

Oregon Agricultural College Winter Short Course January 5 to 30, 1914

The College has spared no effort to make this the most complete short course in its history. A very wide range of courses will be offered in General Agriculture, Horticulture, Animal Husbandry, Dairying, Poultry Keeping, Mechanic Arts, Domestic Science and Art, Commerce, Forestry, and Music. Numerous lectures and discussions on Farmers' Co-Operation, at home and abroad, will be a leading feature. Make this a pleasant and profitable winter outing. No tuition. Accommodations reasonable. Reduced rates on all railroads. For further information, address

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Hurry! Hurry!

This is positively your last opportunity to secure The Weekly Oregonian (Oregon's greatest weekly) at 75 cts. to January 1, 1915. Saturday, January 31, 1914, the price advances to \$1.50 per year, the regular rate. Your order for the weekly Oregonian taken at The News office. Attend to this now.

The Evening Telegram and The Falls City News

Are conducting a vigorous circulation campaign in Falls City. These two papers will supply you with all the news of this locality and also with all the news of the country at large, at a minimum cost. For a short time we will take your subscription to the two papers for one year at \$3.75—by mail—a saving to you of \$2.25. Pay to The Telegram, Portland, or to the Falls City News.

BBBBBBB

You are invited to Make a Bee Line to the M. E. CHURCH

at 7.30 each evening this week and next.

A Wide Awake Song Service

from 7.30 to 8, followed by
a special song each evening

REV. BRYMER

both sings and and speaks. He is experienced in
evangelistic work. You ought to hear him.

The O. A. C. winter short course begins next Monday and continues to Jan. 31. Scientific

agriculture in all its phases will be taught. This offers valuable and inspiring instruction in rural labor and living.

It is stated that on an average a crate of 360 eggs contains 279 fresh, 55 stale, 24 dirty or cracked, and 2 rotten. If a better price were paid for fresh eggs than mixed lots producers would grade eggs before marketing. Here is a chance for any producer to make money and a reputation.

A Salem paper of recent date contained unwarranted abuse of a coast town. A course in journalism at Eugene for that editor is recommended; or a change of business.

The attempt to make men believe too much provokes them to believe too little.—Crowley.

Try a Sack of

HIGH FLIGHT FLOUR

and watch results

All Goods and Prices Are Right.

AT

Falls City Lumber Co.

STORE

The Doctor's Bill

It Was Settled by
Christmas

By MARY A. BOWERS.

"Two dollars a visit!" cried Dot in dismay, forgetting entirely that she had come to look for a spool of No. 40 in mamma's drawer, and opening her brown eyes wider and wider as she read the heading of an old bill of Dr. Cogswell's.

"Two dollars a visit!" she repeated. "Oh, why doesn't Donnie get well? And where is all the money to come from?" she asked herself sadly. "We will get very poor," continued Dot, shaking her little brown head slowly and going downstairs.

Mamma and Sister Margie were sewing. Dot went quietly to Mrs. Ledyard and whispered:

"We'll feel very poor afterward, won't we, mamma?"

Mamma smiled—a sad smile, Dot thought—as she replied: "You're better at guessing than we supposed. Now, why don't you take your trimming, little daughter, and go into the library? There's a nice fire on the hearth, and you can work away like a bee. We'll need it soon, you know."

"We'll need it soon," repeated Dot as she climbed up in the big library chair. "We'll need it soon. Oh, why didn't they tell me? Why did they leave me to find it out for myself? I might have worked yards and yards by this time and sold them for ever so much," confessed Dot as she made her little ivory needle fly in and out of her work.

Tom went into the barn to clean his gun. Dot saw him.

"I'll ask him," she decided as she put her work hurriedly in a little silk handkerchief and started with it for the barn.

It was a very sad little face that peered in at the barn door.

"Hello!" was Tom's greeting. "Been crying?"

"Yes," admitted Dot in a voice that could leave no doubt of it.

"What's up?" asked Tom as he rubbed away at his gun. "Want any help?"

"Oh, yes, Tom. That's just what I've come for."

"All right. Go ahead," said Tom cheerfully.

"Well, you know, Tom," began Dot in her sweet, timid voice, "there's a secret in there," pointing toward the house, "and I never found it out till this morning."

"So you found it out, did you? Well, I told 'em you would."

"I wouldn't but for the bill."

"You wouldn't what?" asked Tom.

"I'll tell you about that afterward. When I went into the sitting room mamma and Margie were sewing."

"That certainly didn't surprise you!" laughed Tom.

"Oh, Tom! How can you make fun of it all? Mamma looked just ready to cry, and—oh, oh, oh! What can we ever do about it?" as she threw herself face downward on the hay and sobbed as though her little heart would break, while Tom stood by in speechless astonishment.

"Does she know, after all?" he asked himself. "I mustn't forget my promise to mother, but I must give the child some comfort," he thought as he went over to the little blue cloak on the hay.

"Come, Dot," said he tenderly. "Don't cry. You haven't told me yet what the matter is. Now, we'll sit right up here while you tell Tom all about it."

After awhile Dot managed to say. "Does Dr. Cogswell charge people who are ill \$2 every time he goes to see them?"

"Something like that, I believe," answered Tom wonderingly.

"It's exactly that," said Dot, feeling for the bill. "Oh, Tom, we must owe him hundreds of dollars!" There was a queer look in Tom's eyes.

"There, Dot," said Tom soothingly. "Don't be so foolish as to cry. It will be all right. I can't tell you how just now, but take my word for it."

"Tom," called Mrs. Ledyard, "they're all waiting for you."

"The boys have come, Dot," said Tom, giving her a hasty kiss. "Now, remember not to worry. It's com-

ing out all right."

Dot sat a long time on the hay.

"Tom always thinks everything's going to come out all right," she said, determined to be miserable. "He doesn't know anything about money. Margie says so, and I know myself he doesn't, 'cause I once owed him 5 cents for weeks, and then when I went to pay him he'd forgotten all about it and said I must have dreamed it."

"He's gone off now to sleigh ride and doesn't care how hard we're all working," and the little needle flew faster than ever. "I just know he thinks Dr. Cogswell isn't going to charge, but he is, for here's one bill, and he's probably got another all ready."

"He could just as well not charge," she went on, "for Edith Oleott told me he was ever and ever so rich and that he's got a house in the city even prettier than this. But how could one be?" she wondered. "How could any room be lovelier than the one Mrs. Crane took Edith and me into the other day, the little one with the window looking on the lake, and the little bed with curtains and everything blue, carpet and all?" Dr. Cogswell calls it his little sister's room, and she's coming in the spring."

The little fingers never did better work than that day, for "mamma wouldn't have told me they needed it if they didn't," Dot kept assuring herself.

That night Dot added to her prayer the words, "O God, please don't let it be more than we can pay!"

"Let what?" asked mamma as she tucked her in bed.

"The doctor's bill," whispered Dot, her arms very tight about Mrs. Ledyard's neck.

Mrs. Ledyard smiled. She thought Dot was half asleep, so she tiptoed quietly downstairs to the library and there found Tom telling Margie about Dot's trouble.

The young doctor must have been there, too, or heard of it in some way, for he happened in the next morning right after breakfast, and the first thing he said was:

"I'm going to have my bill settled today, little Miss Dot," as with quite a grave face he took out a memorandum.

"Let me see," he mused. "I began coming in May. Two visits a day till—why it's nearly Christmas, isn't it? Now, how much should you think it would come to?"

"Hundreds!" said poor little Dot faintly.

"We want to be businesslike," said Dr. Cogswell. "Suppose you get your slate and figure it."

Dot ran. "He isn't going to let us off a penny," she moaned.

"Now, let's do a little sum in arithmetic," said the doctor. "What does M stand for?"

"One thousand," said staggered little Dot, pushing the crochet work way down in her pocket.

"Very good," said the doctor. "Now, what does C stand for?"

"One hundred," said Dot, trying to be brave.

"And altogether?" was the next question.

"Eleven hundred," said Dot tearfully.

"H'm!" coughed Dr. Cogswell. "Now, can you think of anything else they might stand for?"

"No, sir," said Dot.

"Why, yes, you can, Dot!" cried Donald, who had just been wheeled into the room. "M. C." clapping his hands. "Why, Merry Christmas! Don't you see?"

Dot smiled.

"Then there isn't any bill?" she asked Tom.

"Nary a bill," said Tom, "but can't you think of anything else the letters might stand for?"

"No," said happy, stupid little Dot.

"I can!" cried Don, catching sight of some glances being exchanged and Margie's pretty cheeks aglow. "Margie Cogswell!"

Then they all laughed, and Dot had to submit to a good deal of teasing, but she was very happy notwithstanding and wrote in her diary that night in such big letters that she went right over two or three of the following days:

"The doctor wasn't coming to see Donnie, after all, and there wasn't any bill. I am going to be bridesmaid on Christmas eve and wear white. There isn't any little sister but me, and I'm going to have the little blue room whenever I want to go there to visit."

Timid Lions.

Lady Bruce, who, with her husband, Sir David Bruce, spent two years in the wild and remote region known as Angoniland, fifty miles from the shores of Lake Nyassa,

does not admit that there is anything very remarkable in the course of life she has been pursuing. "If one ventured far one would take a gun of course. We were unarmed, however, once when moving from camp to camp, and we met two lions face to face. They turned tail and ran away. If they hadn't I do not know what we should have done," she said. "They rarely attack any one in the daylight. They were probably as much frightened as we were."—London Mail.

Mushrooms.

Under the head of "Mushroom Fallacies" it is asserted editorially in the Journal of the American Medical Association that the traditional test of the comic paragraph is really the only way to tell a mushroom from a toadstool. This test, it may be remembered, is simply to eat the object. "If it kills you, it's a toadstool; if it doesn't, it's a mushroom." Furthermore, even the most nutritious mushrooms have little nutritive value. Their chief use, the writer thinks, is as condiments, and as a condiment that may poison the eater is an undesirable one, the conclusion is obvious.

Early Aviation in Scotland.

Miss I. A. Taylor in her "Life of James IV." mentions an ingenious Italian upon whom James conferred an abbey, who "undertook to fly by means of wings and started from the castle wall at Stirling on his way to France." Unfortunately the flight proved short, for the air man fell and broke his thighbone. He put down the disaster to a fault in the manufacture of the wings. "Hem feathers (he complained) had been put into them," which failed to sustain him. It was this Italian who was to show the versatile king how to convert base metal into gold.

Mexico's Thieves' Market.

There is in the City of Mexico a thieves' market, in which stolen goods are publicly offered for sale. It occupies an entire square. Here may be found everything that is portable, from a telescope to a ring, a silk dress or a pair of stockings, and the articles are sold at about one-fifth of their actual value. The thieves do not sell the goods openly, for that would be dishonest in the estimation of the Mexicans, but the sellers are those who purchase secretly from the thieves.

The Laird and the King.

Edward Legge in his book, "More About King Edward," says the late monarch was ruffled on two occasions by Andrew Carnegie.

Once at Skibo castle Mr. Carnegie had the courage to quote Joaquin Miller's invocation: "Hail! Fet Edward! His majesty, it is said, did not like the tactless application.

On another occasion King Edward was "very angry" because the millionaire declined to subscribe to his majesty's hospital fund.

Paper Fasteners.

The little paper fastener that holds together a number of loose sheets is more than 2,000 years old. Such a device was used by the Roman soldiers of that era as an incidental of their costumes of uniform. The belt of thin copper worn by the ancient legions was fastened to a strip of cloth, serving as a lining, with a series of little bronze clasps precisely like in principle the paper fastener of today.

Picking Your Company.

Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish is noted for her epigrams. Her latest to be quoted in New York was a remark which she addressed to a young matron who is at the same time ultra exclusive and ultra sharp tongued.

"My dear," said Mrs. Fish to this young woman, "pick your company—but don't pick them to pieces."—Buffalo Express.

Zanzibar.

The sultanate of Zanzibar embraces the islands of Zanzibar and Pemba, with several small islands in the adjacent waters and a strip of land ten miles in depth running along the littoral of British East Africa. This strip is politically and economically under the government of British East Africa.

Reclaiming Waste Silver.

A great deal of silver is wasted in factories where silver plate is made. The hammering process turns the silver into dust. It has actually been found worth while to save the water in which the workmen wash before leaving and recover from it the black sediment which is largely pure silver.