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The Case of Jennie Brice
(Continued from 2nd page)

degrees to be keeping a cheap boarding house in the flood district and to having to take impudence from everybody who chose to rent a room from me and to being called a she devil. From that I got to thinking again about the Ladleys and how she had said he was a fiend and to doubting about his having gone out for medicine for her. I dozed off again at daylight, and being worn out I slept heavily.

At 7 o'clock Mr. Reynolds came to the door, dressed for the store. He was a tall man of about fifty, neat and orderly in his habits, and he always remembered that I had seen better days and treated me as a lady. "Never mind about breakfast for this morning, Mrs. Pitman," he said. "I'll get a cup of coffee at the other end of the bridge. I'll take the boat and send it back with Terry."

He turned and went along the hall and down to the boat. I heard him push off from the stairs with an oar and row out into the street. Peter followed him to the stairs. At a quarter after 7 Mr. Ladley came out and called to me: "Just bring in a cup of coffee and some toast," he said. "Enough for one."

He went back and slammed his door and I made his coffee. I steeped a cup of tea for Mrs. Ladley at the same time. He opened the door just wide enough for the tray and took it with-out so much as a "thank you." He had a cigarette in his mouth as usual and I could see a fire in the grate and smell something like scorching cloth. "I hope Mrs. Ladley is better," I said, getting my foot in the crack of the door so he could not quite close it. It smelled to me as if he had accidentally set fire to something with his cigarette and I tried to see into the room.

"What about Mrs. Ladley?" he snapped. "You said she was ill last night." "Oh, yes! Well, she wasn't very sick. She's better than she was." "Shall I bring her some tea?" "Take your foot away!" he ordered. "No. She doesn't want tea. She's not here." "Not here!" "Good heavens!" he snarled. "Is her going away anything to make such a fuss about? The Lord knows I'd be glad to get out of this infernal pig-wallow myself!"

"If you mean my house?" I began. "But he had pulled himself together and was more polite when he answered: "I mean the neighborhood. Your house is all that could be desired for the money. If we do not have linen sheets and double cream we are paying muslin and milk prices." "Either my nose was growing accustomed to the odor or it was dying away. I took my foot away from the door. "When did Mrs. Ladley leave?" I asked.

"This morning, very early. I rowed her to Federal street." "You couldn't have had much sleep," I said dryly, for he looked horrible. There were lines around his eyes, which were red, and his lips looked dry and cracked. "She's not in the piece this week at the theater," he said, licking his lips and looking past me, not at me. "She'll be back by Saturday."

"I did not believe him. I do not think he imagined that I did. He shut the door in my face, and it caught poor Peter by the nose. The door ran off howling, but although Mr. Ladley had been as fond of the animal as I was in his nature to be fond of animals, he paid no attention. As I stood down the hall after him I saw what Peter had been carrying—a slipper of Mrs. Ladley's. It was soaked with water. Evidently Peter had found it floating at the foot of the stairs.

There was a hum of conversation from the other end, and then another man came to the telephone. "Can you find out where Miss Brice has gone?" "I'll see."

I went to Ladley's door and knocked. Mr. Ladley answered from just beyond. "The theater is asking where Mrs. Ladley is."

"Tell them I don't know," he snarled, and shut the door. I took his message to the telephone. "Whoever it was swore and hung up the receiver."

All the morning I was uneasy—I hardly knew why. Peter felt it as I did. There was no sound from the Ladleys' room, and the house was quiet, except for the lapping water on the stairs and the police patrol going back and forth.

At 11 o'clock a boy in the neighborhood, paddling on a raft, fell into the water and was drowned. I watched the police boat go past, carrying his little cold body, and after that I was good for nothing. I went and sat with Peter on the stairs. The dog's conduct had been strange all morning. He had sat just above the water, looking at it and whimpering. Perhaps he was expecting another kitten or—

It is hard to say how ideas first enter one's mind. But the notion that Mr. Ladley had killed his wife and thrown her body into the water came to me as I sat there. All at once I seemed to see it all—the quarreling the day before, the night trip in the boat, the water soaked slipper, his haggard face that morning—even the way the spaniel sat and stared at the flood.

Terry brought the boat back at half past 11, towing it behind another. "Well," I said from the stairs, "I hope you've had a pleasant morning?" "What doing?" he asked, not looking at me.

"Rowing about the streets. You've had that boat for hours." He tied it up without a word to me, but he spoke to the dog. "Good morning, Peter," he said. "It's nice weather for fishes, isn't it?" He picked out a bit of floating wood from the water and, showing it to the dog, flung it into the parlor. Peter went after it with a splash. He was pretty fat, and when he came back I heard him wheezing. But what he brought back was not the stick of wood. It was the knife I use for cutting bread. It had been on a shelf in the room where I had slept the night before, and now Peter brought it out of the flood where its wooden handle had kept it afloat. The blade was broken off short.

It is not unusual to find one's household goods floating around during flood time. More than once I've lost a chair or two and seen it after the water had gone down, new scrubbed and painted. In Molly Maguire's kitchen next door. And perhaps now and then a bit of luck would come to me—a dog kennel or a chicken house, or a kitchen table, or even a bedstead. Once, a month old baby in a wooden cradle, that lodged against my back fence and had come forty miles, as it turned out, with no worse mishap than a cold in its head.

Out of his pocket and glanced at it. "Forty-eight! Forty-eight, madam! And ninety-three cents! I have found them marooned in trees, clinging to fences, floating on barrels, and I have found them in comfortable houses where there was no excuse for their neglect. Well, I must be moving on. I have the report of a cat with a new litter in the loft of a stable near here."

He wiped his hands carefully on a fresh paper napkin, of which also a heap rested on one of the seats of the boat, and picked up an oar, smiling benevolently at Peter. Then suddenly he bent over and looked at the stained rope end tied to the stair rail. "What's that?" he said.

"That's what I'm going to find out," I replied. I glanced up at the Ladley's door, but it was closed. The little man dropped his oar and, fumbling in his pockets, pulled out a small magnifying glass. He bent over, holding to the rail, and inspected the stains with the glass. I had taken a fancy to him at once, and in spite of my excitement I had to smile a little. "Humph," he said and looked up at me; "that's blood! Why did you cut the boat loose?"

"I didn't," I said. "If that is blood I want to know how it got there. That was a new rope last night." I glanced at the Ladley's door again, and he followed my eyes. "I wonder," he said, raising his voice a little, "if I come into your kitchen if you will allow me to try a little that liver. There's a wretched Maitreese in a tree at the corner of Fourth street that won't touch it raw."

I saw that he wanted to talk to me, so I turned around and led the way to the temporary kitchen I had made. "Now," he said briskly when he had closed the door, "there's something wrong here. Perhaps if you will tell me how you got that blood on the floor of the kitchen I will tell you how to get it off. My name's Holcombe, retired merchant. Apply to First National Bank for references." "I'm not sure there is anything wrong," I began. "I guess I'm only nervous and thinking little things are big ones. There's nothing to tell."

"Nonsense. I come down the street in my boat. A white faced gentleman, with a cigarette, looks out from a window when I stop at the door and ducks back when I glance up. I come in and find a pet dog, obviously overtaken at ordinary times, whining with hunger on the stairs. As I prepare to feed him a pale woman comes down, trying to put a right hand glove on her left hand and with her jacket wrong side out. What am I to make of that?"

I started and looked at my coat. He was right. And when as I tried to take it off he helped me and even patted me on the shoulder—what with his kindness and the long morning alone, worrying, and the sleepless night, I began to cry. He had a clean handkerchief in my hand before I had time to think of one.

"That's it," he said. "It will do you good, only don't make a noise about it. If it's a husband on the annual flood spree don't worry, madam. They always come around in time to whitewash the cellars." "It isn't a husband," I sniffed. "Tell me about it," he said. There was something so kindly in his face and it was so long since I had had a bit of human sympathy that I almost broke down again.

(To be continued next week)

Announcement
I announce myself a candidate for State Representative from Coos County subject to the will of the Democratic voters at the primaries May 15. Will work for a better system of Road Laws to enable the people to get Oregon out of the mud.
A. T. MORRISON
For State Representative

The undersigned solicits the support of the Republican voters at the primaries for the office of State Representative from this county. The planks in his platform include, honesty, efficiency, economy, sane government, easier taxation, better roads and a greater Coos County.
MILES A. SIMPSON
Notice
I hereby announce myself as a candidate for the nomination of County Clerk on the Republican ticket of Coos Co., to be submitted to the vote of the people at the primary election May 15th.
F. D. KAUKE

For Joint Representative
The undersigned announces his candidacy for the Republican nomination for joint representative from Coos and Curry counties to the state legislature, and respectfully solicits the support of the Republican voters of the two counties. He nominates and elects his friends to conduct the affairs of his office to the best of his ability in a straightforward business way and on the lines of sound and well-proved principles, representing the best interests of his constituents as faithfully as he has his own, and depending on actual performance for their approval.
F. J. LUSKY
Announcement
I hereby announce myself as a candidate for the nomination of R. P. representative in the Democratic ticket for Coos County, to be submitted to the vote of the people at the primary election on May 15, 1914. If nominated and elected, I will abide by statement Number One, which will favor quarterly payment of taxes. I will favor the abolition of unnecessary commissions that are supported by the taxpayers, and am in favor of good roads every where. I am opposed to unjust taxation and excessive taxation.
J. TOM HALL

For County Clerk
Marshfield, Ore., Mar. 17, 1914.
As a Republican, I hereby place myself as candidate for nomination at the primaries to be held May 15th for the office of County Clerk. If I am nominated and elected I will during my term of office perform all the requirements and duties promptly, expeditiously, without prejudice, and as economically as is consistent with good service. Believing that I can save money for the tax payer, and make some for myself,
F. E. ALLEN
Announcement
I hereby announce myself as a candidate for the democratic nomination for county treasurer and if nominated and elected I will, during my term of office, perform my duties in compliance with the laws relating to such office and will conduct it as economically as possible. My policy is economy consistent with good service.
M. H. HERSHEY
4-14-24

Political Announcements
For Representative
As a Republican, I announce myself as a candidate for representative from Coos county, subject to the decision of the R-publican voters at the primaries on May 15th. My platform is the well known statement of Abraham Lincoln, that "This is a government of the people, by the people, for the people." This famous statement of "Honest Old Abe" covers the whole field and range of our civil government, and holds the Golden Rule holds to the moral law.
C. R. BARROW
Announcement
I hereby announce myself as a candidate for the nomination of Sheriff by the Democratic Party at the Primary Election May 15, 1914. If nominated and elected I will conduct the office along the most economical lines possible, consistent with efficiency, and do my best to enforce all criminal laws.
W. W. GAGE

For Sheriff
I hereby announce myself as a candidate for the nomination of sheriff on the Democratic ticket at the primary election. If elected I promise to conduct the office in an economical manner, with the assurance that all interests and individuals will be accorded fair treatment.
TAYLOR SIGLEN

For Sheriff
I hereby announce myself as a candidate for the office of Sheriff of Coos County, subject to the action of the Republican electors at the primaries May 15th. If elected, I hereby pledge myself to a policy of rigid law enforcement, without favor, prejudice or partiality, and shall, during my incumbency, conduct said office in a business like and economical manner.
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I hereby announce myself as a candidate for the office of Sheriff of Coos County, subject to the action of the Republican electors at the primaries May 15th. If elected, I hereby pledge myself to a policy of rigid law enforcement, without favor, prejudice or partiality, and shall, during my incumbency, conduct said office in a business like and economical manner.
W. W. GAGE
3-24-24 Sheriff of Coos County, Oregon.

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