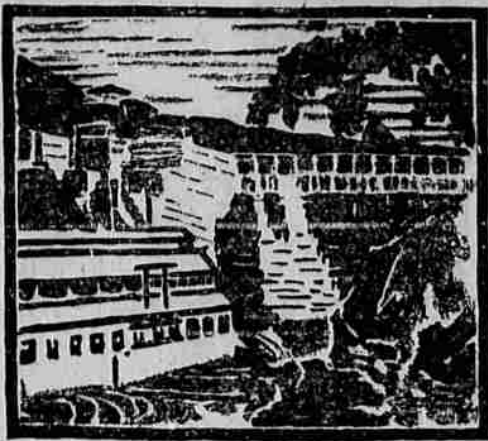


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Juling the Breath

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By Ben Lucien Burman

THIS HAS HAPPENED

Pointing at times as a barber, at others as Attorney Davis, a curious man called Vilak has come to the queer little town of Porto Verde, in west central Brazil, to help his cousin, Elise Marberry, solve a strange mystery.

Elise, a beautiful American girl, has inherited a coffee plantation and other property adjoining Porto Verde. Several mysterious deaths occur, including that of one of her foremen. She herself has been threatened and warned to leave. Vilak, learning that Lincoln Nunnally, a famous American chemist and once a teacher, is in South America, sends for him.

Vilak believes that Gaylor Prentiss, a mysterious and forbidding man, is somehow involved in the deaths. He tries to find Prentiss but is ordered to stay away. Elise's two-year-old orphaned nephew is kidnapped and Prentiss is suspected. Vilak tracks the kidnappers, who are on horseback, and finally he and his companions come upon the child, unharmed and being cared for by a gang of railroad laborers in the charge of Carlos D'Albentara.

Vilak tells Elise she and the child must leave on the next boat. He and Nunnally return that evening to reward D'Albentara and his men with some wine. Before they come away, Vilak, through a seemingly accidental fall, manages to get hold of a ring which he says he snatched from the finger of D'Albentara's half-breed foreman.

Returning, they hear a man's cries and dash into a clearing in the woods to rescue an Indian from torture at the hands of two ruffians. Vilak is stabbed in the wrist in the encounter.

NOW BEGIN THE STORY CHAPTER XVIII

Vilak felt the Indian's pulse. "No. Don't worry. He'll be all right in a minute. He's brought some water from a nearby pool and dashed on his forehead. 'Amazing what these jungle people can stand.'"

In a moment the aborigine's eyes opened again. He looked about him wonderingly, then pulled himself to a sitting posture and indicated that he wished to rise. Vilak shook his head. But the Indian, notwithstanding the tremendous pain the effort must have cost him, rose to his feet an instant, then dropped to his knees before Vilak and began a violent series of prostrations, alternately beating his cheek with the flat of his hands then rubbing his forehead against the tip of Vilak's boot.

He continued these movements for five minutes, grunting frantically all the while in spite of Vilak's attempts to check him. Then he looked up at his savior with a smile obviously intended to be radiant, but which his animal-like fanged teeth made only bizarre. This done, still smiling, he sat upon the ground, curiously examining with his finger the thick mud around his feet.

In a few moments Vilak, though impeded by his wound, had fastened a rude crutch from a small rubber limb, and demonstrating to the Indian how it should be used, put in under his arm.

"We'll take him back to his camp," Vilak said as they moved off in the direction of the road. "Don't say anything about this to Elise. I've tried to frighten her enough. I thought it would accomplish anything, but now that she's agreed to go, there's no use of increasing her worries. Frankly, once I get her out of here I don't intend to let her back. Where things are going to end, God only knows—Will you please not look constantly at my hand and shake your little pellet of lead so sultry? It isn't your fault, I tell you, that my hand was hurt. The old man took off his thick glasses and wiped them jerkily. 'They might have killed you—or killed you. But you can count on me—I'll never do it again—or never—Er—why did they torture him so?'"

"Why do criminals do anything?"

Half carrying the wounded Indian and actually lifting him when they reached the road again, they had not walked far when they perceived three men coming toward them. As they neared, they saw that the newcomers were three other Indians from the railroad camp. By the way they looked at the dark places along the roadside, it was easy to see that they were searching for their comrade. They reached the lost one with a test tube broke when I was working with him. Nany has accidents like that every day in his laboratory."

"I don't believe it," her voice was low but determined. "You were hurt on account of me."

"I'm sorry if my words means nothing to you," he replied. "Nanny can testify whether I am telling the truth. He was there when it happened. Don't give me credit for being heroic, when I was merely being careless. Look and see for yourself, then."

He unwound the bandage and bared the wound. The tiny cut indeed looked as if it might have been by broken glass.

"All right, I'll believe you," she murmured, bright once more. "But it's a nasty wound, just the same. Sure there aren't any pieces inside it?"

"Positive."

"At least let me put a proper

looking bandage on it. That one you have is terribly amateurish. I have to have something to keep me in practice or I'll completely forget that I trained for war work."

"Good, if it makes you feel superior."

She departed and returned with some boracic acid and a bandage. These she deftly applied to his hand. "I must keep you in good repair, my esteemed and criminal-looking cousin," she said, banterously. "You're quite valuable to me, even necessary at the moment."

"Valuable or not," he retorted, "the thing in which I'm interested is whether you're getting ready to leave Thursday with Tinky."

"I'll have everything ready by noon tomorrow. After that there'll be nothing to do but to wait two days for the boat." She motioned toward the tiny bed which could be glimpsed in a dark room inside. "I've moved Tinky where I can watch him all the time. At night I keep him in my room, and the kitchen and let her take care of him in the day time for the few moments that I can't be with him. Hannah was my nurse when I was a child and I know she'd let herself get killed before she'd let anything happen to him."

They talked a few moments longer, then Elise retired for the night. The old man, weary and exhausted, followed her example. Vilak, left alone, read for half an hour, strode outside the house and listened intently to the myriad sounds coming from the jungle; the cry of a deer stalked to its death by the sleek noiseless-sneaking jaguar, the call of a sleepy toucan roused from its rest by the visit of some nightly invader; the baying of one of the town dogs, gone to the primitive to hunt for its kill.

He was making his customary round of the house and was trying all the doors and windows to see that they were locked though the precaution seemed futile for the slight material of which they were made. He looked in the direction of the sound and in a moment saw Schwartz, the fat German foreman, approaching. His eyes glanced curiously at Vilak over their puffy tearbags. "Good evening, Mr. Schwartz," Vilak said politely.

"Good evening, Herr Davis." The foreman's words came in short asthmatic jerks.

"Everything all right on the fazenda?"

"All right, I think. You try der doors and windows, Herr Davis?"

"Yes Mr. Schwartz."

The veins in the German's face glowed as Vilak struck a match to light his cigar. "Dot is vot I come to do also. I am afraid somebody, somedays maybe, comes to bodder her in der night. Somedimes when she closes der house she is not careful, Fraulein Marberry. And ven we have no guns here dot is no nice. Nicht wahr, Herr Davis?" He grinned.

"Oh, you're right. Absolutely."

"But now dot you are here I vill not worry longer. No. I vill go home to bed. Good night, Herr Davis."

"Good night, Mr. Schwartz."

The German walked off in the direction from which he had come. Vilak watched his fat body roll past a tree and disappear in the darkness, then took a few more puffs of his cigar and returned to the house. Undressing he put his pistol on a table where it would be within instantaneous reach, then crawled into bed. The night passed without incident, before the others and the morning, he hurried down the deserted road to his house, put on the clothes he wore as a barber, being careful to conceal the wound on his hand by wearing a coat longer than usual, and walked to the town.

After an hour spent in collecting a few articles in the barber shop, he sought out the lazy, gaudily dressed proprietor of the hotel, and striking his heart forehead, and with his hand, explained to that listless individual that he had been seized with a bad fever during the night and was leaving that morning for the mountains of Avila where the elevation was higher and the climate more conducive to recovery. He might be back in a week, he declared, he might be back in a month; perhaps he might never come back. Perhaps he might even die in the mountains.

The proprietor drowsily expressed a polite wish that such might not be the case and with pleasure accepted the month's rent for his hand. Having thus interred Barber Riggs for as long a time as he wished, Vilak returned to the establishment of which he had been the head and sole employee for several months, and was making final preparations for his departure, when he noticed knots of natives gathering in the street, talking loudly and gesticulating in the excited fashion that he knew meant something had happened in the town.

Hurrying out, he strode up to one of the villagers, a barefooted old man with a long beard and a huge pancake-shaped hat of straw which rested insecurely on his hairless head. "What's the matter, Juilio?" he demanded.

(To be Continued)

An urgent message comes to Elise in the next chapter. But in Porto Verde messengers are not always to be believed.

PATRONIZE NEWS-REVIEW ADVERTISERS

PORTLAND WILL ENTERTAIN BUYERS WEEK OF JULY 25

(Special to News-Review).—One hundred and twenty jobbers and manufacturers of Portland have completed the arrangements to be hosts to the merchants of the states west of the Rockies who will gather in Portland during the week of July 25-30, to participate in the hospital and entertainment that is being arranged for Portland's Fifteenth Annual Buyers' Week.

Announcement has just been released to the effect that Herman Keim's famous Victor Talking Machine Recording orchestra has been secured, through the courtesy of the Multnomah hotel, to play for one of the entertainment features arranged for the merchants. The appearance of this orchestra is a special feature in itself and will be a part of the program of the big Fashion Show and Mardi Gras taking place on Tuesday evening, July 26, in Portland's large Coliseum, where 20,000 yards of decorations are being placed within the building in keeping with the program outline.

Merchants from practically every state of the fourteen western states, including Alaska, have already responded to the invitation to attend, including some from this city.

Round trip railroad fare will be refunded every merchant whose purchases total \$500 or more during that week.

JESUIT GETS CLOSE VIEW OF MOUNTAIN WATCHED 30 YEARS

GLACIER PARK, Mont., July 11.

—Out here in the big outdoors the mountaineers have heard with incredulous belief that there were people who lived in New York and Chicago suburbs without ever having ventured into the hearts of those great cities. There now comes forcibly to their attention a more astonishing case of the "shut in" life of Jerome Galdos, a Spanish lay brother of the Society of Jesus, who for 30 years labored so assiduously among the Indians at Holy Name Mission, within naked-eye-sight of the Glacier Park Rocky Mountain peaks that he never once had been closer to the mountains until one day recently when some one with a fly-veneer volunteered to drive him within the portals of Uncle Sam's Scenic Wonderland. Galdos, being a reading man, of course was not unaware of the tourist travel development that had taken place on the frontier since he lodged himself in his mission work, but upon entering the park he marvelled audibly at the great crowds and massive rustic hotels he beheld.

It was in 1895 that Brother Galdos arrived at the "mission in the wilds" where he since steadfastly remained looking after the Indian lands raising the crops which provides the food for the Indian school children and attaches of the mission chapel and schools. Galdos was born 50 years ago in one of the Basque provinces of northern Spain, where gossip has it that the people are good because their language is so difficult even the devil could not learn it. Galdos came to America in 1888, going immediately into the Indian service at St. Peter's Mission between Helena and Great Falls. He did not even touch either of these small rivers of the inner world, but went direct by stage to St. Paul's mission on the Fort Belknap reservation and thence, in 1895 to Holy Name mission which he never left until invited to take a fly-veneer trip into the Rocky mountain wilderness. That ends his visit into the outer world of duty, however, for he returned the night of the same day to see that the pigs were fed and to resume his life of devotion feeling that the Indian boys and girls are provided with the products of the mission farm land. The old Indian chiefs say the great spirit has a lot of good things in store for this Jesuit when he goes to the Happy Hunting Ground.

SOME PLANES IN WAR FLEW WITH DEAD PILOTS

War has always had its horrors and there were several new ones noted in the World War, among which were the derelicts of the air—planes that flew on through space with the lifeless bodies of their occupants seated at the fixed controls. Richthofen, the famous German ace who was brought down after he had shot down 50 Allied planes, was a member of one squadron which had reported seeing such a plane, according to Floyd Gibbons in an article in this week's Liberty. The author also relates that there is a report of another derelict plane in the casualties of the Royal Flying Corps. The plane, carrying two Australian fliers, was attacked by German fighters, but managed to cruise away with the motor humming merrily.

An hour later there was a report from a hospital fifty miles away from the scene of the air combat telling of the safe landing of the plane in a nearby field. "Both air men were still strapped in their seats," relates the author. "An immediate post-mortem examination proved that both of them had been dead for an hour. An armor-piercing bullet had passed through the observer's left lung from behind and then into the base of the pilot's skull, killing him instantly. The gas tanks were found to be in-

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tact and empty. killed instantly in their combat. "The doctors and air experts, and that the plane had flown on from a study of all the facts, established that the Australians were line gave out."

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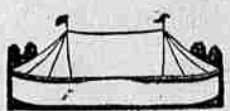
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INDUSTRIAL OUTLOOK BRIGHT FOR PACIFIC COAST SAYS MULCHAY

PORTLAND, Ore., July 11.—The Pacific coast, with more famous waterfalls than any other region in the world, has potential water-power sufficient for a population of more than thirty million, according to J. H. Mulchay, assistant freight traffic manager for Southern Pacific company.

Out of a list of 35 of the world's most famous waterfalls recently published by a New York newspaper, more than one-fourth are on the Pacific coast. Eighteen of the falls listed are in the United States, 15 of them west of the Mississippi. Yosemite valley leads with eight, while Multnomah Falls in Oregon and Snoqualmie Falls in Washington also are world renowned.

While thousands of tourists flock to these falls and they are notable beauty spots, Mulchay sees in hundreds of other lesser falls a token of the Pacific coast's future industrial greatness. One Pacific coast state already leads any other state 3 to 1 in the per capita consumption of hydroelectric power, in spite of the power developed in New York state by Niagara.

"This vast reserve of potential power," Mulchay said, "together with all year climatic conditions ideal for labor and varied enough, according to location, to fit the requirements of many types of industry, seems to guarantee the development of a great industrial empire on the Pacific Coast."

Picnic at Idleyd Park.

ONE POUND OF COAL TO HAUL MAN 100 MILES

Energy released by one pound of coal burning under the boiler of a modern locomotive is sufficient to carry a human being nearly 100 miles, according to George McCormick, general superintendent of motive power for Southern Pacific.

Locomotives, as indicated by records compiled for the last year by the Class 1 roads, have become so relatively efficient that two and one-half ounces of coal, or its equivalent in fuel oil, will generate steam power sufficient to move one ton one mile.

"This is equivalent," McCormick said, "to carrying a 150 pound man 100 miles on one pound of coal. But as car equipment, weighing

on an average 12,520 pounds for each Pullman passenger and 5,500 pounds for every coach passenger, also must be hauled at a like fuel expenditure it will be seen that the cost of hauling travel comforts is considerably in excess of the mere moving of the passenger's person.

"In the case of the average solid Pullman train the equipment a locomotive must move will weigh practically one hundred times the total weight of the passengers carried. If it is a coach train the weight will be reduced by half."

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PASSPORT PHOTOS MUST RESEMBLE APPLICANTS

Proof of the vanity of some women is often furnished in the New York Customs House by passport applicants, according to Frederick Tisdale in an article in this week's Liberty. The author quotes an official of the New York passport office who says, "We are often amused by some of the photographs submitted by older applicants. A woman of fifty will bring in a photograph copied from a picture made when she was in high school. We explain tactfully that the photo is necessary for identifying the passport holder, and we are forced to point out that the applicant resembles the earliest picture only vaguely after all these years. Sometimes they regard our attitude as a personal offense."

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