

OAKLAND'S LEAD CUT BY SEALS IN 20-TO-5 SWATFEST

By the Associated Press.

The popular pastime of home run hitting reached its height at Recreation park yesterday when ten four baggers were recorded by the San Francisco and Oakland batters in a one-sided game won by the Seals, 20 to 5. Eight of the home runs were delivered by members of the home club, Ed Coleman, outfielder, slugging two.

The Seals started Jimmy Zinn, star of the staff, to a four run lead in the first inning, and the former American leaguer had no trouble disposing of the opposition the remainder of the game.

Oakland sent five hurlers to the mound in an effort to stop the slaughter, but not until the local batters apparently tired from swing-

ing their bats and running the bases were they retired. The defeat of the Oaks and the victory of the Sacramento club over Los Angeles for the third straight time cut the former team's lead to a half game.

Although outfit 12 to 8, the Sacramento made better use of their safeties and piled up eight runs to five made by the Angels. Ed Bryan was the winning pitcher.

Missions Down Beavers

The Mission Reds buried the Portland club under an 11 to 7 score. George Castor, young right hander of the Missions, was given plenty of support at the plate, the Reds finding four Portland hurriers for thirteen safe hits.

Four errors by the Ducks hurt their chances of winning. Cronin, third baseman, committed a pair of misplays that in each case cost runs.

For the third successive time the Seattle Indians tomahawked the Hollywood squad, Andy House, right hander, held the Stars to five hits to win by a score of 5 to 1. Pat Collins, catcher of the Indians, hit a home run in the third inning to tie the score.

Fresh salmon eggs at Idleyld Park.—Adv.

MISS PAT

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

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

CHAPTER 45

Off there, a hundred yards or so, the pit widened; the dark towering walls opened. Pat ran toward this. She was conscious of murmuring thickly: "Run—hurry!" and of the child dragging.

Then she was looking in blank, throbbing dismay at the gigantic bluffs looming above her. Not an opening here; merely a curve where it widened in a great walled circle. And these walls unbroken—impassable as iron.

Pat leaped against the brown, massive rock. When the child asked:

"Why did we run? Why did you pull me that way?" she stared in a wide, frozen desperation. How forlorn he seemed with the white suit a dirty brown and his face smudged like a little chimney sweep's. He stood there, trailing a stick, the sun on his yellow hair, ordering in a winsome sing-song:

"Well, tell me, Pat, why did you run? Well, why didn't you talk? She could have screamed—she could have pitched herself to the ground and sent out wild, sobbing imprecations against this outrageous betrayal. God had forsaken them. Let her take that mad leap; let her gloriously hope. To be trapped now—to lean here awaiting most terrible doom.

Once the two infuriated men reached the floor of the pit, it would be a mere matter of seconds. They would murder Pat—no doubt of it. Take Billy away—

Instinctively Pat drew the child to her. She said rapidly, frantically:

"Billy, they're coming down. We're going to hide—find a place and hide. Be quiet! If you say one word they'll find us. Remember when I whisper 'Hush!' not to even breathe!"

She turned glazed eyes to the cliffs. In the morning sun, the ledges, their hands dug into the rocks, appearing like huge black spiders. They were up there at the rim. They seemed almost suspended in space.

"They can't make it! They'll never make it! A goat couldn't find foothold there. They'll be the whole day—a whole life, and they can't reach us!"

Her lips were parched. She stood tall, like a thing of steel, her eyes flashing their burning terror to mind and heart. Coming down a little—below the rim now—cautiously, slowly. That must be Ace leading. Ace who had climbed the Matterhorn, who had scaled McKinley, and who had gone over these ridges with the assurance of

a wildcat, scouting through the blind labyrinthian gorges. And finding the road out—the wagon road out!

Ace would dare it; would essay and conquer the plunging 3,000-foot drop.

She marked him now, standing with his back to a great rose-colored, utterly precipitous bluff. He appeared glued to it. For a moment his figure stood alone—then the other, with his shoulders jammed to the rock, came edging to his side. Whole minutes they seemed not to move.

"Frightened—no further ledges down! Goes off there—obliquely!" thought Pat, recalling the forbidding aspect of the chasm, as it cut sharply inward from the overhanging rock. God, how fearsome it had seemed, even glancing downward from a safe footing. Even clinging to the great stone shaft, her blood had surged back in dizzying warmth.

And the two men up there seemed sculptured in black, motionless panic.

But now they were moving. They were pressing like shadows against the wall—kidding on—down.

A moment and she didn't see them—two minutes—three. She glanced, stricken, at her watch. Five minutes—ten. The fear of unknown appalling things tramped over her.

"But she told herself: 'They've fallen—perhaps they've dropped from the other side. No one has EVER scaled these walls. They COULDN'T!'

She remembered pictures she'd seen of the Grand Canyon... those pictures taken by the Carr brothers. Explorers—the most intrepid explorers, had sought to conquer the mad Colorado and its chasm. The rainwashed skulls of those men were shown in the pictures. Only a dozen skeletons bleaching on the sands told of their vain hopeless mission.

"This would be their fate! With hot, wet eyes Pat found herself praying—praying death to the two men now grappling with the mountain.

"Where are they, Pat?"

"Gone."

"They won't find us?"

"I hope not."

"Well—don't let them. You said you'd hide. Why don't we then?"

She was riveted to the spot, her eyes unable to leave the rose-colored bluff—beautiful tower of flame—below which the trail had dropped.

Fifteen minutes—twenty—three quarters of an hour. Ah—God is good—

The next instant Pat gave a cry.

She took the little boy's frightened hand and darting in a blind frenzy now this way—now that. The men had reappeared. They were there, a thousand feet below the painted rocks. They were coming surely—swiftly. Now dropping from ledge to cliff; now crouching under the protruding shelf.

And now running—

Pat closed her eyes. She tried to shut out the mad clamor of pulses in her ears; tried to keep back those little insane cries that came whispering to her lips:

"They'll make it—they'll get there—Oh mother!"

She ignored the boy except to hold bitterly to his hand—drag him, protesting, full of frightened inquiry, after her. Oh, somewhere she could hide. Somewhere there'd be a cave like that one where they'd slept. In the pictures she'd seen such caves. These canyons were full of them.

She went scurrying along the walls as though her hands would hollow out some safe retreat. And she kept glancing back to the precipice.

They saw her. They were far down now. They stood on a jutting. The tall one—oh, that murderous Slim—took glasses from his pocket—focused them. Heaven nor hell would not defeat him now.

She was almost finished; almost blind with terror when she found it. She picked the child up in her arms and kissed him wildly. Her tears rained on his face. She whispered crazily:

"I knew it! I knew he would. Oh, father! Oh, darling—"

And she went running into the mouth of the cave. It was large—much larger than the one where they'd slept last night.

With a trembling caution and never for a moment releasing her little comrade's grasp, Pat advanced.

She laughed hysterically. They'd not find her here! They'd not uncover this heaven-sent abode. Her father had directed her. She'd called on Richard; had sent her spirit in a thundering appeal to that one who wouldn't fail; who'd never failed. He led her here!

Now Pat turned her flash. Inch by inch she went on. The cave opened out. The light showed a long gallery. Already she could stand upright. "I'm afraid," Billy whispered.

"No—we're robbers, and this is our cave. We'll find heaps of gold. You're not afraid!"

But a sick apprehension crept up and nestled in her mind. What if the boy should cry out—

"Listen, Billy—you don't want that terrible fellow to find us. You're not afraid. You won't say one word. See—I hold your hand—hold it tight. Nothing can hurt you. But if you speak—if you make any noise, they'll find us. They'll hurt us... Will you be quiet?"

"Gonna jump again, Pat?"

"No—just be still."

"Like a little mouse?"

"But you mustn't even squeal—not one little tiny squeal."

"No—just be still."

His eyes in the flashlight were enormous—dark, solemn, full of holy trust. He nodded. He said manfully:

"I know how to be a robber. I do, all right. Like this—"

He went on tiptoes, his finger to his lips saying:

"Hush—hush—"

Pat talked to herself. She warned him:

"Not too far. Mustn't go in too far—get lost. But far enough—crouch behind something."

With elaborate caution she now pressed on, training the light on floor, sides, ceiling.

They went down a decline. Beyond this the light showed a lofty vault.

But here, almost at Pat's feet, the ground went down—sheer, abrupt.

She got down on her knees, turning the flash all about.

"Not that way... dare not go that way." Just here, too, was an arch—was a turn and a gallery running parallel with the one she had entered.

Hide here—rest here.

Half an hour—two hours—telling the child stories—giving the can of tuna to finish.

She wondered if she dare go

NEW SMALL SIZED CURRENCY BARRIER TO COUNTERFEITING

WASHINGTON, April 24.—Since the new small sized currency has come into use Walter E. Hope, assistant secretary of the treasury, has found that note raising has become almost a lost art.

He attributes the elimination of this form of counterfeiting to the difficulty of changing the new currency which was put into circulation last July. Each of the new bills has a special design for each denomination so that raising the numerals would not fool any one.

The assistant secretary said, however, that the public's faith in the new currency was so complete that the average person was becoming careless. To this only he attributed success in passing counterfeit bills.

Hope added, however, that counterfeit bills would continue to appear and warned the public not to relax its vigilance.

COLD CHECKS MAJOR LEAGUES CONTESTS

By HUGH S. FULLERTON, Jr., Associated Press Sports Writer.

More cold weather yesterday caused the postponement of all but two major league games and neither of these proved very profitable to the club owners. Only about 1,000 St. Louis fans turned out to see the Browns defeat Detroit, 12 to 4, while about three times that number appeared at the Cubs park in Chicago to see the St. Louis Cardinals down the National league champions, 2 to 2.

Although St. Louis gained all the glory in the two games that did arrive yesterday, the teams owe it to a select few players. George Fisher, slugging young outfielder, played the leading role as the Cardinals downed the Cubs, scoring one run and driving in four with a single, two doubles and a sacrifice in four trips to the plate. "Chick" Hefey followed the example Fisher set in the previous inning when he tripled with the bases loaded to bring in three of the five runs St. Louis scored in that inning. Sylvester Johnson hurried the entire game for the Cards.

Fred Schulte and Chad Kimsey divided the honors in the Browns' triumph over Detroit. Schulte did most of the heavy hitting while Kimsey stepped in as a relief pitcher when Herman Holshouser began to wobble and shut out the Tigers without a hit for four innings.

NO UMPQUA AGAIN LURES GENE KOHLER

Eugene F. Kohler, retired, fisherman and all around sportsman of Pasadena, Cal., is on his way to the North Umpqua and will be at Roseburg Saturday afternoon, according to word received today.

During the past two summers Kohler has made four trips to the North Umpqua. A major portion of last summer he spent fishing on the North Umpqua, with headquarters at Idleyld. He expects to stay there all this summer. He is the vanguard of a contingent of fishermen from southern California who are expected to arrive from time to time this summer to fish in the North Umpqua. Many of these fishermen are friends of "Gene," who will be trying their luck in the North Umpqua on his recommendations. Woe unto "Gene" if the fishing does not come up to his boasting.

CHINESE TROOPS SLAY 300 BANDITS

(Associated Press Special Wire)

SHANGHAI, April 25.—Advices from Huchow, northern Chakians province, today stated that lawless elements were continuing their burning and looting in that locality and that many persons had been killed.

Szaoan, 24 miles west of Huchow, was reported to have fallen into the hands of 3,000 bandits. It was reported that the merchants there agreed to pay \$100,000 Mexican to prevent looting, and that the bandits agreed. Before the money was paid, however, provincial troops arrived.

In the ensuing fight 300 bandits and 50 soldiers were killed. The bandits were routed but they swore vengeance before departing.

A provincial official said that much of the banditry in that vicinity was due to disgruntled officials dismissed from political offices by the nationalist government at Nanking and who were seeking to create widespread disorders in an effort to discredit the government.

ODD FELLOWS NOTICE

The annual county convention of the Odd Fellows will be held at Idleyld, Oregon, April 26th, 1930. Each and every lodge is invited to attend. Bring your baskets filled with good eats and we will have an old time basket dinner. Program will begin about 10 a. m. and if the day is fair in afternoon there will be a ball game for those who wish to participate. Bro. J. K. Howard will be the speaker in the morning and Bro. Canaday will be the speaker for the evening. Every one come who can spare the time and let's make this a howling success. Fraternally,

J. T. REDFORD, Pres. Odd Fellows' Assn.

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CLERIC LAMENTS SLOW CHURCH GAIN OF PROTESTANTS

NASHVILLE, Tenn., April 24.—Dr. W. G. Gram, general secretary of the board of missions of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, declared today that "with rich resources and with preachers and workers equipped for preaching the gospel, protestantism in general, and Methodism in particular, has made a miserable showing in membership gains and in evangelism of the masses."

In his annual report to the board he termed this situation "one of the scandals of American Protestantism." However, he said he was encouraged by an advance in developing home mission policies and substantial gains in the foreign field.

One of Methodism's greatest home mission opportunities, he said, is among the Mexicans of Texas, Arizona, New Mexico and California.

SENATE VOTES CUT IN ALIEN INFLUX

WASHINGTON, D. C., April 24.—The senate today voted to cut down immigration from Europe to this country from 150,000 annually to 80,000 by making the basis 10 per cent of the foreign population resident here in 1890.

The senate also voted to strike from pending immigration legislation a proposal to repeal the national origins provision of present law.

VETERANS' AID BILL ALTERED BY HOUSE

WASHINGTON, April 24.—A series of amendments to the Johnson veterans' bill were adopted in quick succession by the house today, changing the scope of the measure to provide compensation benefits for all disabilities incurred up to January 1, 1930, instead of January 1, 1925, as proposed in the original bill.



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Compare the Quality when you compare the Price!

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30x4.50 (4.50-21)	5.30	6.26	7.97	9.74
28x4.75 (4.75-19)	5.98	7.46	9.26	11.20
29x4.75 (4.75-20)	6.27	7.58	9.45	11.73
30x5.00 (5.00-20)	6.75	7.99	9.93	12.68
31x5.00 (5.00-21)	6.89	8.35	9.98	13.16
30x5.25 (5.25-20)	7.98	9.30	10.97	13.92
31x5.25 (5.25-21)	7.99	9.64	11.54	14.10
30x5.50 (5.50-20)	9.64	9.98	12.59	14.98
32x6.00 (6.00-20)	10.26	...	12.78	17.67
33x6.00 (6.00-21)	10.40	...	12.97	17.95
32x6.50 (6.50-20)	...	...	14.49	18.76
35x7.00 (7.00-21)	...	...	17.53	23.42

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31x4 SS Oversize	7.22	8.48
32x4 SS Oversize	7.52	8.98
33x4 SS Oversize	7.99	9.64
32x4 1/2 SS Oversize	...	12.73
33x4 1/2 SS Oversize	...	13.16
34x4 1/2 SS Oversize	...	13.87
33x5 SS Oversize	...	17.72

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