

WARD WEEK SALE
AIDE ALL BUSINESS

Hundreds of out of town shoppers coming to the city this week, attracted by the announcement of the Ward week sale, will prove the greatest stimulus to local trade of all kinds that has been known during the current year, was the prediction made today by Kenneth Banister, manager of the retail store of Montgomery Ward & Co.

"Judging by our experience in other cities, every enterprising merchant in the city will profit by the coming of the crowds which will throng our city during this week's sale," Mr. Banister said today.

Eat barbecue sandwiches and live forever, Brand's Road Stand.

MISS PAT

A Story of Romance and High Adventure in Life of Modern Days.

By Elenore Mehegin, Author of "Chickie" and Other Famous Serials

CHAPTER 29

They could not believe their eyes and went searching through the brush for the ransom box. Their own eyes, their own ears had betrayed them. They had seen Bryce flash his light on the flume; had heard that definite thump as he placed the box. The five men, stationed within 15 feet of the flume's outlet, had observed Bryce as he stood nervously, watch in hand, and exactly at the moment of 12 he had thrust the watch in his pocket and deposited the ransom money.

Six and a half hours ago the money was there. No one had come since the money was placed. But it and the box were gone.

They stuck their fists along the flume. They reached in and felt the wood. They dug all about it. There was no trace of the missing package and every answer they found for the baffling disappearance was soon discarded.

The flume was closed on the top, deep enough, but narrow; perhaps two feet but less than 10 inches wide. No man could crawl through the space. Even a thin boy could not make it crawling. But some one or something had arrived at the mouth of the flume and spirited away the ransom box with the \$20,000 it contained.

They stared at each other in half angry bewilderment. All night they had watched—sure of trapping their quarry. They were wronged by this inexplicable failure.

How had the feat been accomplished? That no human thing had visited the spot after Bryce's departure, 10 men could positively swear. They were stationed along the ledge, on the footpath and on top of the flume. An Indian trailer could not have glided, undetected, past this guard.

Could the man have been hiding near the flume's mouth, and, reaching up, removed the box? If so, he would be still lying in the brush. They had raked it to the last leaf.

Might he have been secreted in a tree and with a pole fished the box from the flume? Rather impossible in this enveloping dark and in a silence where every sound

rang out like a fire alarm. But the wildest suggestion seemed plausible in the face of this infuriating, mysterious disappearance.

They tore off sections of the flume covering, carefully examined sides and bottom for a possible opening "to some cavern where a man might hide and whence he might adroitly reach for the box. The flume was solid, dry and without any secret outlets. They followed it half a mile along the hill. It returned no answer to their baffled search.

The ransom money was gone. Little Billy Bryce was not returned. All morning Barbara Bryce sat in the living room, jumping violently with each ring of phone or door. All morning William Bryce sat with her.

They read and reread the not warning them to "WAIT!" How long would it be? How long could they endure?

By noon that Saturday the papers flashed the headlines of the ransom episode.

With the news that the police had guarded the spot Barbara collapsed.

They would kill him! There was no hope. Someone had led her child away; had come more violently than death and lifted the little form from her arms. She might scream forever into the dark unknown that had swallowed him. It would not answer now.

Laura Dawn wandered from room to room—out to the garden—back across the patio. Even the flowers had a neglected air. And on the living room table was a thick layer of dust. She went up absently and ran her hand across it. Her ring knocked the wood. The faint sound dropped and was lost in the bleak, forlorn quiet.

Was it only last Saturday that she and Pat had gone whisking about here, cleaning the ashes from the fireplace, running the vacuum over the rug, shaking out the pillows and stopping there at Richard's smoking stand to recall with a half weepy laugh little tender ways of his, the songs he

would sing... the old dilapidated slippers that he could not be induced to forsake—and how he would sit up till midnight, a book held stiffly before him, denying that he dozed even when the book dropped from his hands.

Was it only last Monday—five days ago—that Laura had waved goodbye as Pat and Dickie climbed into the little car and Pat called: "I'm driving our son to school, mother." How young—how very childlike she looked with the little green hat perched rakishly on the back of her head and she shone on her lips and eyes. She had leaped out to kiss her mother goodbye and had given a quick little tweak to Laura's hair.

How Laura tried to fasten on this happy moment! It passed. It gave way to a dark forbidding image. She saw Pat, tall, slim, quiet, moving from her into a waste. Shadows loomed on the edge of it. They gathered ominously. Laura called out. But the girl didn't turn. She went on. She passed into the gray, shadowy silence.

Other pictures came... stark, relentless pictures. Often she saw the smashed plane with Pat and Guy dead or slowly dying in the wreckage. When her dreams were most pitiless she saw them creeping about, calling to each other, making terrible little whimpering moans. In the night she would be awake seeing this; or she would start from some fitful sleep with Pat murmuring: "Mother, come—oh, mother!" Or Richard would be standing at the foot of the bed saying again and again with still awful quiet: "Lo... don't you hear her... won't you go..."

During the day the memory of Richard's voice haunted her. She would go through life tortured with uncertainty. She would never know what had become of the girl—whether this death came or some more terrible, had come to Pat.

In this fiendish kidnapping with which she could not connect Guy, but with which both he and Pat were involved, some other may have stolen the plane.

And what, through all these days, had the other done to Pat?

The kindest she could hope was death. Death appeared not kind to Laura. She visualized Pat standing at Richard's side and running an impudent hand through her father's sandy curls.

How Richard loved her bright sophistication. How often, lying in the dark, he had reached down a hand and closed it over Laura's, saying with that tender gladness: "Lo dear, she's only teasing you. They're beautiful. Lo, like things that trembled not so long ago in yours." How he loved the girl; how wildly proud he was of every depth and sweetness. He wanted her joyous, arrogant, impudently glad.

No death would not seem kind to Laura. She read now of the vanished ransom—the child not returned. Ah—they were afraid to bring back the little boy? They would end them all—they had the money and would give no

SOUTH DEER CREEK
GRANGE ENTERTAINS

Saturday evening about 40 members of South Deer Creek Grange entertained the guests of the South Deer Creek Grange. Other members of the order present were Mr. and Mrs. Fred A. Goff of Melrose Grange and Miss Vivian Logsdon of Corvallis.

A closed meeting was held while necessary business was transacted, after which the meeting was turned over to the lecturer, Mrs. C. H. Bailey, who presented the

thought to any mother's plea. Unaware, she struck a hand harshly on the table. From the chair opposite Dickie's black eyes regarded her with bitter reproach. "Say—what do you think, anyway?—Pat's not crashed! Dad's gone. That's enough!" The boy's voice rose to a sob. He came and flung himself in Laura's arms. "You don't think Pat's dead—too? Oh gee, ma, that'd be an awful dirty wallop."

Pat Saturday paused. It brought no end to their tortured suspense. All roads from the city were guarded. Every possible suspect was held for question. A special detail kept guard at the flume. Police raced back and forth over the Ocean Shore road.

Cranks sent letters. And every one had solutions and theories. The most fantastic explanations were listened to and tested.

The newspapers summed up the history of the kidnapping. They printed pictures of everyone in any way involved—large one of Pat, Guy, Billy and Barbara Bryce—smaller ones of Laura and William Bryce. They called on the police to track down this vicious fiend—to find the child.

And the police, made ridiculous by the failure of their trap, retorted by holding a score of innocent men. They gave third degrees with reckless indiscretion. To no purpose.

Let the police realize they are dealing with no ordinary criminal, one editorial noted. "There are many unexplained angles to this crime. It will take real brain work to solve the mystery."

A young man of excellent reputation appears the most likely solution. It should be remembered that Guy Elliott had a most promising future and if guilty he can never resume his place in this or any other community.

"Would a criminal clever enough to have taken that ransom from under the very noses of five men with leveled pistols be so indiscreet as to leave an abandoned auto and a missing plane to connect him with the crime?"

"If Elliott is guilty, let us have the proof. And quickly. We have heard enough of the Phantom. Phantoms do not kidnap."

Sunday afternoon a detective watching the flume felt his blood suddenly freeze. From that outlet two dark eyes looked upon him—two dark, beautiful eyes. (TO BE CONTINUED)

following program: skit, "The Literary Club," Mrs. Wm. Bailey, Mrs. T. E. Duncan, Mrs. Geo. Adams, Mrs. Fred Wyatt, Mrs. Wm. Karcher, and the Misses Nellie Rose Melton, Freda Duncan and Lois Duncan; piano solo, Miss Josephine Cachell; community sing, led by Fred A. Goff; reading, Mrs. Fred Boyer; piano solo, Nellie Rose Melton; talk, Mrs. E. McCormick; piano solo, Vera Lovelace; address, Fred A. Bonebrake, master of Riverside Grange; talks by J. J. Thompson and E. G. Cloake; address, Mrs. Alice Goff, state deputy for juvenile granges; harmonica solo, J. C. Royce; and piano solo, Miss Isabelle Karcher.

Interesting reports by the chairmen of the agricultural and legislative committees, Stewart L. Hall and C. H. Bailey, were made and floor drill was exemplified by Mr. and Mrs. Fred A. Goff, after which the tables were set and luncheon served under the supervision of the home economics committee, of which Mrs. Maud Paterson is chairman.

FRUIT-NUT CENSUS
NOT FOR TAXATION

A special survey of the fruits and nuts industries in California, Arizona, Idaho, Oregon and Washington will be included in the census now being taken by the bureau of the census, department of commerce. Economists of the U. S. department of agriculture emphasize that this survey is expected to yield important information on the production and acreage of orchard fruits, grapes, subtropical fruits, and nuts; also on acreage, number of trees, and production of citrus fruits classified into several varieties, and similar information with reference to total grapes, raisin grapes and juice grapes. For fruits that are dried, census enumerators will ask for the quantities sold dry and sold fresh.

Orchard fruits covered by the survey will include apples, apricots, cherries, figs, peaches, pears, plums and prunes. Subtropical fruits include Valencia oranges, Navel oranges, lemons, Marsh grapefruit, avocados, olives and other fruit. Nuts will include Persian or English walnuts, almonds, and other nuts. The total area in fruit orchards, vineyards and planted nut trees on April 1, 1929 will be ascertained.

Census officials give assurance that the information covered by the survey will be treated as strictly confidential and will not be used as a basis of taxation, nor communicated to any tax official.

Placing tackle at Idlewild Park—Adv.

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

Picnicking at Idlewild Park—Adv.

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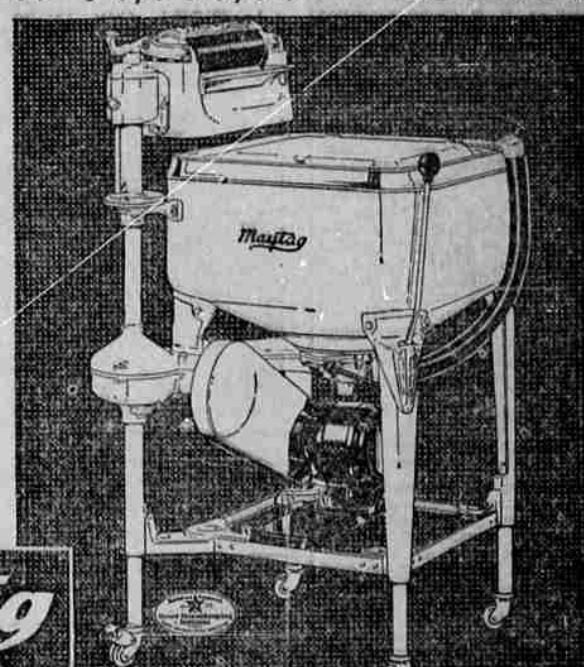
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