

MILWAUKIE & NORTHERN CLACKAMAS

Oak Grove News

OAK GROVE, Nov. 4.—Miss Charlotte Merriot entertained her Sunday School class of 12 girls at a dinner party Thursday evening, October 27, at her home at Silver Springs.

Miss F. Kilgore was quite ill on Tuesday and her place on election board was filled by Joe Fahy.

Mrs. C. A. Lewis passed away Thursday of last week after a long illness. The funeral was held Saturday and her many friends extend sympathy to the bereaved family.

Harvey G. Starkweather discussed the measures Sunday evening at the church before Epworth League and friends.

The Helpers Club enjoyed a hallowe'en party last Friday night at the home of the secretary Miss Kathryn Olson. Twenty six were present. The guests attired in ghostly or hallowe'en attire were ushered into the darkened rooms where black cats' eyes and pumpkin faces glared at them. The hallowe'en fortune teller was there and many stories told by the ghosts to make one's blood curdle in the veins. After an hour the lights were turned on and the apple paring contest and animal hunt were enjoyed in which Edith Fernwick won a prize for downing animals enough to succeed in giving her the largest number of pounds found by any one person.

A prize was given for best gowned ghost and was won by Edith Norberg and Daisy Hubbard who appeared as twins and Evelyn Little won the prize for keeping her identity concealed the longest for not until they unmasked was it known.

Dancing was indulged in and hallowe'en refreshments were served. And all were loth to return to their homes.

Mrs. R. R. Davenport is quite ill at her home.

Little Eugene Vernon was quite ill last week but reported . . .

Several of the members of the Social Service Club of Oak Grove, Milwaukie surprised Mrs. V. G. Benzie at her new home, Saturday taking good things to eat as a memento and to assist her with her meals as having just moved and her house not in order cooking was a difficult problem. The ladies acted the part of the Good Samaritan and with the good things sent in by those who could not be present more than one good meal was enjoyed by the hostess without much labor for her and this act of kindness was much appreciated by her.

Prof. Stroud entertained the seventh and eighth grade at his home Saturday evening.

To observe Hallowe'en, Miss Elizabeth K. Matthews, principle of "The Out-of-door Development School" at Courtney station, entertained the pupils attending her school.

Friday morning the children in the Kindergarten and Primary made appropriate articles and light refreshments were served. In the evening from seven until ten the pupils in the 5th, 6th, 7th and 8th grades were on-

tainied, coming in appropriate costumes.

Before the open fire place, corn was popped, marshmallows toasted and chestnuts roasted. Bobbing apples caused much merriment, dancing and games were enjoyed. Doughnuts and cider as a repast were served during the evening.

The "Log Bangalow" and veranda were very uniquely decorated.

The Dark Mirror

by
Louis Joseph Vance

Author of "The False Faces,"
"The Lone Wolf," Etc.

Illustrated by
IRWIN MYERS

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But not tomorrow—not right away."
"Why?"
"Let me go—I'll tell you." He released her. She stepped back, shaken with love and fright, looking fearfully up and down the street.

"I can't marry you just yet. I've got to break with Red so he won't know it wasn't him that broke with me. And I've got other things to do—things I can't tell you about. Mario—things I've got to tend to before I can marry you. But you can trust me: I've promised, and I will as soon as ever I can . . . Her voice quavered, and she thrust out her hands, fending off his arms.

"Please don't kiss me again, please let me go now. If anybody saw us and told Red . . ."

He made a sign of submission. "As



"You Love Me, Leonora—at Last"

(Continued From Page 8)

But this vision was swiftly dissipated by recrudescence of that fear which Red inspired, in honest conviction that no earthly power could save her from his vengeance.

"You don't know Red." She shook her head solemnly in a spirit of fatal prophecy. "He'd croak you, too; he'd croak us both."

Mario smiled faintly. "I am not afraid."

"You're not afraid of dying?"

"What is life without your love?" He had a thoughtful moment. "Who knows but death may prove infinitely more wonderful than this life of ours? There is but one way of finding out . . ."

She heard him in a stare. The woman in her could hardly be unaffected by the handsome gravity of that extraordinary countenance, whose salient features gained so much through that Rembrandtesque play of deep shadows and dull light. Under the spell of his mentality she acknowledged now for the first time that he was essential; all else was nothing. And of a sudden care fastened cruel claws upon her heart and wrung from it a cry of self-betrayal.

"Maybe you're not afraid, Mario. I don't believe you are. But I am—afraid for you. I wish you'd go away."

"You love me!" Her hands lifted in protest; he caught and inclosed them both in his own. His shadowed face and eyes grew luminous, his sonorous accents vibrated with emotion. "You love me, Leonora—at last."

He was drawing her steadily toward him, all her strength seemed to have ebbed from her limbs. There was madness in the beating of her heart, madness mounting like mist into her brain. Now she was in his arms, and glad. His lips closed on hers. For a long breath she was a mere thing of feeling senses.

"You love me?"

"I don't know," she murmured—"maybe . . ."

"Tomorrow you will marry me, and we will go away—"

Stung by realization of what had happened, she struggled to be free. "I don't know—perhaps—yes, I will

reviewing the company with quizzical gaze.

Though both windows were open, closed shutters prevented any draught you will, so be it, Leonora. I will see you again—when?"

"Tomorrow. I'll give you a ring about noon and fix to meet you—up-town somewhere, I guess. Now—I've got to run. Good-night . . . dear."

He uttered in resignation: "Good-night." With a flickering smile of fondness she turned and left him, her slight young figure flitting swiftly through the shadows. Beneath the lamp at the far street corner, she turned, looked back, saw him motionless where she had left him, surmised his look of longing and, waving a hand, ran on, wild joy in her heart contending with cold fear.

For now she had done it, and there'd be the devil to pay. But it couldn't be helped. Though hell and heaven were leagued against them, she would go through. She always did, once she got started. And with Mario, she knew, it was as with her; he too would go through, now he knew she loved him, though Red and all the world besides should try to stop him . . .

At length, well out of her course, she stopped. Imposed coherence upon her thoughts, got her bearings, and started on anew, in a cooling mood constraining herself to forget Mario and concentrate upon the business that waited for her at her destination.

But the Self outside herself, of whose constant company she was wholly ignorant, never ceased to yearn back toward that gallant, lonely figure they two had left behind in the quiet by-street.

IV. RISTORI'S.

She turned sharply half-way down a block in the shadow of the Elevated, and with the calm assurance of her apartment kind entered what had once been a dwelling of some pretentiousness, but now was dedicated to the decadent uses of—according to its painted signboard—"Ristori's Table d'Hotes—Dinner with Wine 75c—Luncheon 50c."

In the corridor at the head of the first flight she turned to the back of the house and laid a confident hand upon the knob of the furthest door. It turned, but the door was stubborn. With a movement of impatience she knocked the panels with a triple knock of peculiar timing. A hum of voices in the closed room died away, a heavy tread became audible, a key grated, the door swung open. She went in, nodding lightly to the man who had admitted her and, finding herself under the concentrated regard of eleven pairs of eyes, struck in the middle of the floor and pushed a spirited pose.

"Good evening, folks! Pipe my new rug!"

The silence that answered her was broken after a little by Red Carnehan, who said heavily: "Hello, kid. Sit down."

Ignoring his invitation to an empty chair on his right, she dropped her pose but remained where she had stopped, lifting her brows a little and from vitiating the stiffness of the "private dining room"—a bed-chamber in the intention of the architect. In an atmosphere stifling with smells of food, alcohol and a truculent perfume, the smoke of imitation Turkish tobacco hung in lazy, blue reefs. Discolored paper of a morbid pattern was parting in reluctant spirals from the walls. Dust of decades weighed down an elderly carpet and obscured its florid design. Scorbute paint disfigured the fine old woodwork.

The man who had let Leonora in having resumed his chair, twelve were seated at a table littered with debris of a meal, unclean earthenware plates, and those high-shouldered bottles of dark glass, gutless of labels, which seem to be the sole habit of the vin du pays so generally known as "red ink" that to name it by this alias no longer excites a smile.

Because of the heat all the men but one—Mr. Harry the Nut—had put off

their coats and collars, while the woman had loosened their blouses at the throat. Sweet beaded faces of various complexions, ranging from the sanguine countenance of Red to the pastiness of Charlie the Coke, Leonora, looking from one to another, found each, with the exception of Red's, sultry of cast if not openly hostile. She sketched a lofty smile.

"What's the funeral?"

Red Carnehan—red of head and hand—an Italo-Celtic product, as slender, supple and sinewy as a snake, and as deadly—replied sufficiently. "No body's—yet," and again waved a hand toward the vacant chair. "Why'n't you sit down?" He added: "You're pretty late."

"What about it?" The girl flounced to the table and threw herself sideways into the chair.

English Addie, blonde, blousy and full-bodied, sprawled half across the table and, without removing the cigarette from her mouth, spoke in accents of cloaking affection flatly denied by her semi-sober stare of jealousy: "Maybe you won't mind tellin' us 'wat made you late, dearie . . ."

Leonora experienced a quail of misgivings. Had somebody spied on her and Mario and hurried ahead to tattle? . . . Even so, that was a matter between Red and herself, nothing to excite ill-feeling in the others. But Red was apparently unruined, although unusually subdued for him, and perhaps a shade suspiciously impartial in his attitude.

She lied readily, without a quiver, naming two plain-clothes men she had noticed in the Street of Strange Faces.

"Ennis and Corbin lapped me on the way here—if it's anything in your young life, Addie dear—and I had to chase all over to lose 'em."

"You did shake 'em, kid—sure?" Red demanded with keen interest.

"Sure. If I hadn't I wouldn't be here now."

"Maybe so," Charlie the Coke drawled in a voice as colorless as the flesh of his face—"maybe not."

"Where do you get that stuff? What's all this, anyway? I want to know."

Her eyes ranged again the array of faces, challenging each in turn, and getting no satisfaction; for each in turn averted his gaze with an expression more or less sheepish and disconcerted, all but Red, Harry the Nut, and Inez, the third and only other woman present.

"Well? What's it all about? Start something, somebody—why don't you! If anything's gone wrong, let me in the know. I guess I've got as much right as anybody—"

The Nut shrugged and with supercilious nonchalance selected another cigarette from the flat case he was fond of displaying; a circumstance which, according to one's bias, might or might not be taken as indicating that the case had been honestly come by. Inez seemed eager to speak, but Red forestalled her.

"It's like this, kid: Eddie's been pinched."

The fact that the person in question, being under indictment for burglary, had for some time succeeded in remaining at large solely by grace of his loyal associates, might have been thought enough to rob this announcement of some of its staggering quality. But to Leonora it came as a genuine shock, and she showed it unmistakably.

"No!" she exclaimed, and added a most unladylike phrase of mixed incredulity and regret. "Somebody's squealed."

"That's just it," Inez affirmed significantly. "I wonder who!"

Leonora needed a little time before she was able to couple the thinly veiled allusion of the gathering, to which she had been sensible ever since entering, with the tone employed by Inez, something which this last would ordinarily have lacked audacity to attempt. Then immediately her temper grew incandescent.

"Meaning me?"

"Why, hon?" Inez drawled, rounding her eyes—"whatever made you think that?"

But she committed the grievous error of trying to exchange with Inez a look of malicious understanding which Leonora intercepted instantly.

"Never you mind what made me think that," she said in cold rage; "I get you; I ain't blind and dumb. But take it from me, Inez: you chuck it and chuck it quick. If I get one more word out of you, trying to make me out a stool-pigeon—if I ever see you look that way at Red again—your people'll have no kick coming."

"Oh, is that so?" Inez demanded

with mistaken pertness. "What do you think you'll do?"

"Irish you," Leonora informed her savagely—"Irish you till all you'll need will be a wood kitchen lined with satin and trimmed with tin. And you know I'll do it, too."

Her small emphatic fist struck the table; Red's hand closed on it.

"Easy, kid; don't run away with the wrong idea—"

"I won't. Don't worry." She wrenched her hand free. "I'm no snip, I've got more brains than the rest of this push lumped together—that goes for you, too, Red. And I won't stand for insinuations from nobody—not from that rotten little cat that's trying to make up to you—she's always jealous of me—or anybody else. You . . ."

For a moment words proved inadequate. She sat in a tense posture, white with fury, breathing quickly; and even Red avoided her eyes.

"Ah, you all make me sick! Eddie gets pinched—God knows how!—and you all fix on me as the squealer because I happen to be a few minutes late tonight! Why, you poor fish—!" She checked abruptly, noting another questionable gap in the company. "Why pick on me? Where's Leo Ble Blusky? Why isn't he here! If being late's proof of squealing—he's later than me!"

"That ain't all, Nora," English Addie interposed. "We want to know where you got those clothes."

"What's that to you? Can't I spend my money, dress myself decent, if I want to?"

"Yes; but where'd you get the front you was wearing when Harry seen you up on Fifth avenue yesterday?"

"He never—"

"Oh, yes, I did, Nora," the Nut interrupted with his exasperating gentility, musing his words in the fashion he found useful in uptown bars. "Putting on dog, too, and getting away with it great—traveling with a dame that looked like she wouldn't take nothing from the queen of England. I tell you, I saw you."

"That's another lie!" But the steadiness of Harry's eyes was disconcerting. Unquestionably he believed his assertions. Leonora's tongue tripped over the denial: "I wasn't . . ."

"Well, then, tell us where you were at four o'clock yesterday afternoon," Addie suggested blandly.

At that hour Leonora had been in a Second avenue motion picture theater with Mario; an indiscretion to which she could not possibly confess. Perceptibly she lost assurance.

"None of your d—n business."

"Better tell 'em, kid," Red counseled unsmiling. "You got to come clean—"

"Like I—!" Once more the flames of rage leapt high. "I don't owe this gang anything, much less an account of everything I do. The shoe's on the other foot. You all know me, you all know I'm on the level. Most of you'd be up the river today if it wasn't for me—and you know that too. How far do you think you'd get if my brains didn't work for you, tell you what to do and how to get away with it without the bulls tumbling? Who planned the raid on Einstein's book shop? Did any of you get pinched for that? Who figured out how to get those bonds away from the Chemical Trust's messenger? Was anybody lugged for that? . . . And because I take the trouble not to lead a couple guns right up to you tonight—and because the Nut saw somebody that looked like me all dolled up on Fifth avenue yesterday—or thinks he did—"

"It was you, all right," Harry affirmed coolly.

Their glances met and clashed, the girl's hot with challenge and resentment, the man's cold with malice. For the first time she recognized in this creature an enemy. Then her supercilious intelligence, grappling with the problem of how to confute his implicit accusation, experienced a flash of memory followed by a lightninglike stroke of intuition.

"If you want to know who squealed," she suggested deliberately, "why don't you give Harry the office? Ask him what he does with all his time, where he gets the coin for all his swell clothes, who he talks to when he's bulging up to the bars of the big hotels. Ask him why the cops always look the other way when they see him coming, why he ain't never pinched—"

With an oath Harry thrust back his chair which overturned with a crash, and jumped up, gulf stamped upon his countenance of sudden pallor, glistening fearfully in his furrowed little eyes. But in the same instant the door—left negligently unlocked after the entrance of Leonora—was hastily

opened and slammed. The first to identify the man who had slipped in and now stood fumbling with the key, English Addie cried out in shrill dismay: "Leo!" The company turned simultaneously and with confused cries and questions got to its feet.

Slight and under normal height, panting, sweating, haggard, his face livid, eyes terrified, hatless, and with clothing disheveled, Leo Bietinsky, alias Leo the Blood, sank back against the door, one hand pressed to his side just below his laboring heart. The other, holding an automatic pistol, described a gesture of supplication. Red snapped over-shoulder a profane demand for silence. Leo's broken phrases became audible.

" . . . Croaked a bull down the street . . . coming out of Bennie's place, Corbin and Ennis tried to jump me . . . Corbin got it." He gesticulated meaningly with the pistol. "Ennis took after me . . . Looks like a frame-up . . . cops everywhere I turned . . ."

Red demanded frantically: "What in h— did you come here for?"

"No place else to go . . . cornered, I tell you . . . Listen!" The Russian held up a hand and, bending an ear to the door, heard sounds below inaudible to the others. "There they come now! For God's sake, get me out of this!"

"Fire escape," Red indicated with a jerk of his head. Somebody thrust open the shutters of one window. The underer pulled himself together, ruderer crossed the room, and tumbled out upon an iron platform grating. Immediately he disappeared.

Now the rumor was loud in the hall below, the shrill protestations of the waiters rising above yet dominated by the deeper voices of the police. After brief but violent altercation, heavy feet came pounding up the stairs. Then panic fastened upon the wits of all those in the private dining room and stampeded them toward the fire escape. Primitively in their fright men fought with women for first place and stamped them toward the fire escape. Frantically in their fright men fought with women for first place and stamped them toward the fire escape.

Four was absent from her temper, but she was shaken by impotent exasperation and sad with regrets. This meant an end to everything, not alone to those associations which barely an hour since she herself had planned to forsake, but to all her hope of happiness with Mario. For she had not the remotest doubt but that she, with at least a majority of the others, would be arrested, jailed and, on the evidence of complicity in past exploits which the police spy, Harry the Nut, would be able to lay before the district attorney, sentenced to a term of years in one or another of the state penitentiaries.

And long before she had served out her term Mario would forget her; or, even if he did not, would never, by any chance, make a woman with a criminal record his wife.

And this was what came of indulging her keen delight in excitement and adventure!

If only she had listened to Mario in time . . .

Seconds dragged like minutes, and the door still held. She began to catch at straws of hope; only three now remained in the room, Charlie the Coke—already with one foot across the sill, whimpering and mouthing curses because of inability to crowd into the

press upon the fire escape—Red, and herself.

The hammering on the door stopped. She wondered why. Charlie contrived to jam his terror-racked body out through the window. Red caught Leonora by a shoulder, roughly enough if in a rare impulse of chivalry, and tried to thrust her out after Charlie. But the crush on the platform was still too dense. She heard a dull crash and swinging round, saw the door, its lock shattered by the impact of a brawny shoulder slam back against the wall. The policeman who had broken it in stumbled and sprang full length upon the floor. The plainclothes man, Ennis, leaped in over the prostrate body. Her ears were deafened to get herself out through the window without more delay. She made a vain attempt to ogle, and had half succeeded when a rattle of shots sounded and looking back, she saw the man Ennis pitch forward on his knees, then fall prone. The policeman, scrambling up pistol in hand, received the balance of the clip in Red's automatic, and sank slowly down upon his side.

Scrambling with horror, the girl fell back from the window. Red shouldered past her, climbed out, turned and caught her by the arm and dragged her after him, still screaming like a madwoman. She tripped, her head struck heavily against the bottom of the window sash, and the lights dimmed weirdly and burned out, leaving only darkness impenetrable and a strange hush pierced by thin echoes of eldritch shrieks . . .



Her Ears Were Deafened With Red's Profane Instructions.

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(Concluded Next Week)

PENDLETON ORPHAN RECEIVES LEGACY OF \$17,000 FROM UNCLE

PENDLETON, Or., Nov. 4.—Miss Jessie DeWitt, aged 22, a worker at the Pendleton Woolen mills, who has been an orphan for several years, unexpectedly received word that \$17,000 had been willed her upon the death of her uncle in Oklahoma City. She will leave for the East to settle the estate on the first of the year.

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YOUR PATRONAGE APPRECIATED

IV. RISTORI'S.

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In the corridor at the head of the first flight she turned to the back of the house and laid a confident hand upon the knob of the furthest door. It turned, but the door was stubborn. With a movement of impatience she knocked the panels with a triple knock of peculiar timing. A hum of voices in the closed room died away, a heavy tread became audible, a key grated, the door swung open. She went in, nodding lightly to the man who had admitted her and, finding herself under the concentrated regard of eleven pairs of eyes, struck in the middle of the floor and pushed a spirited pose.

"Good evening, folks! Pipe my new rug!"

The silence that answered her was broken after a little by Red Carnehan, who said heavily: "Hello, kid. Sit down."

Ignoring his invitation to an empty chair on his right, she dropped her pose but remained where she had stopped, lifting her brows a little and from vitiating the stiffness of the "private dining room"—a bed-chamber in the intention of the architect. In an atmosphere stifling with smells of food, alcohol and a truculent perfume, the smoke of imitation Turkish tobacco hung in lazy, blue reefs. Discolored paper of a morbid pattern was parting in reluctant spirals from the walls. Dust of decades weighed down an elderly carpet and obscured its florid design. Scorbute paint disfigured the fine old woodwork.

The man who had let Leonora in having resumed his chair, twelve were seated at a table littered with debris of a meal, unclean earthenware plates, and those high-shouldered bottles of dark glass, gutless of labels, which seem to be the sole habit of the vin du pays so generally known as "red ink" that to name it by this alias no longer excites a smile.

Because of the heat all the men but one—Mr. Harry the Nut—had put off

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He used Perinok eight months for Chronic Bronchial Catarrh. I do not get tired, feel like a giant, am six pounds over normal weight and able to work every day. In March, 1919, I contracted a severe cold with asthma and took to my bed. They said I had T. B. and would not live three months. After taking a couple bottles of Perinok and a box of Man-in-Tin Tablets, I could walk around and in seven months was back to work. My trouble was due to Chronic Catarrh of the nose and throat, which I had ten years, extending down into the bronchial tubes. "Perinok was my life savor."

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