

Her Own Detective

A Girl Suspect Clears Herself

By ELINOR MARSH

We were a "bunch" of a dozen boys and girls, averaging in age perhaps seventeen years. We were young enough to get up parties on the principle of "Dutch treat" and not old enough for a boy to feel that if he asked one of the girls to go to an amusement he must hire a carriage for the purpose of taking her. We had informal dances in each other's houses and each boy was detailed, as they say in the army, to escort a particular girl to the dance. In this way all the girls were transported without doubling up.

All went well, and we were having a merry time when Roy Stivers, one of the boys who had gone sweet on a girl outside the set, insisted on introducing her among us. We girls were not pleased at the introduction of one we knew nothing about, but we yielded gracefully, and I consented to Roy bringing her to a dance that was to come off at my house.

It is marvelous how a nice, well bred boy will go daft on a girl entirely out of his sphere and in every way beneath him. The moment we girls saw Roy's friend, Sarah Stearns, we knew that a firebrand had been introduced among us. But it is easier to let a person into a social clique than to get him or her out. Roy was one of our nicest fellows, and we did not wish to offend him. Sarah Stearns was not invited again to any of our little dances, but Roy asked her to go with him on excursions, theater parties and the like. He was the only son of a widow who gave him all the money he wished and, among other luxuries, a splendid motorcar. He was accustomed to take us all out in it between dances when we were holding our informal parties, and also took us on longer rides. Of course we could not object to his inviting Sarah to go on excursions in his car, and while so engaged we endeavored to treat her civilly.

Just before the spring opened Roy invited us all to go to his mother's country place for a week end. Of course Sarah Stearns would be of the party, Roy being at liberty to invite whom he pleased to his own home. Two-thirds of our "bunch" accepted, and Roy took us to our destination in his car. The others would not go on account of Sarah Stearns being of the party.

I wished very much to enjoy the fun, but Eleanor Trevor was my particular girl chum, and she was one who intended to stay away. I persuaded her to go, however, since my pleasure depended on her doing so.

Roy's mother acted as chaperon and did all in her power to make our stay in her house enjoyable. One evening we were dancing when all of a sudden the electric lights ceased to glow, and we were left in total darkness. My friend Eleanor was dancing with Charlie Hunt at the time. Charlie, like Roy, was given everything he wanted, and among other things he possessed a valuable gold watch. Soon after the lights were extinguished there was a tug at his watch chain and, feeling for it, he found it broken. His watch was gone. He was dancing with Eleanor when the darkness came, and of course they ceased to whirl and disengaged themselves. Five minutes later, when the lights continued to glow, they were still standing near each other.

Charlie, not wishing to mar our festivities, said nothing at the time about the loss of the watch, but the matter soon leaked out. An unpleasant feature of the matter was that he was dancing with Eleanor when the lights went out, and the logical inference was that she had relieved him of it. Nevertheless, none of us believed anything of the kind.

Our host was very much troubled. It was evident that there was a thief among us. So far as circumstantial evidence was concerned it pointed to Eleanor Trevor. She knew nothing about Charlie's loss or the position in which she stood until I told her. She was not a person to cringe under such circumstances. With woman's intuition she at once spotted Sarah Stearns as being at the bottom of the trouble. She did not believe that Sarah had stolen the watch for the watch itself, but that she might inculpate Eleanor. Eleanor's theory was that Sarah had seen her dancing with Charlie when the lights had gone out and an opportunity had appeared to her of popping the girl who she knew was in favor of ostracizing her from our set.

But Eleanor told no one except me of her suspicion, and I confess it seemed to me rather farfetched, though I did not say this to Eleanor.

"I've got a detective problem on my hands," said Eleanor to me, "and I'm especially interested in working it out. I wish you would give me the cold shoulder and ask the other girls to do the same."

"Why so?" I asked. "There's not one of us that believes for a moment that you are a thief."

"It will put Sarah Stearns off her guard and give me a better chance. If she took the watch—and I am sure she did—she must get rid of it. I'll take all possible pains to see that she doesn't send it away. I shall keep an eye on her all the while and note everything she does."

"I will aid you in that," I said.

The incident occurred on Saturday evening. All day Sunday either Eleanor or I kept watch on Sarah. Sunday afternoon she started with a letter in her hand for the postoffice. I told her that I had written a letter that I wished mailed. She offered to mail it for me. I went to my room for it, and when I came down had my hat and coat on and told her that I would go with her. To that she assented with at least apparent willingness. Whether or no she was going to get rid of the watch, she had no chance to do so, for I did not let her out of my sight for a moment.

Eleanor interfered with her going out later in the evening to take the air on the porch. We all went to bed early, or at least to our rooms. We girls were roomed on the second floor, and each was given a room to herself. Eleanor was in my room till 11 o'clock. She said she expected to be up all night to see that Sarah Stearns did not get rid of the watch, and her watch would not commence till all in the house were supposed to be asleep.

"What are you going to do?" I asked. "I'm going to stay in the hall."

"Go to bed," I urged. "None of us believes that you are a thief. Besides, you are acting on a theory. You will lose your sleep for nothing."

"I have more chance of success than you think," she said. "Charlie has been very nice to me and has told me certain things about the watch that it is well for me to know."

"Then he knows you are hunting for it?"

"No, what he told me was said casually. But he does not believe I robbed him. At least he says he doesn't."

"But I don't see how any mark on the watch can do you any good except to identify it when you have got it, and you will have to get it before you can identify it."

Eleanor made no reply to this. She simply kissed me good night and went to her room. I was a long while getting to sleep, but when I did I slept till 4 o'clock in the morning, when I was awakened by her. She told me that she had been awake all night and asked me to get up and continue the watch that she might get some sleep. I did as she asked, but it was evident that she had failed, and I believed she was on a wild goose chase.

She was up for an 8 o'clock breakfast and looked quite fresh, considering that she had gone to bed so late. During the day I helped her occasionally in her vigil and again prevented Sarah Stearns from going out alone. This time I could see that she suspected me, though she concealed the fact quite well.

"The party is to break up tomorrow," said Eleanor to me. "We were only invited till Tuesday morning. Either I must get that watch tonight or remain uninvited for the rest of my life."

I assured her that she was not nor ever would be smirched by any one of us, to which she replied that Sarah Stearns would spread the matter abroad in a way that could not be countered.

Roy took us to drive during the afternoon. Eleanor feigned a headache and remained at home. She charged me to keep my eyes upon Sarah Stearns every moment. I suggested to Eleanor that she was remaining at home that she might search for the missing watch, but she said that would be useless, for if Sarah had left it she had undoubtedly hidden it in a safe place, but she believed Sarah had it with her, and Eleanor relied on me to see that she did not get rid of it during the ride. I did my work, but without results.

That night, when Eleanor and I went to our rooms, as we passed Sarah Stearns' room I saw Eleanor look up at the transom. Then she went with me into my room and took from my closet a bamboo stick with a hook on one end and carried it away to her room. Just before 3 in the morning she came into my room and, holding her watch to my ear, asked me if I could hear it tick. I told her that I could hear it very distinctly. She removed it farther and farther from me, with each removal asking me if I could still hear it tick. When she had taken it some four or five yards from me I could still hear it.

"That will do," she said. "Your ear is far more keen than mine. It is now a few minutes before 3. Come with me."

She led me by the hand through the darkness to Sarah Stearns' door. Then she took the bamboo stick with the hook on the end and, feeling carefully for the transom by means of the hook, pulled it partly open, accomplishing the work without the slightest sound. This done, she put her arms around my knees and lifted me so that my ear was near the transom. She had held me there perhaps three minutes when I heard what sounded like a far distant chime faintly strike the hour of 3.

"Put me down," I whispered to Eleanor.

"Have you heard anything?" asked Eleanor.

"Yes; a chime."

She lowered me to the floor and, throwing her arms around my neck, gave me a bear hug.

"Now go and awaken some of the girls and bring them here," she said. "I did her bidding and collected every girl in the hall. Then Eleanor turned on the electric light and knocked gently on Sarah's door.

"The door was unlocked, and we all went into the room. Eleanor went to the bed and from under a pillow took out the lost watch.

There was a chime strike in it, and Eleanor, knowing this, had based her operations on hearing it. But since the watch was under a pillow no one except with the keenest sense of hearing would have detected it.

The matter was hushed up on Roy's account, but we were no longer troubled with Miss Stearns.

MODERN INDUSTRY

The Immense Debt It Owes to the Science of Chemistry.

A VITAL FORCE IN BUSINESS.

It is an Exceptional Process or Manufacturing Plant in These Days That Does Not Rest Fundamentally Upon Chemical Control.

Six gentlemen gathered round a table on which were displayed a steel rail, a waterproof shoe, a fifty cent necktie and a tin of preserved beef. Each claimed credit for creating these commodities.

"All are products of our wonderful factory system," said the manufacturer. "My foresight built the factory, and my management keeps it going."

"How about money?" protested the banker. "Where would your factory be without my financial aid?"

The third man was an engineer. "Neither factory nor finance would have been of much account without my professional ability in working out processes," he asserted. "Each of these articles embodies hundreds of engineering problems which I have solved."

THE WORLD'S GREATEST WAR

The United States has entered the greatest war the world has ever seen. The part we play may determine the future of Europe both politically and socially. Every American man, woman and child is vitally interested in this war. Some of us will give our lives, all of us must make sacrifices.

"The World's Greatest War"

is the title of a new 32 page atlas just placed on the market. It is the most comprehensive work of its kind and is accurate in the smallest details.

There are 15 pages of maps in three colors (15x11) covering minutely the various theatres of war, and showing all the towns and villages mentioned in the daily dispatches from the front.

There are pages of photographs, many of them made expressly for this book, of persons, places and things about which so much is said and so little definitely known. Photographs of zeppelins, submarines, submarine chasers, mines, torpedoes, torpedo nets, anti-aircraft guns, gas masks, giant guns that shoot 2-ton shells, German trenches, etc.

There is a complete chronological history of the war to date, and the answers to a thousand and one questions on every phase of the costliest and bloodiest struggle in the history of mankind.

An Invaluable Reference Book for the Home

Possession of this book will enable anyone to give exact information on subjects on which his friends speak from hearsay. It is a valuable addition to any library and contains a wealth of facts on the one subject in which everyone is interested at the present time.

The book itself is printed on the finest grade of enameled paper and is the best that skilled workmanship can produce.

Falls City News one year and Atlas \$1.30

NEW COMBINATION OFFER

Falls City News, one year	\$1.00
The Manufacturer	2.00
Total	\$3.00
Both papers, one year	\$1.50

THE FALLS CITY NEWS.

GET YOUR BUTTER WRAPPERS

PRINTED AT THIS OFFICE.

"All production rests on labor," declared a workman in cap and overalls. "If I walk out of your factory everything stops."

"I built up the consuming demand for your stuff," chipped in the salesman.

Finally the sixth man spoke. "I am a chemist," he said, "and these are all chemical products. All industry today is three-fourths chemical. You may think that your steel rail was made in furnaces and mills by purely mechanical processes, but from start to finish it depends on chemical exactness in materials and manipulation, and if the chemistry is lacking the rail breaks. That chrome tanned shoe is a chemical achievement. Chrome tanning is a chemically exact process. The necktie is made of artificial silk, a chemical imitation that is at once cheap, good looking and useful. As for your can of beef, the packing industry has been built up on chemical research, and this meat was probably paid for with chemical by-products. Gentlemen, three-fourths of all our manufacturing today is chemical at bottom, and you must recognize that fact if you are going to extend your business and continue to make money."

Enter a vital new factor in American industry—chemical control. Look at our manufacturing plants through the eyes of the chemist and products that you had supposed were entirely mechanical in their nature, such as building materials, metals, machinery, and the like, become products of the laboratory. The food you eat, the beverages you drink, the clothes you wear, the tools you use, your playthings and studies and the power, heat and light that keep you comfortable in the modern world—in every one of them is subtle chemical supervision. It is an exceptional process or plant nowadays that does not rest fundamentally on chemical control, and if you find one that does not something is probably the matter with it for that very reason.

Here is another way of illustrating chemical control:

Everybody knows that much has been accomplished in the past few years by intelligent study of people in industry—the workers. A manager understands that his people have differences of temperament, education, brains, strength, likes and dislikes. He uses their natural abilities as far as possible and, when these are too pronounced in a certain direction, may check one against another, as by harnessing careless energy and cautious experience together. Even differences of nationality, politics and religion can be harmonized to increase output, raise earnings, cut costs and abolish waste and accidents.

Now comes the chemist and insists that the materials of industry are just about like the people. They are temperamental. They have warm likes and dislikes for each other. Some are energetic and some sluggish. They differ with mass, temperature, time, and so on. Their differences are as subtle as human whimsies, being detected only with the microscope or delicate reactions in many cases. The chemist aims to bring about with materials the same balance and working harmony that the manager of employees brings about with human beings.

The Rev. Irl R. Hicks 1917 Almanac

The Rev. Irl R. Hicks Almanac for 1917 comes out bright and better than ever. His splendid portrait in four color work, taken from life in May, 1916, proves that this old friend of the millions is very far from being "a dead man." Every home, office and business in America owe it to this faithful, old friend of the people to send for his Almanac and Magazine for 1917. This Almanac is 35c by mail. His monthly Magazine with Almanac, one dollar a year. Send to WORD AND WORKS PUBLISHING COMPANY, 3401 Franklin Avenue, St. Louis, Mo.

We must all get acquainted with each other on this new basis, says the chemist. Bankers and business men must get the chemical viewpoint and learn to pass on chemical values. They now call in the engineer for professional guidance when they make investments and start new enterprises. They must learn to call in the chemist in the same way and use his knowledge in clearing up technical problems. Their relation with the engineer was not established in a day.

A similar relation with the chemist will take time. For the present they should cultivate an acquaintance with chemist and chemical literature.

The chemist, on his part, recognizes that he has been too closely absorbed in his profession and that he must now cultivate the acquaintance of the banker, the business man and the man in the street and show them where chemistry touches everything in modern life.

—James H. Collins in Saturday Evening Post.

Yesterday's neglect causes two-thirds of today's worry.

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven Catarrh to be a constitutional disease, and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only Constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a tea-spoonful. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials.

Address: F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, 75c. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Send us whatever news you know. We will not publish your name but will publish the news.

Good four room house for rent. Apply at The News office.

Professional Cards

PHYSICIAN

F. M. HELLWARTH
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON
Office one door east of P. O.
Office and Residence Phone 363 Falls City, Oregon.

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW

E. K. PIASECKI
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW
620 Mill Street. DALLAS, ORE.

Business Cards

HOTEL

Falls City Hotel
Sample Rooms
Best Accommodations
F. Drega, Proprietor

BARBER SHOPS

Bohle's Barber Shops
Falls City, Oregon
Where you can get a Shave, Hair Cut, Bath or 'Shine'
Agent for Dallas Steam Laundry
Bundles forwarded Tuesday evening

MONUMENTS

G. L. HAWKINS
MARBLE AND GRANITE
MONUMENTS
Dallas, Oregon

FUNERAL DIRECTOR

R. L. CHAPMAN
FUNERAL DIRECTOR
We attend to all work promptly.
Dallas and Falls City, Ore.

REAL ESTATE

J. O. MICKALSON
Dealer in
REAL ESTATE
Falls City, Oregon.

BROWN-SIBLEY ABSTRACT CO.

610 Mill Street, Dallas, Oregon.
JOHN B. SIBLEY, Manager.
Our abstract plant is posted daily from
Folk County Records.

Notice to News Subscribers

A mark here indicates that your subscription is delinquent. Please call and fix it.

Mr. Home Seeker—COME TO FALLS CITY, OREGON and Buy Orchard Land

Post Office Time Card

Office hours: Daily, except Sunday, 8 a.m. to 6.30 p.m.

Mail arrives, from
Salem 9:00 a.m., 6:15 p.m.
Dallas, 9:00 A. M., 6:15 P. M.
Portland via Gerlinger, train 102
11:55 a. m.
Black Rock, 1:30 P. M.

Mail closes for:
Salem, 8:50 A.M., 1 P.M. and 5:30 P. M.

Dallas, 8:50 A. M. and 5:30P. M.
Portland via Gerlinger train 102
1 p. m.

Black Rock, 1 A. M.
Mail Order and Postal Savings window closes at 6 P. M.

SUNDAY ONLY

Office hours: 9:30 to 10:30 a.m.;
Mail arrives from Salem, 9:00 a. m.

Mail closes for Salem, 8:50 a. m.
General Delivery Window Open
From 9:30 to 10:30 A. M.
Effective March 11, 1917.

IRA C. MEHLING, Postmaster

Extra copies of The News are printed each week, and will be sent to any address desired, postpaid, for 5 cents per copy.

Correspondents wanted in every neighborhood in this section of the country.