

THE WAY WOMEN PART

Farewells Always Said on the Installation Plan

Conceal Their Feeling Smile and Smile, and Lie Like Two Gas Meters

"Which would you rather do, fall down stairs and break an arm or go through the process of saying a conventional goodbye?" asked the girl philosopher, turning to the well-poised girl, who, under no circumstances, could be provoked into surprise.

"The former," was the quiet and prompt reply.

"The worst of that sort of monkey business," broke in Sammy, the cynic, "is when you are calling on a girl who, every time you get up to go, starts in to discuss a new book, or to tell you all about what some other girl wrote to Mrs. Blankety Blanks reception. You can't very well sit down again without edging obviously toward the sofa, and you can't leave for another 30 minutes without going away while she is talking."

"It is much easier to write farewells," said the well-poised girl. "Especially to relations who insist on saying 'What's your hurry?' when they're afraid you will stay. They always know you want to go, and you know they want you to go, but also you know that as soon as you are out of hearing they will make a joke about 'poor relations,' and if you are prosperous they will talk about your 'airs.' It is difficult to go away and leave your skin in the hands of relations, and so you are tempted to stay."

"You needn't talk," suggested Bobby, the youth. "I've seen you stand at the door for a solid hour while you went through the whole rigmarole of 'You must come again soon.' 'Now be sure to write.' 'Give my love to Aunt Ed.' and 'Do let Bobby take you to the car.' Isn't it so, Sam? Doesn't she always end up by making us take 'em to the car. And then after they're gone doesn't she always say 'Trank

goodness!' and draw a horrible tremendous sigh?"

Sammy, the cynic placed a book-mark in the book he had been reading and gave his whole attention to the matter in hand. "This is all silly talk," he said, with a condescending air. "But there is a time when good-byes are at their worst. It is when some woman has come to see mother, and is about to leave, and smiles over mother's shoulder as if she is going to shake hands with the rest of us. Naturally we are all on our feet—that is, first one foot, then another—and our hands involuntarily paw around getting limbered up for the emergency. But each time we start to the front, thinking the lady is really going, both she and mother begin all over again."

"I think," said the girl philosopher, "that I have observed the most serious phase of the question. It consists of that little wait at the railway station with your hostess when your train is an hour late. Somebody makes the announcement, 'Train an hour late.' Can't you see the forced smile of your hostess that follows the news? And her inevitable 'How jolly! Now we shall have an hour more of you, dear!' And your own sneaking little 'I wish it were two!'"

Sammy chuckled and Bobby, the youth, put in, "Yes, and if they're men they offer each other cigars and walk solemnly about on the dark platform with never a word."

"But they're women," said the philosopher. "So they sit down in adjoining seats and carefully pack themselves in with bags and parcels—no matter how small a station seat is a girl always shares it with her luggage. After that they mechanically smile at each other, and the guest says, for the fortieth time, 'I've had a perfectly lovely visit.' And the hostess repeats, for the fortieth time, 'We've so much enjoyed having you.' Then both furtively watch the clock for 15 minutes. Presently the hostess has an inspiration, and exclaims: 'The next time you must stay a month; we're not half talked out, you know.' And the guest agrees, 'I should say not; I believe we are too congenial ever to get talked out.' And they both yawn behind their gloves."

"But there are friends who have no need to say goodbye," declared the well-poised girl, with a quiet smile at the philosopher.

"There are friends," replied the latter, "who can just silently grasp hands and think close."—Chicago News.

Of course, you are going to take lunch with the Citizens' Light & Traction Co., and learn how simple a gas range really is. 3t

THE OLD RELIABLE



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LINN COUNTY NEWS

Albany Man Honored.
J. G. Crawford, who is a member of the "Records of the Past Examination Society," a national organization, composed of men who are interested in archaeology, has been requested to write a descriptive article for the journal issued by the society, regarding the prehistoric inhabitants of Oregon, and the relics and mounds left by them. He will prepare an article, as requested, and will illustrate it with a great many valuable views of mounds and relics which he has secured. It is a great honor to Mr. Crawford to have his abilities as an archeologist recognized by this eminent society. Mr. Crawford recently received a bound volume of "Records of the Past," the society's journal, as a present from the society.—Herald.

Fire at the Depot.
A Southern Pacific passenger car, which was left at the local depot by the noon train, to be picked by the afternoon overland, caught fire at 3 o'clock yesterday afternoon. The fire started from some defect in the stove-

pipe, and burned considerable of the woodwork above the stove. Car Inspector Moe, assisted by the depot fire brigade, extinguished the flames before serious damage was caused.—Herald.

Mallard Ducks Plentiful.
Mallard ducks are now becoming very plentiful in this vicinity, especially on the Willamette. The smaller ducks have been quite numerous on neighboring lakes and swamps the past two weeks, and now the mallards are coming in. An Albany man came down the Willamette in a boat from eight miles above Albany to this city yesterday, and killed 15 ducks, all mallards.—Herald.

BABY IS A SOLDIER.
Can the Nurse Fulfill Her Contract to Care for Him Three Years More?

A peculiar incident illustrating the tedious processes of Russian law and the extreme tardiness of Russian justice, is told by M. Maklei, a recent emigrant from that country, who was a

witness in a case that which required 17 years to get a decision. He left the country about three weeks ago, and has just been informed of the outcome.

Mr. Maklei came to Minneapolis on account of a dislike toward him in the neighborhood of Kishnief, because he expressed sympathy for the homeless Hebrews. His attitude was considered nihilistic by some, and, although he is not a Jew himself, he thought he would be better off in a free country.

In 1886 a boy was born to a nobleman living near Kishnief, and, according to the custom, a nurse was hired to have sole charge of the child until he became old enough to be placed in the schools. The nurse was compelled to sign a contract binding her to service for five years. She did her work faithfully for two years, and then broke her contract by marrying a young workman who was often employed at the nobleman's house. She had, however, been so faithful to her little charge and had done her work so well, that the man brought suit in the provincial court to make her return and comply with her contract.

In the trial in the lower courts the case was decided in favor of the girl, but the nobleman had money, and the case was carried up by those mysterious methods known only in Russia, until it finally reached the highest court of the land.

This august body, called the High synod, after considerable delay and argument, rendered a verdict to the effect that, inasmuch as the girl had signed the contract, she must return at once and fulfill it. Imprisonment is the penalty for refusing to obey the court's orders, and the girl, now a prosperous matron, is in a quandary as to her next move, for the little boy mentioned in the contract is now serving his time in the Russian army. Mr. Maklei says he does not know whether the high synod looked at the date of the document of appeal. He is visiting in Minneapolis, says the Journal.

Yankee Diplomacy.

An amusing story is told of a Maine farmer who had gone to law with a neighbor. In conversation with his lawyer he suggested sending the magistrate a couple of fine ducks. "Not on your life," said the attorney. "If you do you'll lose the case." The case came on and was tried, and judgment given in his favor. He then turned to his lawyer and said, "I sent the ducks." Astonishment on the lawyer's part changed to admiration when his client continued, "But I sent them in my opponent's name."

HORN WILL HANG

Two Companies of Militia Guard the Jail

Guards Stand Over Horn Instructed to Shoot Him if There is Danger of Rescue

Cheyenne, Wyo., Nov. 19.—The excitement is intense, and soldiers, with cannon, surround the court house and jail, where Horn is confined. Orders have been issued to shoot to kill all who fail to halt when commanded. Deputies from nearby towns are flocking in, and, with the militia, will prevent Horn's friends making any attempt at rescue. Serious trouble is expected tonight, as the city is filled with strangers. Horn is so confident that he will be released that he refuses to accept the services of a priest.

Cheyenne, Wyo., Nov. 19.—Cow boys are gathering for an attack on the Larimer county jail, and the guards were strengthened at noon. Fifty companies of cavalry and infantry are now camped at the court house. If the attack comes, the battle will be bloody, and Horn will be shot in his cell by guards, stationed there for that purpose, if the attacking party succeeds in storming the jail. The hanging is set for 11 o'clock tomorrow morning.

His Nerve.
Since the engagement of pretty Miss X has been an announced fact her small brother has been puzzling his head to understand what it means.

"Why," explained his mother, "Mr. Skaggs has asked sister to marry him. That means that she will live in his house after this, and he'll take care of her."
"Buy her things?" asked the boy.
"Yes."
"Hats and dinners and ice cream and everything?" he persisted.
"Yes," was the answer.
The boy thought it all over for a moment, and then said:
"Well, ain't that man got nerve though!"

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