

## The Case of Jennie Brice

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That Thursday proved to be an exciting day, for late in the afternoon Terry, digging the mud out of the cellar, came across my missing gray false front near the coal vault and brought it up, grinning, and just before Mr. Graves, the detective, rang the bell and then let himself in. I found him in the lower hall looking around.

"Well, Mrs. Pitman," he said, "has our friend come back yet?"

"She was no friend of mine."

"Not she—Ladley. He'll be out this evening, and he'll probably be around for his clothes."

I felt my knees waver, as they always did when he was spoken of.

"He may want to stay here," said Mr. Graves. "In fact, I think that's just what he will want."

"Not here," I protested. "The very thought of him makes me quake."

"If he comes here better take him in I want to know where he is."

I tried to say that I wouldn't have him, but the old habit of the ward asserted itself. From taking a bottle of beer or a slice of pie to telling one where one might or might not live the police were autoerats in that neighborhood, and respectable woman that I am, my neighbors' fears of the front office have infected me.

"All right, Mr. Graves," I said.

He pushed the parlor door open and looked in, whistling. "This is the place isn't it?"

"Yes. But it was upstairs that he"—

"I see. Tall woman, Mrs. Ladley?"

"Tall and blond. Very airy in her manner."

He nodded and stood looking in and whistling. "Never heard her speak of a town named Horner, did you?"

"Horner? No."

"I see." He turned and wandered out again into the hall, still whistling.

At the door, however, he stopped and turned. "Look anything like this?" he asked and held out one of his hands with a small kodak picture on the palm.

It was a snapshot of a children's frock in a village street, with some onlookers in the background. Around one of the heads had been drawn a circle in pencil. I took it to the gas jet and looked at it closely. It was a tall woman with a hat on, not unlike Jennie Brice. She was looking over the crowd, and I could see only her face, and that in shadow. I shook my head.

"I thought not," he said. "We have a lot of stage pictures of her, but, what with false hair and their being retouched beyond recognition, they don't amount to much." He started out and stopped on the doorstep to light a cigar.

"Take him in if he comes," he said.

"And keep your eyes open. Feed him well and he won't kill you!"

I had plenty to think of when I was cooking Mr. Reynolds' supper—the chance that I might have Mr. Ladley again and the woman at Horner. For it had come to me like a flash as Mr. Graves left that the "Horn—" on the paper slip might have been "Horner."

After all, there was nothing sensational about Mr. Ladley's return. He came at 8 o'clock that night, fresh shaved and with his hair cut, and, although he had a latchkey, he rang the doorbell. I knew his ring, and I thought it no harm to carry an old razor of Mr. Pitman's with the blade open and folded back on the handle, the way the colored people use them, in my left hand.

But I saw at once that he meant no mischief.

"Good evening," he said, and put out his hand. I jumped back until I saw there was nothing in it and that he only meant to shake hands. I didn't do it. I might have to take him in and make his bed and cook his meals, but I did not have to shake hands with him.

"You, too," he said, looking at me

To be continued.

## Call For Volunteers

The Currinsville people, headed by road supervisor, Albert Kitching, hereby issue a call for volunteers to help on the road work on the Alspaugh hill, leading to the Eagle Creek bridge, all day Saturday, May 1st.

The ladies of the district are just as enthusiastic about this improvement and have promised to serve a fine picnic dinner for all workers. Everyone is invited to join in this combination of work, fun and eats. Notify Albert Kitching that you will be one of the gang.

The Currinsville and Eagle Creek districts have done a lot of good work on the main road and are willing to keep on working, even after their appropriation is gone.

This is a trunk road and of service to everyone.

## Road Work Not Stopped

C. W. Risley of Oak Grove, who has recently come into the lime light as another county court exposé, this week had an injunction issued, restraining the court from further road work in the county. The law requiring contract work on jobs amounting to \$1,000, or more, has not been enforced and has been disregarded.

Commissioner Mattoon Wednesday stated that the court had filed a demurrer, which was upheld and that work would not be brought to a standstill. He also admitted that the court would hereafter pay more attention to this law.

O. O. Bland of Estacada returned this week from a two weeks visit in Idaho, where he was called owing to the illness of his mother.

O. W. Twombly of Garfield returned this week from Eastern Oregon where he has been engaged with his sheep shearing outfit.

## Well Known Local Man Dies

Word has just been received this morning of the sudden death of Elmer S. Shankland of Currinsville at a Portland hospital, last night.

Mr. Shankland and wife have been temporarily living at 595 Tacoma St., Portland, for several months past, during the rebuilding of his house there.

He was taken to a Portland hospital, Friday, April 23rd, where he underwent an operation for appendicitis and it was a shock to his family, friends and neighbors to learn of his sudden death today.

Mr. Shankland was about 43 years old and is survived by his widow, two sons, Melvin of Currinsville, and Albert, the latter is now in Alaska, and one daughter, Mrs. C. M. O'Neel of Eagle Creek.

At the time of going to press, funeral arrangements had not been made.

The many friends and neighbors in this community, express their sincere sympathy to the family in this time of sorrow.

## Vaudeville Coming

The ladies of the C. I. C. are arranging for a big show to be given at the Family Theatre the evening of May 11th.

It will be a combination moving picture show with some of the cleverest vaudeville stunts, ever pulled off and the attraction of the latter entertainment will be in its local amateur performers. Among them will be the famous Irwindy & Madlany, clever musical artists and entertainers. Don't miss this treat.

Mrs. C. L. Allen of Estacada has been suffering from a serious attack of sciatic rheumatism, but is slightly improved now.

Mrs. J. F. Stevens of Myrtle Creek, Or. is visiting at the home of A. M. Stevens in Garfield.

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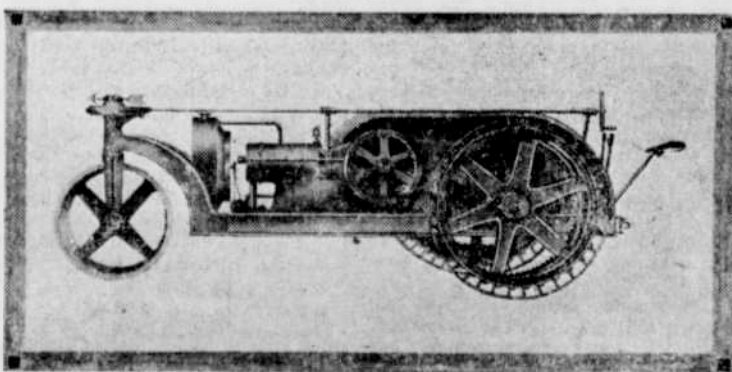
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