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OCTOBER 2, 1919



Moltie had been playing a same, s very interesting and secret game, and she had never been so happy in all her life. The game was "Hide and Seek." of an entirely new, and romantic nature, and Mollie returned from her last exploit in high, but subdued spirits.

Eleanor, the married sister, whom she visited, must not suspect the delightful pastime of her summer afternoons. Elennor, strictly conventional, would be horror stricken. The secret game had begun by chance, and on Mollie's side was the advantage.

When she had arisen early one inviting morning slipping sliently down past closed rooms to a dewy garden beneath, she had intended to take but a brief dip in the sen, and when Mollie. disporting herself among the waves, looked down the isolated beach, she fancied herself monarch-or perhaps monarch "ess," of all she surveyed.

As she sat upon a great stone in the early sunshine, she saw, however, that another as ambitious as she, was ewimming about in the blue.

Mollie in embarrassment, darted again into the waver, going further out than she had heretofore ventured, and being roughly brought to her senses by the swimmer himself.

"It is dangerous for you to be out here alone," he said. "I am returning to the hotel. You'd better come back." Mollie suddenly weakened, requested breathlessiy, his help.

When the two reached the shore, she resting in the warm sands, thanked him, beginning in her pretty way, a sort of 'holding' conversation.

The man at least was held by it, for be made no motion to carry out his Moille, and, do make a pleasing im-Intention of returning to the hotel, pression, dear. Mr. Sutherland's opin-And this was Mollie's advantage from |ion is worth while.

in her rescuer, a certain noted curate from the city, whose arrival at the resort had been heralded a few days before. Eleanor, Indeed, was an attendant at his city church. But the curate himself was left un-

enlightened as to Mollie's knowledge of his identity, and ignorant of her own. It was as they were pleasantly chatting that she waved her hand In quick farewell, and literally disappeared.

Mr. Sutherland, Eleanor Innocently, regretted, was returning to the city at the end of the fortnight and she feared she would have no opportunity of entertaining him at the cottage.

Mollie, in her secret planning, deided to completely disappear from Mr. Sutherland's life before the end of his formight, leaving to him ever after but a romantic, and, she hoped, a pleasing memory.

So, she was seated demurely reading in the rector's favorite book as he came down into the glen. Her dress was blue cotton her white collar and cuffs neat and plain.

Her wide eyes expressed surprise at the rector's appearance. His keen eyes expressed pleasure. When Mollie would have politely departed, he begged her to remain.

The sun proclaimed the noon luncheon hour, when she finally took from Mr. Sutherland, the volume of poems

which he had been reading aloud. "Good-bye," laughed Mollie, and was instantly lost to view among the trees. Though the rector arose in quest of her, Mollie was gone. Which branching path she had chosen he did not know. But he went back to his sent beneath the oak-to sit again and dream of her. Then at last, Elennor brought Mollie's fascinating

game to an unexpected end. "Mr. Sutherland, the rector is coming to dinner at five tonight," she said.

"I cannot be back from our motor trip. until six. Be here to welcome him,

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Mollie sighed. So she was to have no memory romance after all, and to the man she would be but a commonplace girl, in a commonplace, modern

Kelso, Wash.—Fire of unknown origin, starting at midnight Saturday, burned 5,000,000 shingles in the dry kilns of the McLane Lumber & Shingle company here and an additional 5-000,000 stored in sheds and three car-loads on a track adjacent. Working damage estimated at \$100,000. A brick firewall separated the main mill from the blaze and it was saved by heroic work of Kelso firemen, the crew and volunteers. The fire, which was the worst in the history of Kelso, suddenly broke YOU ARE REQUIRED to appear and answer the Complaint filed asinst you in the above entitled Court and Cause on or before the Trenth day of October, 1919, which is the ime prescribed by the Honorable T. E. J. Duffy, Judge of the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon, for Crook County, and if you fall court for the relief demanded in this Com-plaint, towit: For a Decree foreclosing a Mortgage upon the Northeast quarter, North

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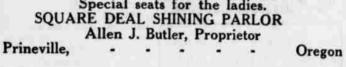
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Freda was admitting the tall figure of the rector as she reached the foot of the stairs. It was impossible for Mollie to retreat. In desperation she slipped into a hall closet beneath the stairs.

bome.

Oregon

Mollie knew after a suffocating lapse In the closet that he had made himself comfortable for a long wait. Hopefully Mollie fumbled along the wall. finding there evidently a maid's enveloping apron. Frantically she stuffed her hair into the starched cap's crown, her feet, sandals and all, went into the shoes, then Mollie opened the closet door.

The rector stared and Mollie stared at a reflection of herself in the mirror. Freda's borrowed apron was far from clean. Mollie's hair was escaping from Freda's cap. Speechlessly, she fled up the stair.

It was Freda who knocked presently at Mollie's door.

"That man," she said, disgustedly, 'says he must speak to 'other mald.' He don't believe me that I'm the only maid. You go tell him."

With the laughter light of hide and seek' still in her eyes. Mollie came, very prottily dressed down the statr. Eleanor returning later, was astonished to hear her rector happily proclaiming:

"I'm going to see that you stay found, now that I have you at last, Mollie dear."

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From a One-Armed Man

The triumph over the disability of lost limb is not only exemplified in the case of the one-legged cricketer. "There is no need to be downhearted about a lost leg or arm," writes a correspondent. "I have lost my left arm and can do practically everything that a man with two arms can.

"I can tle my tle as neatly and quickly as I ever did, lace my boots, ride a borse and bicycle, drive a borse and trap, drive a motor, play billiards (using a block of weighted wood with three groves in it as a rest), golf, hockey, tennis and swim quite easily." -London Chronicle,

out in the kiln farthest from the mill. The night crew was working at the time, but when it was discovered the men found they were unable to cope with it, as it spread so rapidly,

