



The lawyer granted disdainfully. "Catch you spending any money for a report from a detective agency when your banker will do it for nothing," he remarked. "This letter attached is the report, I take it. Hum-m!" He read.

"Dear Sir: We have for acknowledgment your letter of the 16th inst., requesting that we furnish you with a confidential report of Mr. Elmer Butterworth Clarke of this city.

"Mr. Elmer B. Clarke is well and intimately known to us and has been for the past fifteen years. The Great Register of Voters of this county informs us that Mr. Clarke is a Republican and that he was born October 10, 1898, in Selma, Fresno county, this state. He is the only child of the late Prof. James J. Clarke and the late Mabel Butterworth Clarke.

"Professor Clarke was a graduate of the University of California and was very eminent in the field of parasitology. His research work contributed much information of tremendous value to the fruit growers of this state. He perished of a fever contracted while in Brazil studying the life and habits of a pest known as the Brazilian fly which had succeeded in invading the territory of Hawaii. His wife died of pneumonia as a sequel to influenza contracted during the epidemic of 1918-19. She was a woman of great intelligence, probity and force of character and, like her husband, was held in the highest esteem here.

"Elmer Clarke was twelve years old when his father died. As is the case with most professors and particularly those in federal employ, Professor Clarke's salary was never commensurate with his ability. Also, he was careless in the matter of providing life insurance for his dependents, with the result that the care of his widow fell immediately upon Elmer.

"At twelve years of age, therefore, Elmer Clarke played his last game of ball and became the sole and efficient support of his mother—a burden lightened somewhat by reason of the fact that Professor Clarke had left his widow a comfortable six-room bungalow on a lot of 100 feet frontage on C street in this city.

"Elmer Clarke graduated from the Union high school here at the age of sixteen and was No. 1 on the honor list of ten pupils. He immediately went to work in a local fruit cannery, where the remuneration of employees is regulated by their industry. When the canning season closed he had three hundred dollars in the savings department of this bank. The following season he bought fruit, on commission, for various packing houses and proved himself an uncanny judge of fruit values and crop tonnage.

"However, realizing the drawbacks of a seasonal occupation and faced with the necessity of insuring the care of his mother, he learned telegraphy in his spare moments and secured a position as assistant station agent in the local office of the Southern Pacific railroad. He had just been promoted to station agent at the outbreak of the World war. He enlisted at once and served with the Rainbow division as a radio sergeant, until October of 1918, when he was commissioned a second lieutenant. He was wounded twice and slightly maimed.

"For the three years following his discharge from the service, Mr. Clarke's health, due to his wounds and the gassing already referred to, was too precarious to permit of his accepting his old position as station agent at Pilarcitos. He therefore accepted a position of less responsibility and lighter duties as assistant to the proprietor of a local billiard and pool hall, with a cigar stand in connection with same.

"He has gradually recovered his health, and the last time the writer spoke to him on this subject he stated that he was now as well as he had ever been.

"Mr. Clarke is a very ambitious young man, never satisfied with what he has, always scheming for something better. He is well and very favorably known in this city. As commander of the local post of the American Legion, he is a strong force for better citizenship in our community. He is profoundly interested in politics but too shrewd and far-seeing to desire a political office.

"Mr. Clarke is unmarried and there are no immediate prospects of this status being changed. He pays cash for everything and has a savings account in this bank of approximately twenty-five hundred dollars. At the present time he is endeavoring to negotiate with us a loan on his C street property, his object being to engage in business for himself. He is a member of the Rotary club, the Kiwanis club, the Hundred Per Cent club, the Optimists' club, the Advertising club and president of our local chamber of commerce. He is a Go-Getter and too big for this town and it is our opinion that he will leave it for wider and greener pastures. We regard him as a model young man and worthy of every confidence.

"Respectfully yours,
"Pilarcitos Commercial Trust and Savings Bank.
"By N. C. Cathcart, Trust Officer."
Absolom McPeake looked up and caught a gleam of pride in old Butterworth's biggy little eyes. "Pretty flattering report, I should say, Mr. Butterworth."

"He takes after me," the miserable ruin persisted.

"God forbid!" said Absolom McPeake.

"Don't get nasty, Absolom. The boy takes after me, I tell you. A young fellow like that who knows the value of money is the man who ought to have my estate. He'll make it grow. He'll do things with it. I want to leave everything to him and cut Hattie's children off at the pockets."

"Very well, then, Elmer Clarke draws the capital prize. However, I suggest that you leave his cousins something also."

"Not a penny, Absolom. They're wasters, I tell you."

"Well, leave them five dollars each just so they'll be remembered in the will, and that will block a lawsuit."

"You bet, Absolom; I want you to make that will air-tight."

"Do you desire to make any other specific requests, Mr. Butterworth?"

"Yes, five thousand to Bunker."

"Only five thousand to old Bunker?" McPeake looked and felt surprised. "Why, he's been as faithful to you as a dog for a quarter of a century! I think you're a miserable ingrate to cut Bunker off with five thousand. You ought to give him fifty thousand at the very least. Get some other lawyer to draw up your will. I'm through handling your business. You're a wolf. Get out!"

"No, you're not through. Now, Absolom, you hold your horses. You get fresh with me and I'll name somebody else executor of my estate."

"Oh, so you want me to be your executor, also, do you? Well, I don't want the job. Now, how does that strike you?"

"Absolom, you've got to accept the executorship. You're the one man I can trust."

"Well, I'll take it provided you leave Bunker ten thousand dollars."

"Very well, to please you, but not a cent more. That's final."

"We will not quarrel about it further. Any other specific bequests?"

The miser's eyes sought the carpet and it was evident now that he was embarrassed. "Absolom," he stammered finally, "I got a confession to make. Some forty years ago I had a farm in Illinois—I'll give you the full legal description later—and I mortgaged it to a man for forty thousand dollars. I wanted the money to put into the worst investment I ever made, and that was a Nevada silver mine—Consolidated, Virginia. I bought stock with that money during the days of the big Comstock excitement. I could have sold out and doubled my money two weeks after I made the investment, but I held on and on, takin' more and more profit—on paper—until that underground river busted into the Comstock lode on the two thousand-foot level and ruined the mine—and me."

"Well, I lost the farm. I couldn't

repay the mortgage, Absolom, and after there was a flood and the Mississippi river changed its channel and ruined that farm, I didn't want to repay the loan. Of course the man who loaned me the money lost his forty thousand and the interest. He got a deficiency judgment against me, but I dodged it for twenty years and then his widow or his executor permitted the judgment to lapse—and well, Absolom, I reckon I'd ought to have paid the widow that money. However, I didn't an' now I want to fix it in my will so that every dollar, both principal and interest, due under that judgment to date shall be paid to the widow or—

"The legal heirs of her body," McPeake cut in professionally.

Old Butterworth nodded and handed him a fat envelope. "This contains all the information," he explained.

"Anything else?"

"Nothing, Absolom, except that—well, I reckon it's usual to have the executor give a bond, so you'd better stipulate in my will that the customary bond shall be filed with the court by the executor."

"Old Safety First," McPeake repeated. "I'll have your will ready in an hour. Stay where you are."

Within the hour Hiram Butterworth had signed his last will and testament. He carried a copy of the document away with him and left the original with his lawyer. On the first of the following month he received from Absolom McPeake a bill for fifty dollars for professional services drawing will.

"The dirty, cheap, two-for-a-cent legal jackal," he raved to his man Bunker. "Sending me a bill for drawing my will after I've done for him." He telephoned immediately to Absolom McPeake and told the latter in lurid language exactly what he thought of him.

"You're a dirty robber!" the old man shrieked. "I'll change my will this very day. I'll learn you—"

He was terribly angry—so angry, in fact, that he quite forgot the advice for which he had paid so heavily to six heart specialists. He mumbled incoherently into the transmitter, then let it fall with a crash which was not lost on the lawyer at his end of the line. Then, very faintly, McPeake heard him say: "O God! Forgive me! I'm dying—"

When McPeake reached his client's place of business he found Hiram Butterworth stretched out on the grimy, uncarpeted floor of his private office. He was quite dead. Bunker, a gray-haired, gray-faced, meek, cowed-looking little man, was sitting in a chair across the room watching the dead man.

He looked up as McPeake entered and a smile illumined his gray face, for he was free at last.

"The old man's heart went back on him," Bunker explained. "He's dead, and although I've worked for him nearly thirty years, I can't say I'm sorry."

"You ought to be glad, Bunker. In fact, you will be glad when I tell you that his will, which I drew up two weeks ago, provides a special bequest to you of ten thousand dollars."

"Ten thousand! Ten thousand!" the old man repeated, in crescendo. "Why, he—he promised me for years that he'd leave me a hundred thousand. I've devoted my life to that man and all I ever got for it was abuse and a bare living. And now he—he's betrayed me!"

Bunker's form quivered and two tears coursed slowly down his lined cheeks. "My wife will feel badly about this," he quavered. "She was sort of figuring on it. Well, what can't be cured must be endured, I suppose."

McPeake went back to his office. Two hours later, in Pilarcitos, Calif., Elmer Clarke received the following telegram:

"Muscatine, Iowa,
"August 1, 1924.
"Your uncle, Hiram Butterworth, died suddenly here today. Please wire disposal of body. I was your uncle's attorney during his lifetime, and am named executor of his estate.
"A. McPeake, Federal Trust Bldg."

This information was received by Elmer Clarke half an hour before his departure for the home of his

heart's desire, whom he planned to escort that evening to the municipal band concert in the plaza.

To this young lady Elmer disclosed the contents of the telegram.

"What disposition are you going to make of the body, Elmer?" she inquired.

"I feel like wiring McPeake to send the old man's carcass to a medical college for dissection, in order that at the finish it might be said of him that once he accomplished something constructive, something for the benefit of the world in which he had his being."

"Oh, please don't do that, Elmer!"

"Oh, of course not, Nelle. He was my mother's brother, even if he was a heartless old skindiv. I suppose he died penniless for all his misery, thrift, or his lawyer would not have wired me as he did. I'll send McPeake a night letter and instruct him to give the old man a plain, decent Christian burial, the expense of which shall not exceed one hundred and fifty dollars, and to draw on me at sight for the same. For mother's sake I can't have the old man buried in Potter's field."

Nelle patted Elmer Clarke's hand. "I'm glad you're going to do the right thing for him, even if he didn't deserve it."

They went to the band concert and when they parted at Nelle's front gate Elmer held her hand longer than necessary.

(Continued Next Week)

ORREGONIAN COMENTS ON APIARY ROAD PROJECT

(Continued from Page 1)

way program of the state in place of continuing to give the state highway commission a free hand.

The resolution contained nothing in its own language to reveal its portent. It asked simply that appropriate legislation be enacted "which will empower and enable the state highway commission of Oregon to advance money to the different counties of the state for the purpose of constructing market roads that will connect with state highways."

Its sponsorship marked it, however, in the minds of legislators who saw it as relating to the north-south highway. If it receives legislative approval, the next step will be a measure to enable the taking over of the Longview bridge, it was suggested.

EDITORIAL CONFERENCE IN EUGENE NEXT WEEK

A conference of Editors and publishers of Oregon newspapers is to be held under the auspices of the school of Journalism of the University of Oregon, January 22-24 inclusive.

Carl Davidson went to St. Helens Wednesday to arrange for the game with the St. Helens Pulp and Paper company team Saturday.

Thrift Dividend Payer

By JUDGE ROBERT W. SAWYER
Publisher of Bend Bulletin

To all the usual and well known reasons for the exercise of thrift, the experience through which the people have recently been passing adds another of compelling weight and interest.

For the person of thrifty habits there have been in the past few months unusual opportunities for investment and for the acquisition of goods at bargain prices.

Further, to the thrifty person as compared with his prodigal neighbor, there have been fewer terrifying potentialities in the unemployment situation.

It has been a case of the ant and the grasshopper over again.

Thrift is a dividend payer.

Classified Ads

TAKEN UP—White 2 year Ayrshire heifer, left ear marked. Here all summer. Prove and pay all advertising. E. Feldt Seofield. 243c

FOUND — Black driving glove, fits right hand. Owner pay for adv. Eagle office.

FOR RENT
FOR RENT—3-room furnished house. L. A. Boeck. 252c

FOR RENT—2-room apartments, new, clean and quiet. Hot water; water, light and wood \$15 month. P. Hill, 875 Second St.

FOR SALE
FRESH COW For sale — Mrs. Pettijohn, Keasey. 251c

DAY OLD—Baby chicks for sale. From the Hanson strain of Corvallis, Ore. Double pedigree S. C. White Leghorns from 260 and 337 egg parents. Price 15 and 20 cents. Phone or write your order to Mrs. Nannie B. Hall. Phone 774. Vernonia, Oregon, Mist Route. 244c

Riverview
Mrs. Lee Hall

Ida Mae Hawkins is on the sick list this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Bud Robbins and little grand daughter, Juanita Parker, went to Keasey Wednesday to visit their daughter, Mrs. Bill Mason.

Miss Ora Rundell is home here from Portland for a month's vacation.

Mrs. John Smith of Portland was the guest of her daughter and family, Mrs. V. L. Powell.

the latter part of last week. Kenneth and Clarence Fowler went to St. Helens Tuesday.

The Johnston-McGraw Shingle mill will resume operations in the near future.

Mrs. J. N. Morgan and Mrs. Lee Hall attended a quilting bee at Mrs. Alfred Bays' on the Timber highway Wednesday.

T. R. Throop returned home from Monmouth and neighboring towns, where he has been visiting for two weeks.

Aunt Sally Spencer had for Sunday noon luncheon Lonoma Rodgers, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Spencer and family and Mrs. T. R. Throop and family.

Mrs. John Biggs was the guest of Aunt Sally Spencer Wednesday of last week.

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Vernonia Eagle

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Last week's sales were the greatest, of any similar period, in Safeway's history. The values offered brought such an enthusiastic response that we are going to continue the sale for a few days more. We have selected several new items—values, we believe, even better than before. Come and share in these savings while quantities last.

Prices for Friday, Saturday, Monday, Jan. 16, 17, 19

CRACKERS Snowflake Sodas are always fresh and crisp. 2 Pound Box 29c	Tomatoes Highway tomatoes with puree Large 2 1/2 tins 10c
CROWN FLOUR Best Patent—Unbleached. 49 Pound Sack \$1.45	Lima Beans B. & M. Lima Beans No. 2 tins 10c
PEANUTS Fresh Roasted Peanuts. New Stock—Per Pound 9c	Pancake Flour Sperrys prepared pancake and waffle flour— 3 Pound package 22c
ONIONS Good Yakima onions in convenient bags. 25 Pound Bag 33c	SAFEWAY Market Savings SHORTENING A high grade Shortening. 2 Pounds 25c
HOMINY Van Camps Hominy No. 300 cans— While they last. 1 can 8c	MUTTON The ideal meat for children Shoulder Roasts Pound 15c Stew— 2 Pounds 15c Leg Roasts 20c Pound 20c Loin Roast 22c Pound
POTATOES Yakima Potatoes—75 per cent No. 1 13 Pounds 19c	PICNICS Eastern sugar cured, boned and tied. Fine for baking or slicing— Pound 28c
BEANS Red Mexican Beans. Nice and clean. The kind for chili— 10 Pounds 49c	

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