

MYSTERY SURROUNDS DISAPPEARANCE OF ELMER SCOTT, TOILER.

A suit case, belonging to Elmer Scott, shipbuilder and laborer, was found upon the banks of the Willamette river near here, by several small children, who were playing in that vicinity at the time. The children took the suit case home with them, and the parents notified Sheriff Wilson of the find. Upon investigation by the sheriff of the contents, several pairs of socks, underwear, books, an insurance policy, time keepers' book, and other personal articles were found. The insurance policy was taken out in 1918 from the Oregon Surety & Casualty Co., for the sum of \$300, and the beneficiary named was Smith's daughter, Nellie Hyland, of Astoria. The policy read that Smith was a laborer, residence in Portland, and was employed by Grant Smith Porter Shipbuilding Co., Portland. A photograph of a young woman signed Mamie Scott, of Willamina, was also found in the case. Two letters were found in the suit case addressed to Elmer Scott at Gervais and Salem, Oregon. From all appearances, it looks like Smith had jumped into the Willamette river, as the suit case was found close to the water's edge. The officials here are trying to trace the man since being employed by the shipbuilding company in Portland, but are having little success. What has become of Smith, or where he is at present, is a mystery, and all relatives have been notified of the finding of his belongings here.

MOTOR IS REGISTERED FOR EVERY 14 PEOPLE IN UNITED STATES

According to statistics recently compiled there was a total of 7,901, 271 motor car and truck registrations in the United States. This means that there is a motor vehicle for every 13.5 persons in this country. Present available figures indicate that before the first of next year there will be more than 8,000,000 motor vehicles in use in the United States.

In the percentage of increase in registration from July 1, 1919, to July 1, 1920, Oregon was fifth in the list of states, California thirty-second and Washington forty-second.

With a material increase in the registration figures there will come a large increase in total fees at the end of the year. With the presidential election over and the country untrenching itself more and more on a peace-time basis we should witness next year a banner year in the movement towards permanent roads, all of which means more motor cars and trucks as the time goes on, which brings up that oft-discussed question of "saturation."

TRUCK MAN OF MARMOT HELD FOR COLLISION

PORTLAND, Oct. 29.—Ray Hamilton, truck driver of Marmot, is in the county jail charged with driving without lights, and Thelma Hunt, a clerk in Roberts Bros' store at a late hour Thursday night was still unconscious at St. Vincent's hospital as the result of an early morning collision on the Columbia highway. The accident occurred a third of a mile west of the Sandy river bridge, at the Automobile club, at 2 A. M., when Hamilton ran into a motorcycle ridden by the girl and Lovens Longheed of 511 East Forty-sixth street north.

Miss Hunt was riding in a side car on the motorcycle, which was headed for Portland, and the machine was just rounding a curve when the crash came. Hamilton is alleged to have had no lights on his truck. The big machine crushed the smaller vehicle and the side car was so wrapped around the girl that she had to be pulled out. Longheed escaped with a few bruises. The couple were given first aid by a doctor at San Vista and an ambulance was called. It was found that the girl had been cut on one leg and her head was seriously injured.

ALLEGED MOONSHINER USES GUN TO FORCE PASSAGE TO PORTLAND

Frank Robinson, of Portland, was brought to Oregon City Friday on charges of using a revolver to force J. W. Kraft, a farmer of Aurora, to take him to Portland in Kraft's car after Robinson became stalled in the mud near the Kraft farm.

Kraft claimed that he was called by Robinson, who after displaying a revolver, ordered him to haul his car out of the mud. Kraft said that he was unable to do this and that Robinson forced him to take him to Portland. There were three sacks of chickens in the Robinson car, Kraft said, but when they were moved a rattling of bottles could be heard, he thought.

On the road to Portland Kraft alleges that Robinson asked him if he would take a gallon of moonshine whiskey for his pay. After saying that he would Kraft claimed that Robinson promised he would bring the liquor later. Kraft complained to Sheriff Wilson, who with Deputy Long, brought Robinson to Oregon City, where he is being held.



The DARK MIRROR

Louis Joseph Vance Author of "The False Faces," "The Lone Wolf," Etc. Illustrated by Irwin Myers Copyright 1920 by the Author.

CHAPTER ONE The Street of Strange Faces.

I. THE DARK CORNER. The way of the thing was ever the same: It befell without warning; or rather, the girl had never learned to take heed of signs which seemed plain enough in retrospect, when she sat alone and puzzled her pretty head with the dark riddle of this shadow life which set her so widely apart from every girl she knew and, indeed, from all the rest of humankind. . . .

she was losing touch with her other Self which had so singularly renounced its authority and faded into impotence at the Dark Corner, but which still kept step with her, clinging to her more closely than her shadow, and like a wreath of the living, watched, noted and censured while taking part in actions wholly foreign to its nature and experiencing reactions obscure to it and unattainable. . . .

Now the girl moved swiftly, with ease and boldness, even with a hint of arrogance; giving the Faces look for look, smile for smile, frown for frown; laughing impishly up at a tall policeman who knitted black brows over indulgent blue eyes; flinging racy retorts to the banter of a knot of men emerging from a gin-mill; chilling with glance and word the advances of those who should have known better; chaffing hucksters who bawled in her ears the tawdry virtues of their wares; pausing now and again to exchange more kindly perillage with folk who held title to her liking; cutting an impudent figure, as confident and unabashed as a colt turned loose in home pastures. . . .

Her sharp perceptions took in everything; not one considerable detail escaped their remark. And she liked it, she liked it all, she was curiously permeated to her very marrow with delight in sounds and sights and smells familiar to her senses since time beyond their earliest recollection. . . .

The Street, never wide, was the narrower for its double rank of pushcarts. Between these an occasional automobile or horse-drawn vehicle went gingerly to spare the multitude of urethras, half dressed and less than half washed, of every age and almost every nationality, that swarmed upon the asphaltum. Tenement houses—their fire escapes converted into balconies lavishly draped with candid bedding and still more candid women—drew confidential heads together on high, leaving visible only a slender ribbon of cobalt sky. In between the air was sluggish, thick with unnatural haze and rank with many odors; an unholy alliance of garlic, fried fish, boiled cabbage and stale beer maintaining debatable ascendancy over the native aroma of a stratum of society which holds soap less necessary than luxury. And the night was tumultuous with screams of children at crude play, howls of babies wallowing in neglect, howling of street vendors, each striving to outyell his nearest competitor, clatter of tiny pianos, blare and whine of faded phonographs; all relieved against a wholly normal under-tone of incessant gossip and bickering. . . .

The girl hugged to herself the joy of living; this was to her the breath of life; even more, it was enterprise, adventure, the very stuff of Romance. She went her way smiling, with a conscious smile bred of knowledge that she was dressed in her best, in her very newest best at that, garments of a cut and cost and quality such as the Street seldom saw. . . .

Nevertheless, her show of nonchalance cloaked circumspection; if her looks were free and roving, they were likewise keen and watchful. Though the width of the Street was between them, she was well aware of two plain-clothes men who turned to stare when she had gone by and conferred together concerning her craftily, after the absurd manner of their kind, out of the corners of their mouths. . . .

But that was a minor circumstance, more fun than reason for worry. They couldn't judge a girl for wearing good clothes, even if they didn't know where she had got them or how. . . .

The stress of her attention was due to considerations far more weighty; and when, of a sudden, at a crossing, she descried its cause, she checked in unfeigned dismay, with startled pulses. . . .

III. THE MAN MARIO. On the far corner a tall man, simply clothed, composed of habit, stood stolidly, hands clasped lightly before him in a gesture which the girl was well acquainted, head and shoulders lifting above the crowd. Against the tawny flames of naphtha torches his profile was sharp and black, the silhouette of an ascetic, gravely fine; but none better than she knew how its austerity was belied by haunted eyes whose stealthily could wing truth from lips that moved to frame a lie. . . .

ed to be left alone—why'd you follow me? The man lifted his hands palms up, and let them fall. "You know . . . I love you. I make no secret of that. I have told you—how many times?—a hundred? Yes?"



"You Know . . . I Love You— I Make No Secret of That."

—his enunciation grew more rapid—"and you are not indifferent to me. You never said so, but . . . I know." "Oh, I like you all right—" "No; more than that; too much to wish to hurt me. Is it not so?" "Why, I don't want to hurt you, of course. But—if you've got to know—I was in a hurry. I've got a date—and I'm late." "And I am detaining you! Forgive me—but let me go with you a little way." "The girl shot hunted glances right and left; then, since nothing in sight promised diversion, said ungraciously: "Nobody can stop your walking with me." "Nobody but you, Leonora. One word—"

"One word from me and you'll do exactly as you please." With a nervous laugh—"Oh, come along!"—she turned back, walking hastily, the man Mario falling in at her side. "I'd just as leave you didn't come all the way, though." "You do not wish me to know where you go." He nodded sober confirmation of an unuttered guess. "I see . . ."

"You see a terrible lot!" The girl had a spasm of irritation. "You're always seeing things. Well, what do you see now?" "You go to meet those others"—his tone was sad—"those whom I have so often begged you—"

"Guess it's my business who my friends are." "Certainly you give me no right to make it mine. That cannot affect the truth that such associations are unwise." "Maybe I'm best judge of that, too." "Leonora; why pretend to me? Deceive yourself if you must and cannot me, not one who loves you as I do. Do not attempt it, even. It is so useless!"

With a courtesy the more gratifying because it was so novel, Mario put his hand under her arm, lightly piloting her through the human mazes of the sprawling Street, which they crossed squarely and quickly left behind. . . .

After a little while, being in the wrong, she said sulkily: "I don't see why you're always making out on my trying to put something over on you. I never promised—" "True. But you know what these friends of yours are, and their ways, whether they lead their inevitable end. You know, if you persist, your fate must be as theirs." "I guess what's good enough for my friends is good enough for me—" "No, Leonora; you are too good for that—or I could not love you."

"The man paused, and his hold on her arm drew the girl to an unwilling pause with him, midway down a dark, dead block of industrial buildings, with a windowless wall beside them and not a soul nearby to hear. The girl was distressed, more than a little huddled in her own esteem by the revelation of an affection more enduring and generous and frank than any she had ever known. . . .

"I am not a common man," Mario was stating simple fact, innocent of conceit. "I know the world outside the one you know, and the men and women who live in it. Where I go, I look about me, and reflect on what I see. I am seldom mistaken in those who interest me. And you whom I love . . . I tell you, you are no more of this life than I, and you do a wrong thing, a wicked and cruel thing, when you trample down that which is good in you and might bring you to a splendid destiny." . . .

Impressed in spite of herself, touched, and flattered, too, she looked uneasily away, twisting her hands together, her tongue faltering. "I suppose you know what you mean . . ."

"And you also, I mean, you could love me if you would, and in my love, in the life I offer you, become the self that today you hide away so jealously, your real self, a woman fine and strong and true, not this adventure-loving companion of roguery and vagabondage—and worse!" He gave an imploring gesture. "Ah, Leonora, if only you would give them up!" She looked up with wistful eyes, all effrontery abandoned, only the woman remaining, the woman whom this man alone had the secret of perceiving in her. In this, indeed, resided the true reason for her fear of meeting Mario: he was disastrous to her peace of mind, her self-complacency; when she listened to him, satisfaction departed and in its stead came inquietude, with the wish to be what he would have her to be, what intuition told her she could be if she would but set herself to overcome her own resistance. She searched his face in wonder. When he disturbed her so profoundly,

why did she like him so much? What was it that gave him power to charm her wits away, discontent her with all that had otherwise seemed excellent and complete, make nothing of the steel of her set purpose? Was it his love alone? He loved her, she was satisfied of that, but with such forbearance, such consideration, tenderness and understanding as left her incredulous. In the Street love was another thing entirely, a fierce, cruder business, brusque and selfish without disguise—something open, direct and casual, but as essential as meat and drink. But this was different, this love Mario had for her. . . .

Yes; and it was true, what he asserted, he too was different; there was no one like him, so gentle and strong and brave, fastidious, reserved, and thoughtful. In her world he made a figure striking and incongruous. Yet he lingered on obstinately, in part (he told her) because it was his passion to study every side of life, but mostly because he loved her and never would willingly give up hope of winning her. He would never leave, he protested, till she went with him. "Leonora!" he pleaded. "Come with me . . ."

In a moment of determination she tried to put sentiment aside with a hard little laugh of scorn. "I guess you don't understand! Red would kick me if I checked him!" "He would never find you where I would take you, to my home in Spain; or if he ever did, he would not dare lift eyes to you, or know in you, a lady, moving in the world for which she was born, the girl he knew as Leonora and loved—after his fashion—with whatever feeling it is he calls love! Come with me, Leonora, and be your true self. Life can be beautiful . . ."

He played shrewdly on her most secret weakness: she was fond of believing herself somewhat better than her milieu, through some romantic accident superior in point of birth as well as, what was undeniable, in spirit and intelligence. Vistas of powerful seduction opened to her contemplation. At heart an ardent egoist, she saw herself primitively as she had seen other women, in her excursions into the haunts of the well-to-do, radiantly begowned and furred and jeweled, looting insolently in a limousine car, Mario at her side "dressed like a gentleman" . . .

(Concluded Next Week)

COUNTY I.O.O.F. MEMBERS MEET IN COVENTRY

The Clackamas County District Convention of the I. O. O. F. Order was organized in this city at the Masonic hall Friday, when the roll call was responded to by 134 members, these being from various sections of the county, who represented their orders. . . .

The session commenced at 1 o'clock, when the meeting was called to order by the noble grand of Oregon No. 3. The election of a temporary chairman, temporary secretary, the adoption of constitution and by-laws, perfecting a permanent organization were among the important features of the afternoon. . . .

The elective officers chosen were: Chris Schuebel, of I. O. O. F. Lodge No. 3 president; William Moran, of Borling, vice-president; L. A. Brough, of Molalla, No. 184, secretary; A. C. Baumback, of Sandy, No. 195, treasurer. . . .

The appointive officers are: H. S. Jones, Warlen, Estacada; R. L. Holcomb, Estacada, conductor; G. A. L. Funk, Molalla; E. G. H. Gibbs, Gresham; O. G. T. C. Howell, Gladstone, chaplain. . . .

The next meeting will be held at Molalla on the third Saturday in April. At 6 o'clock a banquet was served in the dining room by members of the Rebekah Lodge, the committee in charge being composed of Mrs. May Waldron, Mrs. Flora Morris, Mrs. Blanche Maultz, Mrs. Susan Hogan, Mrs. May Yoney, Miss Harriet Phillips, Mrs. Ran, Mrs. DeMoss, Mrs. Janette Scott, Mrs. Minda Church, Mrs. Eva Mathewson. . . .

The evening session commenced at 7:30 o'clock, when the address of welcome was made by Judge Thomas P. Ryan, past grand master, of I. O. O. F. Lodge 3, and was responded to by Adam H. Knight, of Canby, who is past grand representative. The Ladies' Quartet gave several selections, responding to a hearty encore. Ambrose Johnson, of Portland, grand master of Oregon, gave an address, followed by another selection by the Ladies' Quartet. The evening program closed with an address by Rev. J. A. Bennett, of Silverton, Silver No. 21 Lodge. . . .

During the evening C. P. Henkel, of Portland, who is a member of the local order gave a number of selections on a talking machine, one of his own invention. Many of the latest selections by the popular composers were thoroughly enjoyed. The following members of the order were in attendance: C. Schuebel; W. Kayser; E. O. DeMoss, Thomas P. Ryan, L. H. Feaster, Oregon City; L. A. Daugherty, E. L. Palfrey, George Beatehford, W. H. Steininger, W. H. Enzie, J. B. Mason, Molalla; John McKenzie, Needy; Arthur A. Schneider, Woodburn; J. G. Noe, Oregon City; C. Zwelfel, Portland; Alvin Perdue, Hubbard; J. K. Morris, S. S. Walker, Oregon City; R. A. Palmquist, Gresham; F. E. Palfrey, L. L. Burghardt, Lew E. Wallace; J. R. Vick, V. H. Dunton, Gorge T. Frazer, Fred H. Burns, W. J. Jack, C. Wallace, John E. Stears, Glenn Martin, Mack Hattenhauer, Molalla; C. E. Forschner, J. L. Waldron, W. H. Howell, Oregon City; John Scott, Scott's Mills; L. E. Sicker, L. C. Baxter, Gladstone; E. L. Sawtell, R. R. Welch, F. H. Park, Molalla; M. M. Oswego; W. B. Schuebel, O. C. Tropel, Oregon City; L. N. Levy, A. L. Funk, Riverview Lodge; Silvester Hall, J. A. Abel, H. Bruns, R. C. France, Cecil Duke, Sandy; J. C. Duke, Gresham; J. G. Haylman, Estacada; G. Naroney, Sandy; J. H. Hadley, M. R. Cooper, Oregon City; William Morand, R. E. Kason, Sandy; J. Duggern Borling, P. J. Schneider,

\$1 Haircut Threat Chin Scrapes Up Safetys Get Boost

CHICAGO, Oct. 28.—Haircut and shave, \$1.35. This is the "Happy New Year" greeting 2700 Chicago barbers plan to hand customers January 1. They voted yesterday to raise the price of a haircut to \$1 and a shave to 35 cents. . . .

ROOSEVELT BIRTHDAY IS COMMEMORATED BY PROMINENT PEOPLE

OYSTER BAY, N. Y., Oct. 27.—The 62nd birthday of Theodore Roosevelt was commemorated today by representatives of various societies and organizations, who planted a white oak tree near his grave. . . .

MOUNTAIN VIEW NOTES

MOUNTAIN VIEW, Nov. 1.—Abbie Scouton and Dessie Martin, visited friends in Portland Thursday. Mr. and Mrs. Hill, who spent the summer on their ranch in Eastern Oregon returned Saturday and spent Sunday at the home of T. C. Barker. Mrs. Mack and baby of Portland were guests of Mrs. George Everhart's several days last week. . . .

Mr. and Mrs. Bennett moved from Beaver Creek to Duane street, with Mrs. Bennetts parents, Mr. and Mrs. Barton. Mrs. Crawford and Mrs. Hickman were calling on friends Wednesday. . . .

Walter Brandt, our new sexton moving his family in the next residence at cemetery last week. E. T. Beverlin and family motored to Forest Grove Sunday where they visited with friends. Clyde May is visiting his father, Ed May. . . .

Mr. Richards from Washington bought the Stearn property recently purchased by E. T. Beverlin. On October 27, an enjoyable evening was spent at the home of Mr. and Mrs. James Shelly of Mountain View, when members of the family and neighbors whose birthday came during the month of October and their families, were invited to spend the evening. Those whose birthdays were celebrated were Mrs. Mary Shelly, Harry Shelly, Eva Curran, Abbie Scouton, Dessie Martin, Dan Williams, Stella Barker and Marion Shipley. . . .

These present during the evening were Mr. and Mrs. Henry Henric, Walter Henric, Claude Henric, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Shelly of Portland, Eva Curran, Dell Shelly, Dessie Martin, Abbie Scouton, George Scouton, Myrtle Eggerman, Mr. and Mrs. D. Williams, Mr. and Mrs. E. M. Scouton, Reuben Scouton, Mr. and Mrs. Ed May, Clyde May, Frank Shipley, Mr. and Mrs. T. C. Barker, Mary and Stella Barker, Lewis Shipley, Lloyd Shipley, Mrs. Collins and Caroline Jones, Gordon Jones, Billy and Jean Burpee and Mr. and Mrs. Shelly. . . .

The rooms were beautifully decorated with dahlias, the evening was spent in games. A delicious supper was served. All departing wishing all many more happy birthdays. PETZOLD SELLS OUT. Richard Petzold, who has been in the meat business in this city for many years, has disposed of his market to William Ruonich and John Roppell, who have taken possession. . . .

ADJUDGED INSANE. John Wright, of this city, was examined Friday and adjudged insane and was taken to the asylum the same evening. Wright is accused of molesting women of this city and witnesses claim that he made attempts on several occasions to pick a fight with people. LICENSE TO WED. The following were granted marriage licenses here Saturday: Frank J. Meyer, 38, of Oregon City, and Edith Smith, 32, of Oregon City; Jay W. Meyer, 22, and Gladys Blount, 21, both of Gladstone; Hans Berg, 26, and Mabel Hauglum, 18, both of Borling. . . .

\$39,000 IN DAMAGES ASKED OF PORTLAND MAYOR AND OFFICIALS

Boon Cason on Nov. 1st, brought an involved suit in federal court asking damages totaling \$39,000 for the death of his son, Wayne Cason, who was killed in the lobby of police headquarters April 4, in Portland. . . .

Cason asks that the bonds of Mayor George L. Baker, Chief of Police L. V. Jenkins and Detrolmon James S. Smith, John W. O'Halloran, Robert E. Drake and Raymond C. Linton be forfeited and paid to him. The American Surety company is also made a defendant. . . .

The suit is brought by "the city of Portland, for use and benefit of Boon Cason, administrator of the estate of Wayne Cason, deceased," but, according to the city attorney's office, the city will not be placed in the position of prosecuting its own mayor and chief of police unless the council gives the city attorney specific instructions to do so. . . .

THREE ARE INDICTED FOR BANK FAILURE IN SOUTHERN OREGON

MEDFORD, Or., Oct. 29.—Thirteen indictments were returned by the grand jury late last night as a result of the failure of the Bank of Jacksonville and were made public yesterday. Myrtle Blakely, country treasurer, in two indictments were charged with malfeasance in office and aiding and abetting the cashier to make a false statement to the bank examiners. . . .

W. H. Johnson, president and cashier of the bank, in three indictments was charged with receiving money when the bank was known to be insolvent. Johnson and Hines were arraigned this morning and will plead Saturday morning at 9:30. Hines' bail was fixed at \$16,000 and efforts were begun by his attorney and friends to obtain the sum. . . .

County Treasurer Blakely was arraigned, entered a plea of not guilty and released on her own recognizance. The indictments against the county treasurer came as a surprise and her friends maintain that she is "the goat." None believe her guilty of any criminal intent, but all declare that she is the victim of a chain of circumstances. She is one of the best known women in Jackson county, with a wide circle of friends. . . .

AUTOMOBILE LICENSE NUMBER ONE GOES TO GILLIAM DRIVER

SALEM, Or., Nov. 2.—In the drawing for 1921 automobile license numbers held in the secretary of state's office here, R. W. Potter of Milklake, Gilliam county, was awarded license plate No. 1. I. C. W. Peterson of Beaverton, Washington county, drew license plate No. 15, and Gus Koromidi of Portland license No. 22. Sam I. Howe of Portland was awarded license plate No. 100. Approximately 2200 numbers were drawn. . . .

Because of the fact that approximately 115,000 automobiles are in the state at the present time, and that in previous years less than 50 per cent of the owners made application for licenses up to January 1, the secretary of state this year sent out application blanks nearly a month earlier than in former years. . . .

Shoe Wholesalers Deny Third Cut

ST. LOUIS, Nov. 1.—Phil A. Becker, president of the Western Association of Shoe Wholesalers, issued a statement tonight denying reports recently circulated that wholesale prices of shoes have declined an average of 35 per cent since last May. Mr. Becker asserted that a fair estimate of the average decline would be between 15 and 20 per cent. . . .

There has been no decline in the price of rubber boots, he added. FORT WORTH, Tex., Nov. 1.—In a statement today, President Lyday of the Texas Farmers' union, denounced the recent request of Governor Parker of Louisiana that all cotton gins close for a month to raise the price of the staples. . . .

"Such a ploy would mean financial ruin for Texas farmers," said Mr. Lyday. "We still have a million and a half bales of cotton to gather, while in Louisiana most of the crop has been picked, I understand." Geo. R. Gardner was elected to the chair of Esteemed Loyal Knight of the local Elks last night at the regular meeting. Mr. Gardner has been active in Elksdom for some time past, and was formerly squire of the lodge before being unanimously elected to his present office in the order. . . .