

Felicia's Dive Into Society

By TEMPLE BAILEY.

Felicia packed into a little trunk her one white party dress, a pretty gray dinner gown, a half dozen shirt waists and an extra hat, and away she went to town to visit her cousin, Mary Barnes.

Mary's brother Roger met her at the station.

"Mary is planning no end of things for you," he told Felicia when he had settled her in the carriage. "She is going to give a luncheon and a tea and a theater party and a dance. It will be a lively existence for you, little girl."

"Oh," Felicia leaned forward, "I shall love it! My greatest excitement for a year has been a church social or a sleigh ride, and I am longing for society."

"Mary spells society with a big 'S,'" Roger told her. "She is a slave to it, and she needs a rest. She is as thin as a wafer and as pale as paper."

"But think what a lovely time she has!" Felicia said.

"Humph!" Roger said. "You don't know when you are well off, little Felicia."

But Felicia fell on Mary's neck when she reached the great stone mansion.

"I can stay two weeks," she said. "The school board gave me a vacation, and I am going to have the time of my life."

"Indeed you are," Mary said and carried her away to a delectable bedroom.

"I'll get into my kimono, and then we can talk," Felicia said joyfully as she opened her little black bag. But Mary shook her head dubiously. "The girls are coming for luncheon in just half an hour. There are ten of them, and the table decorations are to be in pale pink, your favorite color."

"What shall I wear?" Felicia asked. "I have a gray gown and a white one, and the white one is for evening."

"The gray will be all right with a ducky little knot of pink carnations and lilies of the valley. The florists are doing them that way now, and Roger can get you some."

Roger got the flowers, but the gray gown was not gorgeous, and beside Mary's shimmering chiffon creation Felicia felt depressingly shabby.

But the luncheon was exquisite, and the girls were friendly, and Felicia did not have much time to think of herself, for there was a tea on immediately after, and she was carried off by Mary and Roger, wearing a long and splendid wrap of Mary's, for her own simple tailor made jacket was out of the question.

"No one will notice that it is mine," Mary assured her, "in the crash," so Felicia, feeling very elegant, swept through the crowded rooms and talked as fast as she could to dozens of people and came out breathless.

"Wasn't it awful?" Roger asked her. "I shouldn't have gone a step if it hadn't been for you."

"It was delightful," Felicia gurgled—"the pretty women, the lights, the music, the ices and everything."

"Humph!" Roger grumbled, and Felicia made a little face at him and said, "You're an unsociable bear, Roger," and Roger said, "Oh, it's such a waste of good material for you to spend your time with such people when you might be talking to me, Felicia."

Felicia opened her eyes wide at that. "Do you like to talk to me, Roger?" she questioned, and Roger laughed and said, "Yes, but you don't deserve it." And Felicia, feeling very much flattered, leaned back in the carriage and peeped at Roger, while Mary mapped out the program for the next day.

"There are the Deering luncheon and three teas and the art exhibit and the Coburns' dinner and a box party after, and then the cotillion."

"Oh, stop!" Felicia pleaded, looking at her cousin with startled eyes. "Do you expect me to do all that in one day, Mary?"

"She does," Roger asserted, surveying his country cousin with melancholy eyes, "and where, oh, where in all that program will you have a minute to spend with me?"

"I am not worrying about that," Felicia told him, dimpling. "But what am I going to wear, Mary? What am I going to wear?"

"There's your white dress," Mary said slowly.

"But I can't wear that one dress to a luncheon and three teas and a theater party and a dance. What are you going to wear, Mary?"

"My pale blue broadcloth will do

for the luncheon and the tea and the view. Then I shall wear white lace to the dinner and the rest of the evening."

"When in all that rush will you find time to change?" was Roger's question.

Mary leaned back in the corner of the carriage. She was very pale, and there were dark circles around her eyes.

"Oh, I don't know; I don't know," she said. "Sometimes I feel as if I were on a treadmill and no one would let me stop."

Felicia looked at her with startled eyes.

"Why, I thought you liked it," she gasped.

Mary straightened up at that. "Oh, when I get into it," she said, trying to speak lightly, "it's not so bad, but I have felt the strain this winter awfully."

Between rushes that night Roger caught Felicia for a moment alone in the library. "Mary is dreadfully blue," he told her. "She broke her engagement with Bob Carruth in the summer, and she hasn't seen him since, and she misses him."

"What did she break it for?" Felicia asked.

"He wanted her to go south with him and settle in a little town where he could practice medicine, and she wouldn't give up society, and now I think she regrets it."

"Oh," said little Felicia, "if I loved a man I would go to the end of the world with him!"

"Would you?" Roger asked.

"Yes."

"Well, I am leaving for Japan next week," ingratiatingly.

Felicia gazed at him with intense indignation for a moment; then she turned her back on him. "Silly!" she said.

When Felicia went to bed that night she was so tired that she could not sleep. The next morning she was as pale as Mary. For a week the two girls dragged their engagements, finishing up on Saturday night with another cotillion.

Felicia wore her white dress. It was mused, and she knew that she was not looking her best, but she was so tired that she did not care. Roger had sent her a bunch of violets, and her dance card was filled with names, but the fact gave her no satisfaction.

The fourth dance was Roger's.

"Enjoying it?" he asked briefly as he swung her out on to the floor.

"Oh, I am so tired I shall drop," she said. "Can't I go home, Roger?"

She looked so like a little weary child that Roger laughed.

"Baby," he teased and then tenderly, "I'll hunt Mary up, and we will cut the rest of it."

In the carriage Mary collapsed. "I didn't dream I was so tired," she sobbed, with her head on Felicia's shoulder, and Roger, surveying the pair with twinkling eyes, said, "Let me prescribe."

"Well?" came back in muffled agreement.

"You pack your trunk, Mary," he planned, "and go home with Felicia. It's lovely in the country now, and I'll come up and bring Bob Carruth with me."

Mary sat up, with her face ablaze.

"Bob Carruth?"

"Yes. I had a letter from him yesterday. He's coming up for a visit."

Faint pink tinged Mary's cheeks.

"Do you think he will want to see me, Roger?" she asked wistfully, and Roger said gently, "I know he will, Mary."

So Felicia packed her little trunk, and Mary packed a larger one, and away they went to the country, where the trees were crimson and gold and brown and where the air was like wine. And there Bob Carruth and Roger followed them.

"So she is really going to marry him and live in a country town," Roger commented, and he and Felicia followed Mary and her lover along a path that seemed to end in a golden sunset.

"Yes," Felicia said.

"And you are going to marry me and come and live in the city," Roger ventured.

"I haven't promised yet," said little Felicia. "I am afraid that some day I should be saying, 'Give me again my hollow tree, my crust of bread and liberty.'"

"You aren't afraid of anything of the kind," Roger told her. "You know we would live happy ever after."

"Oh, well, if you are so sure," said Felicia as she tucked a confiding hand through his arm and looked up at him with happy eyes, "I guess I shall have to say yes, Roger."

Marvelous!

Farmer—I have a brown Leghorn down home that lays the year round.

Citizen—Oh, that's nothing. We have a milkman at home who lays a bottle of milk in front of our door every morning.—Judge.

PERIL IN MIDAIR.

A Triple Somersault and Presence of Mind in a Tornado.

A certain famous troupe of aerialists includes the only men who can do the triple somersault from a flying bar to what is known in circus talk as "the catch." That, interpreted by the Boston Herald, means that a man hangs by his legs and grasps by the wrists the somersaulting acrobat as he flies past. The feat requires an extremely accurate calculation of seconds and inches, and the most extraordinary flexibility and agility on the part of both performers.

In this difficult act a man who may be called Silver does the swing through the air, and one named Marco does the catching. One day, in Texarkana, before the show began, the acrobats saw a dark cloud on the horizon, and when one sees that in Texas it is a sign of trouble. The equestrian director, who is ringmaster for that part of the performance, asked, "Will you take a chance on your act?"

The acrobats never like to disappoint an audience, and one of them said, "All right, we'll go ahead."

"Hurry it up, then," counseled the equestrian director.

They had put through part of their performance, and Marco was hanging by his legs, waiting for Silver to swing, when that black cloud arrived directly above the tent. It lifted a corner of the tent and began to rip it into shreds. The audience knew what was happening and ran. The elephants began to trumpet, and the other animals to give their various cries of fear.

Silver, however, had started his swing and was making his triple somersault through the air, when the tornado simply lifted the whole tent, the main pole and their apparatus and shifted it all over at least eight inches. Partly by luck and partly by great effort and skill, Marco managed to catch Silver as he flew by. To continue in Marco's own words:

"The minute I had his wrists and before I had swung him back to his trapeze, he yelled:

"Hold places!"

"You see, when a wind strikes a tent or we see other danger coming, the women in our troupe, of whom there are four—Silver's wife, my wife and two others—drop into the net first, and the men after them. You can't all drop into the net at once. You've got to take your turn."

"But the wind had so twisted our apparatus about that any one who dropped would take a chance of falling outside the net. All the trapezes were swaying violently."

"Silver landed back on his trapeze safely, and for six or seven minutes we all hung tight, while the tornado blew itself out."

"Then we dropped down by the ropes to the ground, and I can tell you," Marco concluded, "we were a mighty thankful lot."

A Bit of Blue Sky.

Professor John Tyndall, who, with many great gifts, possessed a singular skill in devising and conducting beautiful experimental illustrations, actually produced in 1869 a bit of blue sky in the lecture room. In a glass tube three feet in length and three inches in diameter he exhausted the air until it was less than one-tenth the density of the atmosphere we breathe and represented the rarer air high overhead. Into this exhausted air he introduced nitrate of butyle vapor, which is extremely volatile. Then a strong beam of light in a room otherwise dark was passed through the mixture, and in the glass tube there glowed a beautiful blue cloud, rivaling in color the finest Italian sky. Here was blue sky brought down to earth.

A Patient Judge.

A western judge, sitting in chambers, seeing from the piles of papers in the lawyers' hands that the first case was likely to be hotly contested, asked, "What is the amount in question?" "Two dollars," said the plaintiff's counsel. "I'll pay it," said the judge, handing over the money. "Call the next case."

He had not the patience of Sir William Grant, who, after listening for two days to the arguments of counsel as to the construction of a certain act, quietly observed when they had done, "That act has been repealed."—Argonaut.

Picturesque Mexico.

The Mexicans have a turn for the picturesque which displays itself in the street names of the capital. There are Sad Indian street, Street of the Wood Owls, Lost Child street, and a cautionary Pass if You Can street. Shop names, too, in Mexico are out of the common. A drug store calls itself Gate of Heaven, and a drinking saloon describes itself frankly as the Bait of the Devil!

BRIEF NEWS OF OREGON

Baker has been swept by a cold wave. Temperature reached 10 degrees and drifting snow threatened to blockade the railroads.

B. L. Steeves, mayor of Salem, is said to be groomed as a candidate to succeed Representative Hawley in congress.

Figures show that about 35,000 white cedar ties are shipped from the tie camps in Coos and Curry counties in the course of a month. The greatest number are shipped from Bandon.

Sergeant Paul Hathaway, Company M, stationed at Vancouver, Wash., has been ordered to Portland to report to General Finzer as instructor of the Oregon National Guard.

E. B. Tongue, District Attorney of Washington county, has filed suit against the state fair board for \$195, alleged to be due as stakes in a horse race. Breach of contract is charged.

The hide of a silver gray fox valued at \$500 and the hide of a cross breed valued at \$100 were brought into Canyon City by John and Arthur Colbs, trappers. The pelts were secured in Logan valley.

The eight hour law in Oregon applies to all the state institutions, according to a decision of the supreme court. Shortening of hours will cause a deficiency in the appropriations, it is said.

State Game Warden Finley aiding, in an advisory capacity, Max Muller, of Portland, will purchase a number of song birds abroad for use in propagating the wild species in the Oregon woods.

Baker was the scene of a unique Christmas celebration when 500 school children stood in nine inches of snow in the open streets and participated in Yuletide ceremonies before a great Christmas tree.

A course of lectures on infant science dealing with problems of children up to the age of six will be given at the Parents Education Bureau, Portland, beginning Friday, January 2, and continuing each week thereafter, until June 7.

Being desirous of seeing Alaska properly represented, Senator Chamberlain will introduce a bill providing for the appropriation of \$250,000 to enable suitable exhibits of Alaska products to be made at the San Francisco and San Diego expositions.

Just four hours after she appeared in her sketch at the Majestic Theater at Roseburg, Mrs. Al Overton gave birth to a son. Mr. Overton is of Indian blood and says the new arrival is entitled to a 160-acre tract of land in the Roseburg reservation.

The problem of the unemployed in eastern Oregon, which is acute at present, will be relieved by the commencement of actual construction work on the first 10,000 acre unit of the west Umatilla extension irrigation project.

For leading five hungry and unemployed men into a Portland restaurant where they obtained food without paying for same, Municipal Judge Stevenson sentenced Wayne R. Jones to five days on the rockpile.

J. Thorburn Ross, president of the Title Guarantee and Trust company, which failed in Portland in 1907, who was convicted of misappropriating state funds and sentenced to the penitentiary, has been given a full pardon by Governor West. Ross never served a day of his sentence.

Looking the nervous wreck that he has become since he was found guilty of polygamy, E. E. C. Von Klein appeared in circuit court at Portland and received a sentence of imprisonment from one to four years in the penitentiary, the severest penalty provided.

The Eugene charter commission has rejected the whole report of the research commission, which recommended that the present charter be entirely superseded by a new document, and that the new charter be based upon the managerial system of government.

Appeal in the Salem brewery case, wherein Judge Galloway of the Marion county circuit court held that the prohibition charter amendment voted at the city election December 1 was illegal, has been filed in the supreme court by attorneys for the city of Salem.

"Strawberry" was the name given to a new voting precinct created by the county court of Linn county. The precinct adjoins the city limits of Lebanon on the south, east and west sides and in deference to the prominence of Lebanon as a strawberry center this name was assigned.

In view of the early completion of the Panama canal and prospective greater activity in naval matters on the Pacific coast, Senator Chamberlain will introduce a bill on the re-assembly of congress for a \$2,500,000 appropriation to build a drydock on the Columbia river.

People at Pendleton are urging that congress increase the appropriation for their public building from \$70,000 to \$150,000. Of the original sum, \$80,000 was spent for a site. They say the building should accommodate the courts as well as the postoffice.

Merry Moments

As We Journey Through Life Let Us Laugh by the Way

As He Figured It.

Victor and Edwin, aged six and four, respectively, had just been seated at the table for dinner. There were five older persons present and this was really the first time that either of those kids had been allowed to sit up for the big meal of the day. Victor looked across the snowy board as the dessert was brought in, made a hasty calculation and burst into a loud and long wail.

"What's the matter, Victor?" asked one of the elders.

"There's seven of us, and there ain't but six desserts. Poor little Edwin ain't going to get none!"—New York Globe.

What Little Things Lead To.



Teacher—The sphinx has eyes, but it cannot—

"See!" cried the children.

"Has ears, but it cannot!"—

"Hear!" they responded.

"Has a mouth, but cannot!"—

"Eat!" said the chorus.

"Has a nose, but it cannot!"—

"Wipe it!" thundered the class.—St. Paul Press.

More.

Brown came into his lawyer's office.

"Smith was at my house last night," he said, "and he picked up a chair and hit me over the head."

"We'll sue him for damages to your head," said the attorney.

"Well," replied Brown, "I was thinking of suing him for the damages to the chair."—Exchange.

An Invitation.

The Stranger—When you get time, drop in and see me and I'll give you some honest work.

Blinkey the Peterman—When I git time? Huh! De jury jus' now give me t'ree years' time for burglary.

The Stranger—So I thought. I'm warden of the penitentiary.—Chicago News.

An Impossibility.

"Does your wife ever attend your lectures?"

"Of course not; that would never do."

"Why not?"

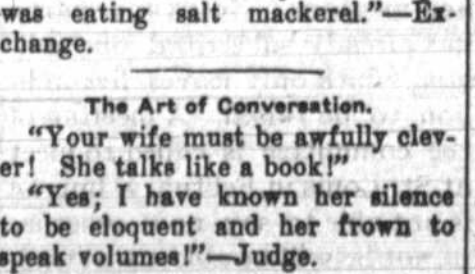
"Could any wife sit and hear her husband talk for two hours without interrupting him?"—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

Of Little Value.

Young Mother—The question is, Mr. Bache, what are we going to make out of baby?

Mr. Bache—I can't see a cent in him. If he only had two heads or three legs, now, he would pay dividends.—Kansas City Times.

His Method.



Jim—Does Si waste a lot of time drinking?

Bill—No; but he loses a lot of time waiting for somebody to ask him!—Chicago News.

Kept Him Thirsty.

"Tommy, you should drink what water you want before you go to bed. I had to get you a drink four times last night."

"Well, mother, I kept dreaming I was eating salt mackerel."—Exchange.

The Art of Conversation.

"Your wife must be awfully clever! She talks like a book!"

"Yes; I have known her silence to be eloquent and her frown to speak volumes!"—Judge.



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