

COMMITTEE OF 9 BEGINS TASK IN EARNEST MANNER

TWO MEMBERS TO VISIT COUNCIL AND OTHERS WILL COLLECT FACTS AND FIGURES

NEW CHARTER WILL PROBABLY BE SUBMITTED IN DECEMBER

City Manager, Council of Five and Installation of Budget System May Be Features of Proposed Government for Oregon City.

Temporary organization of the committee of nine that was appointed by Mayor Jones to formulate a plan for the retirement of the city's rampant indebtedness and for a more efficient system of conducting municipal affairs was effected Monday night in the Commercial club rooms by the election of M. D. Latorre as temporary chairman and E. E. Brodie as temporary secretary.

E. G. Canfield and Lily Strup were appointed to attend the council meeting Wednesday night and ask the cooperation of the members of the council in the work of the committee.

The scope of the work to be done by the committee of nine has not yet been determined, but it is probable that a new charter will be prepared for submission to the voters at the December election, and the council will be asked to submit the proposed charter to the people for their approval or rejection.

TRADING STILL LIGHT IN PORTLAND YARDS

HOG PRICES STILL UNCHANGED BUT GENERAL MARKET CONDITIONS ARE WEAK.

UNION STOCK YARDS, Portland, Oct. 2.—Trading was of small volume this forenoon, and receipts were also light. Hog prices remained at \$5.35 but the market was considered weak.

Receipts for the week were 1254 cattle, 34 calves, 6129 hogs and 9466 sheep. For today they were 19 cattle, 2 calves, 365 hogs and 3 sheep.

Official livestock quotations in effect this morning were as follows:

Table with columns for Cattle, Hogs, and Sheep, listing various grades and prices.

REAL ESTATE TRANSFERS.

Real estate transfers filed with County Recorder Dedman Thursday follows:

- List of real estate transfers including A. A. Laird and wife to Josie Ferry, W. L. Jones to Josie Ferry, W. W. Postler to Ellen Patterson, etc.

NEAL of the NAVY By WILLIAM HAMILTON OSBORNE

NOVELIZED FROM THE PHOTO PLAY OF THE SAME NAME PRODUCED BY THE PATHE EXCHANGE, INC.

On the day of the eruption of Mount Pelee...

Under your kind care, she said to Mrs. Hardin, her hostess—and in her tone was the slightest foreign accent.

THIRD INSTALLMENT THE FAILURE CHAPTER XI.

May the Best Man Win. Neal Hardin, clad in his life-saving uniform, sat upon the gunwale of his lifeboat, gazing seaward—ever seaward.

"Annette," he cried, "I've got to do it—I can't help it. It calls to me—the sea. It's in my blood."

"You—want me to?" he asked. "Yes, I want you to." "I'll go," said Neal.

"It's your chance, Neal," said the girl. She placed a hand upon his shoulder, and at her touch the blood ran through his veins like wine.

Congressman James J. Prime announced preliminary examination for Annapolis examinations.

Congressman James J. Prime was a Seaport man—and the biggest man in that shore town. He had sprung from boatbuilding, seafaring ancestors; he knew seagoing folk; he liked them.

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"The one-horse vehicle!" she asked. "Outside," said Welcher, offering his arm, "boy's ready—time that you were off."

Once at the station Inez bought a ticket for New York. But when the train—a local—drew up at Lonesome Cove, three miles north of Seaport, Inez dropped off the rear platform of the last car, and waited on the far side of the track until the train was out of sight.

The concealing foot and the nicotine-stained fingers belonged to a young and sporty gentleman of the name of Joe Welcher.

He thrust the document into his pocket and then, he too, moved off to some less public place. When he reached a place less public, he examined his find. He was disappointed at first. He was prepared for anything of interest. But he was disgusted when he opened the document and read its headlines:

Questions and Correct Answers to be used in Preliminary Competitive Examination for Congressional Appointment—District of New Jersey, for Navy Academy, Annapolis, Duplicate.

It didn't interest him, but he glanced over its contents. Then thrust it into his hip pocket and went his way—smoking a cigarette.

CHAPTER XII. The Spider and the Fly.

Back in the Hardin cottage by the sea, Miss Irene Courtier—known in other and less reputable circles by the name of Inez Castro—limped (not ungracefully) downstairs from the

congregated about the steps of the school building in Seaport, N. J. Neal was there. Some of the thirty he knew and some he didn't.

Neal started suddenly. A hand was laid upon his shoulder. He turned. Joe Welcher, his foster brother, faced him. Joey smiled.

"Before you did," replied Welcher. "I've had this up my sleeve for a year or so. I've been bony on the quiet—bony hard."

It was quite true that he had been bony hard—and also on the quiet. He had been studying the examination paper dropped accidentally by the congressman in the local post office, and he had mastered every answer by heart.

"How goes it?" asked the congressman. "I've only had the chance to look over your Hardin's papers as they came to—has been the first to finish. They look good to me. They're well-nigh perfect. There he is now. He's all through."

"May the best man win," said the congressman, "he looks the part at any rate." He glanced about the room; he seemed to be trying to remember, then he remembered. "Say, look a here," he said.

"One," returned the examiner. He stepped back to his desk. Neal handed in his final paper. The examiner thrust in front of Neal a slip of paper and a pen. "Sign this, please," he

"I'm disgraced," cried Neal. "You Tell Them, Joe."

said. This is what it said—and Neal signed it as requested: "I do solemnly declare on my honor as a gentleman that I have neither obtained nor given aid of any kind during the course of this examination."

He had no sooner finished signing than Joe Welcher approached the desk. "Through Joey?" queried Neal. "I'll wait for you."

Welcher signed his own honor slip. Neal waited—and while he waited, he thrust his hand into his coat pocket. There was something unfamiliar there. Involuntarily he drew it out—it was a crumpled printed paper. The examiner's eagle eye was upon it in an instant.

"Haven't been cribbing, boy?" he exclaimed. "No," stammered Neal, "I—I don't know what it is." The examiner knew it however, for the thing it was. He grabbed Neal's hand and snatched the paper from him.

"Oh!" he said, "the missing duplicate—questions and answers both. No wonder Hardin's papers were well-nigh perfect."

He turned to the congressman—who nodded understandingly. "I don't know how it got there," stammered Neal, "I didn't put it there—I never saw the thing before. On my honor!"

"Pah!" cried the congressman, his eyes flashing. "Look at it—thumbed and soiled—he's had it for a week—he's learned the thing by heart."

Angry he tore up the honor slip—tore up Neal's answers—and flung them to the floor. He pointed to the door. "Go," he exclaimed, "the navy's well rid of sneaks like you."

CHAPTER XIII. The Honor Slip.

A crowd of thirty—more or less—required. John Huffnatter to Isaac Feits, 15 acres; \$2000.

K. Standford to John F. Risky, east 1/4 of south half of block 47, Concord; \$25.

Nellie Dayton to Florence W. Dayton, additional rights on 44-100 acres in George Crow donation land claim; \$1.

Again a friendly hand was placed upon his shoulder. Again it was Joe Welcher. He sighed with relief. "Look here, Joe," he pleaded, "you don't think I did this thing?"

Joe shrugged his shoulders. "It's all right, old man," he said finally, "remember, no matter what has happened I'm your friend."

Neal sprang to his feet—his face ablaze with anger and determination. "Never mind," he cried, "I can't get into Annapolis—but I can get into the navy and I will. Mother—Annette—Joe—I've got to go—the navy calls for me. I'm going to enlist. I've got to go."

CHAPTER XIV. Wind and Limb.

Dress suit case in hand Neal stopped in front of a cigar store in New York. Next to the cigar store was an entrance to a stairway that led to the second floor above. In front of this entrance paced an officer in uniform.

"Recruiting station?" queried Neal, saluting. "Nothing but," returned the man in uniform, "you're as welcome as the flowers in May. Ascend." He waved his hand invitingly. Neal ascended.

Half an hour later he had regularly enrolled—he was an apprentice seaman in the navy. The United States at its own expense shipped him with a squad of recruits to the naval training school at Norfolk.

As the hours flew by, Neal's eyes were opened. He loved the sea—had always loved it. He plunged into the life of an apprentice seaman.

He wrote his mother and Annette that afternoon after drill was over. "This is the life," he said to them, "I'm being fighting all the afternoon—aiming thirteen inch guns at hostile battleships, handling a cutter; splicing

ropes, tying sailor's knots, cutting off imaginary heads with cutlasses—and tonight for the first time since the eruption of Mt. Pelee, I'm sleeping in a hammock. This is the life and no mistake. We even have the plot that mother used to make."

Neal's letter reached home next day. And next day something else happened. Joe Welcher burst into the living room at the Hardin cottage, early in the evening, with the local paper, still damp from the press, in his hand.

"I've just sent one of these to Neal," he said, "and here's a copy for you. Read it, Annette. Now what have you got to say?"

Annette read it. This is what it said: JOSEPH WELCHER OF SEAPORT WINS ANNAPOLES APPOINTMENT.

In Congressman James J. Prime's recent competitive examination for the Annapolis appointment, Joe Welcher, our young townsmen, came very near the hundred mark and distanced all his fellows. Good work, Welcher. Seaport will back you through Annapolis and through the navy. Become an admiral. Hitch your wagon to a star.

Mrs. Hardin, Joe's foster mother, ought him in her arms. "Both my boys—Neal and Joe—in the navy," she exclaimed.

"Yes," returned Welcher, with a sneer, "but there's a difference. I go in as an officer—and Neal's nothing but a common seaman, understand?"

Annette flushed, but gave no other sign.

CHAPTER XV. Finances.

It was somewhat early in the morning. Joe Welcher, seated at a round table in the Seaport house bar, still celebrated with three boon companions, his success as a passer of com-

petitive examinations. Suddenly the window was raised—swiftly but noiselessly, and from without.

One of Joe's friends across the table rose, with terror written on his face. He pointed with his finger at the window.

"Look, look," he cried. They looked. A long thin, gristly brown arm with long clawlike fingers, thrust itself through the window and grasped a folded piece of paper into the breast pocket of Joe Welcher's coat. Joe sprang to his feet, crouched terror-stricken in the corner, shielding his face with his arm. His three cronies leaped to the window, and looked out. There was a moon. But there was no one to be seen. The owner of the hand and arm had disappeared. Welcher, coming to himself, clutched at the note, and unfolded it and read.

My Charming Friend: (It said) Once more I have returned from New York. I stay at Lonesome Cove Inn. Meet me there tomorrow afternoon—perhaps I should say—this afternoon—at three. It is of importance. When you come, inquire for Inez Castro—I have used that name in order that certain mutual friends might not hear of it.

As ever, Irene Courtier.

That afternoon at three Lonesome Cove—three miles north of Seaport—was graced by the presence of Joe Welcher. Welcher made a bee line for the cafe and properly spiced up his breath before proceeding to keep the rendezvous. Then he approached Mulligan, the ill favored proprietor.

"You got a certain party here of the name of Inez Castro," whispered Welcher to Mulligan. "What's that to you," said Mulligan. Welcher produced his note—the note produced an unusual effect upon Mulligan. He dropped his surliness, and with a wink beckoned to Welcher, leading him down a dim corridor. "Go up that third staircase," he commanded, "and knock at Number Seven."

"I sent for you," Inez began, "that you should do a favor for me." Welcher seized her hand. That was his undoing. In a moment she was in his arms, struggling. He kissed her full upon the lips.

"I'll go to hell and back for you," he said. Struggling, she half screamed. Then something happened. Unknown to Welcher, the door of Room Seven opened noiselessly, and a well dressed man, with a saber cut across his face, entered on tiptoe. He crossed the door behind him, and stood there, watching the struggle, silent, sinister.

Suddenly Inez screamed. She released herself from Welcher's arms, and reeled against the table, her eyes wide with fright.

"My—my husband," she gasped. She held out her hands pleadingly toward the newcomer. Welcher covered in abject terror.

"It was nothing—nothing," gasped Inez. "A bit of play—nothing else—believe me—"

Hernandez smiled—a wicked smile. He never looked at Inez. He glared at Joe Welcher.

"So I see," he said, "a bit of play." He whistled. The door opened once again. Two figures entered—the brute and Ponto. Hernandez gave a sign—and the brute picked Joe Welcher up, whirled him in the air, and brought him down seated at the table. This was the added finishing touch to make Joe realize his helplessness. Hernandez clapped his hands and the brute left the room. Ponto, the fat Mexican, curled himself up underneath the table. Hernandez seated himself.

"A bit of play," laughed Hernandez, harshly. Then his brow furrowed with wrinkles, his eyes became stern.

"Young sir," he said, "your foster sister is one Annette Illington. You live in the same house with her. She has in her possession a small oilskin packet—a yellow packet—possibly you've seen it?"

He waited for an answer. Joe moistened his dry lips and nodded.

"Well and good," went on Hernandez, "that packet is mine—it belongs to me. You shall steal it from here—steal it for me. You understand?"

match far from him and he tiptoed from the room. Huffy and in his stocking feet, he crept along the narrow second story hallway. At last he stood in front of Annette's door. The door was closed. Welcher turned the handle softly, noiselessly, and it yielded to his pressure. The door was not locked. Under his silent, steady pressure, it opened on a crack—inch wide—more. Then suddenly, from within he heard Annette's voice—a dream voice—"Neal—Neal!"

It startled him. He stood there silent for an instant. Then he realized that something had happened to him—he had become sober, too sober, to do the trick. He felt in his pocket for the flask. It was not there. He had left it in his room. Stealthily he groped his way back to his room, opened the door and reached for the bottle.

Then with a choking, inarticulate cry, he turned and darted down the stairs, out of the house and up the road.

His room was a living furnace of red flames—the hastily tossed lighted match had done its work.

Outside, Ponto and Hernandez won't dering, gave chase. Welcher, with fear at his heels, sped on and on.

CHAPTER XVI. Peril.

Annette woke, choking. Smoke poured into her room. She realized at once that the house was burning. She saw the nearby crackling of flames—she saw the nearby glare of flame. Without the village fire going cleared—she heard the shouts of volunteers coming down the road.

She ran to Mrs. Hardin's room. The door was locked; smoke was creeping from underneath the door. "Mother—Mother Hardin," cried Annette. There was no response. In a frenzy Annette rushed back to her room, seized a chair and returned to the locked door. With a sudden twist of her little body she raised the chair above her shoulders and brought it crashing against the door. A volume of smoke poured out. Regardless of it, Annette rushed in, dragged Neal's mother—unconscious as she was—from the bed, out of the room and down the stairs.

"Joy," gasped Annette. "Joy Welcher—he's in there. We must save him, too."

"No," interposed a distant neighbor, "he's not in there. I saw him in the village, running for help."

During the confusion, three shadowy figures, returning as from a chase, crept through the smoke and crouched beneath bushes in the rear of the house, unnoticed and unseen.

One of these men turned to another. "Ponto," cried Hernandez in a low voice, "what of the packet?—what of that last letter—the fool Welcher? By this time we might have had it."

Annette, seated on the ground, with Mrs. Hardin's head in her lap, watched the scene as in a dream. Her glance roved from the flames to the crowd of jostling people—and from them back to the flames again. Then suddenly her heart rose to her throat. Peering at her from the middle of a dense mass of shrubbery, there was a face—a face with staring eyes, matted hair, and unkempt beard.

She had seen that face before—and on that very road—it had once stricken terror to her heart. This time however, it had a far stranger effect upon her. No sooner had she caught sight of this uncanny countenance, than, unaccountably she remembered something—the yellow packet.

"My father's fortune—my father's whereabouts," she cried. She surrendered her charge to a neighboring woman close at hand and struggled to her feet. She reached her room in comparative safety, save for the choking in her throat. Once there she seized a water picher and drenched herself from head to foot—then with dripping hair and clothes she felt for and found her hiding place. She groped for the packet. A tongue of flame swept the window. She shut it, and the glass cracked and fell tinkling to the ground below. Then she groped again.

"I've got it—got it," she cried in exultation, and thrust the yellow packet safely in her breast. There was a sudden crash. She flung open her room door. The staircase, eaten through with flame as its top moorings had fallen in. The hallway was alive with flame. She sprang to her window—no thoroughfare—the whole side wall—the side of her room—was now ablaze. Obeying some instinct Annette threw herself face downward on the floor. The air there was singularly sweet and cool.

"Somebody will come," she told herself, "somebody will come."

Without the word passed that Annette had rushed into the house—was inside now. A huge figure leaped into the crowd, parting it right and left and bounded into the doorway of the house. Whimpering with fear, the brute ran hither, thither, through the living room, and entered the hall—finding the staircase a mass of ruin. He leaped and clutched the landing up above. Some instinct led him to Annette's room. He saw and found her—clutched her unconscious form in his huge arms and leaped with her to the floor beneath and, unseen, laid her unconscious form down at the feet of Mrs. Hardin. Then black, burned, and unrecognizable, he sped away into the night.

Hernandez gritted his teeth. "I thought I had that brute trained," he exclaimed wrathfully, as he realized that Annette and her treasure had escaped him, "and I thought he was afraid of fire. In both I was mistaken. We must take it out of his hide, Ponto—next time he must make no mistake."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



"I'm Disgraced," Cried Neal. "You Tell Them, Joe."

THIS STORY IS REPRODUCED IN FILM AT THE GRAND THEATRE EVERY WEDNESDAY

Oregon Iron & Steel company to Louise Atchinson, lot 3, block 135 in Lake View Villages; \$10.

W. L. Jones to A. A. Laird, east one-half of southeast one-quarter of southeast one-quarter of section 36, township 4 south, range 4 east, containing five acres; \$10.

Real estate transfers filed with County Recorder Dedman Friday are as follows: Pacific Land company to Cazadero Real Estate company, Washington county, lot 9, Borwick acre; northeast quarter of northeast quarter of section 1,

26, township 2 north, range 5 west; lots 3 and 4 in block 3 Wehrung addition to Hillsboro; 6.96 acres in William McLinn donation land claim. Multnomah county, lot 9, block 5, Oakhurst addition to Portland; lots 15 and 20, block 2, Edendale addition to Portland; lots 11 and 12, block 69, Irvington park addition to Portland. Clackamas county, northeast quarter of southeast quarter of section 30, township 2 south, range 4 east. Consideration for transfer of all property \$10. Eight dollars in revenue stamps was

required. John Huffnatter to Isaac Feits, 15 acres; \$2000. K. Standford to John F. Risky, east 1/4 of south half of block 47, Concord; \$25. Nellie Dayton to Florence W. Dayton, additional rights on 44-100 acres in George Crow donation land claim; \$1.

Nellie Dayton to Sarah F. Dayton, additional rights on 39-100 acres in George Crow donation land claim; \$1. George J. Hall to John Risky, lots

1, 2, 3, and 4 of block A, Windsor and 8, 7, 6, and 9, of block 4, Windsor; \$1.

Real estate transfers filed with County Recorder Dedman Tuesday follow: E. W. Rader to T. H. Rehm, tract No. 70 in the townsite of Oak Grove; \$10.

Home Protective association to John W. Loder, lot 12, block 5, of Falls View addition to Oregon City; \$50. William M. Smith to Grace Loder, lots 5 and 6, block 23 in Falls View

addition to Oregon City; also east 84.48 feet of lot 20, block 5 of J. V. Harless addition to Molalla; \$1.

J. H. Hadley to William M. Smith, strip 3/8 acre northeast side of lot 8, block 44, of County addition to Oregon City.

Real estate transfers were filed with County Recorder Dedman Monday as follows: Samuel Herzig to Katie A. Young, Boege, 49.16 acres in section 18, township 4 south, range 1 east of Willamette meridian; \$1200.

Jacob Harless to Everman Robbins, lots 1 and 14, tract 1, Molalla; \$2000.

Charles E. Davis et ux. to C. R. Lewthwaite company, 20 acres in section 18, township 4 south, range 2 east of Willamette meridian; \$10.

J. H. Turner et ux. to Charles E. Davis, 29 acres in section 18, township 4 south, range 2 east of Willamette meridian; \$1.

W. C. Paine et ux. to John E. Marklund et ux., 129 acres in section 1, township 4 south, range 2 east of Willamette meridian; \$10.

Pauline Schwartz to G. J. Howell et ux., lot 4, block 150, Oregon City; \$900.

Bertha W. Meinig to City of Sandy, three acres in the Frances Revenue donation land claim; \$200.

Annette M. Lynch et vir. to Warren L. Jewell, 30 acres in the Ezra Fischer donation land claim; \$1.

E. H. Shoiniere to Warren L. Jewell, 30 acres in the Ezra Fischer donation land claim; \$1.

Grace E. Loder et vir. to J. H. Hadley et al., 29.4 acres in the Andrew Hood donation land claim; \$175.