

MILWAUKIE & NORTHERN CLACKAMAS

Womens Club at Oswego Has Program

OSWEGO, Nov. 11.—Mr. and Mrs. Rudolph of Altoona, Washington, were Portland and Oswego visitors a few days last week.

Mr. and Mrs. William Lorenz of Camas visited Mrs. Lorenz's sister, Mrs. Pete Emmott on Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Yates and daughter, Gladys, and George Emerick of Portland, motored to Vancouver Sunday.

The Oswego pipe foundry has shut down for a few days.

The Oswald family who lived in New Town have moved to Spokane.

Mrs. Flora B. Feltcher of Portland, was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Jack Monk on Sunday.

Mrs. Lm. Davidson, one of the old pioneers, passed away Sunday morning at her home near Oswego. Mrs. Davidson has been an invalid for over nine years. She was a faithful member of the Grange and will be missed by all who knew her. She was the mother of five children. Four of her children living are Frank Davidson, Arthur Davidson, Orran Davidson and Mrs. John Cox, all of Oswego. The funeral will be held at the family home on Tuesday afternoon at one o'clock interment in the Oswego cemetery.

A birthday party was held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Davis on Tuesday evening in honor of their son, William. Dinner was served at six thirty after which the young folks went to Portland to a mask ball held at the Multnomah hotel. The older ones spent the evening with music and cards. Those present were Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Davis, Victor Woeff, Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Kohlman, Harold McFeeter, W. H. Boyson, Mrs. W. O. Weightman, Miss Jennie Lind, E. C. Hawk, L. C. Davis, Miss Della Davis, Miss Marjorie Weightman, Mrs. K. Hallman and Mr. and Mrs. John Davis.

Mr. and Mrs. Willie Monk of Portland visited relatives in Oswego Sunday.

Orlando Worthington went to Camas, Washington, to visit relatives for a few days.

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Schneider and family of Redland, spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Pete Emmott.

Mr. Grayson of Portland was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Neilson, over Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Davis entertained to dinner on Sunday Mr. Woeff, Miss Jennie Lind and Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Davis and Grayson.

Mrs. W. G. Weightman had as her guest to Sunday W. A. Siefert of The Dalles and Mrs. Ethel Simelton and son, Everett.

The Oswego Rebekah Lodge meet on Friday evening, when they expect to initiate three new members.

The Oswego Women's Club met at the school house on Wednesday afternoon where a short program was rendered after which the following members joined, Mrs. Wessling, Mrs. Lewis, Mrs. Chapin and Mrs. Morris. Lunch was served at Mrs. Patterson's.

Social is Success at Oswego Hallow'e'en

OSWEGO, Nov. 5.—Little Harold Haines, infant son of Mr. and Mrs. John Haines, has been very ill but is now improving.

Mrs. Joseph Wells, who recently lost her husband, has now moved to Portland with her daughter, where she will make her home for the future.

Frank Whitten who was hurt accidentally while in Portland last week was brought home Sunday.

A pleasant surprise party was given on Saturday evening at her home on Saturday evening, it being her twenty-sixth birthday. The evening was spent in playing five hundred and Miss Ione Dunn of Oregon City played a few selections on the piano. A delicious lunch was served consisting of sandwiches, cake and coffee.

A Hallow'e'en social was given at the Congregational church on Friday evening for the benefit of the church. Luncheon was served after which prizes were given to the ones having the best costume for the occasion. There were three very nice costumes. It was decided to give three prizes, so Miss Dunn having the best was the lucky one to receive first prize. Claud Harris received second prize, while Ava Bickner got third. Between twenty and thirty dollars was collected.

Mrs. Ralph Underwood of Portland visited relatives in Oswego Sunday.

Miss Nellie Nelson, the domestic science teacher gave a party Hallow'e'en evening for her 8th grade pupils. A pleasant time was enjoyed by all.

Mrs. Ernest Nelson of Portland visited Mr. and Mrs. David Nelson over the week end.



CHAPTER TWO The Antagonists.

I. PRISCILLA.

Rousing on an elbow, Priscilla Maine found herself awake, with a racing heart, a throat swollen with a strangled cry of horror, and a mind through whose painted murk the reflection of a woman's screams ran like a thread of purple light.

Yet here was only darkness, with silence absolute.

With a low gasp of relief that was half a sob of fright as well, she sprang up from the divan, stumbled to the wall, and after a moment's groping, flooded the studio with milky radiance from an inverted dome. And in a passion of gratitude she embraced the reassurance inherent in the atmosphere of that richly furnished, spacious and silent studio, her father's workshop till his death and ever since her own.

It was true, then: she was safe; restored to her own intimate environment, where nothing resembled even remotely that frowsy room where murders had been done. She had merely dreamed a dream, one more of those amazingly real dreams which she had learned to accept without protest as phenomena of slumber unavoidable, singularly harmless, and on the whole rather amusing.

So at least they seemed till this night when, for the first time, stark tragedy had stalked unbidden and unheralded, rending with ruthless hands the flimsy texture of illusion and rendering the dream more fact to her than this awakening, more true, and so much the more terrible.

Pressing palms to temples that throbbed and burned moderately with their content of thoughts asexual with fright and horror, she made her way to the bathroom and bathed her face with cold water, then with cologne till, in the sensory reaction of stimulated flesh and nerves she began to feel measurably more calm and self-possessed, more Priscilla Maine than "Leonora".

A twittering telephone recalled her to the studio. Receiver to ear, she said, "Yes? Who is it?" and heard the agitated cries of the elderly kinswoman whom she called aunt and with whom she had her home.

"Priscilla! Where have you been all evening? I've been half frantic after a brief illness. She was 67 years of age and is survived by her husband, John A. Faulk, and two children, Mrs. W. Graham of Davenport and Mairon Faulk of Eugene. The funeral services were held Friday afternoon at 2 P. M. at the Crematorium.

Mrs. Albert Pierce has returned from Spokane, where she spent a week with her daughter Mrs. Hugh Fleming. Aiden Kelly spent the week end at

ready for exhibition. Inspecting it critically, with fault-finding eyes, she saw that her work was good, almost as good as her father's. The figure on the canvas lived; its striking pose was instinct with almost insolent vitality; the face was aglow with zest in life, the eyes seemed transiently arrested in an instant of gay impudence altogether charming.

Her troubled gaze turned back to the mirror's faithful presentment of a slender, modishly gowned young woman, the finished product of a fashionable upbringing, a little proud, reserved, thoughtful, exquisite . . . Priscilla Maine.

But the girl on the canvas was Leonora. And in her self both lived. But which was which? Which face, which true? Was the life she knew, the life of Park avenue and Fifth, of teas, din-



"Priscilla Maine."

ners, theaters, dances—relieved only by these days in the studio, her happiest, when she was painting—was this life really or illusion? And that dream life of which she caught only fugitive glimpses, fascinating, tantalizing, terrible, and related to nothing within the scope of her experience—was the dream life perhaps the life of fact?

She shook a head baffled, bewildered and faint with wondering.

The doorbell interrupted. She answered, finding as she had expected that the chauffeur was waiting to escort her to the town car which he was obliged to leave at the mouth of the alley. She was glad of his company, when she had put out the lights and locked the studio door, for the alley was indifferently illuminated and seemed rather grimly desolate at that hour. She knew a moment of sympathy with Aunt Esther's distrustful animosity toward "that dreadful studio life."

If Aunt Esther only guessed how infinitely more dreadful that other life which Priscilla knew in dreams . . .

But no one guessed. Instinctive reticence, jealousy of her privacy, reluctance to be thought different, and fear of having her sanity questioned as she herself too often questioned it, had guarded the girl's secret and kept it inviolate.

She had long since made up her mind she must never marry while this dream life continued to exert its occult influence upon her. To risk transmitting to her children a mental taint or lesion was unthinkable.

Now of a sudden she remembered the man Mario (or was he merely a shadow?) and in a poignant turn of reminiscence recalled his luminous and compelling eyes, the potent magnetism of his presence, and felt anew the pressure of his lips on hers.

On hers? Or Leonora's?

She cringed low in the corner of the seat, as if fearful lest curious eyes detect the waves of color that burned her cheeks. For in the memory of that kiss she found a sweetness ineffably precious. And in the knowledge that his love was dedicated to that bitter Priscilla suffered the first bitter pang of that torment which spares not body, mind or soul, and which is jealousy.

But how should she be jealous of Leonora, if Leonora were herself?

Was it to be her fate to love one shape of dream and hate another?

III. PHILIP FOSDICK.

About three in the morning, finding she could not sleep, she slipped into a dressing gown, and went to her desk where for two hours she wrote steadily, setting forth in minute detail, as memory served, every item, incident and circumstance of her dream. Thus she found temporary distraction and ease of mind. Unaware of weariness till she had written the last word, immediately that was penned she found herself heavy with drowsiness so urgent it would hardly wait for her head to find its pillow.

Toward noon she awoke and rang for her maid. A pleasant languor tempted to indolence. She adored breakfasting in bed, and did so today with a relish somehow sharpened by

a mischievous sense of playing truant, of cheating life's inordinate demands. Recollection of the dream recurred tardily and sluggishly, like the images that reluctantly take shape on an underexposed photographic film, and when sharpest and most definite seemed pale and unimportant in that warm flood of sunlight which bathed her bed chamber, as little worthy of consideration as a wraith of nightmare.

But it served to pique her curiosity and, when she had bathed, she took back to bed what she had written in the night and read it with care and, toward the close, something like resuscitation of those emotions which she had known during the dream itself as well as after waking up. In the end she was aware of an imperative need for enlightenment. The thing had grown too serious, was figuring too largely in her life; if its influence was not to prove altogether ill, she must have comprehension of its nature to give her heart courage.

In all the world she knew but one person in whom she could conceive it possible to repose such confidences. . . . She took the telephone from the bedside stand.

Merely to hear that low-pitched, agreeable voice with its ineradicable tinge of humor was comforting. Her clouded countenance was lighted up by a smile of gratitude—and of affection too.

"Philip, dear! Do you know I haven't seen you for ages!"

"That's brazen blague, Priscilla. It's your own fault; you will insist on drenching the springtime of your life with turpentine and varnish, overlooking the most important things entirely."

"What do you consider the most important thing in life? Yourself?"

"No; you. And next to you, letting me make love to you."

"But, Philip, you do it so poorly, you're so professional; you transfix me with the penetrating eye of diagnosis and prescribe: 'Love me!—for all the world as if love were bread pills or distilled water in a bottle labeled 'Shake well before using.' And I really don't feel run down enough."

"I see. You want love slipped over on you . . . like bribing the cook to put a philtre in your coffee."

She laughed delightedly. "That's it, Philip! Subtlety does it."

"Thanks for the tip. I'm making a note of it. So don't be surprised if you wake up one fine morning and find yourself madly in love with me."

"I won't be; and I wouldn't even mind—"

"Priscilla!"

"But I'm not now. So don't lose your head."

"Why not, when my heart—?"

"Please! I called up to ask a very serious question."

"Shoot."

"What's a psycho-analyst, Philip?"

"Well, I'm one—a cross between a quack and a confidence man."

"I know; but what do you do when you're fully functioning as such?"

"You mean, how do I make a living?"

"No—only what do you do to make people pay fat fees?"

"Why, I pry into their souls, if they happen to have any, and ferret out all their secrets—those they purposely try to keep from me, and those they themselves don't know anything about."

"I see . . . Philip, will you do me a favor; psycho-analyze me?"

"What's the good? I did that long ago."

"Really, Philip? Misgivings put a tremor into her voice. "What did you find out?"

"That you're the dearest, sweetest . . ."

"No—please! I'm in earnest. I think I've got a buried secret, and I want you to extirpate it and see what it's made of."

"Are you serious?"

"Desperately."

"Min . . . What are you doing this afternoon?"

"Having you to tea, if you can come."

"I'll come whether I can or not. But what about Aunt Esther? We can't have a third present if we're to talk confidences."

"Let's have tea at the studio."

"Same objection; Ada Moyer—"

"I'll get rid of her somehow."

"Right-o! The studio. What time?"

"Four?"

"Please. I'll be waiting."

IV. LOVE?

Ada Moyer was a pretty, vivacious, fluffy little woman, thoroughly mondaine and contented with herself, her husband her world. Entirely lacking in any special aptitude for painting, she dabbled in oils a bit, partly because it afforded her an outlet for much superfluous energy that might otherwise have got her into mischief, partly because she was fond of Priscilla, believed her by way of being a genius, and was glad to lend the girl the show of chaperonage without which she must have had a difficult time of it with Aunt Esther. But Mrs. Moyer was as apt as not to absent herself from the studio for days at a time; and on this afternoon Priscilla found nothing to indicate that the other had been there at all.

Glad to spare the necessity of explaining that she wanted to be alone with Philip Fosldek, the girl moved alertly round the room, superintending the preparation of tea by the maid she had brought with her placing the table and the chairs the way she wanted them—setting the stage for a scene which she felt instinctively, might affect most intimately all her days to come. She was always pleased when Philip was about. Consciousness of the love he had for her was something she would not willingly have forfeited. She was only sorry she didn't love him in return; at least, not in the way Philip wanted and deserved to be loved. . . . vastly different from such love as had thrown Leonora into the arms of Mario . . .

She paused, a slight frown puckering her delicately lined brows.

Strange how the memory of that earnest had power to tug at her heart-

strings! Stranger still that anything as fantastic as that shadowy love of shadows should seem so real, more real than all else in the content of her drama, even its culminating tragedy . . . more real, indeed, than anything in this world of reality wherein she moved and lived and had her being . . .

In a long stare she comprehended the studio as with strange eyes, perceiving afresh the substantial beauty of its time-mellowed furnishings; the well-chosen pieces of period mahogany shining with contented lustre; the handsome draperies of rich stuffs matchlessly colored and toned, brocades, tapestries, embossed velvets, illuminated leathers of antique Spanish artistry; the framed canvases on its walls and those unframed others that turned to them bashful faces, standing on the floor; the fine old rugs whose collection had been her father's hobby; the darkly polished floor darkly mirroring all things that caught the light; the great wide fireplace with its massive dogs of brass; the bookshelves laden with well-bound works of art; the wide, mullioned window in the south wall whose heavy draperies she had thrown back to let in the sun.

She gave a gesture of doubt and anxiety. If this were not love, what was it? Not sanity; how could one love a phantom? . . . She began to regret the weakness which had moved her to call up Philip Fosldek. How could she bring herself to confess this secret even to him? How keep it hidden from him? How hope to deceive that keen insight which had lifted him to his present high place in the ranks of psychopathologists?

She sang no more, but awaited Philip's coming with more misgivings than she liked.

V. CONFESSION.

Philip Fosldek had a way of exercising constraint and implanting confidence even in those who had no special liking for him, and Priscilla was genuinely attached to him, more so than she knew. And when she saw how well he looked, how very suave and alert—mentally and physically Philip always seemed at concert pitch and never to know a let-down—hesitation and doubts were swept away like leaves before an autumnal wind.

"I suspected it," he announced, nodding sagely: "you're a fraud—and thank God for that! Now give me ten, please, and tell me all."

She made a little move of petulance. "I knew you'd laugh at me!"

"I hoped I would."

Philip flopped bashfully into his favorite chair, helped himself to a cigarette, and watched Priscilla narrowly while she sugared his cup with the traditional two lumps, added the slice of lemon, and drowned both in tea. Never had she seemed more beautiful or more perfectly poised. Impossible he told himself, there could be anything amiss with a creature of such radiance! Some girlish notion, nothing more serious . . .

"How long have you known me, Philip?"

"Let me see . . . To the best of my recollection, since you were about a year old; I remember coming into a nursery unexpectedly and finding you—"

"Never mind! Have you ever observed anything in me that led you to believe I was abnormal in any way?"

He contemplated a frivolous reply, but seeing the gravity in her eyes refrained.

"Never!" said Philip solemnly.

"Well, there is something . . . Philip: I have dreams. The strangest dreams . . . Let me tell you. And please don't laugh, Philip. It isn't any laughing matter."

He drew the soberest face of sympathy imaginable. "Go on."

"As far back as I can remember, I've every now and then had a special sort of dream that seemed very real to me. Even as a little girl—though then, I think, they weren't so definite . . . But when I began to grow into

long dresses, the dreams took on a certain form they've kept ever since."

"Such as—?"

"What I fancy dreams must be like, the self I see in dreams belongs there—dresses, acts, talks precisely like a girl who's never had any advantages to speak of, such education or contact with the pleasant side of life. All the same she is myself . . . much as if I put on some disguise so complete it disguised even my speech and habits of thoughts, even my sentiments and impulses. This girl does and says things I never could and, awake, have never thought of. But to her they seem quite right, the natural and right things to do and say. The truth is, most of the time she's rather self-satisfied and pleased with everything—the life she leads, the people she knows, the fun she has—everything."

(Concluded Next Week.)

GRAFT CHARGED TO SHIPPING BOARD IN INVESTIGATION HELD

WASHINGTON, D. C., Nov. 9.—Corruption of employees and officials of the shipping board emergency fleet corporation, graft in purchasing supplies for, and in repairing government owned merchant ships, and the use of political or other influence in obtaining contracts for ship construction and the allocation of completed vessels to operating companies, are among charges made in a report submitted to the house committee on shipping board operations by A. M. Fisher and J. F. Richardson, former employees of the board.

Chairman Benson of the shipping board refused tonight to discuss the reports, declaring any statement he might make would be to the house committee, which is conducting its investigation of the board's operations.

WILL A. HUNTLEY IS INJURED BY PASSING AUTO

W. A. Huntley, of the Huntley drug company of this city, was struck down, by an automobile yesterday morning in Portland, and seriously injured. He is at his home there under the care of his physician, Dr. Hugh S. Mount.

Mr. Huntley, in attempting to cross a street near East Moreland, Portland, yesterday morning had just stepped off the curb, when he espied an automobile coming towards him. He attempted to get back to the walk, but the driver of the machine, thinking he could pass between Mr. Huntley and the curb, speeded up to pass, but was too late, and the car struck Huntley throwing him to the pavement. He was rushed to the emergency hospital, and later taken to his home. The weather being so fine yesterday, Mr. Huntley had decided to walk down to the heart of the city to catch the Oregon City car.

CITY OF MEDFORD AND ASHLAND ON OUTS OVER COURT HOUSE

MEDFORD, Or., Nov. 5.—There is no longer a sisterly feeling between Medford and Ashland and Jacksonville, all because the courthouse removal proposition to Medford was defeated by only 157 votes on election day.

Medford is looking daggers at Ashland. Jacksonville is hugging her precious courthouse and ever and anon letting out a loud guffaw at Medford.

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YOUR PATRONAGE APPRECIATED

Corvallis renewing acquaintances among former classmates.

Miss Ada Rush and Mary Kessu came from Corvallis where they are enrolled in the high school to be with home folks over Sunday.

The son of Mr. and Mrs. Ross is ill with scarlet fever in a mild form.

Mrs. Allen came down from Spokane to accompany her mother Mrs. Jones to her home. Mrs. Jones having spent two months with her daughter Mrs. Eleanor Jones.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry M. Hayles of Airlie, Oregon, have been recent visitors at Jennings Lodge. The Hayles family are poultry raisers and have planted several acres to strawberries this year.

Will Jacobs for a number of years a resident here but now of Portland, has returned from a very successful hunting trip going to Riddle by auto then over a trail 12 miles south. As a result two fine deer were expressed from Riddle and are being enjoyed by friends.

Mrs. Hodges and children of Portland visited with her former schoolmate Mrs. Edith Blinestone recently.

Mrs. Ella Maple returns home this week from Milton, Oregon.

Buy It Either Way Tablets or Liquid

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Mr. E. W. Marshall, Brantton, Michigan suffering from Systemic Catarrh involving Head, Nose, Throat and Stomach, claims a complete cure. His letter is convincing. "For the past two years I have been troubled with systemic catarrh. I tried several boxes of Pe-ru-na tablets and they have effected a complete cure. I do not hesitate to recommend Pe-ru-na. Mr. Marshall is just one of many thousands who have been benefited by Dr. Hartman's famous medicine in the past fifty years. It is by stimulating the digestion, enriching the blood and toning up the nerves that Pe-ru-na is able to exert such a soothing, healing influence upon the mucous membranes which line the body. It is a wonderfully effective remedy to restore strength after a protracted sickness, the grip or Spanish influenza."

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