

WORKOUT AT ELGIN SUNDAY

LA GRANDE TEAMS TO MAKE EARLY JOURNEY

Both Elgin and La Grande Need Pre-Season Practices

Next Sunday Elgin and La Grande will play a pre-season workout game at Elgin for the benefit of both teams. The official opening of the Eastern Oregon league is two weeks away, but the coming Sunday will be given over to workouts which both teams need badly. Heck McInnis, charge de affaires at this end, and Leonard Morelock, high cockorum at the Elgin end, are both anxious to put their first-game men through the spouts. Just who will go to Elgin Sunday for the workout, has not been announced to date.

Wallowa March 23. (Special)—The track work is coming on well, and a large squad is turning out every day. There will probably be no cross country run held among the classes, as not very much interest is being shown toward this event. All those who run the long distances, are training for the long distance events, that will be held in the track meets. The class meet will be held somewhat earlier this year than it has been held before, if the weather continues good, as the date for the meet will probably be, Friday, April 9. It is thought that all the men will be in fair condition by this time, and it will enable coach Botta to get a line on the men, in preparation for the Eastern Oregon meet.

Pendleton's bowlers are home from Spokane tournament, and the East Oregonian goes on to say that:

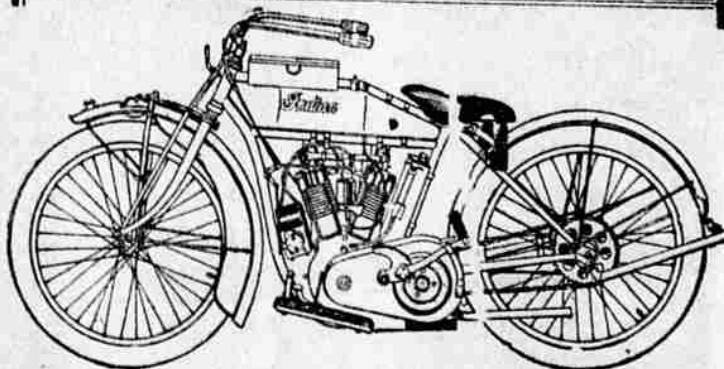
With third money in the doubles tucked in their belt, the Pendleton bowlers who represented this city at the northwest tournament in Spokane returned yesterday. Captain Fred J. McMonies and Loren Hoover, by rolling 1212 Saturday afternoon, captured the third honors in the doubles. McMonies rolled 591 pins, while



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LEIGHTON'S GARAGE

CAN SHE SWIM? WELL SHE RATHER THINKS SO.



Margaret Cunningham

Margaret Cunningham, a school girl of Indianapolis, has her eye on Annette Kellermann's laurels. Margaret, who is only 13 years old, is the best girl swimmer in Indianapolis and she has several medals to prove it. Her record is 40 yards in 28 seconds.

The young swimmer is the first swimmer of her sex to be admitted to membership in the Central division of the A. A. U.

Hoover knocked over 321 pins in the three games.

To get in the money at all with so many crack bowlers a reputation at the tournament, Walla Walla was unable to land any of the coveted honors. The Lacrosse Club of Vancouver, won the team first with 2838 pins with the team of the Olympia Brewing Co., of Spokane only two pins behind.

Meyers of Pendleton made 579 in the singles, Book 567, Hoover 551, McDevitt 469 and McMonies 459. Nick Noel, bowling for Walla Walla, rolled 488.

In the doubles, besides Hoover and McMonies, Pendleton had McDevitt and Book entered. They rolled 1080, McDevitt scoring 586 and Book 494.

Roads Effect Coal Price. Pendleton, Mar. 22.—It is the belief of A. J. McAllister, local druggist and vice president of the Commercial Club, that through securing a hard surface road to the Columbia the people of Pendleton and other parts of the county will be able to cut as much as three dollars a ton off the local price for coal.

At the present time, says Mr. McAllister, approximately one-half the coal price goes for freight. With the opening of the river we will get access to Australian coal which is imported to this country as ballast. Then within a few years the government will have the Alaskan coal fields and that coal will be shipped south by boat. Mr. McAllister has made considerable study of freight rates and estimates that with trucks operating over a hard surface road to the Columbia freight rates to Pendleton will be materially lowered. He estimates that the first class rate from Atlantic points to Pendleton via the water route and a hard surface road can be lowered to \$1.32 as against the present rail rate upwards of \$3.60.

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THE MASTER KEY.

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CHAPTER XXVI.

Wilkerson Again on the Trail. It had not been difficult for Harry Wilkerson and Mrs. Darrell to trace Faversham and his party from the time they landed to their arrival in Blima. But the idol itself, the object of their quest, still concealed its whereabouts in spite of the most minute inquiries. "We'll simply have to watch Dorr," Wilkerson said at last. "We know he



Jean Darnell Sullenly Agreed.

is on the trail, and we'll just follow him. Sooner or later we'll catch him." Jean Darnell sullenly agreed, but privately confided to Drake that she thought Wilkerson had lost his nerve. The climate did not suit her, nor the food, nor the primitive modes of travel, and her temper grew worse and worse. Drake promised to do some investigating on his own hook. He was once more completely under the woman's domination, and he dreamed of finding the precious master key and so putting Wilkerson out of the running. Strangely enough, the man, weakly vicious as he was, was possessed by an honest and whole souled love for Jean.

She knew this, and at times her tawny eyes rested on him with unmitigated affection, but she knew perfectly well that she would choose Wilkerson provided he made good by gaining the master key and uncovering the wealth of the great mother lode.

It was Drake who brought the news of the riot in the temple and the outcome of Dorr's attempt to steal the idol. "He was disguised and thought he could get away with it," he went on. "But the priests were too quick for him."

Wilkerson's shifty eyes narrowed. "I'll get that idol!" he boasted. "I forgot to tell you that the idol isn't there any longer," Drake continued. "From what I could learn the temple wasn't considered a safe place for it, and it's disappeared." "Where to?" demanded Wilkerson. "That I couldn't find out. It was rather risky asking too much anyway."



"The idol isn't there any longer," Drake continued.

but a white man who lives with the natives hinted that they had taken it up the river into the hills.

With this slight clue both Drake and Wilkerson toiled unweariedly until they had established the fact that the idol had indeed been sent into another part of the country for safe keeping.

Then they prepared to follow, having found out that Dorr and Faversham had vanished and were supposed also to have gone hillward.

Mrs. Darnell most unwillingly consented to stay behind, but yielded when Drake set before her the difficulties and perils of the road they must take.

Both men promised to be gone only so long as would be needful to recover the idol, and to both separately she made it plain that she had gone as far as she would in helping them.

The two men found a couple of half-bloods to their liking and by judicious expenditure of money managed to get together a small band to accompany them into the hills.

It was impressed upon them that the

trip was dangerous and that the Lili men frequently dropped what small pretense they offered of peaceableness and warred on friend and foe alike.

It was through these also that they learned more specifically the route taken by the priests in charge of the idol.

Equipped at last, they started forth and for two days kept pretty closely to the river, which wound about through the hills, mounting slowly to its source in the mountains.

Several times they heard of Faversham and Dorr, but Wilkerson refused to turn aside or delay once on the trail of the idol. And at last they came within view of the little cavalcade which was escorting the god to a place of safety.

Vile as were the men he had hired, Wilkerson dared not trust them too far. He knew that they were superstitious, and he feared that when it came to a battle between avarice and inborn terror of the supernatural he would be left in the lurch.

So he warned Drake not to appear too anxious and by no means to let their followers know that they intended to seize the image and take it away with them.

"But if the papers are in that idol," Drake protested, "we ought to be able to get them and replace the old image, with nobody a jot the worse."

"That may be possible," was the response. "On the other hand, the plans may be concealed so that it will take time to find them."

They discussed a dozen plans and finally decided that the next night the two of them, accompanied only by their guide, should make the trial.

"But supposing they have the image, where shall we find it?" questioned Drake. "They have a lot of stuff in their packs, and you may be sure they have concealed the idol well. Unless they feared its being stolen again they wouldn't be going to all this pains."

"We'll find it all right," was Wilkerson's sole response.

The evening came when they were to put their scheme to the test. Their own little company made camp and after supper gradually went to sleep.

It was 10 o'clock when Wilkerson nodded to Drake, and they quit their places by the dying fire.

Outside of the circle they met the man who was to guide them, and one glance at his brutal face showed Wilkerson that he was once more confronted with a problem.

The man made no bones of demanding a large extra sum in compensation for his risks and intimating with extreme plainness that in case his exorbitant blackmail was not paid he would not only not accompany them, but put it out of their power to go alone.

For an hour Wilkerson bargained and haggled, but all to no purpose. At last he gave in and practically stripped himself of coin, while the other pocketed without a thank you.

The three of them started forth under a glimmering moon toward the priests' camp, a mile or so away by a spring.

Half an hour's steady tramping brought them within eyeshot of the place, and Wilkerson went ahead to spy out the lay of things.

When he came back he roughly told Drake, in reply to his question, that the idol must be in one of the pack sacks lying about.

"It's a case of sneak up and get a sack each of us and then look for the idol in it," he said.

"All right!" Drake growled. "But it's risky business. In case of a muss where'll we meet again?"

"At our own camp," Wilkerson whispered and led the way.

When they came close to the spot where the natives were asleep the three of them paused and listened.

Presently Wilkerson gave a silent signal that no one was awake, and they crept up among the baggage.

The first two sacks yielded nothing and Wilkerson was reaching out for one that seemed bulkier than the rest when their guide coughed and instantly a couple of the priests awakened.

Seeing strangers, they gave an alarm, and one, apparently a soldier, fired off an ancient musket so close to Drake that he ineffectually dropped his burden and fled.

He heard Wilkerson cursing behind him, a couple of more shots and then took to his heels in good earnest as he heard rapid footsteps.

A moment later Wilkerson had caught up to him, panting and dragging the sack, which he had refused to surrender.

Between them they carried it on further and then rested in a slight hollow till their guide came up.

"If the idol isn't in this sack," Wilkerson said with a snarl, "I'll go back and shoot up the whole outfit and get it."

When the things were out and the great bag opened the first object that met their eyes was the image they sought, glimmering in the half light.

The moment he saw it and knew that his quest was ended Wilkerson flung the rest of the stuff away and boldly got to his feet.

"Now for our own camp. We'll just see where those plans are," he growled. Drake and the guide both protested in vain.

Safely away from pursuit, they lit a light and examined their find.

"It's the same one," Wilkerson said triumphantly.

"Made of metal, too," said Drake slowly. "Now, where are the plans?"

"Inside of it!" announced his companion, beating on the idol with his knuckles. "Now to find out the opening."

It did not take long for him to discover the movable eye, and when he had pulled that out he thrust his fin-

ger in and withdrew it with a foldal paper.

"Safe and sound," he exclaimed, dropping the image to the ground, where



The First Object That Met Their Eyes Was the Image They Sought.

it lay staring grotesquely at the stars through its single eye.

Drake and Wilkerson carefully examined their find, and Wilkerson laughed almost hysterically.

"The gold isn't a thousand feet from the main tunnel of the 'Master Key' mine," he said triumphantly and thrust the plans into his bosom before Drake could see more.

"If those plans are lost or anything happens to you," Drake said, with an ugly note in his voice, "all our trouble goes for nothing. I am entitled to a copy of those plans."

Wilkerson laughed in his face, and the expression on his saturnine visage made even the brutal guide cringe backward.

"Give you a copy?" he snarled. "When I've hunted for them all these years and suffered the agonies of hell on account of them? They're mine! All that gold is mine! Mine! Mine, I tell you!"

This last he almost shouted into the still air, and Drake drew back.

The man was mad.

"At least let them have their idol," he muttered, picking it up.

Wilkerson snatched it away from him with a gesture at once childish and murderous.

"I think I'll keep this for a memento," he cried, careless of who might hear him.

He stood up, the image in his grasp, and before the sound of his blasphemy

Drake and the guide crept away in silent horror.

And not far distant Faversham sat vigilant by the side of his camp watch-

ing over the sleep of Ruth Gallon. Possibly it was an echo of Wilkerson's savage cry of triumph that stirred her in her dreams. She sighed and reached out one slender hand. It touched that of John Dorr and rested there as if she had found safety. Sir Donald saw that movement, and his eyes burned with jealousy. But he did not move, keeping his ears open for the faintest shadow between his charges and the horizon.

(To be Continued.)

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