

EUGENE GOLFERS DEFEAT ROSEBURG IN SUNDAY GAME

The Eugene golf team, which met Roseburg players on the local course yesterday, had little difficulty in winning the tournament, which resulted in a score of 53 to 34 in Eugene's favor. The tournament was scheduled with the idea that each club would furnish a 20-man team, but so many players from the Eugene club wanted to come to Roseburg that the local club agreed to match all comers. Thirty-one men made up the visiting squad, so that 62 players in all competed in the play yesterday morning. There were between 40 and 50 additional players on the course as well, making one of the largest crowds ever assembled for play on the links.

The Roseburg club served a chicken dinner at noon to more than 55 people.

There were 10 women in the Eugene party, and the local women organized a team to play the visitors in the afternoon.

The Eugene golfers were greatly pleased with the Roseburg course, which they pronounced to be one of the best they had ever played upon. They were also delighted by the wonderful hospitality shown by the Roseburg club.

Next Sunday the local club will start its spring handicap tournament, leading up to the tournament on May 25 with Cottage Grove. This will be the first time a Cottage Grove team has played in Roseburg.

During June four tournaments are to be played, two at home and two away from home.

J. E. Cooper, Marshfield "pro," arrived in Roseburg this morning for the first of a series of weekly visits. He has made arrangements to spend every Monday in Roseburg, giving instruction to local golfers. All who desire his services can obtain them by making time reservations through A. A. Wilder.

Live barbecue sandwiches and five forever. Brand's Road Stand

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 53

Shadows fell on the gaunt face of Tom Burns and on the dark, ugly pool in which his head had sunk.

The reporters turned from the sight. They went to the east wall, not knowing what new horror might confront them.

The boards opened on a crude closet. On a shelf was a type-writer with the odd peculiarities of the letters "B," "L," "M," "C," "R." There was also a gas stove, chipped crockery and a pistol. In the corner was a battered old photograph with the note, "Try the records."

There were a dozen of these records. They put one on the machine. A sharp, metallic voice shrieked out: "I'm going to feed you now. Sit perfectly quiet. If you shout when I remove the gag, you'll be permanently silenced. Obey!"

The strident commands struck dimly through the tense quiet. Each record was in the same man's voice; each had a different command. They ground out with a bleak, tawdry pathos that mocked the grim figure on the bed.

The diary of Tom Burns' crime spotted all through with this appalling, misdirected brilliance. On the fly-leaf was a tribute to the editor who had tried to save him from prison and tried again to have him released Christmas even before his child should die.

There followed pages seared with dark ruinous passions. The fearful time when the father watched his son dying—his obsession that \$1500 would save the little boy. Bryce refused to give this sum; Elliott innocently blocked the man's attempt to steal it. To Tom Burns, these two became his son's murderers.

Terrible prison days he lay and planned his revenge. Oh—to get the two of them! Make Bryce as on his head!

From the moment of his release Tom Burns planned the kidnapping. He hollowed that dungeon behind the garage; he watched little Billy Bryce at play in the park. He plotted with Partridge and Montgomery.

He made friends with Guy's dog. Fit by hit the elaborate details came to him. One Sunday he came upon the flume and sent Jim to retrieve a ball. This gave him the idea for escaping with the ransom.

Another time he worried about Elliott identifying him as his captor. Then he thought of the photograph and had his near-troubled wife, Effie, make the records. She thought him demented, so humored him.

He saw with diabolic detail the completed crime. Then came the opportunity with the open break between Guy and William Bryce. How beautifully this would blacken the case against Elliott!

"Monday, October 22—We've done it! Landed the kid without

one hitch. Elliott lies doped in his dungeon. Whole city is wild. Dicks are shadowing me. Much they'll find!

"October 23—Worked all day. Awaiting that girl was carried off in the plane. Hope she doesn't queer it. God—to have a hitch now! Had to give Elliott a whiff of chloroform. He began plunging like a mad bull about the room. I put on one of my records. The woman's voice bewildered him. I've sent Effie to San Carlos to visit her sister—told her to stay the week. Need solitude in times like this.

"Midnight—They've landed in the desert by now if all has gone as programmed. Scores of planes searching. Public terribly inflamed.

"October 24—I'm shadowed. I go to work. Found Elliott at night. Keep him half doped.

"October 25—Dicks not so hot on my trail. Took the noon hour and delivered my first ransom note. Drove out Haight street, gave a dollar bill and the letter to a kid. Told him to take it to Western Union. Returned to work on time. I've got Jim tied up in an old shed down the Ocean Shore road. After work drove down and fed him. Love that dog. Dicks easing up on me. Can't figure I had anything to do with ransom note when I was at work all day. Elliott wants to wash—refuses to eat. My God, the fellow's strong. Furious when I spilled beans on his chin. Doesn't like being fed. I feel safe!

"Friday, October 26—This is the day! It's early morning. I've just fixed up Slim's old Ford like a fruit wagon. I'm at Slim's house. I've got boxes of spuds, tomatoes and lettuce in the back of the car. In this truck I make my getaway with Bryce's \$20,000. He'll lay it in the flume tonight! I'll amble away with it down an abandoned road I've found. Who'll ever suspect a truck farmer of the kidnapping? The whole country in the vicinity of the flume is given over to these truck gardens. I'm proud of my plans.

"Six o'clock—Effie's returned. Wouldn't she! On this day of days! I'll call for her at ten. I've finished my ransom directions. I've taken that old vanity box of Effie's. Jim has retrieved it hundreds of times. I'm sending it to Bryce for the ransom money. I'm going down to dress and feed Elliott. My time is figured to the minutes.

"Seven forty-five—we start. Gave Elliott coffee with sleeping powders. I'll drive him in my machine

"Saturday morning—Papers are

Home From the Antarctic



Members of the Byrd crew as they arrived at Quarantine, N. Y., on the whaler, C. A. Larson, following long months in the frozen Antarctic as members of the Byrd expedition. They are: Martin Rønne, sailmaker; Norman Vaughan, assistant dog driver; Walter Leuthner, Clair D. Alexander, supply officer, and Edward E. Goodale, assistant dog driver.

to the gully a mile from the flume. Chloroform and unshackle him. Then back to Mission street to deliver final ransom notes. Then pick up Effie and be in this house shortly after ten. Bryce mustn't set the notes before ten.

"Ten thirty—so far so good! Elliott lying doped in the hills, ransom note in Bryce's hands. Gave package to a bum with \$5.

Watched while he tossed it on counter of Western Union. Picked up Effie and sauntered home. Dicks stopped us. So they're on! Police must have phoned station here to have me watched. My car is in the garage. Can they guess how I'll get back to Salada Beach and grab the ransom by midnight?

"Ten thirty-five—Dicks watching. I've undressed. Left the shades up. In five minutes I'll be sneaking out the alley—then to Slim's, drive off in my fruit wagon—reach the flume. Jim, do your part!

"Twelve fifty—I've won! Twenty thousand dollars on a mattress over there. At exactly 12:15, Jim, the marvel came trotting from the flume and dropped the ransom box at my feet in the thicket. I tied him to a stake with a box of bones, made my getaway down the bank. Went jogging off in my fruit wagon—\$20,000 tossed with the potatoes. At Colma dumped the vegetables, drove truck back to Slim's, sneaked back here.

"One o'clock—door bell is ringing. God—they're checking up. Get into my nightshirt. Bell ringing furiously.

"One fifteen—narrow squeak. Dicks wanted to make sure I was in bed. Poor Effie! With one of her rare flashes she came over and put a hand on my arm. She asked them bewilderedly: "Must you torture him?" Tomorrow the strain will be over.

"Here's our schedule—they wait in the desert until ransom is secured. Tomorrow—Saturday at noon Slim will register at the Harvey House in Barstow under name of James Ellis. At 1:30 I phone with this code message: "Mr. Ellis I can't accept your offer. I'm satisfied with my job here." This means I've pulled it off perfectly. "Just after dark Shick smuggles the kid to the room Slim has hired. They put him to sleep, leave orders for the maid not to disturb them. At 2 tomorrow I start the drive to Barstow. Should arrive there Sunday morning 7:30. I hand over ransom, Shick and Slim pocket it, deliver kid to me and ship for Los Angeles. Oh God! Sunday morning! The kid will be asleep. I finish him. With my last breath I phone Bryce that his child lies dead in Tom Burns' arms.

"Saturday morning—Papers are

sermon to Bryce. She consents.

"Saturday, nine o'clock—I've phoned Barstow again. They've not made it!

"Sunday—Extras are out. They've come upon Elliott and Jim. "Monday—I went to work. Oh this ghastly waiting. Noon I phone Harvey House, Barstow. No response. All ruined, I fear. But Elliott is identified as kidnaper. Oh irony!

"Tuesday—Elliott's story of the woman who gave him orders is flashed in all headlines. I'm keeping the papers from Effie.

"Six o'clock—Someone has told Effie about the woman in the case. I came home and found her poring over newspapers. She said nothing. But she suspects. I see that she suspects.

"Tuesday, 8 o'clock—The girl has radioed! Good God, she's radioed from the Grand Canyon. I see the climax.

"Midnight—Elliott's free. He's broken jail. Is thought to have taken a plane and gone to the girl. Morning papers got out early with the news.

"Wednesday—I can't endure Effie's presence. The look in her Churchill Hardware Co.—Adv.

eyes. Like a hurt animal. I've sent her to visit her sister. She thinks I'm demented.

"Six o'clock—Elliott's reached them. He's sent back word. He's taken Slim and Montgomery prisoner. We're all cooked. The girl and the kid aren't found. They won't be. Has Bryce ever looked into Slim's eyes? The coldest, damndest scoundrel that ever breathed. That's why they're not in sight.

"So it's thirty for me! "Six thirty—I'm arranging articles on the table here in my dungeon. I'm burning up papers—the greenbacks—nice twenty-dollar bills. This will be a sweet gift to William Bryce! I'm making out my will.

"Seven—I'm going out now and send a message to the paper—to that editor who tried to set me free. I'll take a last look about. Thank God Effie's not here. (TO BE CONTINUED)

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Remember these are all from our regular guaranteed Arrowhead line. Complete lines also of anklets, half hose, 3-4 hose, infants' hose, misses' hose, out sizes, etc.

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Glass sherbets, goblets, etc. 9c.

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Kitchen or scrub brushes 9c.

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Dolls, balls, toys at 9c.

China pin cushions, trays 9c.

Many other special 9c items.

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Palmolive and bath soap, 2 15c.

Chore balls or mitts, 2 15c.

Rose glass tumblers, 2 15c.

Large 10c pencil tablets, 2 15c.

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Handy vegetable brushes, 2 15c.

Suit or pant hangers, 2 15c.

Rose ice tea glasses, 2 15c.

Staple Merchandise at low anniversary prices.

Every item in our anniversary sale is from regular stock. No cheap imported sale stuff but real merchandise.

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Fancy imported glass and pottery vases, 79c.

White Indian head, anniversary special at, yard, 15c.

27x54 rag rugs, hit and miss patterns, 79c.

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