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# SINNERS IN HEAVEN

BY CLIVE ARDEN

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### TO HIT THE GOVERNOR

A correspondent tells of a confidential circular mailed by Oregon republican headquarters pointing out that during the anti-income-tax campaign was "the time to hit the governor." That is an example of the greatest curse of American politics—the sacrifice of the public good for party advancement.

It was "to hit the president" that the United States was kept out of the league of nations. The Turkish massacre of the Armenians and the general unrest of the nations today are the price of a little party advantage.

Democratic or republican organizations alike sacrifice the public good for party advantage. That is the curse of partisan politics.

A voter, a resident of Halsey but temporarily in another county, writes:

Alas! Poor, simple-minded mutts! They yielded to propaganda and voted more taxes upon their own heads by voting it (the income tax) down.

I wanted to let the scot-free bloated bondholders pay a little and help release me from semi-annually handing over so large a portion of my hard-earned cash in taxes. I, as well as they, shouldn't mind riding around in a motor car of my own.

It was mostly spite against the governor. He is too strong for them. I know this is true for a democratic postmaster got a letter from headquarters in Oregon saying: "Now is the time to hit the governor." So they hit him and the bank accounts of all of us.

The Portland business men who contributed to the \$40,000 fund that defeated the income tax may find it the most disastrous investment they ever made.

"When time shall be no more—if that time ever comes," said a public speaker the other day. When time is no more will it be "that time?"

### S. P. Advertises Oregon

Oregon's industrial and agricultural advantages are being heralded by the Southern Pacific Company.

Containing a wealth of authentic and up-to-date information on the opportunities offered in this state, a sixty-four-page pamphlet titled "Oregon For The Settler," has just been published by the Southern Pacific company and is being widely distributed throughout the United States and abroad.

The pamphlet shows that with 452,000,000 feet, board measure, Oregon has a larger supply of timber than any other state. Practically one-fifth of all the standing timber in the United States is in Oregon.

It also points out that the 1923 field crop production of the state was \$72,888,511. Winter wheat led, with a valuation of \$21,624,637. The 1923 fruit and nut crop valuation is placed at \$13,960,200. The total value of Oregon's products from farm, fisheries, livestock and forests exceeded \$350,000,000.

Of Oregon's 61,188,480 acres, only 25,558,622 acres are deeded and 5,034,858 acres of tillable land are as yet uncultivated. More than 20,000 copies of the pamphlet have been printed and distributed.

If you have an auto and the motor won't mope consult Wayne Veatch of Charity garage.

(Continued)

His words went out into silence. They brought instantly a vivid realization of the immediate present to her mind, followed quickly by thoughts of the future. A new fear shot up, clutching her heart with a horrible, clammy hand. She looked with sudden dread at her companion's profile; and something about his tense lips seemed to confirm the awful foreboding. The faint color revived in her cheeks by exercise ebbed away, leaving her white. She clenched her teeth and her hands; then, with an effort, put her dread to the test.

"We—shall soon be rescued? Ships are certain to—call here? It will only mean a few hours—or days?"

The moment which Croft had dreaded, yet known to be inevitable, was at hand; and he felt the utter inadequacy of his sex in dealing with delicate situations.

From his prolonged silence Barbara guessed the truth of his convictions; words were unnecessary. She clasped her hands in agony, uttering a little moaning cry like some dumb animal receiving its death-wound.

Croft turned quickly. He looked down at the quivering, girlish form, meeting the frightened eyes turned to him, trusting in his judgment and resource. And all at once he realized that, in this ghastly predicament, her very life lay in his hands. He leaped forward and took her clasped hands in both of his.

"Don't give up hope," he said earnestly. "It's very doubtful if ships call; but they may pass this way. We will do all we can."

She clung to his hands, breathing hard, seeming to find the old magnetism of his personality draw her up, deriving mental as well as physical support from his grip. Her eyes fixed upon his, as if searching for help.

Suddenly, like a plucky ray of sunshine in a stormy sky, a faint smile lifted tremulously across her pale lips.

"We must—as you said—buck up," she whispered, the trembling words scarcely audible.

## II

At mid-day the heat became excessive. Mercilessly the sun, like a quivering mass of molten steel, beat down upon the shore; no breath of wind stirred the hot air; the lagoon, with its almost indigo blue, assumed an oily, sluggish appearance, as if sinking to sleep with the lowering tide.

Within the shade of the angle formed by one side of the hut and the hill behind, Barbara lay inert upon a soft, if simple, couch of sun-dried mats. Finding that the ground swayed and rolled like a mountainous sea if she endeavored to rise, she gave up the attempt, and lay motionless, with closed eyes.

Nearby were some untouched bananas and a broken coconut, the shell of which was filled with water and placed upright between three stones. From within the hut came the noise of splashing sticks, as if somebody were breasting the bamboo canes which, crossed and interlaced, formed its structure.

The girl listened, wondering dully at the endurance of her companion, full of a miserable sense of shame at her own weakness. Without pausing for rest, after fetching their coats and procuring food, he had begun clearing and improving this dreary abode—carrying down broken portions from the ruins above for a door, fetching other canes and palm-leaves for mending the thatched roof.

Presently, hot and disheveled, he appeared. He had shed all his clothes except breeches and shirt, and looked, she thought, strangely in keeping with the scene around them. This was her first experience of a man whose life had been spent chiefly in wild surroundings, often upon but the fringe of civilization; whose abundant vitality responded to the call of untamed nature in a way that proved he had not been shackled by chains of convention closing around him, fetter by fetter, as the years passed.

"That's done!" he said briefly. He sat down and proceeded to peel and eat bananas with considerable relish.

"I feel so useless!" she exclaimed, miserably. "Such a hindrance instead of a help. It would have been wiser to have left me in the water. You would get on better alone. We shall only die lingering deaths here, if rescue doesn't come."

"Dashed if I mean to die!" he protested, between two large mouthfuls of

fruit. "Nor shall you!"

Throwing away his banana-skins, he rose and surveyed the water; then he came close to her, towering over her, as it seemed to her excited fancy.

"I'm going to try to reach the machine. I may be able to rescue our luggage and provisions—"

"Oh! no, no, no!" she cried wildly. "Suppose you get drowned? Never mind luggage! What does that matter? Oh! don't leave me all alone—"

Terrified, she tried to reach some part of him, to restrain him by force. He caught her arms, raising her to her feet and supporting her.

"Listen!" he commanded in a tone which checked her agitation. "It's not only luggage! I want to save the wireless transmitting set—"

"Wireless?" Radiant relief overspread her face. "Why—then—we can soon get rescued after all? I forgot about that."

"You mustn't rely too much on it. It will be only the short range set. The long range used on board obtained its electrical energy from a generator run from one of the engines, and is therefore useless now."

Her eagerness for this new hope to be tested was still modified by fears concerning the risks of his venture. He pointed out the shallowness of the water and the scattered little coral islands. "The tide's low enough now for me to wade to that one nearest the reef. From there it's quite a short distance, if swimming is necessary."

"I will wade with you—"

"The devil you won't!" He suddenly wheeled round upon her. "Look here! You're never to go in the lagoon! Bathe in the river, but don't ever go in the lagoon. Swear to me!"

She gazed at him in stupefied amazement and anger.

"Why not? If—if you go in—"

"I—er—I understand these waters. They're treacherous. Promise me—"

"Oh!" she interrupted impatiently. "I don't want to bathe—ever—anywhere! I'll sit and watch you go."

"In this blazing sun? No, indeed! You must lie down in the hut and sleep."

Vainly she remonstrated, fearing a recurrence of the tangible loneliness she had experienced upon the hillside. His jaw set in a way she was to know well. With a viselike grip he drew her toward the hut.

The interior was cleared now of rubbish, and a rough aperture for window had been made at the end facing inland. The shade was cool and welcome. Croft fetched the coats and spread them upon the ground.

"Now," he said, "stay here until I return."

"You understand? You promise to remain? Or must I barricade the door?"

She pulled her hand away, and left

her aching head fall back upon the fleece lining of the coat.

"Oh, don't bully me!" she protested irritably, trying to control the quaver in her voice. "I won't endure it. Please—"

"He looked down at her in silence for a moment, his brows knit in perplexity. Then he turned and went out, setting up the improvised door behind

Lying motionless in the comparative gloom, a prey to rising fever, new fears assailed her. Shrieking in horror, she faced the fact of her isolation. Sundered from all the sure harbors of civilization with this man of uncertain moods—a man whom she neither liked nor understood!

A care for her physical welfare had certainly been shown today. But in everything her will had been overpowered, even to the extent of physical force.

It was not to be borne! What might not happen? . . . The fears, accumulating, grew into feverish terror. She struggled to her feet, and hurled herself weakly at the door, with some frenzied idea of escape. . . . The door was barricaded on the outside!

As a caged beast, half-mad with terror and impotence, she staggered up and down the little hut, her brow clammy, her clenched hands shaking. . . . With a rush of hysterical tears, she flung herself upon the ground. "Hugh!" she sobbed, distraught. "Oh, Hughie! Hughie!"

Gradually, worn out, she grew calmer; gradually she lost consciousness of her surroundings, falling into a troubled, restless sleep.

The sun had moved round behind the hill and the hut seemed dark and oppressive when, suddenly, her eyes opened. She started up in some alarm. Surely it was not night, and Croft still absent? However automatic and distasteful any companionship might become, the awfulness of solitude—as for a moment that contingency swept across her mind—made it desirable beyond all riches.

She ran to the door. To her surprise, it was no longer barricaded. She pushed it open, and drew a breath of relief; for outside it was still broad daylight. The sunshine gleamed in bright patches upon the shore, alternating with long stretches of shadow cast by palms which, singly or in small clumps, dotted the bay. The time, she judged, must be early evening. If Croft had returned and opened the door, where could he be now?

Unsteadily she walked to the water's edge, searching with straining eyes the shore and the distant reef, without result. Nameless dread at her heart, she turned to ascend the slope toward the palm grove, thinking to get from there a clearer view of the wrecked machine.

A movement behind, among the trees, presently caused her to look round quickly. It was, unmistakably, a footfall; evidently Croft had returned and come to the river. With a sigh of relief, she left the tree and turned inland to greet him.

Then, for a moment, all power seemed to leave her body. She stood rooted to the ground, her lips moving without uttering a sound, her eyes dilated.

About ten feet away, a pair of fierce, restless eyes gazed upon her, fascinated, from a sooty-black face repulsive by its breadth of nose and thickness of lips. The dark, naked

form, of medium height and slenzy build, glistened as if fresh from the water; the frizzy black hair hung damply about the ears and forehead. As he stood watching her, like an animal watching its prey, the coarse lips parted in a slow devilish grin.

With a quick stream of unintelligible words, he sprang forward.

The spell broke. With one shriek of terror, she turned and fled madly down the slope.

The unintelligible muttering ceased. A blood-curdling yell like some wild war-cry pierced the still air, echoing around the bay. . . . quick agile steps sounded close in her wake.

The unearthly strength born of emergency came to Barbara. Everything save the distant hut faded from her sight; time ceased; coherent thought fled from her. Only one instinct reigned—that of the hunted beast to reach its lair. That, once there, defense might prove equally impossible, she never paused to consider. The bare feet drew nearer in their hot pursuit; the weird cry again and again resounded over the bay.

Close he came; she heard his short snorting breathing. . . . closer; the warmth of it fanned her neck. . . . closer yet, and a hand caught roughly at the sleeve of her blouse, tearing the soft silk to ribbons as she wrenched her arm free. . . . closer, and this time the slenzy black fingers grabbed the bare arm itself.

A swift whirling noise spote across her reeling brain; something hurtled past her shoulder. . . . with a savage snarling groan, her captor fell sprawling upon the ground.

Dazedly she looked around. Springing over crags, scrambling through brushwood, Croft came down the hill behind the hut at break-neck speed. The native, quickly regaining his feet, cast one glance toward the tall white figure with blazing eyes, dropping to his muddled senses direct from the heavens; then, without a word, he turned swiftly and leapt, with extraordinary rapidity, back toward the palm grove.

Her transient strength oozing away, Barbara staggered forward. Croft caught her by the arms.

"What the devil made you leave the hut?" he demanded angrily.

All tendency to faint left her. No lash of a whip could so have quickened her bewildered brain. She recoiled in his grasp, gazing up into his face dumfounded. Amid the confusion of her mind his extreme pallor struck her forcibly. His eyes pierced her

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### High School Notes

Basketball practice started Monday, Dec. 1. Both teams seem to have good material. Friday evening the boys played the first practice games of the year. The first game was the seniors against juniors. Seniors 9, juniors 20. In the second game sophomores scored 12, freshmen 10.

The juniors' rings arrived last week and there is much rejoicing among the members of the junior class.

The following is from the Scio Tribune. The editor of the Enterprise is not lucky enough to have such dreams as it refers to: Your editor is a millionaire, in his dreams; he discounts his bills every month, in his dreams; he doesn't have to borrow money to pay his rent, in his dreams; he can look all men in the face and say "I don't owe you a cent," in his dreams; he will be able to say a "Merry Christmas and Happy New Year" in his dreams, unless those who know they owe us come in and pay us. Of course you have a hard time in making a living, so do we; you need your money for gasoline, so do we; you have loved ones to remember at Christmas time, so do we (strange as it may seem). Help us to be happy this Christmas!

One of the orders A. C. Armstrong booked last week was for \$300 worth of baby chicks.

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