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RELIEF WORK HEROINE BACK FROM NEAR EAST



W. E. RAMBO

Mrs. W. E. Rambo, a former resident of Chehalis, Klamath Falls and Mir gles of Baker, recently returned from the | at Ages and Near East.

She and her husband were singled out by the Queen of Greece for special thanks in connection with Art the rescue of fifty thousand Greeks in Batoum, following the World war. With her husband, she walked literbesy. Make your dollars work in as they took hundreds of children from a Turkish beseiged village through Bank. Under government supervision. ally in the steps of the Apostle Paul under the direction of the Near East Relief.

"We are familiar with suffering and even starvation," states Mrs. Rambo, before we went to the Near East, for we spent our honeymoon in India in the midst of a great famine where hundreds of children were left at our very doors. With relief money sent from America we gave employment to hundreds of men who were thus able to support their families, and the buildings are in use today as orphan-

ages. "Our oldest son, Victor, returned a few weeks ago as medical missionary to the very spot where he was born, and he finds that the leaders in the community are the children whom we aved from death twenty-five years

With this experience back of us ve naturally look for great re-sults com Americans taking care of a hundred thousand children in the Near Eas."

A place of carpet spread over the bins of potatoes will keep the light from the windows from striking them and turning them green

seemed as though the soul behind were in the tortures of hell, was her only answer.

Shelgazed, awestruck, for a breath-

pride and hope; to where, also, those

who had risked their lives with him

now lay hidden beneath the smiling

blue. With a long sigh, he turned

away, setting his teeth and squaring

his shoulders . . . then looked at the figure lying face downward at his

Dropping on his knees, he gently

"Come!" he urged, with forced

brightness. "We must buck up, you

"Tell me-first-what happened,"

she besought. "It seems like a-s

"We had some engine trouble soon

after leaving the Philippines, as you

know, which obliged us to return there

to land," he replied. "We got caught

in the center of a typhoen near the

coast, and were driven completely out

"It was awful-awful! That terrible,

deafening roar!" She began again to

hideous nightmare-" Shuddering vio-

know, and see what can be done."

lently, she hid her face again.

of our course-

tremble violently.

raised her, so that she leaned against

less moment, at his haggard eyes and and with his head close to her wet drawn blood-stained face, at the feablouse, listened. . . . Then, with tures usually so cloaked with reserve renewed energy, he set vigorously to now, betraying unbearable agony; work again. then, with a hoarse mouning cry, she At last she gave a little quivering collapsed in an abandonment of horror sigh. Her hands moved gropingly at his feet. . Soon, with another, longer sigh, she Presently Croft raised his head, and opened her eyes and gazed blankly, as stood up. He gave one long look seaone newly awakened from a troubled ward, to the grave of such unlimited

to her head, the vacant gaze changed to one of feeble wonder. "Why, are you-hurt?" she half whispered, Until then he had not recognized that the stream trickling down his face was blood. With his fingers he

dream, into his face. Raising a hand

foot, knelt beside her, anxiously forc-

ing brandy between her pale lips from

a small pocket-flask. Presently he

paused, a sudden dread in his heart,

traced what was apparently a long jagged cut stretching from his temple to the left ear: It smarted when touched. Taking the wet bandkerchief

THE CANDY GIRL

or rather the girl who likes candy, is everywhere ; ber opposite would be herd to find. And if she gets her candy from us she knows she gets the best confectionery in town. That is why when you tell ber you will buy her a box of candy she always says "Be sure and get it at Clark's,"

Clark's Confectionery

The same of

which caused us to drop nearly a thousand feet," he continued hurried-

DPC 3, 1924

N HEAVEN

from his pocket, he sat back and

dabbed at it with the clumsy move-

ments of a man unused to troubling

over personal injuries. His look was

"Where are we? Where are we?"

"But-how-did we get here?"

"I found you in the water, and swam

Fearfully she looked toward the

dark mass, as if measuring mentally

the distance from shore, scarcely un-

derstanding the full meaning of this

feat. Then she looked about ber as if

turned to him, mutely asking the ques

tion her troubling lips dared not

He laid a hand upon her shoulder,

instinctively fortifying her for the

complete realization of the dread that

She caught his arm in a feverish

grip, her eyes wild. "Captain Croft-

tell me! The others? . . . Where

A look, so full of anguish that it

DEC. 10-11

Buy in Advance

- NOTE -

This picture will not

again till Nov., 1925

MIGHTY SPECTACLE

of Ancient and

Modern Day

from leap

Macpherson's

was dawning in her brain.

still fixed upon the girl's face.

cern, then fear.

seeking somebody

is Aunt Dolly?"

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COMMANDMENTS

A Par mount p oduct on

(Fam us Players-La ky Corpor tion

NOTE-Company's own orchestra of 20 pieces

feet.

him.

grew to terror.

her side.

BY CLIVE ARDEN

(Continued)

PART TWO

The Rising Orchestra

Dawn broke at last, the first dull

lines of gray merging into a myriad

pearly tints. Birds awoke in the for-

est; rustled amid the leaves; shook

their wings; then flew forth to bunt

for breakfast; their brilliant plumage

reflected the sun's rays in a thousand

bright hues as they flashed from be-

Upon the sloping shore of a tiny

cove, the waters of the lagoon lapped

in a gentle, rippling murmur. Farther

away, the surf of the open sea boomed

like distant thunder against the har-

rier reef; waves swirled angrily

through the gap which formed an

Partly telescoped upon a jagged

promontory jutting inland from the

entrance, rising and falling helplessly

at the mercy of the tide foaming

through, loomed a mass of something

dark. It looked strange, shapeless,

forlornly tragic, as if flung down by a

Upon the ground of the opposite

cove, near a heap of wet coats, little

rivulets trickling from her drenched

garments, lay the inert form of a girl.

A man, likewise sodden from head to

WEDNESDAY-THURSDAY

ruthless hand and forgotten.

All Seats Reserved

-TIME-

Twice Daily

2:15-8:15

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5000 Prople

Modern

5000 Animals

neath the shadowy trees.

inlet.

"That put two more engines out of action and injured the fourth. Only a miracle prevented our being dashed straight into the sea. After a bit I saw land here, and hoped to reach it in time; but she crashed too soon-" He stopped, perceiving the state of her shattered nerves. Standing up, he raised her with him; and she clung convulsively to his arm, every limb shaking as if with agre.

Unclasping her hands, he draw her arm through his, turning their steps inland; his own feelings being almost beyong his usual iron control, he spoke roughly:

"For heaven's sake, don't talk or think about it all, just now! We shall go raving mad if we do!"

The words and tone acted as a tonic. Semething of her arst feeling of inferiority in his presence returned, causing her to struggle flercely against the weakness that threatened to overcome her.

"There's generally an opening in prier reef opposite a fresh-water fiver," Croft observed.

"Why?" she inquired, without any As she gazed round the unfamiliar interest. To talk of anything, howscene, an expression of bewilderment ever, was better than the silence crept into her eyes. Remembrance. which encouraged thought. slowly returning, this merged into con-

"It's supposed that the sediment it Quickly it contains injures the reef-building Sitting uppelypes, preventing their working opright, she turned wildly to the man at The polypes can't live and werk below a certain depth-about "We crashed on that reef," he retwenty fathems or so. Awfully interesting, coral! Don't you think so?" plied quietly. "The last engine gave

She confessed entire ignorance on the subject. This ittle digression, however, had served its purpose for them both. Drawing her arm free, she proposed bathing their faces the cool stream. Revived by this, she became aware of their bedraggled state, of the discomfort of wet cling-

tual efforts to staunch the wound on his head. Shyly she went to him where he

knelt upon the bank. "Let me do that Shall I?" asked.

"Don't you mind blood?" "Of course not!" she answered indignantly.

He handed her the blood-stained wet handkerchief without a word, inclining his head toward her. In a few minutes he rose to his feet, all traces of blood washed away, his head bandaged adroitly with her own handkerchief twisted in his.

"I'm going up that hill, to view the land," he said, with abrupt decision, proceeding toward it as if oblivious of her presence.

"I'm coming too!" she exclaimed. hastening after him, "I'm not going to be left alone down here! There may be alligators and things!"

He gave an impatient smile. "Come along, then; I'll help you up." "Oh, no, thanks! I can manage quite well," she replied rather coldly,

nettled by his tone and manner. He said no more, but began to climb

the rugged rock-strewn hillside with the agility of a mountain goat.

Barbara struggled after him, slipping, brillsing herself, panting for breath. The shock had left her weal; and underved. She sank upon the ground, drawing hard sobbing breaths. Croft without a backward glance. was adiappearing among the larger boulders at the summit. Fearful of being left, she rose again and scrambled four Her aching head throubed wildly now; sudden dizziness caused everyphing to swim around her. . . Stumbling over a half-concealed rock,

she fell prone upon the ground. There she lay, conscious of a terrible stlence. No other sentient being seemed to move within a world so full of awful loneliness that it appalled her; it was almost tangible. A great wave of fear, grief, loss, homesickness. wild-almost childlike-

Hall's Catarrh Medicine is a Combined local and internal, and has been successful in the treatment of Catarrh for over forty years. Sold by all druggists. "We were hurled into an air-pocket F. I. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, Ohio

longing for Hugh, swept her away. For the first time since the horror be gan, she found relief in tears. She lay there alone, sobbing weakly. .

From the top of the hill Croft scanned what was visible of the land along the north, east and west coasts. This was, he concluded, an island of volcanic origin, with the exceptionally high reef more or less surrounding it, sometimes at a considerable distance from, and sometimes fairly near, the shore. He surveyed the view critically, a purpose forming in his mind.

The gradient inland culminated in a short, fairly steep rise to a grove of cocoa palms, near which a clearing was visible, covered with little groups of something-possibly caves or rocks. Nowhere did there appear to be sign of human life.

It would be easy, he saw, to reach those possible caves by following the neck of high ground running inland from the top of his hill. Turning seaward, he shaded his eyes with his hands and scanned the horizon.

No indication of life was visible. No smoke, no mast, no sail.

He swept the small island with another keen critical glance. From his knowledge of the South Pacific-in which ocean, somewhere, this island must lie-he guessed it to be of little or no use for trade, either in copra or other exports, in spite of its patches of luxuriant verdure. Therefore, probably, it was never visited by the outside world! Unless there were habitations in the south, it was conceivably uninhabited-possibly unknown.

For some moments he stood motionless, facing these probabilities. Then, with a grim face, he turned in search of his companion.

Barbara, ber head buried in her arms, did not hear his approach. It was with a start of surprise that she found herself suddenly lifted bodily, as if she were but a featherweight. Feeling again very small and ashamed, she would have struggled free, but his grip fightened.

"Keep still! It's a rough climb." He spoke abruptly, ever his way in moments of stress. The tears of weakness rose again in her eyes. She closed them, but too late to hide what she felt he would despise. She turned her face away into his wet shoulder; and he strode along in silence.

Stray rocks lay about the ridge; small shrubs, interspersed with ferns and club messes, made progress difficult; but he never paused until they were among the tall trees of the palm grove. Then he set the girl upon her feet.

Where are we going?" she asked. "Listen!" he commanded, without answering her quetsion.

From near at hand came the noise of rushing water. He turned farther inland, amid tall avenues of bamboo, toward the sound, Barbara desely following. Presently a pleased exclama-tion escaped his lips, and he halted.

From the high ground the river tumbled down, a sheer waterfall of dancing crystals splashing from great boulders high up among the forest trees to smaller ones on the lower level; thence burrying and gurgling over little rocks, which encircled small pools of translucent green, into a clear, softly flowing stream some alx feet deep. This after a time spread out and grew shallow, finally disappearing between rustling walls of canes toward the core where it joined the lagoon. From the nature of this deeper stretch of water and the comparative clearing of undergrowth on the banks. Croft judged it to be partly the work of man's hand, not entirely the result of nature. But he forebore to suggest this to the girl.

Croft led the way back to the grove, then on to the clearing beyond.

Suddenly Barbara stood still, with a little cry. "What's that?"

He stopped, looking aside in the direction indicated. Stooping swiftly, he lifted a queer bleached object and examined it closely. She drew near, glancing curiously at the hideous thing. "It's a skull! Isn't it?"

"Yes," he replied, "and-of the ne groid type!"

She looked up, startled. Until then it had not occurred to her to wonder concerning the island. The past with its tragedy had expunged all else from her mind.

He continued to examine the skull. with puzzled brows.

"There are some curious holes which I cannot understand," he said, "They might have been caused by bullets. But It is doubtful if natives would possess bullets here."

"Do you think there are any here now-any natives?"

He met the eyes raised in trepidation to his own, "I can't tell, yet. But they are friendly enough to white peo-Throwing away the skull, he went on tward the open space. The apparent caves proved to be

moss-covered ruins of bamboo huts. Many had fallen into rough beaps upon the ground; of others, bits of all remained standing, guarding like sentinels the broken portions resting wearily against their base. Lying about, half-hidden in undergrowth, were oddly shaped household utensils made of wood or rough kind of pottery; alth large shells, rude cups fashioned from coconut shell, broken spears.

The scene was desolate, giving the Impression of Death, of the relentless hand of Time sweeping away to extinction what once had seemed strong and full of life.

(Coutinued on page 4)