

# FALLS CITY NEWS

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No. 6.

## Taking the Wrong Road

A Mistake That Was Not a Cause of Regret.

By CLARISSA MACKIE

It was a hard, level road with many a sinuous curve that kept the siren tooting hoarsely as the dusk obliterated the stiff sentinel woods on either hand and gave Justin Delos little opportunity to test the speed of his new racing car.

"Hi, mister, hi!" shrieked a young voice above the rush of his machine.

With a few rapid movements he stopped dead short and tried to pierce the twilight with his sand filled eyes.

"Well, what's up?" he demanded curtly.

"It's me," said the small voice, with a hint of a sob in it. "I'm up in this tree—right over your head."

"My gracious, what are you doing up there?" Justin stared upward to where the limb of a wild cherry tree bent over the road. There was the glimmer of a small white face and a white blouse balanced on the limb.

"Now, you just slip off that limb and drop—that's the boy! Caught you, didn't I?" said Mr. Delos.

Justin tucked the boy in a corner of the seat and prepared to resume his ride, but the boy placed a cold little hand on his and raised his voice in protest.

"Please don't, mister! I'm afraid to go up that road!" he bawled lustily.

"What are you afraid of? How do you expect to go home if you don't take that road?"

"I'm lost!" wailed the strayed one.

"Where do you live?" demanded Justin.

"Cross high-way!"

"Well, you're all right then. This is the Cross highway," reassured Justin.

"No, it isn't, sir; I missed it way back. I ran away from nurse, and I've been trying to find it ever since, and—"

A handsome lamppost supported a large electric globe which gave down sufficient light to convince Justin that he was indeed on the wrong road.

"Well, I'll be jiggered!" he exclaimed at last.

"I told you it was the wrong road," piped the little voice.

"So you did. Well, it's the first time I knew this old road went beyond Cross Highway. Seems to stop right here too. Do you know where this drive leads to, son?"

"To perdition," said the little fellow calmly.

"Perdition!" repeated Justin, scandalized. "Who told you that?"

"Mother did. I asked her. I waited in the carriage once when she went inside, and she said it was perdition. So I asked cook what perdition was, and she said it was—you know, the hot place."

"What's your name?"

"Frederick Templeton Leeson. That's dad's name too."

"Ah! Then you're Leeson's little chap, eh? Well, you are a good way from home. Guess I better run up this drive and telephone to your folks that you're all right. What do you say?" Justin turned the car into the drive and sped swiftly up its length.

"I don't—want to go to that—place!" wailed Master Frederick Templeton Leeson. "Cook says they fry you on toasting forks if you're naughty."

"Never you mind, son. You're a good boy. They won't fry you nor bake you." Justin ran his car to the entrance to a handsome mansion and jammed down his levers. His siren uttered a brief commanding salute, the door opened instantly, and a manservant appeared.

"I've missed the road, my man," said Justin, "and I would like to be set right if you can direct me to the Cross highway."

"A mile back, sir. You probably passed the turn without noticing. From there on is private property. If you turn around and go back over your own tracks you'll find your way all right."

"Thanks," said Justin, tossing the man a coin. "Oh, I wonder if your people would allow me to use

a telephone for a moment. I've picked up a little lost boy, and—"

"Certainly, sir. If it's Mr. Leeson's little boy it's all right. They've been telephoning here to know if we've seen him. Come right in."

He held open the door and admitted Justin and his sleepy charge into a wide entrance hall softly carpeted and delicately lighted with carefully disposed electric bulbs. A wood fire which burned in the wide fireplace, and several comfortable chairs were gathered around the hearth, where a white haired woman was dispensing tea. There were several other women, some within the tall shadow of the settle.

The white haired woman dropped a teaspoon with a silvery clatter and arose to her feet. Justin saw with dazed eyes that her face was startled out of its customary sweet repose and that she looked at him with astonishment and displeasure rather than welcome.

"I ask your pardon, madam—Mrs. Stone. I came upon your place by mistake, and I asked your man if I might telephone to this little boy's parents that he was found and that I would return him at once," he stammered after a little awkward silence.

"Oh, it's little Frederick! How delighted poor Evelyn will be! Here is the telephone booth, Mr. Delos."

When Justin emerged after reassuring the delighted parents that he would return the wandering Frederick to their arms at once he found Mrs. Stone awaiting him at the end of the corridor. She held out her hand, smiling rather sadly as she did so.

"I must ask your pardon, Mr. Delos, for not giving you a heartier welcome. I was so startled at sight of you I quite lost my wits for the moment."

"You hardly expected to see me," said Delos, with a rueful smile. "I'm afraid if I'd known you were here I'd never have ventured to knock at your door, hospitable as it always was in the past. Pardon me for that blundering reminder!" he begged hastily.

"Certainly, Justin. Will you come and drink a cup of tea with us?" She paused at his protesting hand.

"Thank you, dear Mrs. Stone, but I couldn't—not until you change your mind about me, you know," he said firmly.

"Change my mind! Ah, Justin, we did that almost immediately after you left in anger. If you had only read and heeded our explanatory letters you would have known that Mr. Stone was quite satisfied that the fault of the accident rested entirely on a defect in our machine and not in your driving. But you never answered our letters, and you declined to see my husband—"

"I never received your letters, Mrs. Stone, and as soon as I learned that Dita—Miss Stone was out of danger I went abroad and have been home only a few weeks. You see, I bought a place not far from here—thought I'd get in a new part of the country and wouldn't meet any of the old crowd. But it's a small world."

"It is indeed, and you haven't asked after my daughter, Justin. It's three years since you last saw her, isn't it?" She searched his face with anxious motherly eyes.

"I haven't dared ask for her. I've felt that I was to blame for reckless driving, and I shall never forget her white face as she lay unconscious on the stones nor the words of your husband as he accused me of having murdered her—murdering Dita when—oh, what's the use? You knew how I felt about it, Mrs. Stone."

For an instant her warm hand pressed his, and then she glided away to give place to a tall, slender form, crowned with golden hair, whose face was rosy with health and whose gray eyes were now alight with a happiness which had been postponed until this blissful moment. Justin could scarcely believe his hungry eyes when her own answered his unspoken appeal and the quiet corridor witnessed the reunion of the parted lovers.

After awhile the wailing Master Frederick Templeton Leeson demanded to be taken to his mamma. "I don't like perdition!" he protested.

"Perdition!" repeated Justin for the second time that evening. "Why perdition, eh?"

Perdita Stone laughed merrily.

"It's such a good joke, Justin. It seems his mother told him this road led to Perdition," and he translated it into "perdition," and the cook gave him a literal interpretation of that word, and he's been afraid to come here ever since, haven't you, Frederick?"

"I like Miss Dita, but I don't want to stay in perdition!" yowled Frederick.

Justin lifted him to his shoulder and turned to Mrs. Stone with his old winning smile. "I'm going to take Frederick home. Would you trust Perdita with me too?"

Without a word Mrs. Stone stood a tiptoe to kiss the tall young man, while Perdita slipped away to don coat and scarf.

As they whirled down the dark avenue and into the winding road Frederick snuggled between them and uttered a sleepy sigh.

"I guess we're out of perdition now."

"And right into paradise," concluded Justin happily.

### SOLDIER BOY'S LETTER

Vancouver, Wash. Oct. 3 1917.  
Falls City News,  
Falls City, Ore.

Dear Sir:

As today is newsday and every man is supposed to write a line to his home newspaper so I will drop you a line. I am advancing very fast, that is considering the education I had before I enlisted.

The army is a good place for any young man, that is, one term won't hurt them at all. Hoping to see the town of Falls City again,

I remain,  
Ira A. Crawford,  
Vancouver, Wash.  
c-o 44th Med. Dept.

### FINANCIAL CONDITION OF THE CITY OF FALLS CITY

The following shows moneys in the various departments of the city:

General Fund	-	\$ 535.29
Improvement Bond No 1	199.05	
" " " 2	200.08	
Water Fund	-	159.57
Street Fund	-	53.44
Sinking Fund	-	5,219.36

### WILL REBUILD FOOTBRIDGE

The city council at the regular meeting Monday night decided to rebuild the footbridge. Plans have been made and bids will be received up to Monday night.

### J. A. MOTE RE-ARRESTED

J. A. Mote who was arrested in this city Aug. 13, on charge of living in adultery with Mrs. Rose Woodfin, and discharged from custody on account of death of prosecuting witness, was immediately re-arrested by the sheriff from Wheeler County on similar charge. Mrs. Woodfin was also arrested and taken to Wheeler County.

N. N. Christy has accepted a Local Agency for the National Surety Company of New York. The appointment permits Mr. Christy with the authority of U. S. Government ratings to write single bonds up to \$809,000, this being the largest which can be executed by any one company in the United States.

### MANY GOOD POSITIONS

Can be had by any ambitious young man or woman in the field of railway or commercial telegraphy. We want a number of young men and women to prepare for the telegraph service to fill vacancies caused by unusual drafting of young men for Signal corps. Prepare to help your country. Write today for full particulars. The Railway Telegraph Institute, Portland, Oregon, Spokane, Wash.

### NOTICE OF SCHOOL MEETING

Notice is Hereby Given To the legal voters of School District No. 57 of Polk County, State of Oregon, that a SCHOOL MEETING of said District will be held at School House on the 29th day of October, 1917, at 7:30 o'clock in the afternoon to vote on the proposition of levying a special district tax.

The total amount of money needed by the district during the fiscal year beginning June 18, 1917, and ending June 30, 1918, is estimated in the following budget and includes the amounts to be received from the county school fund, state school fund, special district tax, and all other moneys of the district:

### BUDGET

#### ESTIMATED EXPENDITURES

Teachers' salaries	\$8,040.00
Furniture	50.00
Apparatus and supplies such as maps, chalk, erasers, stoves, curtains, etc.	400.00
Library Books	75.00
Flags	25.00
Repairs of school houses, outbuildings or fences	350.00
Improving grounds	20.00
Janitor's wages	600.00
Janitor's supplies	100.00
Fuel	225.00
Light	25.00
Water	100.00
Clerk's salary	100.00
Postage and stationery	25.00
For payment of bonded debt and interest thereon, issued under Sections 117, 144, to 148 and 422 of the School Laws of Oregon, 1917	2,500.00

Total estimated amount of money to be expended for all purposes during the year..... 12,635.00

#### ESTIMATED RECEIPTS

From county school fund during the coming school year	\$2,525.10
From state school fund during the coming school year	584.50
Cash now in the hands of the district clerk	1,257.00
Cash now in the hands of the county treasurer, belonging to the district	327.00
Estimated amount to be received from all other sources during the coming school year	2,000.00
Total estimated receipts, not including the money to be received from the tax which it is proposed to vote	6,693.60

#### RECAPITULATION

Total expenses for the year	\$12,635.00
Total estimated receipts not including the tax to be voted	6693.60
Balance, amount to be raised by district tax	5,941.40
Dated this 3d day of October 1917	

H. E. Starr,

Chairman Board of Directors.  
Attest:—R. M. Wonderly,  
District Clerk.

### STATEMENT OF OWNERSHIP

Management, etc., required by the act of congress of August 24, 1912, of the Falls City News, published weekly at Falls City, Ore., for October 1, 1917.

Publisher, editor, business manager and owner is D. L. Wood, Falls City, Oregon.

Bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders: None.

D. L. WOOD.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 4th day of October, 1917.

W. H. Beard,

Notary Public for Oregon.  
My commission expires March 22, 1920.

## OUR PRICES

YOU WILL FIND OUR PRICES COMPARE FAVORABLY WITH ANY LEGITIMATE STORE PRICES IN COUNTY

Berry Sugar per sack \$8.50  
11 Pounds - - - 1.00

Best Hard Wheat Flour \$ 3.25  
By the barrel - - 12.00

Our store is now well prepared to take care of your fall and winter requirements. Allow us to figure on the order that you contemplate sending off.

**SELIG'S, Cash Price Store,**  
"Meeting and Beating Competition".

4% vs: ?

When tempted to put the results of your savings, which represents days, weeks, or even years of labor, into some questionable enterprise, remember this:

It is better to get four per cent. regularly with the principal always yours, than to get perhaps seven per cent. this year and probably no principle for the rest of the time.

Four per cent. and Safe is the Safe Course to follow—unless you prefer speculation and the chances involved.

**BANK OF FALLS CITY.**

## East Via California

Is a pleasant winter route. Travel in comfort through a land where it is always summer.

There's San Francisco, San Jose, Del Monte, Monterey Pacific Grove, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Long Beach, Venice and many other charming resorts, and much beautiful scenery enroute.

## Three Daily Trains

Portland to San Francisco. Standard and tourist sleepers, dining cars, solid steel equipment. Particularly attractive at this season of the year.

Ask your local agent for particulars

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Portland

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