

Council Proceedings

The Falls City council held an interesting session, last Monday evening, and enacted some important legislation.

Officials present were; Mayor Hubbard; councilmen Hollowell, Grier, Brown, Teal, Sampson, Meyer; auditor Lee, attorney Tooze, marshal Lewis.

Visitors: W. F. Nichols, R. A. Titus, H. G. Strayer, N. A. Lunde, S. Ouder Kirk, Z. Hinshaw, O. Aurland, A. L. Raines; also Wm. Himes of Dallas.

Brown for the street committee reported that certain ditches ordered on Montgomery and Parry streets had been completed. Report accepted and ordered placed on record and filed.

Teal for the water board, reported that line for additional water supply had been surveyed to Glaze creek, a distance of 4,200 feet from the reservoir.

Engineer Raines further explained in detail the survey made and stated that the line, if established, would supply 600,000 gallons daily.

After some discussion, the mayor ordered that the matter of increased water supply be more fully investigated by the committee.

A remonstrance from Irving Matthews was read. He enumerated fifteen reasons why he should not pay for the new sidewalk

recently built in front of his property at city expense, and made a proposition to the council that he would pay half the cost about (17½ cents per foot) if said council would give him sufficient time.

Council ordered that Mr. Matthews be invited to attend the regular council meeting of Feb. 2 for the purpose of getting together on the matter in controversy.

Council ordered remonstrance overruled, and closed hearing on matter of estimated cost of sidewalk construction. The final estimate is 35 cents per foot, which amounts to 12-3 cents per foot for those citizens who built their own walks.

A petition was received from several Montgomery-street property owners, asking for a 9-foot macadam improvement on the street. Further action on the petition postponed until next regular council meeting. If all the property owners sign the petition and waivers as to legislation it will be possible to build the street at a cost of something near 25 cents per foot.

Council ordered that proceedings be instituted by which official grades may be established on all those streets included in the 1913 proposed street improvement district.

Council ordered that \$900 be invested in the purchase of the city's outstanding street improvement bonds as an addition to the water-bond sinking fund.

Council ordered that the footbridge be repaired and opened for travel.

Mayor Hubbard went home on account of illness, and T. D. Hollowell presided during the remainder of the session.

Council passed ordinance No. 114, calling for a vote on amending charter sections 63 and 64, at the April election. A mass meeting will be held in March, for discussion of the proposed amendments.

How to Help the Deaf.

One of the most effective helps which we can render those fellow travelers who find the fatigue of their deafness a daily load is gentle speech, well chosen, well modulated, of an even tenor and, above all, articulate. When it is necessary to increase the voice volume, this should be done with due regard to the evenness of tone and the distinctness of articulation; to those who can receive only that which is ministering brought to them, to whom the once accustomed volume of the sound of life has become pitifully diminished, let us bring in gentle mien, carefully, patiently, the best that we have to offer.—Atlantic.

Reclined and Wrote.

Sir Walter Scott did much of his best work in a recumbent position. Several of the Waverley novels were dictated in their entirety while Sir Walter lay in bed or on his couch, dictating so rapidly 'as to keep two or more secretaries busy. The weakness of his leg was responsible to some extent, no doubt, for this prediction, but many other famous authors—including James Thomson, Jules Verne and Mark Twain—have found inspiration flow most easily when lying down.

And It's Some Job!

The color scheme of many a woman consists of keeping her age dark and her hair light.—Philadelphia.

Poor, but Happy.

Happiness can exist with poverty. Some very poor people are happy. A very unhappy potentate was told that the way to be happy was to wear a shirt that had been worn by a happy man. He therefore sent some of his courtiers to find a happy man. After long searching they found a poor man who said that he was perfectly happy. They seized him to take his shirt, and found he had none!

PLAN FOR STATE AID TO FARMERS

A Proposal To Prepare Small Tracts and Sell To Settlers at Actual Cost

The press and thinking men and women of the country have been giving much attention to a solution of the great economic question of inducing rural settlement, and perfecting some plan for farm credits. That some method must be devised by which the farming population may be increased and farm life made more attractive and profitable, is universally conceded. President Wilson and his three predecessors have appointed commissions to investigate but, as yet, no method has been presented.

Hon. John Manning, of Portland, in a recent speech before the Arieta Social Center, presented a plan for inducing the settlement and cultivation of rural lands from which, as a basis, he hopes to evolve a perfect plan which will result in great good to the people of the State. To promote this he invites every man and woman, to send him a card or letter approving or disapproving the plan and offering criticism and advice.

After enumerating the necessity for some action and the importance of properly solving this question, Mr. Manning tells of the operation of the English Land Act in Ireland, Governmental aid to the farmer in Canada, and recites the wondrous success of James J. Hill in inducing the settlement of lands along the lines of the Great Northern. He cites the fact that the head of a family with \$1,000 or \$1,500 capital cannot undertake the assumption of such a load as high farming land prices compel. Their capital does not hold out if they attempt to make a farm from the cheaper logged-off or burnt over lands, neither can they prepare to irrigate the fertile lands of Eastern Oregon.

Mr. Manning proposes the passage of such legislation as will enable the State to put all the tillable State lands into a condition ready for cultivation and occupancy—the clearing of logged-off or wild lands, irrigating or draining where necessary. The State to dispose of these lands in from 20 to 100 acre tracts to the actual bona fide settler at a price not to exceed the actual cost to the State in addition to a fair valuation for the land, the State to loan such settler enough money to build a suitable house, barn, fences, etc., and to purchase implements and stock, taking as security therefor a mortgage for 15 or 18 years, payable in small yearly payments at the same rate of interest the State pays for the money, say 4 or 5 per cent.

Mr. Manning also favors extending the privilege of borrowing this State money, or money from the help fund at this low rate of interest to all farmers and rural owners with the necessary safeguard that the money would be used for farm development; the State to issue 20-year bonds to be sold as the work of reclaiming the land progresses and the money is needed.

The State by this plan, would get a return of every dollar invested, with the interest thereon, in 15 or 18 years and would be able to meet the bonds thus issued when due, and without the loss of a single dollar to the State.

Mr. Manning also has a plan for a simpler method of marketing stock and farm produce. The gentleman cites instances under the present method of where the actual consumer has paid as high as 500 per cent more than was paid to the farmer or producer. He firmly believes that his "Back to the Soil" plan would make Oregon a State which could boast of a people of wealth producers and not alone of wage earners.

The Conclusion.

"I tell you I am no man's man!" "Then I guess you must be a lady's man."—Baltimore American.

Forests and Hailstorms.

A prominent forester of Switzerland has observed that hailstorms do not occur in well wooded districts. As evidence he mentions that a district which was exempt from such visitations while the forests remained unbroken has been visited by very fierce storms since gaps were made in them. On the cleared ground being replanted with firs, the storms ceased.

Reversing a Decision

By EDITH MELNO.

Thomas Henderson Howie stepped grandly from the elevator, rather resentful of the elevator boy's patronizing pat on the head. Men who come downtown on business should not be patted on the head even if their mothers do possess foolish ideas that curls are cute. Men on business bent always act importantly and should be treated with deference.

The pat had the effect of stiffening Thomas Henderson Howie's small backbone to an unusual degree of ramrod stiffness, and it was a very pompous six-year-old who entered Dorrington's office.

Tim Dorrington looked up from a pile of papers with a genial smile.

"Welcome to our city, Mr. Thomas Henderson Howie," he cried. "And what good fortune brings you to the office? Surely you are not about to be sued for breach of promise? I am afraid of that little Houston girl, or perhaps it is the embezzlement of preserves again!"

"It's a letter," explained Tommy stiffly, as he delivered the square white envelope into Tim's trembling hands. "I will be going now," he added as he turned away. Tim raised his hand.

"Wait a moment, please," he asked. "There may be an answer."

Tommy climbed into the biggest chair and settled himself with quaint, old-fashioned gravity, while Dorrington opened and read the note. Twice the man read it, though the first time the words had seared themselves into his brain.

It was a cold, almost curt note in which Jessie Howie acknowledged the honor he had done her in offering to make her his wife, an honor she declined, regretting that there had been anything in their friendship to lead him to believe that the friendship might grow to greater intimacy.

Dorrington smiled bitterly as he read the last few lines. Surely he had had every reason to hope for a favorable answer to his letter. Jessie had been tenderness itself. With a sigh he thrust the letter into his pocket and turned to his small visitor.

"I regret, Thomas Henderson Howie," he said in the playful banter that had been suggested by the child's quaint dignity—"I regret that my pleasurable anticipations of a wild dissipation in soda water and candy in celebration of an important event have been dashed to earth. But man turns to drink both to express his joys and drown his sorrows. Therefore I pray you to descend with me to the drug store on the ground floor and assist me in the latter ceremony. They have hot chocolate with whipped cream."

"No, thank you," said Tommy politely. "I don't want any soda."

"Perhaps you prefer the stronger tippie of beef tea?" suggested Dorrington. "It is a cup that cheers without inebriety and can be rendered quite palatable if you use enough celery salt to disguise the flavor of the beef extract. Shall we go?"

"I don't want to go with you," said Tommy stolidly. "I don't like you any more. You make Jessie cry."

"That," said Tim, "is what they call an inversion of facts. Your sister has made me cry."

"I'm glad of it," said Tommy cruelly. "You made her cry lots."

"You are sure?" asked Dorrington quickly. "She was crying over my letter?"

"Lots," declared Tommy with a sweeping gesture that suggested a very flood of tears. "I went to her room to get her to sew the tail on my dog again. She was crying awfully, and she was kissing your letter and saying things."

Dorrington moved closer to the boy. "You don't remember what she said, do you?" he pleaded gently. "See if you can't think, Tommy, boy. Try hard, laddie."

Thomas Henderson Howie knitted his brows thoughtfully and assisted the mental process by solemnly wriggling his right foot.

"It was something about a mean sacrifice," he said at last. "Sacrifices," he added informatively, "is where the Indians kill people and burn 'em up."

"The operation is bloodless and the fires are internal nowadays," said Dorrington softly. "What else did she say?"

"She said, 'How can I do it?' and then she cried some more," continued Tommy. "Then there was something about for father's sake, and mother came in and said something about duty and then something about Mr. Bowen, and Jessie cried lots more, and then she wrote the letter, and she gave me a penny for myself and kissed me."

For a moment Dorrington sat stunned. Howie had invested heavily in suburban real estate, and much of his capital was tied up in land, but Dorrington had not guessed that Mr. Howie's need was so great that he had been compelled to go to Bowen.

For nearly a year Cyrus Bowen had sought to make Jessie the fourth Mrs. Bowen. Mrs. Howie had favored his suit, for the matron was ambitious for her daughter, but it must have been dire need that caused blunt Henry Howie to add his influence. Dorrington turned to Tommy.

"Thomas Henderson Howie," he said quietly, "I pledge you the word of one man to another that I did not make Jessie cry. Will you mind the office a moment?"

He swung the youngster into the big chair before the roll top desk, supplied him with a pencil and pad and slipped from the room. It was less than a block to the office building in which Henry Howie had his suit, and shortly Dorrington entered the private office of the operator.

"You will pardon my abruptness," began Tim, "but I have just had a letter from Jessie refusing an offer of marriage. From what Tommy says I imagine that her refusal is influenced by the fact that you need Bowen's assistance, and she is the bonus for the loan. Am I right?"

For a moment Henry Howie's hands clinched and unclenched themselves nervously. The blunt statement of facts roused him to anger, but the white, tense face of the man before him restrained him from pitching Tim out of the office as he longed to do. He liked Tim, and it hurt him to give pain to the young fellow.

"You are not entirely correct in your premises," he said at length. "I believe that Jessie does contemplate marriage with Mr. Bowen. Bowen has promised to come to my aid in an extremity. That Deepdale tract has been a heavy burden to me. Bowen will take it at what I paid and pay cash. This will enable me to save other investments. Naturally Jessie is grateful to the friend who has come to my rescue and looks with favor upon his suit. I tell you this that you may understand. Of course it will go no further."

"I thank you for your confidence, which will be respected. But I want to ask what you are getting for your Deepdale holdings."

Howie looked at the younger man in surprise. "I presume that you have a reason for asking," he said. "The sum is \$10,000. That is \$200 more than I gave for the land."

"Bowen is generous in the extreme," said Dorrington, with a sneer. "No doubt you are aware that the Central and Suburban plans a cutoff to the main line that strikes the property? That will be better than the trolley which was not built. I am junior counsel for the road and I know that Bowen has known this for two weeks."

For a moment Howie shrank back, stunned at the treachery of his fancied benefactor. Bowen would make a handsome profit from his supposed charitable action.

"I suppose this is the reason you seek Jessie's hand," sneered the elder man, stung to a retort as an outlet to his feelings.

"Not at all," said Dorrington calmly. "My reason for speaking now is that they purchased my old homestead for a model town. They are to build their shops there. I had not thought of your holdings. Do you want a loan?"

Twenty minutes later Dorrington burst into his own office.

"Tommy—boy," he cried, "for your great services let us get souped on soda and then buy out a candy store and take it up to Jessie. You've enabled me to beat Bowen at his own game and wipe Jessie's tears away. 'Souped' is a vulgar word, Tommy—boy, but it's expressive of my feelings, and to your uncanny powers of observation I owe the fact that I've reversed the decision."

The High Sign.

"How did you know that fellow was a masher?"

"I guessed it from his soft crush hat."—Baltimore American.

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