

LETTER REVEALS SILENT CANDIDATE HAS WET BACKING

WASHINGTON, April 25.—(Associated Press.)—A confidential source of the association against the prohibition amendment, mentioning some members of the house of representatives in connection with drinking would not be placed in the record of the senate lobby committee, was made today by Senator Walsh, democrat, Montana.

The committee today questioned Henry H. Curran, president of the anti-prohibition association, for the seventh day concerning its activities in behalf of repeal of the dry laws.

A letter from R. R. Kennedy, now of Cleveland, to Curran dated

October 13, 1928, was read. It suggested that the association not press William C. Martin of Monroe, Ohio, for a public statement on his prohibition views. Martin was running for congress.

"If he should take an attitude agreeable to our views, it might defeat him," the letter said, "whereas, if he preserves silence he has good prospects of success."

"I can give you my personal assurance that Mr. Martin is 100 per cent with us. I not only am personally familiar with his position but have assurance from many of my old friends who are equally close to him."

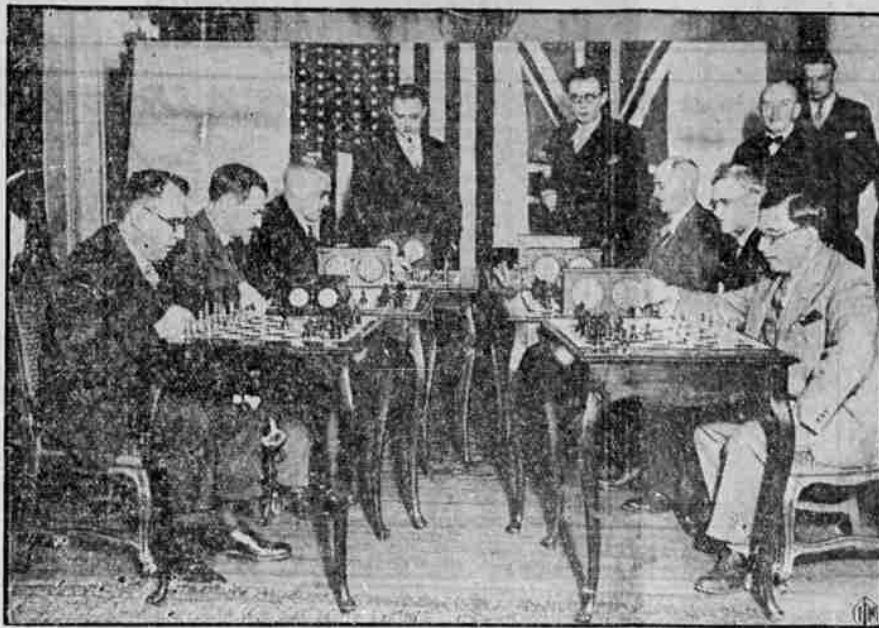
"My suggestion is that you do not press him for any public statement, also if you could aid him in a financial way you can be assured that his response in congress will be agreeable if his vote will be of any value."

Curran replied Martin would not be pressed.

He said today, however, he wanted "every candidate to say where he stands."

Curran added that Kennedy is now Ohio secretary of the association.

AWAIT OPPONENT'S CABLE ON MOVES



American chess wizards in the cabinet room of the Willard Hotel shortly after the start of the international chess match between England and the United States. The moves are cable to and from England with the greatest speed. Seated at left:

N. T. Whitaker, S. Minkowski and N. S. Perkins. Standing are Referees W. H. Mitchell and Dr. N. L. Lederer. Seated at right are R. S. Turnover, F. B. Walker and G. E. Bishop.

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

Steps running inward from the mouth of the cave. Quick, light steps. Hands tapping along the wall.

Pat pressed herself deep into the niche of rock. Her heart flew about and the arms holding the little boy were leaden.

Automatically her lips kept urging against his cheek:

"Hush—you're a big boy—you're a soldier—hush—while her madly straining ears drank in like bitter death these paralyzing steps; these tapping flats.

They seemed to have stopped right there on the other side of the wall. Their voices cut through it with afflicting sharpness.

Ace: "Looks like a big son of a gun—probably half a dozen gallons. Better go back for the flash."

"And lose the rest of the day? Put off the start another twenty-four hours? I damn fool! I tell you the little—used the radio! I know I didn't leave that cover off! It's find her and shut her up or leave her here to squeal and send us across for life! Gimme that lighter! She's not gone far. She'll not dare!"

"She dared that leap!"

"Gimme the lighter!"

Muffled steps gliding down the incline.

Pat sank her face against the soft baby cheek. In half-fainting suspense she murmured:

"Hush—they won't find us—hush, hush—your words to those steps cautiously, ruthlessly approaching.

A pause. An instant flashing silence followed by an abrupt, shocking sound as of a body falling. Then a curse—a wild screaming curse. The whole cavern echoed with the groan—prolonged, infuriate, agonized.

Slim had fallen. He didn't see that drop. He went down it.

Pat's brain whirled with the black dizzy image. Slim coming suddenly to that break, toppling over it, lying there crushed.

She brushed her eyes against the child's soft hair. She told herself, weeping:

"That ends it! They're finished!"

And she listened, almost suffocated, to Ace proceeding with an angry slowness down the incline; listening to Slim's blasphemous, appalling moans.

"God—where are you?"

"Can't you stand? Great God—you're not broken yet!"

"Shut up! Gimme a hand!"

"Gimme a hand—damn you!"

A long, shuddering quiet—then thump, a body dragging with sickening thuds along the rocky floor.

"Here—I'll lift you—got the lighter?"

"Dropped it—go on—drag along and get me out."

"Thud—thud. Now and then a flat tapping at the wall. This flat seemed almost to strike on their heads. It came nearer. It brought Pat upright with a jolt.

And it brought the child's hands squeezing like little claws at Pat's neck; it brought his voice in a shrill, frantic whisper:

"Make them stop—make them stop!"

She sank low to the floor, the child half buried in her arms—her lips smothering him. She sobbed against his mouth:

"Hush—oh, hush—"

She too withered now to think, even to wonder. Had they heard?

A silence that carried like an electric shock now held the cavern. All at once—surely at the wall just behind her came a light tapping. Then a sound, Ace's voice cooing. Very gentle—very winning:

"Hello, Billy. Pretty dark in there, isn't it? The bugaboos of the cave catch you. Better come out. Ace will give you a nice bar of chocolate... nice bacon—nice chocolate of water. Are you thirsty, Billy?"

Pat imploring, holding him to her:

"Don't answer—mouney, dear—hush—little pussy—hush—"

She began to crawl—flashing her light and crawling further back—further away from him.

"Billy—answer! There's a terrible black giant lives in this cave. He's gonna eat you up. Scream and I'll come get you—"

"Hush—Billy—hush—he's fooling—he only wants to find us—"

"He's the giant—"

She crept on—she wouldn't move her mouth from the child's lips. He was crying now—he was pushing her from him.

But she went on with her muffled appeal. She kissed him.

She crept on and on.

Ace's voice grew fainter. Suddenly, mysteriously, it was lost.

Then Pat lay quiet with the little boy hushed and folded in her arms.

After a long, long while she murmured:

"They've gone, pussy. But they'll come back—they may come back. No matter what happens, don't talk—don't say a word."

"Is there a giant here?"

"No, this is God's cave. An angel lives here—a beautiful angel. She'll take care of us."

"And will we see her?"

"Yes—after a while, we'll see her. But you mustn't talk—mustn't say a word."

"And will she bring us water? Will she give us something to eat?"

"Everything—she'll bring us everything."

She hushed him. Her brain was busy with its own black thoughts.

She thought: "We're safe. I've taken the only good flashlight left. He'll not dare tread his way back with matches—away from this sounding board."

And she gathered up little mounds of earth, talking to herself as she worked. These little mounds would mark the way back. She'd leave them at short distances—every ten or fifteen feet.

She went on. If Ace did return with that other wavering flash, he'd have no trouble finding her. She was but twenty feet from that arch where Slim had fallen.

They'd want to make away with her... ah, Slim guessed she'd sent out a radio message. Pathetic messenger! Who would ever hear it? Who would ever track her to this dungeon?

And they'd want the child. She remembered the gleam in Ace's drunken eyes when he said:

"Losh! fun with \$10,000. Whash a lil' kid worth, anyhow?"

There were half a dozen of these little mounds now. She was farther in—buried in Plutonian dark.

She took Billy in her arms and crooned to him.

He was hungry. She glanced at her watch. It was one o'clock. She took a can of milk from her pocket—a bit of the hardtack and some of the deviled meat. She fed him. But her own tongue was thick—her throat scorched. It refused a single morsel of the food.

"Sleep a while, pussy," she urged. After a long while he did. Then she went into a kind of dreaming doze. She dreamed that Guy got her message—that he was flying to her. She saw his silver plane.

She was leaden with weariness and dropped into these intermittent slumbers. The dark had weight. It moved about her like a presence, pressing down with heavy hands. She kept starting from these vague, half-waking dreams of terror, imagining voices whispering: steps advanced.

All at once she sank in, collapse against the damp cavern walls. There WERE sounds. There was Slim's voice. She heard it as though the partition between them was but paper. He groaned. The groans intensified.

Terrible, assailing sounds... like that wounded soldier who lay dying two whole days in No Man's Land. Just before last Monday Pat had read this book—Remarque's book on the war. And that soul-burting picture of the broken fellow lying out there and calling on his comrades. But none of them could reach him. And he had to die through a long forty hours. Slim sounded like that.

He must be fearfully hurt. Suddenly he spoke: "Can you fix the light?"

"Damn!"

"Does the crack extend?"

"Veh."

"Why can't you get them! God, let me get these fingers on her! Gimme a drink!"

Quiet—a dead blanket of quiet. Then back there twenty feet or so,

a muffled digging sound. This gave place to a series of resounding thumps as though someone went along pounding at the rock. The digging was renewed.

Like an animal, half insane with goading, Pat crouched. Surely they couldn't hope to hack through the cavern wall. It was late—dark now. They were still here. They'd be here all night. This prospect laid on her with appalling weight. Suppose the two men couldn't get out?

If Slim had broken his leg, as she imagined, even a panther like Ace couldn't carry him up the all but perpendicular mountain. Even lithe and untrammelled, every step was fraught with peril. They knew it. They'd have to find an easier ladder up the precipice than this one down which they'd climbed.

Had Ace spent the afternoon searching for this?

What if there were no possible exit? And they'd remain here indefinitely. Camped at the mouth—menacing—inescapable. While she and the little boy starved in this black, living grave. Starved, and grew crazed. And died.

It couldn't be her fate, and this little child's fate, to be walled in here, to lie waiting while slow, ghastly death crept over them.

She was suddenly aware of his fingers shivering and his cheeks wet. She crept back, flashing her light with enormous caution. She whispered:

"Don't cry, Pussy."

He answered with a choking whimper, the words way down in his throat. "Well, I'm cold. Why can't we go out? I want it to be light. I want to be warm."

Pat sank her face against the soft baby hair. She prayed, frantic: "God, don't let him shiver so. Oh God, don't let him die on me!"

She crept on blindly, persistently. Ace had some hope or he wouldn't be working at the cave. He was wise in the lore of mountain and wilderness. There might be a fissure here. And we was cutting along it.

Presently she lost sound of the digging. She waited ten or fifteen minutes. Then she was tact, drenched with alarm so incisively did the dread, ominous hacking recommence.

It went on and on till Pat was half-crazed, half swooning with suspense. All night the ghastly sound continued.

Nearly a thousand miles distant another man sent messages that Tuesday through the air—the query Guy asked Lee Templeton to radio everywhere.

"Has anyone picked up an S.O.S. from Patricia Dawn? Wire collect immediately."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

From Pinnacle of Glory to Cell



Mrs. Pantages visits her husband in the county jail at Los Angeles, Cal. She is out on probation on a charge of manslaughter, but her husband, Alexander, must remain in jail pending his appeal for attack of Eunice Pringle.

HOW THEY STAND IN BALL LEAGUES

(Associated Press League Wire)

COAST

	W.	L.	Pct.
Sacramento	12	5	.706
Oakland	12	6	.667
San Francisco	11	7	.611
Los Angeles	9	7	.562
Seattle	8	10	.444
Portland	7	9	.438
Hollywood	4	12	.250

NATIONAL

	W.	L.	Pct.
New York	4	0	1.000
Pittsburgh	6	1	.857
Chicago	6	5	.545
Philadelphia	3	3	.500
St. Louis	4	6	.400
Boston	2	3	.400
Brooklyn	2	5	.286
Cincinnati	2	6	.250

AMERICAN

	W.	L.	Pct.
Washington	6	2	.750
Philadelphia	4	2	.667
St. Louis	5	3	.625
Chicago	3	2	.600
Cleveland	4	3	.571
Boston	3	5	.375

Summary of the Annual Statement of the NEW AMERICAN CASUALTY COMPANY, in the state of New York, on the 31st day of December, 1929, made to the insurance commissioner of the state of New York, pursuant to law:

Amount of capital stock paid up \$4,500,000.00

Net premiums received during the year \$11,500,000.00

Interest, dividends and gains received during the year \$1,231,061.37

Income from other sources received during the year \$76,235.01

Total income \$12,807,296.38

Net losses paid during the year \$2,001,333.37

Expenses on account of claims paid during the year \$1,500,000.00

Commission and salaries paid during the year \$1,500,000.00

Taxes, licenses and fees paid during the year \$66,871.94

Amount of all other expenses during the year \$1,235,356.79

Total expenditures \$5,097,314.12

Value of real estate owned \$4,321,639.10

Value of stocks and bonds owned \$1,606,138.13

Loans on mortgages and bonds \$436,300.00

Cash in banks and on hand \$918,166.13

Premiums in course of collection \$3,000,000.00

Interest and rents due and accrued \$121,111.92

Other assets (remainder) \$150,864.94

Total admitted assets \$17,677,008.61

Gross claims for losses unpaid \$8,800,719.37

Amount of adjustments on all outstanding claims \$6,015,137.83

Due for commission and brokerage \$654,204.39

All other liabilities (remainder) \$935,777.96

Voluntary reserve for contingencies \$1,212,547.51

Total liabilities, exclusive of capital stock of \$1,000,000.00 \$12,677,008.61

BUSINESS IN OREGON FOR THE YEAR

Net premiums received during the year \$2,767.11

Losses paid during the year \$2,425.00

Net income during the year \$342.11

STANLEY COMPANY

Name of president, Arthur Nelson

Name of secretary, Bill Foster

Stationery furnished by the company 140 1/2 Santa Monica

SACRAMENTO NOW LEADS COAST PACK; WINS 4 STRAIGHT

(Associated Press League Wire)

Only short term leases on first place in the Pacific Coast league are available at this early period. During the past week three clubs, Los Angeles, Oakland and Sacramento, have enjoyed the position at the top of the percentage column.

At this time the Sacramento club is leading the Oaks by a half game. It has won four straight games from the Angels, dropping them for the fourth straight time at Wrigley field yesterday by a score of 8 to 4.

The Oaks boasted themselves out of first place, losing to the Seals, 11 to 8. Errors of pop flies were responsible for seven runs.

One of "Red" Killifer's juvenile pitchers, George McKay, started his first coast league game against Portland and was given a hard thumping. The Ducks made sixteen runs off him before Killifer offered relief.

"The Great" Malls, until this season a member of the Seals, toiled on the mound for the Ducks and held the Missions to one run and seven hits. Portland made seventeen runs on fifteen hits.

"Dutch" Ruetter gave the Seattle Indians their fourth straight victory over the Hollywood Stars yielding only two runs to the visitors while "Dutch's" men gave him five runs.

The game was played in one hour and fifteen minutes, a record for the season.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

The undersigned will receive sealed bids for the following described stock of merchandise which consists of:

Men's furnishings, shoes, dry goods and notions, inventoried at \$8,629.18. Store fixtures inventoried at \$154.00.

Sealed bids will be received for all of said stock of merchandise and fixtures. Bids will be received opened and considered by the undersigned at the law office of Herbert W. Lombard, attorney, First National Bank Building, Cottage Grove, Oregon, at 2:30 o'clock P. M. on the 29th day of April, 1930.

A certified check for 10% of the amount bid must accompany each proposal. The right is reserved to reject any and all bids.

The stock is located in Cottage Grove, Oregon, and can be inspected April 25th, 26th, 27th, and 28th. Call or write Cottage Grove Adjustment Bureau, care Herbert W. Lombard, attorney, First National Bank Building, Cottage Grove, Oregon.

COTTAGE GROVE ADJUSTMENT BUREAU.

A Class Of One!

The Papec hay cutter is the only cutter on the market with the finger roll feed.

It makes hay cutting easier. Ask George Kohlhagen or Sam Miller about them.

ORDER NOW AND SAVE MONEY

Farm Bureau Cooperative Exchange

Roseburg Myrtle Creek Oakland
AGENTS FOR
L. & H. Electric Ranges John Deere Plow Co.
Hood River Spray Co. Hoosier and Milwaukee Pumps
Sutherland Spray Co.

Certainteed Paint

IS GOOD PAINT

Price is right. Easy payment plan on contract jobs.

DENN-GERRETSEN CO.



A Low Priced Article

when made economically, will often yield a greater profit than one that is much higher in price. Remember you are welcome to consult our officers about your financial or business problems.

The Roseburg National Bank Roseburg, Ore.

OUR ADVERTISING

Day after day, as you turn the pages of this paper, you see the advertising of things you need. Food, clothing, home equipment... all the necessities and luxuries that go to make up the fullness of modern living.

Has it ever occurred to you to wonder just how far you could trust these advertisements as reliable guides to the selection of worthy products?

We can answer your question in one broad statement. Any product or service that you see consistently advertised in the pages of this publication is worthy in quality, honestly priced and truthfully presented.

Why? For the very simple reason that to the maker and the seller of an unworthy product, advertising presents the quickest and surest road to failure. To the misrepresented product, advertising brings a sudden and fatal storm of public disapproval. To the dishonest maker advertising brings a constant public reminder of his dishonesty.

Truth in advertising has come to stay... its use is no longer dependent on the integrity of the advertiser, but on his business ability. Nothing else pays.

And, in addition, the publishers of your paper make every effort to disbar from these columns any advertising that might prove objectionable or unprofitable in any way to its readers.

Read the advertisements here. They offer you a dependable short cut to the kind of merchandise you would select if you spent your day in shopping for it.

DANCE

Given by Tenmile Grange

AT TENMILE HALL

Saturday Nite, April 26th

Music by Star Five Orchestra

EVERYBODY INVITED