.

"Man was made to mourn," quoted the moralizer. "Yes," rejoined the demoralizer, "and woman was made to see that he does it." —New York Sun.

Why He Gave Up the Auto.

"I motored once, but gave it up." "The sad eyed person said." "The owner chased me in the rear. The cops stepped in ahead." —Boston Traveler.

The Cheapest.

"The best of girls has just refused me," groaned the simple one. "Which proves," snapped the cynic, "that the best is cheapest in the end." —Princeton Tiger.

Limitation.

Man wants but little, so they say, And tins his safe to pray for. The shops won't let you get away With more than you can pay for. —Washington Star.

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BOX 19 PORTLAND, OREGON

Notice For Publication.

Department of the Interior,
U. S. Land Office at Eugene, Oregon,
October 11, 1923.

Notice is hereby given that Artimus Brown of Heppner, Oregon, who, on July 11th, 1904 made homestead entry No. 13696, serial No. 9707, for S₂ NE₁ N₂ SE₁ section 18, township 5 S, Range 27 E. W. M., has filed notice of intention to make final five year proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before J. P. Williams, U. S. Commissioner, at his office in Heppner, Oregon, on the 6th day of December, 1923.

Circumstant names as witnesses:
Charles Ridgeway, Enoch Cave, John F. Ridgeway and Walter Davis, all of Heppner, Oregon.
OclNovis F. C. BRAMWELL, Register.

Knights of Pythias.

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