

SERIAL STORY BORDER ADVENTURE

BY OREN ARNOLD

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CAST OF CHARACTERS
BETTY MARY JORDAN—Pretty young Border Patrol service secretary.
SHERIDAN STARR—Handsome Border Patrol officer.
HOPE KILHARE—Starr's fellow officer, also a bachelor.
LUIS HARRO—Mexican smuggler.

Yesterday, the officers learn that the old woman in jail was Betty Mary. Later, she tips them off that smuggling is planned that night. As they rush to the scene, Sheridan reveals he has already asked Betty for a date.

CHAPTER III

Miss Elizabeth Mary Jordan, of Washington, D. C., out of her bath and in pajamas now, stepped onto the hotel bathroom scales to see if three days of train food and bath and one day of west Texas had added anything to her weight. They hadn't. The needle wiggled around gaily and finally settled on 108 pounds, causing her to mutter, "Oh darn." If ever she reached 110, Betty Mary often promised herself, she would throw a hip-throwing celebration; she had kind of hoped it would be done here in El Paso.

"But it doesn't matter," she assured herself, "because I don't know anybody here except Hope Kilhare and Sheridan Starr."

She came out and stood to bury her face again in the flowers Mr. Starr had sent that night. They had been waiting when she came back to her room. "May I take

you to dinner on Saturday?" she asked with them had said.

She hadn't answered, but she knew she would say yes. Too much stunner and interest was already attached to him, to both the young Border Patrol inspectors on whom she had paid an official call. She had come from Washington expecting to find the stolid unimaginative men, perhaps the pudging type of officers, but inspectors Starr and Kilhare had, surprisingly, looked and talked like big overgrown boys, handsome and highly capable but likely to make a few blunders in life. Betty Mary had felt instantly drawn to them.

"I think it would be unfair to recommend that they be discharged," she was ranting presently, in a letter to her girl friend back east. "I think this Luis Harro has just been lucky. He has just been slipping by two good men. I was sent out because, as you know, Washington wanted an inside report by somebody who could speak Spanish and knew about border conditions. I've been handling all the Border Patrol correspondence, and a few other investigations, and luckily I was born in Texas, too."

"And guess what, Sue! The thrilliest thing! Remember how we made up and change characters and all in the Little Theatre plays? Well, I was able to do that here today and get the officers a valuable inside tip. Really! I have the most to tell you when I get home. Even as I write this they are out in the San Felipe hills somewhere. This is much rougher country than around San Antonio, where I was raised. But the Mexicans look the same. I am going to sketch some faces."

"Sheridan has asked me for a date already! Aren't you jealous? They are big and they move gracefully and have quick dark eyes and Hope—that's the other one—has a small scar from football, and they both act so serious you'd think they were—"

She had a great deal more to tell Sue but she stopped writing soon and went to bed.

She didn't sleep well, though. Things were on her mind. At 3 a. m. she telephoned Leo hotel clerk to know if any calls had come for her. None had. Still nobody had called at dawn; and at 7 a. m. she was reading a morning paper but she found no mention of any Border Patrol excitement.

Breakfast was uninteresting; the morning dragged. Three times she telephoned Border Patrol headquarters, only to be told each time that Messrs. Starr and Kilhare were not in. At 2 p. m. she visited the chief of police again and heard once more what she already knew: that Border Patrol work was always dangerous, likely to include shooting any time.

At 4:15 p. m. she went to a stationery store and purchased a large "Map of the Border Country" with accurate readings and topographic features, took it to her room and studied it minutely for nearly an hour. Next she sat for a few minutes staring out of her hotel window across the Rio Grande at the mountains of old Mexico, tapping her pretty teeth with a pencil, and thinking. Then suddenly she made up her mind. Recalling a sporting goods store she had seen earlier two blocks from the hotel, she set out quickly for it.

"I want to buy a good pistol," she told the clerk, firmly. "And some ammunition and a cartridge belt."

Mazatlan is a highly picturesque little city in the Mexican state of Sinaloa, which is lapped by the Pacific ocean. Many boats stop there, and strange are the people who may be seen on them. Sometimes a few of the people die.

Two weeks before Betty Mary started west, 20 men and three women, all of very definite Asiatic ancestry and all speaking some dialect of the Asiatic languages, arrived in Mazatlan, disembarking from a passing vessel at night. They had not been sure of their welcome, but they met with no difficulty. In fact their spokesman, who was an excellent linguist, was stated at the case with which Mazatlan "absorbed" these travelers.

"But it is not here that we need expect trouble," he informed them soon after their arrival. "We will have to be more careful, however, when we cross into the next land."

"That will be America?" a Chinaman asked him.

"The United States, no less," he replied. "But patience. It will not

be easy, as here. Unless we are fortunate in the assistance we hire. If the right people are approached, in the right way—"

The spokesman shrugged, suggesting that he knew the routine. He also made it clear too that the next move would be costly. He was a professional alien runner. Skilled at forging passports and at quick thinking and acting in emergencies, he had contacted these 25 people as far away as Honolulu and traveled with them back to this continent.

"It will be best," he explained, "to hire for you the most influential intermediary we can."

"We have already paid you money," the Asiatic answered. "In America we have friends."

"There was a deal of further conversation. "These hundred American dollars more, after what we have already paid? It is a lot of money."

But then, most of these 25 were carrying certain intimate little valuables in addition to the money they had. These were not pennies, but however desperate they were to move to a new land, they could afford to pay the extra \$300 each (and the alien runner knew it).

"It is best now, too, that each of you arm yourselves, with the small guns," the spokesman suggested, when he had collected the additional fee. "Do not show them, however. Keep them hidden. And do not talk much, even among yourselves."

"Is it far?" the man asked. "Will there be trouble?"

"It is three, maybe four or five days of travel, and then maybe a few days of waiting. Los Federales do not like the Chinese. You do not know the Chinese? They are the United States Border Patrol functions?" He shrugged again.

"But the man who will take us across," the Chinese asked, "is he not capable?"

"Ha! You are estorjano, surely, to ask that about Don Luis Harro?" (To be continued)

4-H CHAMPS GIVE FEAST TO KIWANIS

The state championship 4-H poultry club demonstration team spent Tuesday in Roseburg and entertained the Roseburg Kiwanis club at the club's regular Tuesday luncheon program. Wives of the Kiwanians were invited as special guests to witness the demonstration, which included the preparation of chicken terrines and stuffed chicken over baked egg omelet. Members of the team were Goldie Delaney and Hildegard Schneider, both of Benton county. Jackson, 4-H club leader for Benton, was accompanied by S. A. too county and Miss Helen Cowgill, assistant state club leader.

The two girls will leave July 24 with a judging team from Coos county and a poultry production demonstration team from Washington county to attend the World Poultry congress, being held in the United States for the first time. The congress will be held in Cleveland, Ohio, July 28, to Aug. 7.

The club members, after re-creating Oregon and the poultry congress, will go to New York to attend the World's fair, and will return by way of the southern route, stopping in San Francisco for a visit at the Golden Gate exposition.

STORE, POSTOFFICE AT MURPHY BURN

MURPHY, July 18.—(AP)—The Murphy store and postoffice seven miles south of Grants Pass burned this afternoon with a loss estimated at \$12,000.

T. E. Gilmore, owner and postmaster, said the blaze started near the postoffice stove. In 20 minutes it consumed the building, erected 25 years ago and the largest granite building in the state. A \$7,000 stock of goods was destroyed but mail and mail records were saved.

The loss was mostly covered by insurance, Gilmore said. Two adjoining sheds also burned.

GIRL KIDNAPER, 18, ASKS PROBATION

SAN FRANCISCO, July 18.—(AP)—Felt Well, 18-year-old New York farm girl who "lied nice things," pleaded guilty yesterday to kidnaping eight-year-old Kreie

Osborn for ransom and asked for probation in superior court here. Superior Judge Jacks referred the case to the probation depart-

ment and Miss Well was returned to the city prison. Miss Well took the child from the home of Mrs. Mabel Osborn,

where she was employed as governess, June 7, and was apprehended with the boy in San Jose a few hours later. She told officers she

was motivated by a desire for "nice things" in seeking the \$1,500 ransom, demanded in a letter left be-

hind but not paid.

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