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	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.		*A. M.	P. M.	P. M.	(A)
Lv. Portland	2:00	6:30	Lv. Estacada	8:00	4:30	8:30		
Clackamas	2:30	6:50	Eagle Creek	8:15	4:45	8:45		
Carver	2:40	7:00	Barton	8:25	4:55	8:55		
Barton	3:05	7:25	Carver	8:45	5:15	9:15		
Eagle Creek	3:15	7:35	Clackamas	8:55	5:25	9:25		
Ar. Estacada	3:30	7:50	Ar. Portland	9:30	6:00	10:00		

*Daily except Sunday (A) Saturday Only.
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PORTLAND, OREGON

The Leading Lady

By GERALDINE BONNER

WNU Service

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CHAPTER XI—Continued

"Not a thing," answered Rawson. "But we were at a disadvantage; not enough light, and it's a good-sized place. We'll comb it over tomorrow morning by daylight. Of course he could have got out on the island—all that kitchen wing kept open. He might have been lying low up there all yesterday and have come down last night. All quite possible but—well, we'll know tomorrow." He walked to the window and looked out. "Dark as a pocket!" He turned to Bassett: "When the tide's full out could a person get across that channel except by the causeway?"

"There are places where they might swim the stream in the middle. It's a deep strong current but a good swimmer could do it."

"He might try it—he must be pretty keen about getting off here. You know this shoreline. Suppose you go down and take up a station below the boathouse among those juniper bushes. That's a place a person might use as a sheltered start for a get-away. You can't see but you can hear. Take Williams' gun, and if there's a sound, challenge, if there's no answer, shoot. I'll come down with you, I want to take a look at Patrick and I'll stay round myself for a while."

He stepped to the sill of the window but Williams, feeling for his revolver, stopped him:

"Hold on a minute. I got an idea that I think'll help a bit. I've been thinking of it all day and if I'm not mistaken it'll land your man or your woman neater and easier than lying in wait for them outside where they know by this time we've got a guard."

Rawson turned back into the room:

"Let's hear it—we want to clear this up tonight. But, Mr. Bassett, you go on. Stop and tell Patrick what you're doing and see that he's on the job. I'll be down with him later, unless Williams' idea opens up something new."

Bassett took the revolver and stepped out of the window.

He reached the boathouse and groped his way about it to find Patrick. Coming round the angle where the man was stationed he pronounced his name and was surprised to get no answer. He stretched a feeling hand which came in contact with a large warm bulk, immovable under his touch and giving forth a sound of heavy regular breathing. His own breathing stifled, his movements noiseless as a cat's he struck a match and sheltering it with his curved hand, held it out. In its glow he saw Patrick huddled on the bench, his shoulders braced against the wall, his head drooped forward in profound sleep.

Pressed against the wall, he calculated the distances about him. The approach to the causeway was to his right, an incline of rocky steps, and in the stillness he could hear the lightest foot descending them. On such a night Joe might venture again—would venture if his nerve still held. If he did it would be within the next hour, and if Patrick slept and Rawson did not come he would go by unchallenged.

A fitful breeze arose, carrying sea odors. He heard the murmurings of the tide growing lower, fainter, till they sunk to silence and he knew the bed of the channel was uncovered.

CHAPTER XII

Williams thought highly of his idea. It had come to him that morning while thinking of the person he had heard descending the stairs, the person he insisted was Mrs. Stokes.

It was a simple and practicable plan—a watch kept for the rest of the night on the stairs and certain points of exit. In the face of positive orders two people had come from the upper floor the night before, Miss Tracy on an errand that Rawson thought suspicious, Mrs. Stokes, in Williams' opinion, to communicate with her husband. Even if both men were wrong some powerful incentive was making them take such risks and it was natural to suppose that incentive might be strengthened after twenty-four hours of strain and uncertainty. They might try it again, and to catch them at it, surprise them in the act—if they didn't break down on the spot—a little grilling would do the job.

Rawson looked at his assistant with an approving eye. The idea was good, excellent, and without waste of time they arranged the distribution of the watch.

Williams would take the front stairs, his particular prey was there and he had already located the position of the electric light button. Rawson would station himself in the kitchen with its two doors one to the outside, one to the hall. The living room they would assign to Shine, less important than either of the other ambushes, but commanding the entrance to the side wing and the path to the causeway and dock. Anyone descending the back stairs to make an exit from the house would either turn to the kitchen or go through the living room, and whichever way they took, would run into a trap. The men were satis-

fied, each one was detailed to the spot where he might expect to apprehend the object of his suspicion. The living room, central and exposed, might safely be left to Shine.

They found Shine in the butler's room sleeping soundly on the outside of the bed. He was made acquainted with the plan, and stumbling and heavy-eyed followed them. In the hall Rawson left them, taking his way to his hiding place, the other two faring on to the scene of Shine's duties. Here he received his instructions, special emphasis being laid on the door that led to the kitchen wing and the back stairs. Shine looked from the door to Williams with a perplexed frown. He did not like to admit—no more than he had liked to display the healthy vigor of his appetite—that he was so sleepy it was doubtful whether he could keep awake. In this embarrassing position, when he desired to acquit himself creditably and feared the weakness of his flesh, he too had an idea.

They just wanted to know who the person was, didn't they? He wouldn't have to catch them, which would be nearly impossible in the dark and was unnecessary as no one could get off the island. To see them, he abate to

room was suddenly plunged into Egyptian blackness; he had to feel for the chair he had pulled up, and, grasping the tripod, nearly upset it. Swearing under his breath, he found the arms of the chair and let himself down upon it carefully, to avoid creaking. The silence of the house closed around him, a silence that was like oblivion. The darkness showed no break as his glance traveled over it. A solid, impenetrable wall, it was hard to look at, the eye required something to rest upon. After he had stared into it for what seemed a measureless stretch of time, he felt he must shut his eyes for a moment of respite. He did so, his head drooped, nodded, sunk, and he lay a big crumpled figure held in the embrace of the chair.

A bang—in that silence as loud as a cannon shot—a rending burst of light waked him. Then from every side of the house noise broke, groans, screams, slamming of doors, thudding footfalls. Williams' voice shouted the first intelligible words:

"You got them—good work! Where the h—l are the lights?"

That shook Shine into consciousness, and he called to the gallery, whence a patter of bare feet and female cries rose:

"It's all right. Don't be scared. It's only a flashlight."

Male voices followed, harsh and loud, as the men came rushing in.

Rawson's from the left with the crash of the door flung back against the wall.

"What are you doing here? What was that?"

Bassett's from the entrance, his body colliding with furniture as he ran blindly forward. Somewhere in the darkness behind, Stokes', high and choked, breaking into curses. And over all Miss Pinkney's riding the tumult like the war cry of the Valkyries:

"Why don't some of you fools turn on the electricity? The button's on the right side of the door."

Bassett's hand found it and the room was flooded with light.

The women in straight white night-gowns stood on the gallery huddled together. The dreadful darkness lifted, they leaned over the railing, their faces pallid between hanging locks of hair, dropping a shower of questions on the men below. One of them was hysterical and gave forth a sobbing wail, and Williams shouted with angry authority:

"Keep quiet up there. Nothing's the matter. Didn't you hear it was a flashlight?"

Someone strangled a scream—Williams thought it was Flora but could not be sure. Then they made a simultaneous retreat to the bedrooms for negligees and slippers, while the men, gathered round Shine, listened to his explanation. No, he'd seen nothing and heard nothing, but he'd got the picture all right, whoever it was, he had them. Now he'd go and develop it—he could do that in a few minutes—and there was the projector in the corner he could use, throw it onto something where they'd all see. A sheet over that screen by the desk would do.

They urged him out, they'd attend to everything; hurry up with the picture. Williams was unable to hide his elation. His idea, augmented by Shine's, was a bull's-eye hit, and his voice showed an exultant excitement as he called to Miss Pinkney to bring a sheet. Rawson's satisfaction was less apparent, but his eye was alight with anticipation. If it was the boy, he had run back upstairs, for no exit had been attempted through the kitchen. With the whole house astrid he'd be afraid to come down and they had him safe as a rat in a trap. Impatient at the wait for Shine's reappearance, he left the room, saying he was going to the boathouse for a word with Stokes.

The noise of the women's footsteps on the stairs came in a descending rush. They burst in, their voices going before them, a scattering of gasped, explosive utterances.

"Can't you d—d women keep still?" Stokes ground out between his teeth (TO BE CONTINUED.)

Identify them, get onto who was stealing round the house, was the point. If that was enough he'd a way of doing it, the surest and most efficacious way it could be done, no scrambling round the furniture, no uncertainty—he'd set his small camera for a flashlight photograph. The materials were all at hand. All he had to do was to get them ready and if anyone entered by the door he was to watch, he'd have their number before they knew it.

Williams was interested—it was a neat trick and tickled his fancy. As he was ignorant of the process, Shine explained it, getting his properties from the cabinet as he spoke. The flash-light powder in a saucer on the table, then a double wire extending from it to a point above the door—the pair of antlers would answer. There the wire would be cut, one-half hanging down from the antlers, the other twisted round the door handle, its end standing out. When the door was opened the two severed ends would come in contact and make the circuit which would set off the powder. He did not tell Williams that the taking of the picture could be achieved whether he was asleep or awake, but that the camera would make its record whatever his state was an immense relief to his mind.

Williams left and he quickly completed his preparations. Before he made his final adjustment of the two wires he unlocked the latch of the door that it might open easily and noiselessly at the first push of a stealthy hand. Then, his camera in place, he turned off the lights. The

Altercations Are Made in Course of Years

Most people would think that the word admiral is a typical English expression. Its origin, however, is Emir el Bagh, which is Arabic for "Lord of the sea." The term captain comes to us direct from the Latin caput, meaning head.

The coxswain was originally the man who pulled the after-oar of the captain's boat, then known as the "cock's boat." Cock-boat itself is a corruption of the word coracle, a small round boat used for fishing. Commodore is nothing more than the Italian commander, or commander.

Frequently we hear about "Davy Jones." There was, of course, no such person, but should you speak of "Duffy Jenah's Locker," you have the original phrase. Duffy is the West-Indian negro term for the spirit of Jonah.

The term "dog watch" is a corruption of "dodge" watch, the "dodge" being an arrangement to prevent men from being on duty every day at the same hours.

Oldest Fine Art
Architecture is the most ancient of the fine arts. The earliest dated architectural remains are those of the Babylonians, from as far back as 6000 B. C. Their building material was brick, and they were the first to construct vaults and arches.

The Ananias Club
"No," said the defeated candidate "I don't think there was anything crooked about the election. My opponent was more popular than I was and got more votes, that's all."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Commercial Term
"Pittsburgh plus" is a term used in the steel industry. Market prices of steel are based on the prices in Pittsburgh. Any purchaser of steel products outside of Pittsburgh must pay the price quoted in Pittsburgh plus the freight to the place of delivery. For instance, a Chicago purchaser might get steel from Gary, Ind., but he would pay the Pittsburgh price plus freight from Pittsburgh to Chicago.

Proverb Modernized
"Is Clare much put out at being hit by that aviator?"
"Oh, no. She says there are just as good birds in the air as ever were caught."—Boston Transcript.

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