

MAKING OF A MAN

By MILDRED CAROLINE GOODRIDGE.

"Oh, Lora, think what it means to me!"

"And, Dorothy, what of myself?"

"Rather what of Lewis Martin. Don't you see, dear, that it is his future, his success in the world that is at stake? Oh, I love him so! I love him so!"

"And I—"

Lora Bissell leaned her face with her arms and wept as though her heart would break. The eyes of the pale, thin, hectic-faced girl at her side were also glistening, but eagerness, selfishness, hope were the influences that moved her.

Never surely had a friend been called upon to make such a sacrifice as that demanded of Lora by her closest companion of years! That little parlor in the humble Bissell home was the center of a heart tragedy—intense, thrilling, unreal.

Both loved the same man—Lewis Martin. Lora had reason to believe that he would ask her to become his wife very shortly. Dorothy had also received many attentions from the brilliant ambitious young man who was their heart's desire.

"Listen to me, dear," urged Dorothy almost breathlessly. "You know that Lewis has in him the making of a great man. If he settles down in this sleepy town, what will be ever amount to? With my means he can have leisure to go on with the scientific education that will make of him an expert engineer. It will crown him with fame, while to bury himself here, almost a common workman, will lead to disappointment, to regret."

Lora stole a glance at the excited face of her companion. She knew from the daughter of a local physician that Dorothy had inherited the seeds of a fatal disease, that she might not live long. She recalled what the dead



It Read: "Come Quick I Am Dying."

mother of Dorothy had done for her own mother in a time of direst trouble.

Yes, she realized it all. She, Lora, had nothing to offer to Lewis Martin except love, and he had not yet asked for it. Perhaps he might never do it. If he married Dorothy it would add at least a brief period of bliss to that lonely heart. Lora steeled her heart to a mighty sacrifice. Dorothy's hand was pressed upon her own. It was feverishly hot. She pitied the longing spirit of the poor girl whose love was as consuming fire.

"Dorothy," she said, "I shall go away tomorrow to visit a distant relative. I shall remain away until I hear from you. When you have gained your heart's wish, and not until then, will I return."

"Bless you! Oh, bless you!" sobbed the grateful Dorothy. "I shall win Lewis Martin's heart, for it will break my own if I do not."

The very foundation of the life of Lora Bissell seemed shaken the next morning. A letter came from Lewis Martin. It asked permission to call upon her two evenings ahead. Between the lines she read a deep significance to the brief epistle. She did not answer it.

At last to her distant refuge there came a letter from Dorothy. She was married to Lewis Martin. The lines bubbled over with joy. She tried to solace her friend with gratitude unbounded. Bride and groom went away to the city. Lora returned to her home and took up anew the heavy burden of her loneliness and silenced love.

Only casually did she hear from the Martins during the next four years. A little child was born to them. The father was winning a high rank in his profession. Then there were rumors of a great financial crash in which the fortune of his wife was swept away. Then a report of a new position in the far north, superintending some railroad construction in the Yukon district. Then one day a rush telegram came to Lora. It was from Dorothy. It gave an address in a distant city. It read:

"Come, quick. I am dying."

It was no exaggeration. The pitiful heart of loyal Lora forgot all of the past save her steadfast girlhood love for the poor wife, whom she

found dying almost in the midst of poverty.

"Your husband, Mr. Martin?" was almost Lora's first question.

"Have you not heard?" inquired the wretched woman. "He was lost in a great snowstorm in the frozen north—no word for nearly a year. He is probably dead—and I dying! And the little child, Lora. I've named her after you. What of her?"

"Your relatives—"

"They have answered to no appeal since I lost my fortune," announced Dorothy despairingly.

Lora gazed with tears at the little child so soon to be orphaned.

"I will take the child, Dorothy," she said simply. "She shall have all that love can give to make her happy."

"Oh, may heaven bless you, my one true friend!" breathed the poor sufferer.

And then a new life opened to Lora Bissell. It seemed as if the child were a gift from heaven, sent to bring peace and love to her lonely life. So completely had Lora done her duty, that despite the sadness, the regret of the past, a great joy grew within her heart.

Two years went by and Lora cherished the little one as her own. And then one dark, stormy night she answered a knock at the door, to face, breathless, aghast, the returned wanderer—Lewis Martin.

He had a strange stirring story to tell. He was pale, thin, his eyes telling of suffering and deprivation. Lost in a terrific snowstorm, he had been found nearly dead by an obscure tribe of Indians who had carried him to their distant camp. Illness, the severe weather had held him practically a captive for two years.

He had returned to his former home with good prospects for employment to learn of his bereavement. He had traced his child to his present hostess.

"Aunt—mamma" spoke only a few words to little Mae, to have her understand that this was the papa of whom they thought every passing day of their lives.

"I have a good position offered me on the coast," replied Martin. "What shall I say to you, dear Miss Bissell, for what you have done for me and mine?"

Lora's heart was beating fiercely with emotion and apprehension. He had been taken away from her in the olden days. Was she now to be deprived of the solace of her lonely days, of little Mae?

"Oh, what an aunt-mamma she is!" cried the little one lovingly. "And we never forgot you, papa. See."

The speaker ran to a stand in an alcove and took up a framed photograph of Martin.

"Every night aunt-mamma makes me look at your picture and say my little prayers. Then she cries and kisses the picture."

Lora's face was flooded with blushes. She trembled all over.

"I know about—about your love and sacrifice for—for Dorothy," spoke Lewis Martin in a husky tone. "She told me—too late. You are one of God's grand women!"

His hand clasped her own. Now Lora looked up, and in the glance that swept from face to face there was no shadow of another parting.

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ACCOUNTING FOR AGE OF ICE

Scientists Have Put Forward Argument That It Was Due to Volcanic Dust in the Air.

A brief reference was recently made to the speculation of Prof. W. J. Humphreys that the great ice ages may have been caused by a veil of volcanic dust in the atmosphere, which reduced the heat from the sun. Dr. C. G. Abbot and F. E. Fowle and Professor Kimball, who keep the records of solar radiation in the United States, have shown that the Katmai volcanic dust cloud in the atmosphere in the summer of 1912 in the northern hemisphere so increased diffuse reflection into space and absorption of heat in the upper atmosphere that the usual amount of the sun's heat received at the earth's surface was diminished by one-tenth.

Observations of the amount of heat radiated from the earth's surface, made at the same time by A. K. Angstrom, show that on the other side of the account the presence of dust hindered the departure of heat from the earth's surface. But the effect of this hindrance was not so great as that offered to the reception of the solar heat—of which the wave length is shorter.

The net result of these opposite tendencies seems to have been a decrease of heat available to warm the lower atmosphere. Temperature observations of high level stations in Europe and America bear this out and show a marked decrease of temperature under the volcanic dust cloud at the end of June. Other periods in the last generation of marked decrease in the solar radiation received were the period 1883-1885, following the Krakatoa eruption; 1858-1859, after the great eruptions of Bandai-San, Mayun, and other volcanoes; and the period 1902-1904, following the tremendous eruptions of Santa Maria and Colima.

Coon Upsets Traditions.

Smoke, a pet coon belonging to Franklin Sauter of Monessen, Pa., has cast aside its hereditary instinct of enmity toward birds and adopted a brood of young guinea hens that had been hatched in the oven of Mr. Sauter's stove.

Naturalists and woodsmen in this section declare it is the only instance on record where a coon is known to have overcome his natural instincts to kill all feathered creatures.

HOW TO BUILD GOOD ROADS.

There is only one right solution of the road problem, and that is the construction of permanent roads. Every road built wholly or in part with funds provided by the state or federal government should have a length of life equal to the life of the bonds issued to raise the money to pay for them. The foundation, bridges, culverts and retaining walls at least should have such durability. Otherwise future generations will find themselves doubly burdened in paying off these old bonds and at the same time raising money for the rebuilding of the roads.

The use of bitumen or tar for binder in place of water increases the life of the macadam road and allays the dust nuisance, but does not provide a real, permanent road because such binders undergo chemical changes and disintegrate in time. The bituminous road is a great improvement on the ordinary water bound highway, however, particularly for light traffic. The first requirement of a permanent road is a foundation which will sustain heavy loads and which will not be affected by frost and water. All through roads between large centers of population should be built strong enough to sustain ordinary city traffic, because intercity traffic motor trucks and motor stages will be one of the great developments of the next quarter century, especially at distances of 100 miles and less. Such traffic is becoming an economic necessity because of freight congestion on the railroads and the requirements of long haul traffic.

Concrete appears to be the best and cheapest foundation material. In fact, no other material is needed to make a good road.—Leslie's Weekly.

\$18,000,000 BUILDS \$50,000,000 ROADS.

Savings Effected Through Cash Purchases and County Aid.

California's state highway commission has solved the problem of providing a \$50,000,000 system with the \$18,000,000 it has, in the opinion of Charles D. Blaney, a member of the board.

This has been accomplished for the most part, Blaney says, by paying cash for materials at a saving of from 25 to 45 per cent. Crushed rock has been bought for 45 cents a ton as against \$1.10 on time, and cement for from \$1.18 to \$1.30 a barrel as against from \$1.90 to \$2.40.

In this way, Blaney goes on to explain, lower bids are obtained from contractors, for they do not have to tie up from \$30,000 to \$50,000 in capital or go into debt for that amount.

Two million dollars is the estimated saving through this method.

Another \$7,000,000 saving is estimated in having towns and cities construct their own portions of the highways and by getting counties to give the rights of way and build the bridges.

A million more has been economized by inducing the railroads to haul the materials and machinery at half rates. The railroads have been glad to make this concession, Blaney says, because they realize that good roads mean increased passenger and freight revenues for them.

The 1,400 miles of trunk highway of the contemplated 2,700 miles are to be constructed with a concrete base, with asphalt or asphaltic concrete surface. The cost will be about \$800 a mile.

The 1,300 miles of laterals are to be constructed of local materials or simply well graded and drained, so that when the people vote the \$10,000 which will be necessary all that will be required will be to put on the surfacing.

The greatest grade will be 6 per cent. Oregon and Washington have so made their highway plans as to form a connection with the California system, which will give a road from Canada to Mexico with the same maximum grade.

The California system will be completed by the time the world's fair opens. The fees from automobile licenses will keep it in repair.

OHIO AS A ROADMAKER.

The State Will Expend \$7,000,000 in Good Roads.

Ohio will expend \$7,000,000 for good roads this year. This will exceed all the money it has put in good roads since the enactment of the state aid law for that purpose eight or more years ago. Beginning this year, Ohio will step to the front in state road construction. The Hite law making a half mill levy on the grand duplicate of the state is largely responsible for this.

Highway Commissioner Marker estimates that between \$4,000,000 and \$5,000,000 will be raised by this and other laws of the state. Added to this will be something like \$3,000,000 which will be raised by the counties, all of which will be for good roads.

Eighty-five counties have petitioned the state highway department for a total of more than 7,000 improved highways. Sixty-one counties have asked for all they can get under the road building act. Commissioner Marker says that the department will be kept busy for several years building the improved highways petitioned for.

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