

Promoted to the High School

By OLIVE EDNA MAY

Huntley had gone through the summer without a vacation, had worked very hard, and in the autumn felt that he required a rest or a change. His nerves were on edge.

He concluded to go to a New England village where there was a good library. In the morning he walked, in the afternoon he read in the library and at 9 o'clock in the evening went to bed.

One crisp November morning while walking along a country road he saw an auto coming. Its motion varied between five and twenty-five miles an hour, and its direction was wobbly. "That chauffeur," remarked Huntley, "doesn't know his business. Reckon he's never handled an auto before." When the machine came near enough for him to see it plainly the chauffeur was seen to be a young woman. To Huntley she appeared to be about sixteen years old. She stopped in the middle of the road and said:

"Do you know anything about automobiles, sir?"

"Certainly. What can I do for you?" "Why, I've come out without much experience and have been getting rattled ever since I started. I have undertaken to go from one place to another, twenty miles apart, have got midway between the two, and if I continue to manage as badly as I have I shall get killed before reaching my destination. Besides, I think there is something the matter with the machine."

Huntley looked the auto over, and while he was doing so the girl alighted and joined him on the road. When he turned from the machinery and looked at her he saw one arrayed in the costume of the period. In other words, she wore a hat shaped like a coal scuttle, a coat—she had left her fur coat in the auto—like a pair of beetle's wings, while her skirt about her ankles would have fitted about her neck. Huntley had seen hundreds of girls on the street in the city from fourteen to eighteen dressed exactly in that fashion.

"Your machine seems to be all right," he said. "If you will permit me I will get in with you and be your chauffeur for awhile. Then I can tell better if there is anything the matter with it."

The young lady was only too glad to have him take the responsibility off her shoulders. So Huntley stepped into the auto and chug-chugged away down the road. The girl hoped she wasn't taking him out of his way, to which he replied that all ways were his, since he was an idler. Then he began to chat with her, remarking that she should learn to run her auto, for she would find it very convenient. Among the uses to which it might be put was going to school. To this the young lady remarked that she would find it convenient indeed, especially since her books were heavy to carry. Huntley asked her what grade she had in school, and she said, "Next year I am going to be advanced to the eighth grade."

She said this with some pride. Huntley didn't consider that she was to be proud, for he thought it enough to be in the high school. However, he was more interested with her prattle than he would have been with that of a woman near his own age. Indeed, he was so pleased with the little miss that he drove her to her destination. When she left her and she expressed her appreciation to him he said the object of his trip was his that he found himself much refreshed with the innocent chat of a schoolgirl and wished he might repeat the ride. She seemed much gratified with this and said that when he came to the town where she lived she would be pleased to have him drop in and see her mother.

Huntley, having obliged himself to trudge back ten miles for the pleasure he had enjoyed, was not likely to remain away from the person whose childish chat had so amused him. At any rate, to get away with an evening—the evenings being the hardest part of the day to get over—one night, when the moon was shining brightly through the crisp autumn air, he started to walk to the girl's home to call on her mother. She had given him her name, but he was not sure of her address, so on reaching the town he was aiming for her dropped in at a bookstore to inquire.

"Do you know Mrs. Beckwith?" he asked the proprietor.

"Certainly. I have just taken an order for books for the next year in the high school of which she is to be principal."

Now, if Huntley hadn't remembered about the girl's being promoted next year the suspicion that came upon him suddenly wouldn't have been excited.

"Isn't she rather young," he asked, "to be principal of a high school?"

The man smiled. "She could easily pass for one of her pupils," he said. "She's twenty-six and looks sixteen. She was graduated from college six years ago and took every honor. She is considered an intellectual wonder."

Huntley took the lady's address and made his call. Miss Beckwith herself came down to receive him. Her skirt was not so short as the one she had worn when he first met her, and she did not look so juvenile.

"I have accepted your invitation," said Huntley, "to call on your mother."

"Mother is indisposed this evening," said the principal of the high school, with a twinkle in her eye. "I fear you will have to be content with me."

CHEESECLOTH FOR TRUCK.

Better Than Glass as a Shelter For Growing Vegetables.

The past summer, for the first time, I tried cheesecloth shelters in our kitchen garden, says a Country Gentleman writer. Next summer I am going to have more vegetables under cheesecloth, for it is great stuff. Some old boards were lying round—half-inch lumber about eight inches wide. I cut them up into pieces fifteen inches long. Four of these pieces nailed together made a square frame—a box without top or bottom. Over the top I tacked a piece of cheesecloth. There was lumber for only twenty-four of them, and I put eight over some cucumber plants started in the house, eight over watermelons and eight over muskmelons. Results were most definite. We had cucumbers from the sheltered vines two weeks earlier than usual and watermelons as big as coconuts before plants that were set in the open had formed fruit. The white shelter has a forcing effect and yet permits hardy growth. Cloth has an advantage over glass in that it lets in moisture. It is also a protection against bugs.

When the vines under cloth outgrew the frames I removed them. Just then I was nursing along a dozen eggplants. With bugs, dry weather and other disadvantages, it seemed as if they would not live. Twelve of the frames were clapped over these plants, and in two days the effect could be seen in whole, healthy green leaves. Then some brussels sprouts came for transplanting in July, when the sky was like brass. I put them right out as soon as received, with a cheesecloth frame over each, and they grew as if they had been transplanted in a week of rain.

Cheesecloth is cheap. If you buy a bolt of it, about seventy-five yards, it costs about 2½ cents a yard. The coarse, unbleached variety a yard wide is what you want.

CLOVER FOR THE SOIL.

It Will Make Poor Land Richer and Can Be Grown Easily.

The trouble with soils when they cease to produce as they did when new is not that the elements of plant food are actually exhausted from the soil, but the necessary forces for the liberation are exhausted. One of these forces is bacteria. It is estimated that in the common soil there are 150 million bacteria to the ounce. These bacteria must have humus (decayed vegetable matter) for their food; then they will liberate food for the growth of plants.

The supply of humus, the supply of nitrogen, the physical condition of the soil, the penetration, aeration and porosity of the subsoil, can be established by the growth of sweet clover at a cheapness that is startling. Nor is it a hard plant to grow. It is one of the hardiest of the leguminous plants. It seems to establish itself on old, worn-out soils where other legumes will not grow at all and where field crops grow so poorly as not to pay. Owing to these characteristics and to the fact that its bacteria are capable of living and prospering on the roots of alfalfa, it is perhaps the best possible plant with which to precede alfalfa in sections where there is difficulty in securing a successful growth of that plant.—Kansas Industrialist.

GOOD FOR THE BOY.

The boy who has engaged in a corn contest, whether successfully or not, has gained practical training of far-reaching value and lasting significance.

Good For Shelling Corn.

Any one can make and use this corn sheller, says the American Agriculturist, from which the picture and the description are taken. It is made of a piece of board six or eight inches long and about one and a half inches wide. At intervals of one-half or three-quarters of an inch notches are sawed on each edge and enlarged so as to take



HOMEMADE CORN SHELLER.

in a No. 10 or 11 wire. A hole is bored near each end and one end of a wire inserted and fastened.

Then the wire is wound as tightly as possible around the wood and fitted in the notches till the other end is reached, when the wire is passed through the other hole and fastened securely. All that is necessary is to rub this device over the corn and ears to loosen the grain.

Points For the Thinking Farmer.

Now is an excellent time to lay that concrete walk that you promised your wife to make last winter, when the mud was ankle deep. These are excellent months for odd jobs on the farm.

No kind of manure, either animal excrement or fertilizers, will take the place of good, thorough tillage. Plow the land at the right time and to the right depth, then work it down to a mellow seed bed with disk and roller, and harrow.

A brick wall or foundation, while substantial enough, looks rather old fashioned now. The concrete or cement block foundation is the modern type and, like most modern things, is an improvement over that which preceded it. A great thing about concrete is its permanence and cheapness.

MY WIFE'S BIRTHDAY

By CARL SARGENT CHASE

"My dear," I said to my wife, "next Thursday will be your birthday. You know how busy I am and how the furnishing of gifts for members of the family distresses me. Bobby must have a birthday gift for you as well as me, and I must provide his as well as mine. Will you please relieve me of the responsibility by buying something for me to give you and some thing for Bobby to give you?"

This was not displeasing to my wife, for she is a frugal woman and would rather buy gifts for herself than that I should buy them for her, fearing that I would be too extravagant in the matter. Besides, she has for some time provided the family gifts for birthdays and Christmas. However, there is one feature of the matter that needs careful attention. Our boy, Bobby, aged ten, is not taken into the secret. He is supposed to assume that I buy his and my own gifts for his mother.

On this anniversary, being very much engaged, after throwing the burden on my wife's shoulders I did not even take the precaution to have the usual consultation with Bob as to what I should procure for him for his mother's birthday. The day before the anniversary came round I suddenly remembered the matter, reminded him of it and asked him what he would like to give. He prefers to pay for his gifts out of his own money and, having an eye to business, suggested candy, well knowing that nine-tenths of it would go into his own stomach. He gave me the money for the purchase, and I straightway informed his mother of his choice, telling her just what kind of sweets he preferred for her, or, rather, for himself.

My wife left a box containing my gift for her in my closet, and so busy was I that I never thought to look at it. The afternoon before her birthday we walked out together, and during the walk she dropped in at a candy store and, finding a better article than Bob had suggested for less money, bought it, carefully instructing me as to the reasons I should give Bob for the change from his order.

That evening I took Bob into my study, shut the door so that his mother could not overhear our conversation and showed him the candy, explaining at the same time why the change had been made. Unfortunately I told him double the price paid. He heard me through then said:

"Papa, I didn't suppose you would allow any one to make such a guy of you."

"What do you mean?" I asked, quite taken aback.

"To charge you 50 cents for half a pound of candy."

Not being able to explain the matter, I tried to get out of it by directing his attention elsewhere, so I took the box containing my own present for his mother from the closet and began to open it.

Now, it suddenly occurred to me that I was ignorant of the contents of that box. While unwrapping it Bob asked me several times what it was.

"You shall see," I said. But the impatient Bob did not see, for there was a knot in the string that bound it which I found it difficult to untie, so I kept repeating, "You shall see, my boy, what it is if you will only be patient."

When I got the cover off I discovered that the gift had been packed in excelsior, and I was obliged to hunt for it. This caused more delay, during which Bob continued to ask "What is it?" and I to reply "You shall see." But I was cornered after all, for when I produced a little round glass receptacle profusely gilded, with a hole in the cover, I didn't know what it was.

"What is it, papa?" again Bob queried, this time with a new meaning, for he had never seen one of the kind before any more than I had.

Here was a pretty predicament. I had bought a present for mother without knowing to what use it was to be put. That was a dead giveaway. I looked it over, turned it upside down and took off the lid, but for the life of me I could not make out for what it was intended. Finally I hazarded:

"Why, don't you know what that is, Bob? Why, it's a—a thing a lady puts on her bureau to hold powder, and that hole in the top is for the handle of the thing she puts the stuff on her face with. The handle sticks out through the hole."

Having said this I directed Bob's attention again to his own present, and he asked me if it would be allowable for him to take just one.

Having staggered through the matter with Bob and come out whole by the skin of my teeth, I went to his mother and said:

"For heaven's sake! Why didn't you tell me what was the gift you had bought for me to give you and what it was for?"

"I did, but you forgot."

"What is the thing anyway? I told Bob it was for face powder."

"It's a hair receiver."

"What's a hair receiver?"

"It's to put the hairs in that come out of a woman's head when she combs her hair."

"Do they go in at the hole in the top?"

"Of course."

"Well, we've escaped this time, but don't you ever buy any more presents for yourself or any one else without telling the giver beforehand what they are and what for."

1913=To Serve=1913

FACING 1913, we reflect that you and we are parts of this community, and that this community is and shall be just what all of us jointly make of it—no more; no less.

☞ The business house today that has no ideals is a decaying concern.

☞ Distinction, honor, achievement, romance but yesterday were military; today they are commercial.

☞ The Standards of our civilization are really the standards of our business affairs. Through the gates of commerce and industry march development, progress, the happiness of nations, the prosperity of generations unborn.

☞ We shall try as we have in the past, to realize our duties and our responsibilities and to fulfill them to the limit of our ability; to shrink no part of the communal burden that rightly belongs to us; to cultivate and maintain the desire to preform our work honestly and adequately, striving always to bear in mind that our mission is to serve.

Northern Idaho & Montana Power Co.

By J. G. FLYNN, LOCAL MANAGER

Right and Left.

The old English words "right" and "left" have come into more and more general use, and that, too, with the help of other than English people. For some years the words of command have been changed on the ships of a German transatlantic line. Instead of ordering a change of course by the old terms, "starboard" or "port," as the case might require, the same orders are now given by the shorter word "right" or "left." The change was made in the German navy at an earlier day.

It was not long ago that the English word "larboard" was used where we now use "port." There is no difficulty in seeing that two such words as "starboard" and "larboard" were unfit for their use, as they sounded too nearly alike. They were also too long. There is need of short, sharp words, which are easily distinguished. Often there is no time to correct an error, and a mistake is fatal. "Right" and "left" are short and sharp enough. If they differed more in sound they would serve all the better.—St. Louis Republic.

Up Against the Judge.

He was a Scottish advocate, and in his pleading he had several times pronounced the word "enow" for "enough."

"Mr. —," the judge remarked at length, "in England we sound the 'ough' as 'uff'—'enuff,' not 'enow.'" "Verra weel, ma lord," continued the self possessed pleader, "of this we have said enuff, and I come, ma lord, to the subdivision of the land in dispute. It was apportioned, ma lord, into what in England would be called pluffland—a pluffland being as much land as a pluffman can pluff in one day, and pluffman—"

But his lordship could not withstand the ready repartee and burst into a laugh, saying: "Pray proceed, Mr. —. We know 'enow' of the Scottish language to understand your arguments."—London Tit-Bits.

Geography of Blushing.

"Dogs blush," said a hunter. "Look at Carlo. I'll frighten him, and you'll see him blush plainly. Dogs blush in the tail."

He pretended that he was going to whip his hunting dog, and the animal showed the whites of its eyes in fright, while the skin of its white tail was, sure enough, suffused with blood. The tail blushed vividly.

"Horses," continued the huntsman, "blush in the ears, especially in the left ear. Cows and sheep blush just above the fetlock. Watch that spot on a cow. When she blushes there it's a sign she's nervous. Move the milk pail then, for she is likely to kick it over."

"Cats and mice and lions and tigers blush at the roots of their antennae, or whiskers."—New York Tribune.

With Apologies of the Fraternity.

Sir John Ashley had a curious habit of speaking about himself as "Ashley" and blending the third person singular with the first person in the most unusual way. This is how he used to relate what happened:

"Ashley went to the Derby, and I'm blessed if Ashley's ticker wasn't stolen from him. As it had been given me and I prized it, I went to the head pickpocket, with whom I was acquainted, and said, 'See here; they've taken Ashley's ticker.' The man blushed. 'Good Lord! You don't mean it, Sir John?' he stammered. 'Will you have the goodness to just wait 'ere? I'll be back in a jiffy.' He was back in three minutes with Ashley's ticker, which he handed over, saying most humbly as he did so: 'I 'ope, Sir John, you'll accept the apologies of the 'ole fraternity. It was quite a mistake, and it was done by a noo beginner.'—Westminster Gazette.

Bismarck Forgave.

Bismarck could forgive, but he wished to do it after proper solicitation. At the beginning of the Danish war Field Marshal Wrangle, who was at the head of the Prussian troops, was exceedingly annoyed at one point to be telegraphed not to advance farther, and he returned a message telling King William that "these diplomatists who spoli the most successful operations deserve the gallows." After that Bismarck ignored him completely, and one day they met at the king's table, where it was especially awkward to preserve a coldness. Wrangle called everybody "du," and presently he turned to Bismarck, who was seated next him, and said, "My son, canst thou not forget?" "No," was the curt reply. After a pause Wrangle began again, "My son, canst thou not forgive?" "With all my heart," said Bismarck, and the breach was healed.

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