

UPPER WILLAMETTE

In honor of Miss Mary Huston who left for her home in Iowa Saturday September 6th about twenty-five ladies gathered at the home of Mrs. E. Y. Swift Thursday afternoon September 4th. Miss Huston is an aunt of E. Y. Swift and during her visit of several months in Pleasant Hill has made many friends as she took an interest in church and community affairs.

Mrs. Cox of Wendling and Miss May Blood of Dexter have been engaged to teach the public school at Trent. The addition of a new room on the Trent public school building is progressing rapidly and will be finished in time for the opening of school. Miss Blood is a graduate of the Springfield high school having taken the teachers' training course.

Mr. and Mrs. John Hill and family have returned from an extended auto trip through Washington, Idaho, Montana and Yellowstone park. They plan to leave Monday for an outing on the coast.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Jakeways after spending the week-end and Labor Day at Pleasant Hill returned to their home in Wendling the fore part of last week.

Mrs. Frank Storer and baby returned to their home in Portland Sunday after spending a couple of weeks at the home of Mr. and Mrs. I. F. Circle. Wilbur Circle was up for the week-end for a visit with his parents and sister.

Mr. and Mrs. Andy Olson and four children motored to Newport Sunday.

The Trent local of Farmers' Union will meet Wednesday evening at the Pleasant Hill school house.

Mr. and Mrs. F. F. Cooper, and daughter, Margaret, Mr. and Mrs. E. Y. Swift and daughter, Mildred, and Miss Ann Parks of Pleasant Hill, and Mr. and Mrs. L. E. Parks, and daughters, Velma and Frances, of Cloverdale, and Mr. and Mrs. T. H. Parks and son, Howard and Homer, of Dexter, attended the Parks reunion held at Hendricks park Sunday Aug. 31.

Several of the farmers were called out to fight a grass fire at Goshen on the farm of William Willis last week. By using wet sacks and back-firing the fire was gotten under control

but not until after it had spread over about 20 acres of ground and into the small timber on the hillside.

Mrs. Irving Crowe, of Trent, has accepted a position at the Eugene hospital.

Miss Anna Lattin who has working at the Pacific Christian hospital in Eugene has been forced to give up the work on account of her health.

The Goshen school opens September 22 with Mrs. Hewitt of Eugene and Miss Dorothy Ditto of Springfield as teachers.

Mr. J. G. Powell better known as "Uncle Joe Powell" died at the home of his son, Charlie Powell, at London Monday evening, Sept. 8. He was the father of Mrs. S. Overholser of Pleasant Hill and has resided for a number of years in the little cottage on the Overholser ranch. He was buried at London, Wednesday afternoon, September 10.

MIX A CHARMER IN "THE HEART BUSTER"

Tom Mix is the big feature for three days at the Rex in Eugene, in a new western production, "The Heart Buster." This picture is the fiftieth which has featured Tom, and although the title sounds mushy, you will find that the western star does not have to doff his spurs and chaps and become a gay Lothario to break the hearts of the girls.

In fact the hero has to throw caution to the winds and kidnap the Justice of the Peace and minister in order to prevent the girl he loves from marrying the villain. But the girls will sigh when Tom gets into action and finally lands in jail to be rescued by his wonderful little horse, Tony.

Smack! Smack!

Ned: "Which did you enjoy better—Bermuda or Nassau?"
Ted: "They tasted equally good."

Side Stepping.

Blackstone: "Excuse me, old man, but I'm—er—looking for a little financial succor."
Webster (broke, too): "Great idea! Let's look for him together."



St. Joseph, Michigan.—The above photos show Florence McKinney and Emile Zupke, confessed slayers of Zupke's other sweetheart, Cora May Raber. Zupke, in his confession, declared that Florence sat at the wheel of his car while he choked the Raber girl to death and then helped him dispose of the body.

Sallie's Temptations

"Ever see her?" I asked Curtis Wright laconically, when we had climbed the steep slopes of the sand-dunes and had settled ourselves snugly.

"Whom?" he was sitting beside me, while I stretched my full length in the soft sand that sparkled with the hard glitter of diamonds.

"Why the lady in the moon, up yonder?"

"Um—nope, don't believe I ever have," he answered.

"Wanna?" I hurried to get to the point and I tried to remember all the preliminaries just as Ted had first shown her to me at the Country Club that evening.

"I can not say that I am overly anxious to go searching for some vague and ethereal creature," he responded, "moreover, my eyes seem loth to leave the lady in the present landscape. Je suis content, my Roman maiden," he laughingly added.

None of the boys in our crowd talked in words of more than one syllable and it fascinated me to hear his French phrases, which he used so naturally that even a person with a smattering of the language could comprehend their meaning. I thought his conversation was not unlike the French phrases, clothing, as he did, the most plattitudinous compliments in charm and majesty. His vocabulary too, was compelling.

I pondered his last pretty tribute and turned my head to look at him while he made playhouses and let the sand run through his fingers. He was undeniably handsome and his body graceful, with that indefinable something about it that suggest agility and a splendid fitness to meet any emergency. Reserve strength was there too, and yet, I had an idea that in love, he might be as gentle as a woman.

I gazed up at the stars. The beauty of the tropical night seemed to enter my being. No wonder the

whole world was beginning to love Florida. Even the moonlight was different and the stars up there were friendly. Big, yellow ones outlined the dipper, Florida stars then the wire in the palms sighing like a restless virgin waiting for life and its completeness.

It was like Curtis Wright and I were off on some desert island, the stretch of the sand-dunes only emphasized our seclusion. Long ago the voices of the swimmers had been lost in the distance.

"Well, do you want to see her?" I queried, moved nearer to my companion and putting my face close to his. You see the moon—well there's a lady up there and there's also a man. I'm the lady and you're the man. Their profiles touch, like this, and, er, they kiss each other."

My face was against his. My eyes closed expectantly and my lips parted. He caught me by the shoulders and his voice was tremulous.

"Don't, Sallie, for God's sake, child, you mustn't play games like that. You don't know what you're doing. Look at me," he ordered, "where do you pick up such things?"

"Ted Billings taught me."
"Ted Billings, eh, the young devil!" he interrupted.

"Oh, don't be so proper," I coaxed, "this time you really will see her." And I turned my face up to his, but he drew away sharply.

"No, thanks, I don't believe I care for your community kisses!" He stood up, his eyes looking toward the white-caps of the ocean as if he were utterly oblivious of my existence.

"Oh, Mr Wright," I called to him, "if it isn't against your puritanical principles, I'd like very much for you to go and dig me up a little snifter."

"A little drink, Mr. Holler—than-thou person." I was sitting up, and I shook my finger at him. "And when you return we'll talk it all over. I'll

even listen to your complaint about my morals."

"I beg your pardon, I assure you it was not my intention to meddle. What shall it be, I am at your service?"

"Doesn't matter whatever you can manage!"

He bowed courteously and departed.

Once again I lay supine, the soft sand was soothing. With my hands under my head I lost myself in the glories of the moonlight. Surely Nature had made Florida a garden-spot for lovers. Lovers, ah—if Curtis Wright had kissed me.

A shadow, huge and terrible, fell across the sand in front of me where I was dreaming. It couldn't be Mr. Wright, I thought quickly, the Inn was a half mile off and he had been gone a few moments.

I could stand it no longer, I looked behind and as I moved my head I saw a man coming unsteadily in my direction.

I tried to scream and couldn't. In a twinkling I realized that I was at his mercy for the beach had long since been deserted.

As I jumped to my feet, he lurched forward and towered over me

(To be continued.)

Just Like That.

Jeweler—When did your watch stop?
Customer—When it hit the floor.

Emergency Rations.

"Where's my whisk broom, Mary?" asked the professor.

"You ate it for breakfast, sir," replied the maid. "The other cereal was all gone."

Why Women Use Glycerine Mixture

Women appreciate the quick action of simple glycerine, buckthorn bark, etc., as mixed in Adierka. Most medicines act only on lower bowel but Adierka acts on BOTH upper and lower bowel, and removes all gasses and poisons. Excellent for obstinate constipation and to guard against appendicitis. Helps any case gas on stomach in TEN minutes. Flanery's Drug store.

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