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Regular prices on this line of Teapots run from

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**Churchill Hardware Co.**

THE WINCHESTER STORE


# CLASSIFIED SECTION

**ALL NEW ADS WILL BE FOUND ON BACK PAGE**

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FOR SALE—$5,000 of 8% bonds with some common or preferred stock bonus to finance a pole treating plant near Roseburg. Security 3 times issue. Address "W. R.," care News-Review.

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WANTED — Housekeeper. R. O. Chaney, Box 215, Myrtle Creek, Ore.

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## MISCELLANEOUS

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# HIGH FLIGHT

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BY RUTH DEWEY GROVES

AUTHOR OF "WHEN A GIRL LOVES" "LOVE FOR TWO" etc.

THIS HAS HAPPENED

Jerry Ray decides that love is a delusion and makes up her mind to marry for money. She works in a store and denies herself petty luxuries to save for a vacation at Atlantic City. But her money is stolen the night before her departure, and she is stunned by the loss. Nothing remains but to go camping with her room-mate, Myrtle, on the north shore of Long Island.

But their camp is wrecked the first evening when an airplane crashes into it. Young Alester Carstairs, from an adjoining estate, was taking a lesson from his pilot, Dan Harvey. They escape injury; also Myrtle, but Dan picks Jerry up unconscious from a blow on the head. He is holding her in his arms when she comes to. Then Alester sends Dan for the doctor and pays Myrtle for the damage.

The doctor finds Jerry not seriously injured, but desires to make a fuller examination next day. Alester claims the right to drive her there and afterward insists on taking her to an inn for dinner. Jerry refuses to drink the liquor set before her, which seems to amuse Alester. He introduces her to Leontine Lebaudy, hostess, and Jerry senses the fact that Leontine is jealous of her. She is glad to see Dan enter and come to their table, although this gives Leontine a chance to dance with Alester.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

CHAPTER VII

"All right," Alester said grudgingly, "I'll come to your party since you're so irresistible, but only upon one condition."

Leontine caught her breath. She did not like the firmness in his voice.

"You will have to ask Miss Ray also," Alester added after a significant pause.

Leontine flashed daggers at him, but she said nothing until she could force herself to speak indifferently. Whatever else Leontine Lebaudy was capable of she could practice self control. But she wouldn't give in without a struggle.

"Really, Alester," she said with a nervous smile, "Miss Ray is hardly the sort of person to ask to one of our parties."

Alester did not smile back at her.

"Why?" he asked.

Leontine shrugged.

"Well . . . her appearance for one thing. She looks like a rummage sale and she's a complete washout as far as pep goes. She'd be a wet blanket!"

"You're jealous," Alester told her brutally. "Miss Ray had a nasty blow on the head yesterday. You'd go to bed for a week if anything like that happened to you."

Leontine bit her lip.

"Just the same . . ." she began. "Just the same you will have to ask her if you want me," Alester interrupted.

"Oh, all right," Leontine flared. "Bring her. But see that she has something decent to wear."

"Leave that to me," Alester replied.

* * *

Leontine was now thoroughly aroused over Jerry. She guessed that Alester had brought the girl to the Rolling Stone Inn just to torment her, but he was carrying his interest in Jerry a little too far, she thought, when he insisted upon having her at a party in which she could not possibly fit.

How had he met a girl like that, anyway? A 10-cent girl who didn't drink! She'd never known Alester to care for anything so simple before.

She put the question to him but Alester would not tell her how he had crashed the girls' camp. Very well, she told herself, she would get the information from Jerry! And spike any growing ambition the girl might have at the same time.

"I'm sorry I didn't know you had an accident," she said sweetly to Jerry when she and Alester returned to the table. "Stupid of me not to see that you have a bandage under your bandeau."

Jerry regarded her in surprise. Her sudden pleasantness was puzzling.

"Miss Ray ought to go home," Dan said crisply.

Leontine smiled at Jerry.

"But I wish you'd come up to my rooms first," she said. "You can rest a few minutes. It would refresh you for the drive back to . . . where is it you are living?"

"New York."

It was Alester who gave the information before Jerry had a chance to speak. She did not correct him to say that she was camping on the North Shore. She knew that these two were thrusting at each other with double-edged words. Jerry had enough sense to keep quiet when she did not know the ground.

* * *

But Leontine's invitation to rest in her room appealed to her. She felt queerly weak and faint. She rose and while Dan stood, watching grimly, and Alester turned a bemused expression upon them, she walked off with Leontine.

They passed up broad, uncarpeted stairs to a long and wide upper hall. Open doors offered glimpses into private rooms luxuriantly furnished. In one suite waiters were preparing for a private party. Jerry saw a bowl of orchids on the table and thick yellow candles in silver candlesticks.

She realized then that Leontine's place was a rendezvous for smart people. No wonder the waiters had looked askance at her.

Leontine threw open a heavy mahogany door and stepped into a large room, holding the door open for Jerry to follow.

"Lie down on the chaise longue," she said hospitably and motioned toward what Jerry would have called the sofa. It was covered with a lace spread and many small silk pillows. Jerry knew something about lace and the idea of reposing upon a spread such as this seemed almost sacrilege to her—until she concluded herself that wealthy people used their best things.

"Have you any smelling salts?" she asked [illegible], remembering those the [illegible] butler had brought to camp.

"I'll get you some eau de Cologne," the other replied and closed the door. Jerry sank upon the chaise longue and breathed a sigh of relief. She had not known how weak she really was.

* * *

Leontine hurried into an adjoining room. In a moment she was back with a large crystal bottle. Some of its contents she poured on a soft linen towel and began to bathe Jerry's forehead. She had wondered about the girl's complexion. It was almost too perfect to be natural. And yet Jerry obviously was not a patron of a beauty parlor capable of imparting such magic smoothness and luscious color to her skin by artificial means. Such service would be priceless, Leontine knew, if it could be found.

Still it surprised her to discover that Jerry had no makeup at all on her face. The light powder she used came away with the cologne only to reveal a skin which made Leontine think that powdering it was indeed an instance of gilding the lily.

Jerry lay with her eyes closed, unaware of Leontine's critical yet reluctant admiration and growing hatred. The cool, quiet room and soothing fragrance of the cologne helped her to relax.

Leontine left her for a moment and when she returned Jerry opened her eyes. Leontine was smoking a long, brown cigaret.

"Have one?" she invited. Jerry shook her head and Leontine smiled crookedly. She was beginning to see, so she told herself, what there was about Jerry that intrigued Alester. Novelty, of course.

She doubted if, in all his acquaintances, there was a girl who neither smoked nor drank. Until he met Jerry. Other nice girls—how she despised that word—might exist in his set. Leontine supposed that they did, but Alester, she knew, had not been interested in them.

* * *

It would be easier now to know what to do. If she could only get Jerry to talk, to tell how far matters had gone between them—Jerry and Alester. She was gratifyingly certain that Alester had not entirely lost his interest in her; his jealousy proved it. He could enjoy the novelty of Jerry without bringing her to the Rolling Stone Inn. Leontine assured herself. His doing so convinced her that he wanted to hurt. But she knew that a casual interest in the beginning oftentimes leads to a deeper attraction.

Jerry's novelty must be destroyed!

"I must go now," Jerry said, sitting up.

"Are you feeling better?" Leontine inquired.

Jerry nodded.

"Much, thank you," she said.

"I hope you will be in shape for a party on the fifteenth," Leontine said cordially. "It's going to be quite an affair. Alester wants to bring you. He seems to be pretty much enamored," she added, watching Jerry closely from behind a smiling mask.

Jerry hesitated to answer. She felt at loss with Leontine. Finally: "He hasn't asked me," she said simply. That would not commit her.

"He will," Leontine replied laconically. "Rather unusual, your meeting, wasn't it?" she added, hitting in the dark. It must be so, she believed, and if Jerry could be led to think that she knew about it she might talk.

Jerry was taken in by the trick. She knew that Alester had told Leontine of her accident. It did not occur to her to suppose that he had omitted the story of the crash.

"Yes, it was," she admitted, and then because she felt that she had not been sufficiently appreciative of Leontine's kindness she told her how Alester Carstairs and Dan Harvey had dropped in from out of the sky on their newly erected camp and destroyed it.

* * *

It was only after she had come to the end of her narrative that she remembered Alester's answer to Leontine's question about her residence. She wondered if she had said too much. And Leontine could get no more information from her.

Leontine had been sitting by her. "Well," she said, getting up. "I hope nothing will keep you from coming to my party. It's my birthday."

Suddenly she lifted an arm and drew Jerry's attention to an inch-wide diamond bracelet that she had put on since coming upstairs. "Alester gave me this last year," she said boastfully. And then, looking curiously at Jerry, "He's very generous, but I suppose you know that."

Jerry flushed.

Jerry flushed.

"He's been very generous in settling for the damage his plane did," she said coldly.

She more than suspected now that Leontine was a first class gold digger. "If she thinks she can put me in that class she's mistaken," Jerry told herself.

Leontine smiled secretly over Jerry's obvious resentment. She had wanted to make it difficult for Alester to see that Jerry was properly gowned for the party. If Jerry came, looking like a frump . . .

Leontine believed she had scored a trick.

(To Be Continued).


# Feels Like Winter

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## Around the County

DRAIN NEWS

Rev. C. L. Wood and wife spent the fore part of the past week visiting with the latter's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Tresham, who reside near McMinnville. Rev. Wood is pastor of the local Methodist church.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Christensen and children of Salem and Mr. and Mrs. Chester Phillips of Gresham, spent last week-end at the parental Delk home, returning to their respective homes late Sunday evening.

Lester Wimberly, who is employed in a large furniture store in Eugene, spent Sunday here with his parents and went on to Roseburg Monday morning to attend the celebration of Armistice Day.

At the regular city election held here on general election day, last Tuesday, the following were elected to serve the city for the ensuing two years: Clarence Leonard, Mayor; R. J. Spalding, John Swearingen, A. H. Monson and Wm. E. Coons, councilmen; Geo. McCollum, Recorder, and Dwight Reed, treasurer. There was no contest, except for the office of recorder, in which Thos. Krewson, Sr., ran against George McCollum, the latter winning by a margin of 21 votes. A total of about 150 votes was cast.

Milton, the young son of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Bartholomy, who has been in a Eugene hospital for the past four or five weeks for treatment of a leg injury, is said to be showing some improvement during the past ten days and may be able to come home upon. The injury appeared to result from a bruise near the knee, the entire shin bone becoming involved necessitating even the removal of the marrow of the bone.

Mrs. Allie Ellenburg, widow of late James Ellenburg, received telegraphic information late Sunday evening that her brother, Charles Hileman, had been killed while hunting at some point in Idaho. From the meager information received it is believed that he was mistaken for a deer by a companion or other hunter, as the season for hunting had just opened in that state.

A. M. Whitham, who has been conducting a grocery and furnishing goods store here for the past three years, is holding a closing out sale of his stock and expects to remove soon to southeast Portland where he has made arrangements to conduct a similar store.

Mr. and Mrs. Bert Swearingen, of Portland, were visitors here during the past week and were also looking after business matters.

According to records of the local cooperative weather observer for the U. S. weather bureau the past season, with one exception, has been the driest of any of the twenty-six years during which record has been kept here. The rainfall from May 1 to October 31, six months, was only four inches, the average for that period being 8.70 inches. The highest rainfall was 16.65 inches, in 1924, and the lowest 3.16 inches in 1917.

Rev. Sam J. Chaney, district superintendent of the Methodist church for the southern district of Oregon, was here Sunday evening and preached to the local congregation, following which the first quarterly conference of the current year was held here.

Arundel, piano tuner. Phone 189-L.

## BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES

Steve Is Sittin' Pretty

By Martin

## FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS

Our Hero!

By Blosser

## SALESMAN SAM

Guzz Is a Good Egg!

By Small