

MISS PAT—A Story of Romance and Adventure—by Elenore Meherin

(Continued from page 1)

was the base of her existence. The very idea of allowing him to do stuff like this! But, of course, if her mother wouldn't correct him...

Miss Pat removed her glaring indignation from her mother's face. She returned to her magazine. Something daunted from the fingers of the appealing blonde made her say, aggressively: "I think I'll take up smoking, mother."

"Do you?"

"Well—yes, I've been holding off three years just to please you. It's fascinating and I've wanted to try it. I'm the only girl in my class who doesn't."

"All right. You're old enough to make your own decision. But let me know when you start. I want to begin, too."

"You?"

"Yes, I've been holding off for a decade on your account—to be a shining example. But since you wish to follow your own light, I've a mind to try out the fascinating sin."

The girl's extraordinary green eyes blazed. "You wouldn't! You'd be a sight. You'd look perfectly terrible. You'd just make—"

The indignant torrent broke off, leaving the girl's mouth opened in horrified dismay.

Pat, Mother Race to Diving Tragedy

"Mother—look! Is that Dickie? Oh, God!" With a piercing, impetuous cry she flung to the water's edge. Suddenly her arm raised in terror.

Far out on the lake four boys were climbing to dive. Dickie was first.

And in the shadow of a second before ever her frightened cry subsided, his small, brown body leaped through the air.

Pat's heart froze. She said to herself softly: "It's frightfully deep there." With a sudden, wild gesture, she bent her canoe skimming the lake.

"Mother—quick!" And with white set lips: "He's not come up." The three little boys huddled together on the edge of the float. They looked down into the water, then over to the shore. They cried the distant canoe and began to hearken frantically.

The boat shot through the sun and silence—propelled by a still violence. The waters sparkled. They were smooth in a wide, mocking quiet.

Neither girl nor mother spoke. Puddles moved with swift, awed intensity. One minute—two—three—not a tremor disturbed the glassy calm of the lake.

"Keep watch! Mother—look—" The three little boys were suddenly diving into the water. They went bubbling in and out—gesticulating excitedly. One dived—then the second—then all three together.

Pat Dives Into Depths for Brother. Presently they were sitting limp and ragged on the float. They made forlorn motions. When the canoe reached them they began talking all at once. They were very scared.

"We can't find him. We dived and dived. Right there's where he struck. It's awful deep—we couldn't near reach bottom..."

Pat nodded. Her eyes studied the unholly quiet. She slipped silently overboard and began working down into the clear, silky green depths.

She went down and down. Through caves of water. They were living caves. They reared walls and fought her. She went implacably down, reaching at last the cold, slimy depths. She worked about desperately; feeling, searching. She could see the clear, green ooze. She claved about in it. There was no child buried here.

Her body rose to the surface. She lay for one exhausted moment on the float.

"Pat," whispered Laura Dawn, "try there—I think it was nearer the middle—about there."

She gave back a grim, encouraging glance. She would find him. Going down now, the blanched, pitious face of her mother went with her.

She struck against seaweed—masses of it—a jungle. She tore through one clump and came to another. In any of these thickets Dickie might be caught—might be hidden. She could never explore them all in time—God!—never get him out alive!

Her ears rang with the panic; her lungs screamed for air.

Recovered from Tangle. The little boys were again diving furiously. Pat pointed to the ominous spot above the seaweed: "All of you keep looking there." They said: "That's where he went down. Gosh—disappeared awful quick."

With a desolate wave of her hand, she motioned them on. And she worked down now in a kind of fury, feeling herself iron and fire. Dickie was here; he was drowning to death in these terrible waters. This frightful thing was happening now. She would strike through them. She would burn them up.

She made for the weedy underbrush. Eight as she would the waters pulled. They sucked and sucked. A black, deep hole. Deeper and deeper down the smooth, cavernous sides.

Suddenly she felt happy; she felt guided. She thought wildly and with a strange, luminous clearness: "I'll find him. He's here. Mother—mother of God—"

She was no longer oppressed;

no longer smothered by surging walls of water. She was a light, winged thing.

She came upon him. Upon his little, inert body. With a sobbing prayer she pulled it from the dark, muddy earth. The lifeless arms flopped as she made her way upward.

Blur of sky. Blur of mother's distracted face as she stooped and lifted the quiet form from Pat's fierce embrace.

She utterly hushed, utterly spent. Through a fog and the roar in her ears she heard voices. The little boys giving orders. "Turn him upside down. Get all the food and water out. That's what Dr. Kirtick did when Billy Graham was drowned. We gotta get a barrel. That's the first thing."

"Get a Pulmotor," Demands Mother. Pat crept over and stared at the limp brown hair clinging damply to her brother's puffed and swollen little face. His eyes were closed and there was mud on the lashes.

Suddenly the machine-like precision of her mother's arms, as they worked the arms of the child, abated. She spoke softly in a mad, imploring quiet: "Get your father. Tell him to fly. Bring pulmotors oxygen."

"Oh," mother. It would be hours—

"That appalling sense of guilt. Oh, if we'd only foreseen! If we'd done but differently, this tragedy would not have happened."

"I should have watched..." I should have known," thought the girl miserably as she sent the old rattle-trap machine hurtling along the mountain roads to the telephone. And now, if her father could not be reached—?

The feeling of blame, that in some way she had failed her little charge, this was added to her sick terror. What if Dickie died? If he were already dead? Lying there bloated, muddy and still. She went on blindly, feeling her life shattered; gone jaggedly to pieces.

Terrific hours Pat Dawn and her mother worked. They knelt by the still form and fancied it moved. They told each other desperately: "His eyes stirred. You saw that." They listened and turned furtive eyes upward.

Plane Swoops Down to Rescue. News of the drowning spread. A little crowd gathered. They of-

fered suggestions. When one grew weary, another took up the work. A strained, unnatural quiet settled over the place.

Moments piled into hours. A man came and held a mirror over the boy's mouth. He did this twice holding it a long while. Then he put it in his pocket and walked quietly away.

The crowd dwindled. The two women on the beach seemed turned into machines doomed to stand here forever working the arms of a little dead boy. As long as they worked, they would hope, but Pat no longer dared to meet her mother's eyes.

Their very hearts now listened. Suddenly the sky opened. A rushing and whirr, wings mightier than angels.

At last! Plane flashing in the sun—swooping like some wild, free bird, it glided downward.

(Continued tomorrow)

Watkins products, 120 W. Lane Phone 177—Adv.

CHEVROLET USED CAR SALES WEEK

One of the bright spots in Roseburg this week is the used car salesroom and lot of the Hansen Chevrolet company. Gaily colored banners, huge signs, and flood lights at night are attracting large crowds to the Hansen Chevrolet company, and according to Mr. Hansen business conditions in Douglas county must be good. If the number of deals closed at his lot during the first three days of the sale are any indication.

Mr. Hansen gave the News-Review reporter some very interesting facts concerning used cars during an interview yesterday.

The dealer declared that more used cars are sold per year than new cars and that the demand is steadily increasing due to dealers' faithfulness in completely reconditioning and guaranteeing the cars they take in trade before re-selling them.

"Cars are being built better to-

day than formerly and are driven a shorter time by the original owner due to the yearly urge to trade in on the latest model; as a result, the majority of used cars have many years of service left, particularly when it is considered that the average life of a car is six years."

"The used car of today is not a piece of second-hand merchandise that should be regarded with suspicion by the prospective automobile buyer, but a genuine piece of high-grade merchandise with thousands of miles of unused transportation."

The spring clearance sale of the Hansen Chevrolet company runs from March 1 to March 31 inclusive.

LIQUOR EXPLODES, CASE DISMISSED

(Associated Press Limited Wire)

OAKLAND, Cal., March 5.—Just as the prosecution was about to introduce its police court today the

evidence in the case of John Krugovich, charged with a liquor law violation, it exploded. It had been contained in a jug which rested on the clerk's desk.

After gazing for a moment at the red wine, being absorbed by the court room carpet, Judge Howard L. Bacon dismissed the case, "for lack of evidence."

DR. NERBAS

DENTIST
Painless Extraction
Gas When Desired
Pyorrhea Treated
Phone 488 Masonic Bldg.

Plaster Board

To build a house or patch a hole Perfection

Board is the ideal material.

DENN-GERRETSEN CO., INC.

Special Introductory Terms in this Sale of New Easy Washers and Ironers

A genuine **EASY** Washer and Ironer ONLY \$159

Complete laundry equipment is provided by these EASY combinations at the lowest prices ever offered! Think of it—an EASY wringer type Washer, Agitator or Suction Type, plus the new EASY full automatic Wringer Post Ironer, for less than the cost of other makes of



washers alone! Wringer and Ironer are quickly and easily interchangeable. By using the washer's motor to run the ironer, you save \$35 on the cost of your EASY Ironer! Come in to see this great EASY value—with it you can do your washing and ironing in less than half the usual time!

EASY Agitator Type WASHER with Wringer Post IRONER

Only \$159



These no-wringer EASY Washers are safer, faster—easier and gentler on the clothes

SPECIAL TERMS

Come to see these great values today!

Pay as little as \$5 down—use the EASY as you pay for it—the savings it makes will more than return the total cost! Free demonstration in your home, if desired. There is no obligation to buy if the EASY doesn't sell itself. Act at once!

EASY Suction Type WASHER with Wringer Post IRONER

Only \$179



New wringer Type EASY Washers at the lowest prices ever offered!



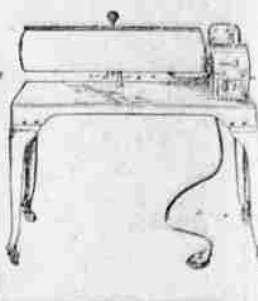
Suction or Agitation Type only \$160 Cash



Agitator type, only \$104.50 Cash

Suction type, only \$124.50 Cash

EASY Roll-About IRONER



This new EASY Roll Automatic Ironer is complete with table, mounted on free-rolling casters—easy to move about. Hand or foot control. Gives 160 lbs. pressure for fast gliding steam. Heats quickly—iron 3 times faster than you can iron by hand. Roll stone while pressing to dry out damp spots. A remarkable ironer and a remarkable value—ask for demonstration.

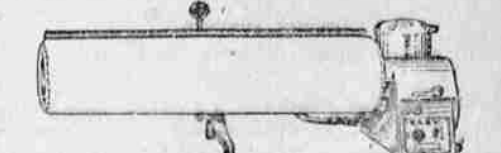
Only \$104.50

EASY Wringer Post IRONER

Attaches to your present EASY Wringer Type Washer and many other makes—quickly and easily. Gives you advantages of EASY full automatic ironing. By using your present washer motor you save \$35 on the cost of your EASY Ironer. The lowest price ever made on this type of ironer! See it—try it—simplicity itself.

\$54.50

EASY Portable IRONER



To be used where most convenient for you to iron. Light in weight—quickly detachable shoe reduces lifting weight 45 pounds. Has all of the EASY full automatic features—easy to use—no special practice necessary. Stands on end—requires less storage space than a vacuum cleaner! Safe—220-volt—looks beautiful in your home. No more ironing drudgery! See it—use it—to appreciate its convenience.

\$89.50

Lowest prices ever made on full automatic ironers!

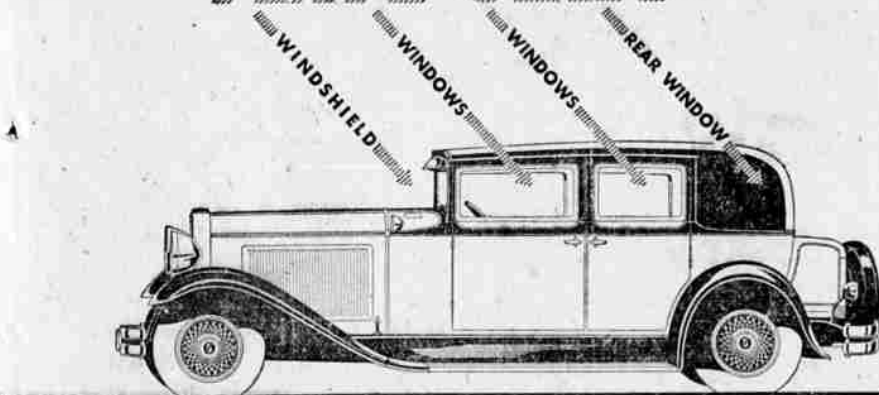
EASY WASHERS IRONERS

THE CALIFORNIA OREGON POWER COMPANY

"Your Partners In Progress"



NON-SHATTERABLE PLATE GLASS



PRICELESS PROTECTION AT NO EXTRA COST!

COMPARE the new Nash Twin-Ignition Eight to other cars sold at its price and you'll instantly see its extra value and desirability. One very important feature of this new 1930 Nash "400" is Duplate non-shatterable plate glass in every window, door and windshield—priceless protection at no extra cost. And this is only one of many superior features which account for the superior performance of the Twin-Ignition Eight. The performance of the

straight-eight, Twin-Ignition motor with its 9-bearing, integrally counterweighted, hollow crankpin crankshaft and aluminum connecting rods is so superior to that of the other straight eights and the V-eights you will know it instantly. The oil-cushioned chassis (Bijur centralized chassis lubrication and permanently lubricated springs) improves riding ease immeasurably. See this car, ride in it, familiarize yourself with its superior performance, before you purchase your new car!

THE 1930 NASH "400" TWIN-IGNITION EIGHT

L. R. CHAMBERS MOTOR COMPANY
NASH SALES AND SERVICE

Main and Douglas Sts. Phone 649 Roseburg