

"The Red Men's Menace"

Second chapter of "White Eagle," adapted by Herbert Crooker from the Pathe photoplay serial of the same name, starring Ruth Roland. Original story by Val Cleveland.

Copyright by Pathe Exchange, Inc.

While Ruth was being carried away by the White Rider, pandemonium was in full sway at the wigwam. Phil Stanton and his cowpunchers were so busy engaged in fighting off the Indians that they did not notice the white horseman. In fact, it was not until Jim Loomis and Julia Wells rode up that the hostilities showed any signs of cessation. Loomis and Gray Wolf were on friendly terms, however, and although the chieftain was highly indignant over the invasion of his sanctuary he called a truce.

"Why did you permit this attack?" he asked Loomis. "It happened without my knowledge," came the answer. "I felt just as indignant over it as you do. These cowpunchers are my men, but I don't know what brought them here." He was interrupted by the approach of four redskins leading Phil. The young man was securely tied but none the worse for the fray. A smile spread over his face as he recognized his friend.

"Call off these nuts, will you?" he said to his partner. "I've spanked several of them and now I suppose they want to scalp me."

"What do you mean by pulling off a scrap like this, Phil?" the older man asked. "This attack was outrageous. Stanton was about to answer when Moonlight ran up to them crying, 'the Princess—White Eagle—has disappeared!'"

Loomis and Julia took Crouching Mole aside and it was decided that Loomis would go with the latter and his men to look for Ruth Randolph, while Julia would take another direction alone. She mounted her horse and galloped off. Loomis and Phil quickly called the men together, and all mounting, rode away. Before leaving, however, Loomis whispered some words to Gray Wolf which Phil could not hear. He wondered at the friendliness between his partner and the Indian.

Julia Wells had ridden for about half an hour when she caught a glimpse of white a short distance ahead of her. Urging her horse to greater speed she shortened the distance, and saw that it was the White Rider, bearing Ruth in his arms. The mysterious horseman had reached a canyon completely boxed in except for the entrance. He stopped for a moment before a huge tree which blocked an exit to the canyon, and the next moment a door, cut in the tree, swung open, admitting the rider and the girl. The tree closed again just as Julia rode up. She was mystified and could not fathom out how the horseman disappeared.

Meanwhile, the White Rider carried Ruth through a tunnel and into his cave-like dwelling. It was a chamber furnished in extremely good taste with elegant simplicity. He laid the girl upon a couch and proceeded to bathe her forehead. In a moment she recovered and looked at the surroundings with startled eyes.

"Have no fear," the man said, "you are safe here, but danger awaits you outside. Remain until I return. I am your friend." He left the room through the passageway, mounted his horse, and rode into the canyon the same way in which he had entered. Ruth rose to her feet and quickly examined the room. The door was locked and there was no way for her to escape.

She walked hopefully toward the single table in the room and picked up a book which lay on it. Its title was "Gold." The girl turned over a few pages and an unusual passage struck her eye. "Thus if ever an unlimited supply of gold were discovered," she said, "its possessor would absolutely control the finances of the world until gold became so cheap it would be practically valueless."

"That's a pretty thought," she smiled to herself, closing the book and again examining the room for a possible means of escape. She discovered a narrow window up near the top of the chamber. Taking a coil of rope, she fastened one end to the table, climbed to a chair on top of the table, and threw the other rope-end through the window. Then she let herself out of the window and started down the rope, hand over hand.

At that moment, an Indian attendant entered the room with some food, and, seeing the table arrangement, quickly surmised that the girl was making her escape. He ran to the window, climbed up and out with surprising agility, and started down after her. The weight of two people was too much for the rope, and when Ruth was about twenty feet from the ground it broke, tumbling both of them to the earth. The Indian recovered himself first and started for

the girl, but Ruth picked up a good-sized rock and struck him with it. With a moan, he sank to the ground, stunned.

Ruth decided the best thing to do would be to make a quick getaway, so she ran swiftly through the old forest trail. She was almost out of breath when she came to an adobe hut, and looking cautiously she started to enter when a shout caused her to hesitate. Her name was being called. Recognizing Phil's voice, the girl answered and they soon found the way to each other. Stanton greeted Ruth joyfully and affectionately—which she noted with pleasure—and she told him of her escape from the hiding place of the White Rider.

It was after nightfall before they reached the ranch house. Jim Loomis, glad to see Ruth back, greeted her and apologized for the day's excitement.

"It was merely a misunderstanding," he explained. "The Indians in this neck of the woods are really quite tame and mean harm to no one."

After he had left, the girl turned to Phil. "I really think I shall return to 'Frisco,'" she said, "I think your exciting country is too much for me."

"Well, of course, we hate to see you go, Miss Randolph," Stanton answered, a strange light in his eyes, "but I can imagine just how you feel. If you insist, we can get a train the first thing in the morning."

At dawn Ruth and Phil entered the corral and were about to mount their horses when Henley, a cowpuncher, ran up, saying that he had strict orders not to allow them to leave.

"Who gave you those orders?" Phil demanded.

"The boss gave 'em to, that's who," came the sullen answer.

"He did? Well, you ought to know by this time that his orders aren't the only orders around here," replied Stanton, attempting to push the man aside.

"I can't let you past here," said Henley, blocking the way.

"Then I'm sorry if I disturb you, but Miss Randolph has a train to make, orders or no orders."

Before the surprised cowpuncher realized it, he lay sprawled out on the ground, and Stanton and the girl were mounting horses.

"I can't understand all this mystery," Phil said to the girl as they dashed away.

But Henley knew that when Loomis gave him orders it was up to him to carry them out. In a moment he had recovered himself, called two of his men, and, obtaining horses, took up the chase.

At the San Mario station, Ruth and Phil came racing up just as the train was pulling out. The girl just managed to get on the rear platform of the last car, but the train was already making too much speed for Phil to get aboard. Standing on the railroad track, he reluctantly waved a farewell and shouted to Ruth to go ahead without him.

But Stanton left the spot a moment too soon, for Henley and his men dashed around the corner of the station and saw the girl on the train.

"If we cut across the gulch we can overtake her at the bend," he cried, and digging spurs into his horse's side he shouted to the other two riders to follow.

Meanwhile, Ruth seemed a prisoner on the rear platform of the train. The door to the car was locked and no matter how hard the girl pounded, she could get no answer. As the train reached the bend, she saw Henley and his men approaching. With a shout they urged their horses to more speed. Nearing the rear platform, Henley endeavored to seize the girl, but she shrunk to a corner of the platform and redoubled her efforts to get someone to open the door.

The two men were having a hard time to keep pace with the speeding train, and Henley himself was having difficulties. He was close enough, however, to gain a foothold on the platform. Ruth guessed that would be his next move. Then, for the first time, she noticed the ladder running to the roof of the car. As Henley was about to swing himself from his saddle to the platform, Ruth started to climb the ladder, and in another moment she was on the top of the train.

Looking ahead, the girl was startled to see that the train was approaching a tunnel. Dismayed, seeing that she could not possibly escape from the roof of the train, Ruth started for the ladder again. As she looked downward, she saw Henley climbing up toward her, a look of triumph in his eyes.

(To Be Continued)

Movies

RIVOLI TODAY

ALL STAR TRIO MAKES "WHERE LIGHTS ARE LOW"

A combination of Sessue Hayakawa as the star; Lloyd Osbourne, as author and Colin Campbell, director, should be sufficient to insure perfection on the screen.

This all-star combination bestowed all their talents upon "Where Lights Are Low," the newest Hayakawa vehicle released by R-C Pictures Corporation and scheduled for exhibition at the Rivoli Theatre for today.

RIVOLI SUNDAY AND MONDAY

Charles Ray has another corking comedy role in "R. S. V. P.," the first National attraction which opens at the Rivoli Theatre next week. This time the popular boyish star plays his pranks as an amateur artist who dabbles indiscriminately in paint and loive. He is equally successful in both, but only after he has run the gauntlet of trouble in trying to assure himself of three square meals a day without giving away to his girl the fact that he is just struggling for a living.

The role fits the star like the evening clothes he wears. In the part of Richard Morgan, who is constantly refusing financial assistance from wealthy relatives in order to retain his independence, he has abundant opportunity to display the droll line of comedy for which he has become famous. He is ably assisted in his character by Harry Myers who, in the role of Benny Fielding, is a bit more starved than the star.

Tent Caterpillars Hatching

Tent caterpillar egg masses are now hatching in the orchard, stage growers keep a sharp lookout for these small tents that contain the tiny mature worms so as to remove them before much damage is done. This may be done with the aid of a long stick or by cutting out the whole branch where it is small, or even by passing a torch under the tents quickly. Where they are numerous and widely distributed it is sometimes necessary to spray for them with arsenate of lead, three powders to 100 gallons of water, at the first practical opportunity. O. A. C. Experiment Station.

OREGON ROADS

(Continued on page 5.)

*Center Lake Highway. Medford-Prospect: Open to three miles above Prospect.

*Shaniko-Mitchell Highway. Closed to auto traffic on account of mud and snow.

*La Grande-Joseph Highway. La Grande-Island City: Paved. Island City-Elgin: County road, open but rough.

Elgin-Minam: First nine miles

macadam. From end of macadam to Minam open but rough. Minam-Joseph: Macadamized with exception of a mile stretch between Lostine and Enterprise; this strip is very rough, take hill road. Road open from La Grande to Wallawa Lake.cept to wagons and sleighs; this condition will prevail for at least one week. Baker-Cornucopia Highway. Baker-Halfway: Open. Baker-Unity Highway. Baker-Bridgeport: Open to stage station in Stice's Gulch; closed by snow and mud over summit. Bridgeport-Unity: Open but muddy. Crooked River Highway. Prineville-Bear Creek: 22 miles; passable. Bear Creek-Shorty Davis Ranch: 10 miles; good condition. Shorty Davis Ranch-Pauline: 35 miles, fair condition. Palina-Burns: Passable. Grants Pass-Crescent City Highway. Road open but rough. Stages are making the trip from Grants Pass to Crescent City in about eight hours.



A PLEASANT ECONOMY

"Cleanliness is next to godliness." Let us keep your suits or frocks in immaculate condition and it will intensify your charm.

Besides, it's true economy to have your clothes Dry Cleaned as it adds months of enjoyment and service to their life.

Model Cleaners and Dyers

508 Main

D. W. GRIFFITH

PRESENTS

ORPHANS of the STORM

Adapted from

The Two Orphans

By Arrangement With Kate Claxton

with Lillian and Dorothy Gish

The Beat of a Thousand Hoofs

A thunderbolt of men, horses and dust, as the fearless Danton, fiery leader of an outraged people against an outrageous monarchy, rides to save the honor of France! Through Paris streets he hurls himself, his followers on his heels! A tornado of tossing shapes! Naked swords aloft in hands of dare-devils atop plunging steeds! Through scattering populace and hostile hordes to the glistening axe of the guillotine! Always thrill upon thrill!

A Love Supreme

Renounces his love on the guillotine platform, he places the woman of his heart, whom he has rescued from the axe, in the arms of the man her heart has chosen.

RIVOLI Wed, Thursday, Friday May 17 18 19

PRICES

MATINEES: 50c; CHILDREN 25c ALL PERFORMANCES. EVENINGS: LOWER FLOOR 75c; BALCONY 50c; LOGES \$1.00

WAR TAX INCLUDED IN ALL ABOVE PRICES.

MUSICAL ACCOMPANIMENT TO THESE PRESENTATIONS WILL BE THE ORIGINAL NEW YORK SCORE WRITTEN BY LOUIS F. GOTTSCHALK AND W. F. PETERS.

The satisfaction in a ton of

Castle Gate Coal

can be measured by the ever increasing demand.

A real Coal that meets your requirements.

B.L. Burroughs, Inc.

Fone Five For Fuel