

**The Falls City News**

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Official Newspaper of the City of Falls City

ISSUED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING

That's right, blame the other fellow. He's probably doing the same to you.

The latest "threat" is that the mill at this place will start about the first of January.

If you feel like cussing us for what appears in these columns, let'er rip. We know then that you read the paper.

Despite the Democratic good times, past, present and future the little old dinky job of city marshal is very alluring.

Rockefeller has been squandering his money again. This time he gave a little girl thirty cents. Watch the price of gasolene.

President Wilson should not hastily construe his election as an endorsement of his administration down to date. It may be the sort of verdict that we sometimes see rendered by a jury, "Not guilty, but don't do it again."

Some significance might be attached to the fact that of the eleven states succeeding in 1861, not one of them has since been carried by the Republican party; yet people are wont to say, "There is no North no South." With the absolute assurance of the electoral vote of these states the Democratic presidential candidate enters the race with the same lead as the fellow matching a footrace of 350 yards with a 100 yards the start.

**Tax Limit.**

The Tax Limit measure recently enacted by the voters of the state is bringing forth great howls from interested parties. That it will sadly deplete the fund from which they have been drawing in such a prodigal manner, is greatly deplored. It will place many officials in the sad plight of having to actually do their own work instead of employing clerks at the expense of the dear people. Desperate efforts are being made to evade the voice of the people and have the measure set aside or at least delayed until after the tax levy is made. Such cruel restrictions will make it impossible for these "servants" of the people to take their usual fishing and hunting trips, vacations to pleasure resorts and many other little excursions they have been accustomed to, all because the taxpayers have rebelled at such extravagance. Verily, the politicians troubles grow apace.

**THANKSGIVING**

From the time of the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers, Americans have been accustomed to set aside one day in the year wherein to review the past year and take stock of the dealings of Providence with us as a people.

What was at first the spontaneous expression of grateful hearts soon became a custom, and as the years sped this custom became fixed, until today it assumes the sacredness of a permanent institution.

This season is again with us. The fruits of the broad acres of our fair domain have been gar-

nered in. The warehouses and graneries are fairly bursting with their contents and prosperity sets a guest at almost every fireside.

Our President and the governors of the various states have designated the day on which the people shall express to a bountiful Creator their gratitude for these blessings.

And to the many positive and material blessings which have been ours, there has been added on this occasion the especial blessing that we as a nation have been so isolated as to have escaped the possibility of being drawn into the great war that is scourging the nations across the waters.

But while while we have these palpable blessings for which to be thankful, we have other things for which to express our gratitude and these antedate and underlie our present happiness and prosperity, our peace and safety. We have to be thankful that back in the days when our nation was being born, a land of heroes, than whom the world has never produced greater, had impressed upon their hearts to lay the foundations of that nation upon the only possible true and lasting base—the Fatherhood of an omnipotent God and the brotherhood of man.

And we have to be thankful that all down the years since that time there have been heroic souls—worthy sons of noble sires—who have never ceased to call us with clarion voice to watch and preserve the old landmarks, to plant our feet upon the everlasting rock and stand firm.

And over and above all else, we have to be thankful that a merciful God has so moulded the hearts and lives of the people of this nation that we are enabled to look above and beyond self and see for ourselves the great principles of eternal truth and justice that must ultimately rule the whole earth; that we are enabled to grasp the truth that an injury to ourselves, and that a kindness to our fellows calls down a benediction upon our own heads.

**Women's Clothes of Day Called Disgrace**

Indianapolis, Ind., Nov. 22.—It is impossible to tell the true woman from the courtesan, Luenda D. Smith of Kansas told the National W. C. T. U., in convention here, in appealing for dress reform. Short skirts and low necks worn by the modern woman are a disgrace to twentieth century civilization, the speaker declared.

**Hated Hiram Again.**

Following are two more Hiram Johnson paragraphs from the Los Angeles Times of last Monday—picked at random out of a long list:

A correspondent is indignant at the Times for comparing Hiram Johnson to a political Benedict Arnold. He says that the friends of Arnold are hot about it, for Arnold was guilty of but one act of treachery, after which he left the country, while Johnson has committed a dozen or more such acts, and yet remains in the state. The Times offered to placate its correspondent by comparing Johnson to a political Judas Iscariot. But that, he says, would be unfair to Judas, for that historical character threw the price of his treachery upon the ground and went and hanged himself, while Johnson pocketed his gains and has no use for a rope.

**Suggests Horsewhip For Fair 'Affinities'**

San Francisco.—Reversing the usual order, Judge Graham yesterday recommended horsewhipping for single women who knowingly associate with married men.

Mrs. Thomas Tippet, in applying for a divorce, testified that her husband, a real estate dealer, had absented himself from home many times during the last year, ostensibly on business trips.

Her suspicion was aroused when she and their daughter saw Tippet at the theatre with a young woman.

**Mother's Emerald**

A Love Story.

By AGNES G. BROGAN

When father first spoke of bringing the student to board I was glad. Any new companionship seemed promising. But when I considered that the student, being musical, might also be the possessor of an uncertain temperament my troubles appeared to be increasing. One like father was bad enough in any family, flying off on the slightest provocation into a fit of temper or, in his better moods, listening apparently with an appreciative smile as one related some personal incident, only to find at its conclusion that his mind had been engaged with some beloved "score." Nora, the cook, was my only comfort, and Nora had not what one might call an "understanding" mind.

Father told me his plan one evening with his customary tardiness. The student was to arrive at 8 o'clock and the south room to be prepared for his disposal. He was coming "free" upon condition of exchanging secretary work for lessons. This alone was a recommendation to the student's musical ability. Father would receive no pupil without promise of skill. Excitedly he named the young man as "his discovery." Eric Knowlson's future, he said, was assured. So I went to mother's picture about it. I have a way of going to mother's picture in all my joys and perplexities to receive advice from its soft eyes. You see, mother left this world as I entered, slipping out very silently before even my baby arms could reach her.

"Mother," I sighed, "if we must have another man in this house, oh, let us hope that he may be a sane one!" My experience with men ended with father, and I fancied them all like him. Nora encouraged me in this belief. "They're all the very old devil," she said. And with her remark in my ears I ran into the music room and incidentally also into the student. The sudden encounter surprised him as much as it did me. He had been removing his violin from its case, whistling softly. His whistle stopped abruptly. Then after we had stared at each other awhile he bowed.

"Eric Knowlson," he explained. "Mercy!" I exclaimed rudely. "I should never have guessed it. Not the violinist?"

"The same," he replied, "long hair and soulful eyes missing perhaps." He smiled. "Bound to be a failure, then. None of the essentials."

"I am Professor Ludlow's daughter," I stiffly reproved him, "and will show you to your room."

"It is my turn to say 'Mercy!' I never should have guessed it," the young man remarked pleasantly. "Your father has always spoken of you as 'my daughter, the housekeeper.' Naturally I imagined a staid, sensible appearing sort of person. Again, none of the essentials."

Suddenly my smile answered his. "You shall see," I challenged. So, with free and merry chatter, we found ourselves in the short space before dinner upon astonishingly friendly terms. It was father's forbidding presence which cast formality over the meal. Afterward, upon the top step of the stairs, I listened to their music, father at the piano, the student with his violin. And the sweet strains of the instrument at his charmed touch caused even me, surfeited with music, to linger. Into the "Spring Song" came a dominant, personal note, that was suddenly a clear, compelling call. Slowly I moved in answer down the stairs, then paused perplexedly in the doorway. The student smiled.

"I called you," he said daintily, "and I knew that you would come."

So our love began, abruptly, inexplicably. One day Eric told me the story of his life. Uneventful it had been, yet one of sacrifice. His father, a violinist, had deserted Eric and his mother just as the lad was beginning to realize his inherited musical gift. After that he had quietly laid his ambition aside with his violin and turned to care for his mother. And now she was dead, now only had he dared to indulge his dreams, and father in a measure had made this possible. For himself money had not mattered, he said. There had been but one thing he coveted—a white marble stone for his mother's grave. This he must have. "And now there's you, Nance!" he cried. "I must have you!" Then he caught up my hand to look at my rings—mother's emerald and its tiny guard.

"Dear," he said, "at first I feared this costly ring might be significant."

"Oh, no!" I told him. "It has been the betrothal ring of our family, handed down for generations. Father's mother placed it upon my own dear mother's finger, and now that she is gone father trusts it in my keeping."

"It is of great value," Eric said, his eyes suddenly aglow as he bent over the wondrous stone; then with his first sign of impatience my lover turned from me.

"What is it?" I asked him, troubled.

"The jarring thought, perhaps, of our different stations," he replied—"your mother's costly emerald, my mother's unmarked grave."

Father coming in at this moment, I hastened to draw the tea table nearer the fire. Something was wrong with the alcohol lamp, so I drew my rings from my finger, bending to adjust it. Upon the mantel stood a small brass clock. Its high center spindle, with a sort of lattice-work beneath, made an excellent ring tray. Often I slipped my rings over the spindle, and there, hidden from sight, they safely awaited my pleasure. So I heard them now tinkle down to their place and came with a laughing remark to brighten Eric's sober mood. But it was unabated when Nora called me to the kitchen. After the evening meal there was no summons in the message of the violin. "Different stations," I repeated to myself pettishly. "What in all the world is worth having save only love and happiness?" Then I remembered my rings. I had left them upon the clock spindle.

Down the stairs I crept silently—the household might be sleeping. The light of a street lamp shining through the window guided me across the room. I felt for the rings. Just one was there. The emerald must be upon the floor, or perhaps the mantelshelf, or—I pressed the electric button. Father, entering unexpectedly, found me upon my knees after a last hopeless search.

"The ring, of course," he exploded. "You show it off to a penniless young vagabond, then leave it upon the mantelshelf—a fortune within easy reach of a stranger." Still muttering accusations, father went carefully over the polished surface of the floor, where no smallest glinting thing might hide. Then, as I had so many times done, he lifted each article from the mantelshelf. There were but four—the candlesticks, the clock and mother's picture. The ring had completely disappeared. For one long moment father eyed me in stern condemnation.

"You will make no mention of this loss," he commanded sharply, "nor let the adventurer know that he is suspected. In that lies our only hope of recovery. He shall be watched. He is the only person, excepting our two selves, who has either entered or left this room tonight. There is no possible way that the ring could have escaped."

It seemed all very true. But perhaps, I reflected, Eric had taken the ring for the night into his own safe keeping. In the morning he would smilingly chide me for my carelessness as he restored it. In the morning Eric was gone. Nora brought a note from him as I was dressing.

"Dearest," it read, "I am called away very suddenly. Will explain when I see you."

A sickening sense of the tirade this news would bring forth from my father came over me. And if he should learn that the man was my lover, my promised husband! In my own heart was no thought of Eric's guilt.

"He's covered up his tracks pretty well," father said bitterly, "but we'll find him yet. That ring can't be disposed of without a sensation."

But they did not find him. My own eyes, filled with sad questioning, searched mother's smiling ones. "Wait," they seemed to bid me—"wait!"

And at last Eric came. I was quite alone in the dusk, and at first he did not speak—just folded me close in his arms.

"It has been so long," I murmured brokenly, "and no word."

"There was so much to attend to," my lover said. "And I was hurrying back to you. On the way I stopped to place a stone—a fine, tall white marble one—on mother's grave."

Frantically I endeavored to push him from me. Father stood before us. I had never known his wrath to reach such bounds. Inarticularly he raved, marking his accusations with a threatening fist, which, gesticulating, brushed from its resting place mother's picture. I stooped to pick it up, mechanically adjusting the catch of the heavy frame, then—I stood breathless.

"Father!" I gasped. Eric's staring eyes turned toward me. The back of the picture was held in place by two broad strips of brass. In the lower of these pockets and evidently jarred from its wedding place gleamed the fateful emerald ring. For a moment we all stood looking at it.

"I don't understand," muttered Eric. "Don't you?" I cried, laughing through my tears. "Well, one evening I thought I had slipped the ring over the clock's spindle, but it bounded, it seems, turning down into the open pocket of mother's frame, hiding there close and tight. It is the betrothal ring of our family, Eric, handed down from parent to child. And now, don't you see? Mother is giving it back to me to wear for you."

My lover came close; father was forgotten.

"Nance," said Eric, oh, so tenderly—"Nance, you'd take me like this, a penniless student? You'd believe in me through all false appearances against all the world?"

"Yes, Eric," I told him simply. Then he said: "I am glad I'm not quite so unworthy. My father died a few days ago. That's why I went away so suddenly. He sent for me when he was dying. He's left me all his money, Nance, and it's quite a lot."

Father cleared his throat several times before we turned to listen. Then as he spoke we hardly knew his voice. It was all so soft and humiliated.

"Boy," he said; "boy, I've done you wrong in my thoughts. Will you forgive me?"

"Forgive?" laughed Eric. "Well, I should say so, for if I haven't stolen your jewels I have stolen your daughter, that's sure."

Then father reached over and put the emerald ring in Eric's hand, while mother's eyes smiled at us all through the firelight.

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