

A Fool's Errand

Or an Unexpected Turn of Affairs

By CLARISSA MACKIE

Hal Marcy watched his cousin from under lowering brows. Dick was standing in the sunny window, his mouth set in grim, obstinate lines. "Well?" repeated Hal coolly.

"What is it?" growled Dick over his broad shoulder.

"Are you going down to Scarsdale after what I've told you? Why, Alice would only laugh in your face!"

Dick turned sharply. "Oh, no, she wouldn't—she's not that sort! She might feel like laughing, but she would hide it well," he ended bitterly.

"Why strain her courtesy, then?" persisted Hal.

"May I ask whether this is my affair or yours?" Dick Corning was white under his tanned skin.

"It is mine in a measure," was Hal's insolent reply. He leisurely drew out a cigarette case and scratched a match on a gold box. He spoke between puffs of blue smoke that wreathed his dark, thin face. "You know—when you mentioned you were going down to Scarsdale today I asked you (puff) if you were going down to see Alice Wilson—and you snapped out—yes—and I knew why by the look of you—there, there, Dicky, don't get hot. We all catch it sooner or later like measles and whooping cough. I had a good reason for advising you not to go down there. It's a fool's errand for you, Dicky, my boy."

"You mean that somebody else—Dicky's voice choked into silence.

"It comes pretty near being that," returned Hal somewhat vaguely. Then rather condescendingly he added, "I may as well drop you a hint, Dicky."



"ALICE!" HE GASPED.

noy—even though she may not be for you, you may be able to claim relationship with her some day—see?"

Dick Corning's eyes blazed menacingly, and his big hands clinched tightly. His lips writhed into a strange smile that was half a sneer.

"You mean that I may marry Alice's cousin May and thus become her cousin-in-law?" he asked.

Hal Marcy winced. "No, I didn't mean that, and you know it too. I meant that the relationship would be on the other side of the house."

"Oh, you mean that you expect to marry May and we will be related to Alice Wilson in that manner. Shall I congratulate you, old man?" Dick's

gray eyes pierced the veneer of good nature that had covered his cousin's attitude.

"Quit your fooling, Dick," snarled Hal, flinging away his cigarette and preparing another. "I can tell you one thing."

"You have told me so many times this morning I am tempted to forego any further infringement on you."

"If you go down to see Alice Wilson today you'll be making the mistake of your life. You'll be making a fool of yourself. Believe me that I have a good reason for saying this."

Dick picked up his hat, smoothed the creases in the soft brim and settled it on his fair head. "You've butted into my affairs today in an unpardonable manner. I have simply to say that I am quite willing to bear any mortification that my harmless actions may bring upon me."

As he closed the door he heard Hal's impatient voice sending after him: "Fool's errand."

"I'll do it just the same," gritted Dick through his set teeth, and his keen eyes had a vision then of beautiful Alice Wilson telling him with tearful, pitying eyes that she loved his cousin Hal Marcy and that she would be a cousin to him forever.

"I'll be blanked if she will!" cried Dick as he drove through the crisp, cool air. "If she won't find I know she won't have a duffer like me! I shall go around the world, and when I find a good place in which to forget her I'll stay there, only I know I'll never find such a place," he ended forlornly.

He was fiercely jealous of Hal Marcy. Hal was several years his senior and of a domineering character. Dick had fallen desperately in love with Alice Wilson the year before while Hal was in Europe, but Hal had suddenly returned three months ago and with his customary overbearing manner, had ousted his cousin off the field and immediately laid open siege to Alice's heart. Dick, astonished and quite diffident in the presence of an overpowering love, had allowed himself to be pushed aside until now he found it almost impossible to regain the ground he had lost.

Alice treated him with sweet friendliness that was maddening as well as disheartening. All the sweet, gay intimacy of their friendship was gone. He seemed to be numbered among a host of unimportant admirers who worshipped Alice from afar, while the intrepid Hal Marcy stepped boldly forward and openly admitted that there was an "understanding" between Alice Wilson and himself. To all hints and innuendoes the lovely Alice turned the point of her wit to excellent effect.

Five weeks had elapsed since Dick had ventured near Scarsdale, where Alice lived. At his elaborately careless remark that he thought he would drive down that way his cousin had been quick to sting him with the remark that if he was going down to see Miss Wilson his errand would be in vain.

But Dick Corning's lips were set in that obstinate curve that few had ever seen and none had understood because there had been so few things in this world that he had had to fight for. Most everything had come to him easily, but now this greatest boon, the love of a good, fair woman, was to be denied him. She was to be Hal's, and Hal was a boulder.

Dick was going to put the question to her just the same. His attentions to her had been so marked in the past that he felt that he owed it to her to ask the all important question. That she would refuse him he had not the slightest doubt. It would be done gently, but convincingly, with perhaps a hint at some cousinly relationship in the future, after she should be married to Hal. He routed out a time table, and with one hand on the steering wheel of the car, he studied the trains from town and mentally compared the running time with the departure of certain Pacific liners due to sail from San Francisco in six days.

"I'll get down there at 3, drink tea at 4 and, if she is alone, ask her. It will take her about ten minutes to turn me down, including the cousinly advice and all that. Then I can run back to town by 5:30, catch the 7:10 for the

Wants, For Sale, Etc.

WANTED.
WANTED—Everybody to know that I carry the largest stock of second-hand furniture in town. Tourists or local people looking for curious Indian arrow heads, old stamps or Indian trinkets should see me. Will buy anything of value. George Young, Main street, near Fifth.

FOR SALE.
FOR SALE—Having leased my place, I have for sale 6 head fine young horses, also 2 buggies and 1 surrey. W. M. Robinson, Oregon City, R. F. P. No. 5 Tel. Farmers 76.

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FOR SALE—7 head of Eastern Oregon horses. Can be seen at Billy's Feed barn.

FOR SALE—Cheap. Modern 5-room bungalow and four lots on Willamette car line. Address Box 55, Willamette.

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IMPROVED and unimproved building lots for sale. Lots in Oregon City \$150 to \$200. Lots in city of Glastonance \$225 and upward, half cash, balance monthly installments, 100 ft. square, (2 lots), in Sellwood, (Portland), \$3,000, half cash, terms on balance. Also have several desirable residences for sale on easy terms. William Beard, owner, 1902 Molalla avenue, Oregon City.

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FOR RENT—Good comfortable five room house in Canemah; 4 lots, \$6. Cross & Hammond.

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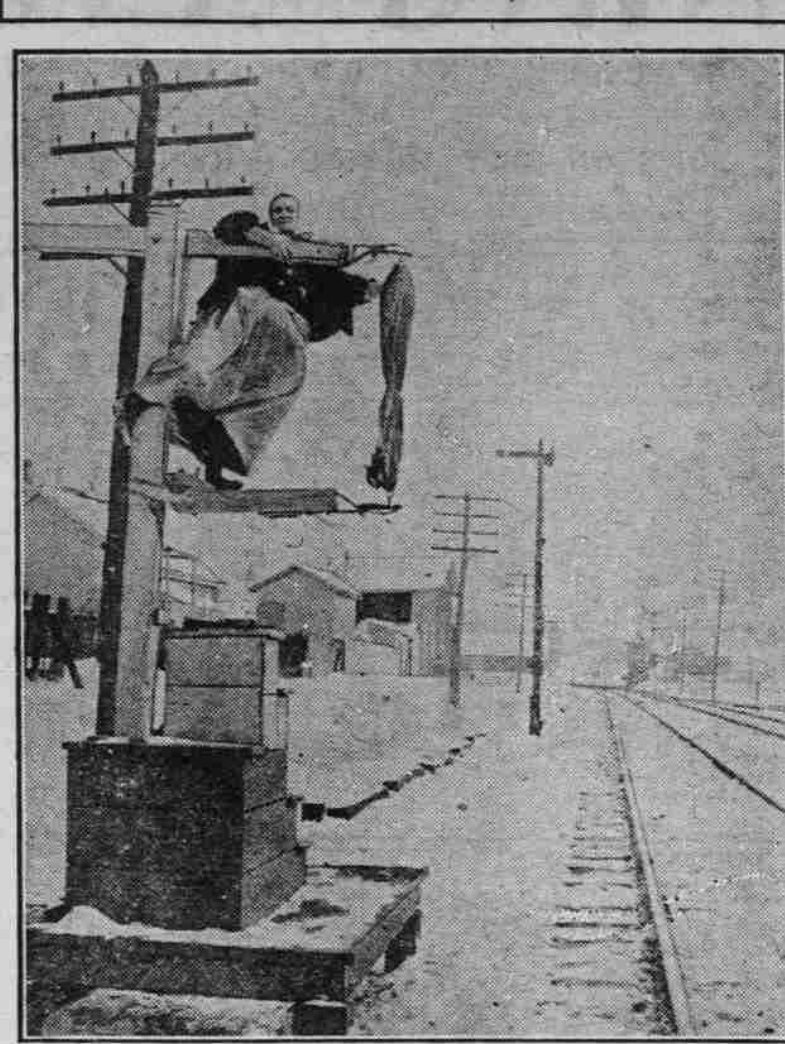
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Mrs. Samuel Walters, Veteran Mail Carrier, at Her Post



WOMAN'S sphere has been enlarged by a sturdy member of the "weaker sex," who has for more than forty years been carrying the mail between the Florin (Pa.) postoffice and the railway station. She is Mrs. Samuel Walters, wife of an employee of the Pennsylvania railroad. In all weathers she has attended to her duty and has a record of never having missed a mail. She has had but one vacation, which she spent in a trip of a few days to New York city. She is held in high esteem by the employees of the railway postal service, and the government now pays her four times as much as when she first took up her duties. The photograph shows Mrs. Walters at her post waiting for the passing train to get the mail bag

cups were crushed under the weight of Dick's arms.

"What?" shouted Dick, unbelieving.

"You asked me to marry you. I will—only if you start on a trip around the world I shall go, too," whispered Alice in his startled ears.

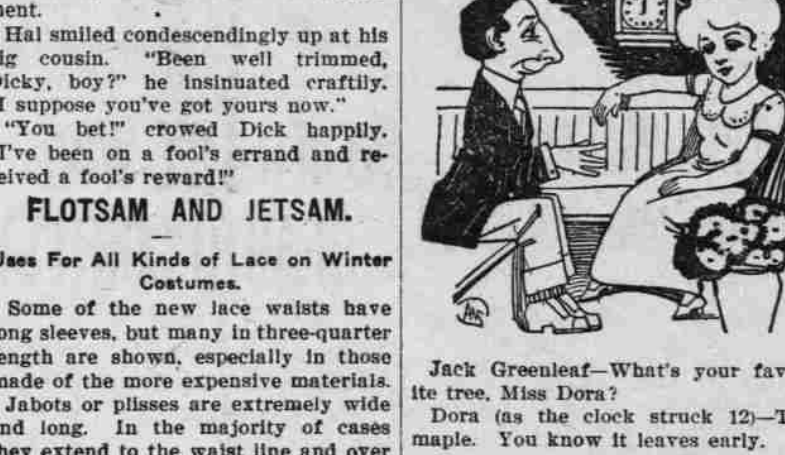
At 6 o'clock Dick brought his car before the curbstone, and he ran up the steps of the bachelor apartments, where both he and his cousin had rooms. In the main corridor he ran into Hal, immaculate in evening dress, on his way to keep a dinner engagement.

Hal smiled condescendingly up at his big cousin. "Been well trimmed, Dicky, boy?" he inquired craftily. "I suppose you've got your now."

"You bet!" crowed Dick happily. "I've been on a fool's errand and received a fool's reward!"

FLOTSAM AND JETSAM.
Uses For All Kinds of Lace on Winter Costumes.

Some of the new lace waists have long sleeves, but many in three-quarter length are shown, especially in those made of the more expensive materials. Jabots or plisses are extremely wide and long. In the majority of cases they extend to the waist line and over



Jack Greenleaf—What's your favorite tree, Miss Dora? Dora (as the clock struck 12)—The maple. You know it leaves early.



NEW EFFECT IN BLOUSES.
as far as the shoulder. The shape is generally broader at the top than at the bottom.

Lace and the most gorgeous of brocades threaded with gold and silver and worked in flowers of wool or silk, or both, make up the most handsome of evening gowns. But beaded net is also used, with a softening note of old lace on the shoulders.

The blouse that is closed at the front and finished with big revers and frill is essentially smart. The sleeves and collar, too, in the model pictured are very novel. JUDIC COLLETT.

This May Manton pattern is cut in sizes for misses of fourteen, sixteen and eight years of age. Send 5 cents to this office, giving number 528 and it will be

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SUGDEN'S FINGERS WERE ALL OUT OF JOINT.

Sam Crawford tells a story on Joe Sugden that, while not new, is worth repeating.

"Joe was catching and Clark Griffith was pitching in a game in Chicago one day," said Sam. "A foul tip knocked one of Joe's fingers out of joint, and he walked out to the box to have Griff pull it back in place.

"Joe extended his hand, which has the worst looking lot of gnarled fingers on it you ever saw, and said to Griff: "One of my fingers is out of joint. Give it a yank, will you?"

"Clark looked at the hand a moment and then ejaculated: "Sure, if you tell me which one it is. They all look out of joint to me."

SCHOOL FOR BASEBALL NOW.

East Liverpool Institution Plans to Teach Game to Youngsters.

Something new in baseball has been sprung in East Liverpool, O., by the formation of the Sweeney baseball school, which has applied for an Ohio charter. The dean of the school will be Alex Sweeney, former Eastern and Tri-state league player.

It is planned to give a series of lectures and actual playing experience to scholars. It will be the only school of the kind in the country.

NURSERY STOCK FOR SALE CHEAP

Now is the time to set out roses for you part of city

Two-year-old budded roses, fifty varieties to choose from, will set them out and guarantee them for 20c each; also all kinds of fancy shrubbery and fruit trees at low prices. Apply H. J. BIGGER, Seventh and Center streets, at the old stand.

Fortune Spent on Buttons.

Forty thousand pounds was paid by Louis XIV. for one set of buttons for a waistcoat. This monarch had a positive passion for buttons, and in the year 1685 he spent a very large amount on this hobby. Among the items of his expenditure two are worthy of note—August, 1685, two diamond buttons, 67,806 francs; seventy-five diamond buttons, 586,703 francs. It is estimated that during his lifetime he spent \$1,000,000 on buttons alone, and that at a time when the empire of France was in a state of bankruptcy.

Critically III.
Frost—Critically III, is he? Snow—Yes, critical of everything and everybody.—Harper's Bazar.

Recall of Judges Spells Ruin of Judicial System

By ALTON B. PARKER Democratic Presidential Candidate In 1904

THE lawyers of the country should organize in opposition to the proposed recall of judges.

If put into practice and carried to its inevitable conclusion recall of judges is the substitution of popular opinion for legal procedure. It is justice—or injustice—meted out not according to the law of the land, but according to supposed public sentiment.

RECALL OF JUDGES SPELLS IN THE ULTIMATE RESULT A RECALL OF THE JUDICIAL SYSTEM AND THE SUBSTITUTION OF A VIGILANCE COMMITTEE.

Never before, I think, in the history of civilization has any blind leader of the blind advocated as progressive a return to the chaotic conditions inherent in administration of justice by CAPRICE rather than by the RULES OF LAW.

The recall of judges, however, is but the first step toward the cherished goal of the leaders of the movement against the judiciary. Their ultimate aim is the RECALL OF THE POWER OF THE COURTS to declare void such legislative acts as are forbidden by the constitutions, state and federal.

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