

Red Hair AND Blue Sea

By STANLEY P. OSBORN

Palmyra's impulse on sighting this seeking ship—for it was the Okayama—was to whirl around and shout the joyful fact. In this moment all her new aversion for the brown man was forgotten. But, as she moved, the words froze upon her lips. They two, by this intervention, were no longer friends. From the steamer Olive would fly almost as quickly as from the Pigeon of Noah.

Aboard the Imperial Japanese Gunboat Okayama as it passed within arm's reach of the distracted girl and then steamed on, was the ship's company of the wrecked Yacht Rainbow. Gathered on the deck were all who best had loved Palmyra Tree in life. But though these swept the sea with their binoculars until their eyes could stand no more, none ever knew.

Even as the girl made piteous attempt to cast a mirror's ray across the gulf, Commander Sakamoto was turning to John Thurston with fatal decision.

"My dear—mister," he said. "That Ponape—he has caught the poor Miss Tree back again—very sure. We got the bird letter and that ruin all the Kanaka's chance. For him to reach this far unhelped, even if nobody makes some chase, would be a—too much."

Wherefore, Sakamoto, put all to the wrong by Olive's strategy of stealth and deviousness, threw the Okayama northward and steamed forever out of the field of pursuit; never again to pass within sight of canoe or schooner; deserting the girl in that hour when white savage and brown closed in for possession of her body.

Palmyra's knowledge of their course was so vague that she had not known whether they sailed the Sunrise or the Sunset chain of the Marshalls.

Olive unexpectedly dived. There was one plop of his toes at the surface and then she saw his outreaching fingers clutch a stone at the bottom. He brought his feet down and moved, crouching, as if he were stooped on dry land, looking for something lost.

She could see as well as if there were no water. Olive was moving to one side now. The great clam was lying immediately behind him, its upper shell raised like a trap. She was momentarily uneasy, then laughed.

Suddenly, before she could realize it as she looked placidly on, he had shifted, stepped backwards. The trap snapped shut across his foot.

Instantly, the brown body was contorted. A gush of bubbles—silver globules streaming upward from his frantic cry. The girl uttered a shriek, covered her eyes.

Why, why had she not warned him! She'd known the danger.

But, as the girl lay, shuddering, something wet touched her arm. Recoiling with a gasp, she found herself looking into the dripping face of the brown man, which smiled pleasantly.

When she reopened her eyes she knew that she had fainted.

She looked at this creature, awed. He was alive, seemingly unharmed; rather pleased with himself and her astonishment.

He drew the knife she had given him and with a gesture or two made all plain. Olive had thrust the blade in between the valves of the clam's armor and severed the muscles that snapped these together.

Having explained, he rescued the coconut shell, which was bobbing away on the water, and prepared to dive anew. When she understood, the girl cried out in protest. "Oh, don't, don't try again. I, I cannot bear it!"

CHAPTER X.

He divined her meaning, grimaced back reassuringly. A moment later he was once more crouched, holding to the lava floor.

For an interval the bubbles came flying up. Then the cran followed. He placed the shell in the canoe, lifted himself aboard, scarcely listed the frail craft from an even keel.

The girl, still dizzy with shock, sat and stared at the coconut bottle that had brought tragedy so near. Olive, amused, presently picked it up and offered it. When she did not respond, he raised the shell above his mouth, tilted it until the contents spurted out—and drank.

Palmyra laughed hysterically. He had filled the thing at the bottom of the ocean a hundred feet from land. Yet now he drank.

She took the sphere when he offered it again and tasted experimentally; sweet, fresh water; clear, cold as from a spring.

The girl drank deeply. Then, holding the shell upon her knees, she sat for a long time, looking covertly at this brown being.

He had all but given life itself that she might have the waste she craved. And he would have given life itself had she taken his knife and not granted her own.

He would be—dead!
The brown man pointed to the sand in the canoe—an island. Then he extended his arm; the island was located; there ahead and somewhere, unseen, to starboard. Then he flattened out his palm horizontally, laid his cheek upon it, attempted an explanation of slumber, he closed his eyes and began to snore.

Soon would this nightmare of wind and sea be ended. Soon would she be liberated from this rack of torture. She could throw herself down in never-waking slumber.

Her hand stole toward the opening of her dress and her fingers closed, caressingly, over the handle of the knife hidden there. For Olive had given it back.

The topmasts of the Pigeon of Noah appeared. Olive snatched down sail and mast. He lashed them flat. With a glance he assured himself everything aboard was secure. Then, paddle in hand, he kept their craft to the hollow of the seas.

But on, on came the top-masts, the topsails, rising against the sky. The girl gasped in terror. On came the sails, on and on, nearer and nearer, taller and more definite—more greatly to be dreaded.

And then, in this awful moment, without word or warning, Olive sprang overboard. Palmyra uttered a wail. After all he had braved, to forsake her now? To seek his own safety in flight? No! It was unthinkable!

And scarcely the unworthy thought, than the brown man's hand shot up, seized the outrigger, gave one twist. The next second Palmyra was foundering in the water, the canoe capsized.

With a stroke the savage reached out and caught her by the hair. As a kitten held in its mother's teeth, she ceased to struggle. With another stroke he recaptured the canoe, bottom up. He put his foot on the outrigger, tilted the hull so the imprisoned air escaped. With one arm he bore down upon the canoe, their combined weight, to sink it and control its motion. The other arm held the girl, submerged, so that she choked and fought for breath.

On, on the Lupe-a-Noa indeed had come, nearer and nearer—but not too near. Careening under its spread of said it had been unbelievably close and then, all unknowing, had flown away. Ponape Burke, with his binoculars, had glared straight over them in his scrutiny of the more distant sea.

He placed the girl's hands on the now buoyant canoe, returned its gear, lifted himself up and in. He had stooped for the more difficult feat of hauling Palmyra aboard when, startlingly, he let go his hold with a guttural cry.

She turned frightened eyes over her shoulder, then screamed. For there, cutting the surface, a little jet of spray rising from its edge, was another sail—the deadful lateen of a shark!

The man-eater was almost upon her. Frantic, she turned her eyes to Olive. There he stood, for the first time at fault. His hand, with lightning instinct, had flown to the sheath of his

belt, found it empty. The girl saw that, in throwing his knife away, she had made her own death certain.

But, instantly now, the savage rallied. Only for a second did paralyzing discovery unnerve him. The shark had all but seized its victim. A moment and action would be too late. But in that flash of time the man leaped, landed with his feet upon the shark's back. The impact threw the monster into brief panic.

She tore at her dress; thrust out the knife. He snatched it; dived.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

PETITION TO SET LAND OUTSIDE CITY LIMITS; L. ST. TO BE IMPROVED

Vacation of 28 acres of land east of Fifth street in the north part of town was asked by Paul and L. E. Basford and others in a petition to the city council Monday evening. The property is unimproved with streets or alleys and the petitioners claim no benefits from being within the city limits. The petition was referred to the street committee for investigation.

The vacation of a stub street between blocks 57 and 58, extended survey of Springfield, is also asked by a petition from property owners. This street has never been used and runs into the river. The petition was referred to the street committee.

The council voted to improve L street from 9th to 10th streets on petition of the property owners. The street is now unimproved and people living on it have a poor entrance to their property.

JENNINGS TENT SHOW TO PLAY HERE NEXT WEEK

Coming here after successful engagements in southern Oregon and California, the Jennings Tent show will open next Monday evening for a week's run in this city.

The stock company will present both comedy and dramatic productions during the seven-day showing here.

The company has been in Springfield on previous occasions and the show has won comment for the clean and finished productions staged in the tent theater which is rainproof and heated. The show company is now in Grants Pass.

SPRINGFIELD TWIRLERS TO PLAY PLEASANT HILL

The Springfield city baseball team will play its second game of the season Sunday in a game with Pleasant Hill. Whether the game will be played here or at Pleasant Hill will depend on the condition of the grounds at the Brattain school which the players have been working on since being given the privilege of using them.

Uncles Death Learned — V. J. Daniels, manager of the Loop pool hall, this week received word of the death of his uncle, H. W. Grimes in Yuba City, California, on May 12.

MEMORIAL DAY PLANS VIRTUALLY COMPLETE; SPEAKERS ARE NAMED

Virtually complete plans for Memorial day observance here were announced following a meeting last night of the general committee headed by M. B. Huntly.

Rev. C. H. Blom, pastor of the Baptist church, has been selected as speaker of the day. Rev. Gabriel Sykes will deliver the prayer of invocation.

The I. O. O. F. band of Eugene will provide the music for the day and Dallas Murphy has been named to secure a quartet to sing numbers at the service in the cemetery.

Only a morning program will be held this year. The big parade will start at 11 o'clock, ending in the cemetery where the principal service will be conducted.

Zack Kintzley has been named marshal of the day. Major Huntly and F. B. Hamlin will act as his aides. Lieut. Tom Swarts will have charge of the line of march in the parade. Flowers will be in charge of the American Legion auxiliary, the Women's Civic club and other women's organizations. Boy Scouts will gather the flowers donated by townspeople. The Four-L and the W. O. W. lodge will clean up the cemetery and arrange for benches.

A Boy Scout will be named to play taps. School children will meet at a place to be designated by A. J. Morgan and will take part in the parade. Mayor G. G. Bushman and members of the city council will participate in the program. The Lions club will be asked to provide transportation to the cemetery.

State traffic officers, directed by Chief of Police George Vallier, will attend to the traffic.

Complete printed programs will be distributed over town, the chairman announced.

Merchants and others displaying flags are requested to keep them at half mast until noon and then raise them again to full mast.

Major Huntly again urged that people here assist the committee in making the celebration successful by attending the program. He considers the service of much worth to Springfield. Last year accounts of the celebration were printed in at least 20 different newspapers and service men's magazines.

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