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Lady Attendant

DR. LARAWAY, NEW
HEALTH OFFICER,
ARRIVES IN CITY

Dr. T. W. Laraway, recently appointed health officer for Douglas county, arrived in Roseburg yesterday to take over the work of Dr. Richard Thompson who resigned recently to spend two years in study. Dr. Laraway will immediately take over his duties and Dr. Thompson and his family will leave within a few days for the east, where Dr. Thompson will spend a year or more at Columbia university.

Dr. Laraway is a graduate of the University of Oregon medical school. He has had a great deal of experience in public health work and recently has been doing health work in Alabama, adjacent to the Mississippi flood district.

Picnic at Idlewild Park.

GERMANY IS PROSPERING

Business conditions in Germany are excellent, according to John Clayton, who reports in an article in this week's Liberty that German bankers have found their credit restored abroad and foreign capital eager to invest in German bonds. "The bank rate," the author continues, "has gone down from a high 10 percent to a normal 6, and Germany today is finding capital within its borders to finance its own issues of bonds."

The large number of unemployed.

"APPLESAUCE" TO BE GIVEN

Broadway Success Adds Word to American Language.



"Applesauce," the stage-hit, the fame of which has become a by-word in American talk, will be the last night offering at this year's Chautauqua.

The play has become the most popular form of entertainment in the United States. A few years ago the Chautauqua began presenting some of the more notable successes and nothing in the history of the Chautauqua movement has proved as popular as the plays which have been given. One advantage that Chautauqua goes have in seeing their plays is that they know that nothing but plays which are free from objectionable features are given, and in addition they know that nothing but genuine successes are presented.

The securing of "Applesauce" is one of the outstanding achievements of the Ellison-White management. It is being given this year on the last night of Chautauqua with a professional cast lead by Earl Scott and Marion Gallagher Scott.

"Applesauce" is a story of a father and mother whose only daughter is undecided which of two suitors to marry. One of them

is the city banker with a good family and plenty of money, while the other is a young ne'er-do-well, who refuses to take the jobs his friends think he ought to, and who apparently doesn't do anything in particular.

However, he does have the happy faculty of handing out "Applesauce" to everybody, so consequently is popular with everyone except the girl's father.

Finally, the girl decides to marry the banker, but after a quarrel caused by his jealousy, she marries the "applesauce." At the end of the second act, the girl's father offers to bet his son-in-law that the latter doesn't have a dollar to his name. However, Bill pulls out a dollar and closes the act with the remark "I have got a dollar—the only thing that you had when you got married that I don't have now was the rheumatism."

The last act gives some laughable scenes in which the bride burns the biscuits and cooks otherwise impossible meals, but her husband keeps telling her that it is just exactly what he likes. Finally, the two families are reconciled and "applesauce" wins.

Jungle Breath

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By Ben Lucien Burman

THIS HAS HAPPENED

Posing 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 Nunally, a famous American chemist and once a teacher of his, 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 visit 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 cuts his companions loose from the child, unharmed and being cared for by a gang of railroad laborers in the charge of one Carlos D'Albentara.

Vilak tells Elise she and the child must leave on the next boat. He and Nunally that evening save an Indian from cruel torture at the hands of two ruffians. He decides to close his barber shop and stick to the character of Attorney Davis. As he is closing up, an excited native approaches, bearing news.

NOW BEGIN THE STORY

CHAPTER XIX

The old man, glad to receive another auditor, thrust out his skinny hands. "He have escaped," he mumbled excitedly.

"Who has escaped?" Vilak's glance was puzzled.

"The English. The English." Vilak grinned in surprise. "You mean Limmy Potts, the Englishman who was put in jail for killing Tony?"

"Yes. Yes. Leemey. Leemey."

"When did he get out?"

"Last night, the gendarme have tell me. Or three morning early maybe. They do not know. Bad man, Leemey. He kill other man soon, too. You see, maybe. Nice Englishman, nice."

"Bad, worse more than bad Brazilian, bad Italian, bad any thing. Kill somebody, you see maybe. You go see self, you don't believe me he escape, you go."

"Think I will go take a look."

Vilak responded, and assuring the old man that his news always surpassed that of any other inhabitant of Porto Verde, hurried off. A short walk brought him to the jail where Limmy had been confined to await trial before the judge who would come to Porto Verde in a month.

It was a small red brick structure consisting of two cells and a tiny room to house the gendarmes who stood before it. Both cells had windows opening onto the street, protected by heavy iron bars. A glance showed Vilak which cell the Englishman had occupied, two of the thick bars at the rear had been cut with a file and a fairly comfortable passage even for one of as ample a build as the brawny Englishman.

Vilak turned to the huge blue and red garbed negro, who, rifle at his side, stood looking gloomily up at the twisted metal.

"Do they trail the prisoner now, amigos?" he inquired politely.

"The gendarme's stick deepened. 'Si, senhor. But what will they find?' With his thick hand he pointed off the jungle. 'The case-cavel, the boa and the crocodile with the hungry mouth. It is not good to chase in the jungle, senhor. He grumbled a curse. 'May the fiery Satan catch this Englishman and make him suffer. Hear, hear. Hear and pity. Next month they were to make me a corporal. A corporal, with the best stripes upon my arms. And now, because this night-crawler has escaped what will they do? Will they make me a corporal? Assuredly not. Will they give me gold stripes upon my arms? Assuredly not, senhor. Better will they give me red stripes upon my back.'"

"He must have made some noise filling. Didn't you hear anything?"

The old man's huge mouth opened wider in protest. "I am but a man, senhor. I am not the snake that creeps upon the ground and can hear a frog breathe in the pool half a mile away, so have I heard men say. My ears are sharp. But his filling was soft as the brook which flows in summer. I have heard nothing. Once during the night I have heard voices outside his window. But what are voices? Many pass here during the night. If I should hear a voice I hear a voice I should have no sleep and grow thin and die. No, it was the devil who has helped, for he is the son, the father of the devil, even more, the father of the devil's father."

Vilak looked at the tiny bits of metal which covered the drifted leaves below the window. "Have you found the file?"

The other shrugged his huge shoulders. "I have not looked, senhor. Of what use, even should I find it? A file is—but a file is it not so?"

With an appearance of being quite casual, Vilak began kicking about the leaves to see what he could discover. Finding nothing here, in the course of conversation he gained the other's permission to visit the inside. In a dark corner of the cell, something metallic glinted. He walked over to it.

It was a file, tossed there with slight attempt at concealment after the escape had been made ready. Vilak picked it up. It was shining with the bits of metal he had cut from the bars. He glanced at the

name of the maker cut into the triangular shaft, then at a small mark hammered into the metal a quarter of an inch from the name.

"Humph," he murmured to himself. "This comes from Elise's fazenda." The file had been manufactured by the American factory from which she bought all tools of this description and at the side of the maker's name bore hammered into the metal the swastika which was cut or painted upon all material immediately on its arrival at the fazenda. Slipping it unobtrusively into his pocket he walked outside again, wishing the gendarme the least of punishment, and hurried back to his shop.

He spent only a moment here and, taking his personal possessions, locked the door and walked off in the direction of Avilos. He rode only a few miles through the tangled woods, however, and turned from the main road to take a short cut which led him back unobserved to his house behind the mango trees.

Here for what he expected would be the last time, he took off the gray suit he wore as the barber, and put it inside a trunk. Then in the fashionably cut dress of the immaculate Attorney Davis he rode up to the fazenda. There he met Elise and the old man, who at her urgent request had given up his room at the hotel and established himself in the comfortable chamber he had occupied on his first night in her home.

In the afternoon it began to rain, but notwithstanding the two men went to visit the mangrove deposits which had been discovered on a wide, rocky plateau which rose a few hundred feet from the general level of Elise's Porto Verde properties.

"I have never seen so many tiny—or—lakes," the old man said, as he stood on an abrupt red cliff and looked at the watery surfaces dotting the black vista unfolded before him. "Judging by the—strata—I should say this had all been one huge volcanic lake not many—er—geological ages ago."

"I don't know, but I do know that as Elise said it makes it awfully dangerous, particularly when the rain comes down as hard as it is coming now." He looked at the huge drops falling with such force that their splash against the hard surface of the leaves sometimes attained two inches. "If this keeps up, we will have a bad one."

The chemist took a few samples of the deposits for analysis later. The two men returned to the house in a downpour that showed no signs of abating. The remainder of the afternoon and evening passed without incident.

"I could really imagine that I was up in our old summer house in New Hampshire," Elise remarked as she put down the cards after a game of double Canfield, in which Vilak as usual won. "The jungle is so quiet in the rain, and nothing has happened to upset us in the slightest. Outside of the flood threat, which is always with us, and which I am accustomed to, it's really the quietest day I've known in Porto Verde for a long time. Perhaps things are through happening for a while. Perhaps I won't have to take Tinky away after all. What do you think, Vilak?"

Her cousin flicked some cards in his long fingers, then, extracting the queen of spades with a few deft strokes of the pencil changed the outlines of the crowned head, and sketched in a few figures behind it. He gave the card to Elise.

"What does it mean?" she asked wonderingly. "Is that a hearse you've drawn around the queen?"

"Exactly. And the figures behind are mourners, the family of my cherished cousin. Which is merely my quiet way of telling you what will undoubtedly happen."

"You stay here. Your memory is very short, my dear. One day of quiet—or at least what you think is quiet—and you are sure that all danger is over. While the truth is much more likely that the quiet is occasioned because the greatest danger is being prepared."

"However, I'm not worried about your leaving. I feel quite certain

in the next chapter Vilak, Elise and the old man fall into a trap.

HELP FOR
SICK WOMEN

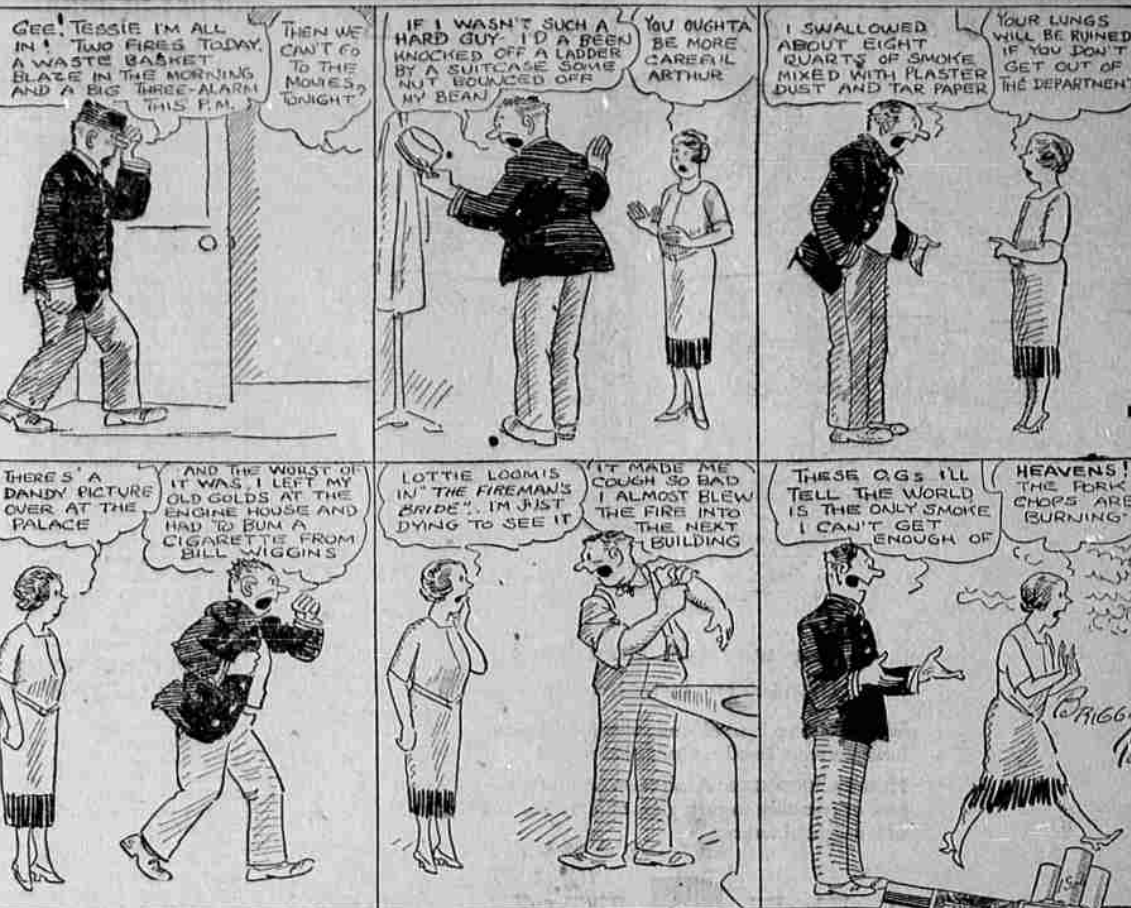
Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Has Restored the Health of Thousands

Brooklyn, New York.—Mrs. G. Hegmann of 228 Schaeffer St., was in a run-down condition and could not do her housework. She could not sleep at night. Her story is not an unusual one. Thousands of women had themselves in a similar condition at some time in their lives. "I found your advertisement in my letter box," wrote Mrs. Hegmann, "and took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and got relief." Mrs. Hegmann also took Lydia E. Pinkham's Herb Medicine and Lydia E. Pinkham's Pills for Constipation, with good results. She says, "I am recommending your medicines to all I know who have symptoms the same as mine, and to others whom I think it will help. You may use my statement as a testimonial, and I will answer any letters sent to me by women who would like information regarding your medicines."

There are women in your state—perhaps in your town—who have written letters similar to this one telling how much Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has helped them.

Real Folks at Home (The Fireman)

By BRIGGS

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.... not a cough in a carload

Product of F. Lorillard Co., Est. 1700



now that when the time comes for your boat the day after tomorrow even you will be only too glad to go. If even tomorrow will be one-tenth as tranquil as you apparently think today was, I'll—let's see, what will I wager? A new Paris frock? No, that's not enough. A pearl necklace? No, that's not enough, either. Let's see." He laughed. "I know. I'll marry you before tonight. And knowing my feelings on that subject, and how much that would annoy me, you can guess how secure I feel in my opinion."

"What glorious conceit!" she flashed.

"Seriously," he went on, "don't get over confident. It's one of your few faults. Keep close watch over Tinky and yourself. Have that pistol always with you. There are forces working here which are going to reach a climax of terrific violence. That climax is coming quickly. Too quickly. I only wish that boat left tonight."

He had her good night, played cards a few moments with the old man, then both retired. The torrential rain continued throughout the night. The three were at breakfast when the kinky-haired little negress who was serving them came out from the kitchen and approached Elise timidly.

"What is it, Maria?" Elise asked.

"There is something who weesh to see you. A man. He have just come on a horse. From Meester Wilson at Villapa. He say he must see you quick."

(To be Continued)

In the next chapter Vilak, Elise and the old man fall into a trap.

GUILLotine SMASHES BOOTLEGGERS' STILLS

PITTSBURGH, July 12.—The idea of the guillotine has found favor in America. Not for chopping off people's heads, but for "killing" stills.

When John D. Pennington, federal prohibition administrator here, had gathered an assortment of 3,000 stills, he found himself under court order to destroy them. But he was unwilling to spare his agents' time for smashing them with sledge hammers.

He adopted the French instrument. A heavy weight replaces the knife. After the weight has dropped the still is in a wreck.

OUTLAW FOUND GOING TO CHURCH TOO EXPENSIVE

Curly Bill was the leader of a band of rustlers who gave Artie in the '30s. One Sunday he and some cattlemen considerable trouble had decided to attend church in Charleston, Arizona, relates W. McI. Rains in an article in this week's Liberty, and as soon as the rustler entered it was observed that the congregation began to filter away. "The minister hesitated as to what best to do," the author continues, and explains: "Curly Bill insisted that he and his friends had not come to make a disturbance. Whereupon the pastor changed his text. He preached on the theme that they that take the sword shall perish with the sword. Curly passed the hat and saw that it was filled. Never before or since that church seen such a collection."

"Next day, a justice of the peace met Curly, trained a rifle on him,

Eagles, Roseburg Aero—Meets in Macabee Hall, on Cass street on second and fourth Wednesday evenings of each month, at 8 o'clock. Visiting brethren in good standing always welcome. J. B. BAILEY, Jr., W. Pres. GEO. STALEY, Jr., P. W. Pres. B. F. GOODMAN, Sec.

Pythian Sisters, Umpqua Temple No. 4—Meets the second and fourth Monday evenings of each month, at the K. of P. hall. Visitors always welcome. HAZEL RAST, M. E. C. EVA MARKS, M. of R. C. MAY E. PARKER, M. of P.

Knights of Pythias, Alpha Lodge No. 47—Meets every Wednesday in Knights of Pythias hall, 134 Rose street. Visitors always welcome. GEO. R. WARE, C. C. ROY O. YOUNG, M. F. E. E. WIMBERLY, K. R. S.

O. E. S., Roseburg Chapter No. 3—Holds their regular meeting on the first and third Thursdays of each month. All sojourning brothers and sisters are respectfully invited to attend. MYRTLE BOND, W. M. FRED JOHNSON, Sec.

K. O. T. M.—Meets each second and fourth Thursday of each month, in Macabee hall, corner Cass and Pine streets. Visiting Knights always welcome. L. C. GOODMAN, Com. G. W. RAPP, R. E.

Woodmen of the World, Camp No. 125—Meets in the Odd Fellows Hall in Roseburg every first and third Monday evenings. Visiting neighbors always welcome. M. M. MILLER, Clerk.

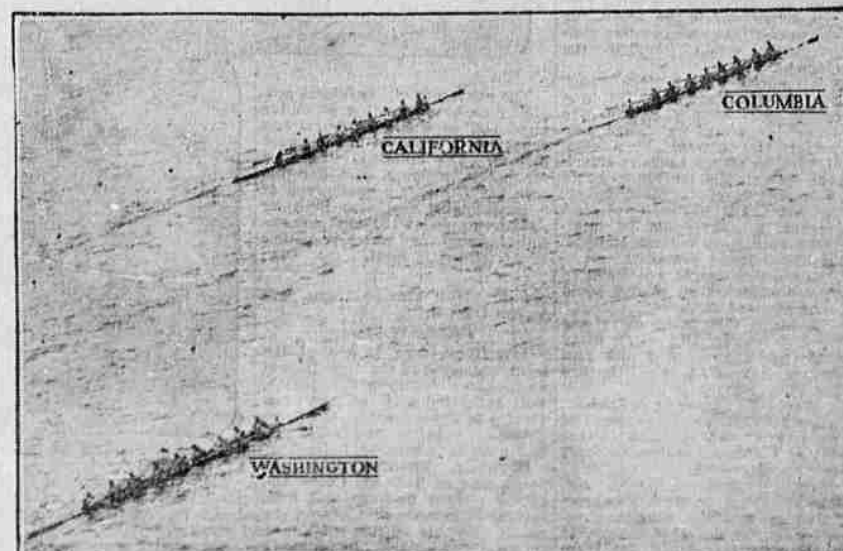
W. O. M. L.—Meets in Moose hall first and third Fridays at 8 o'clock. Visitors welcome. MARION SHAW, S. R. JESSIE CALHOUN, Rec. VIVIAN PHILLIPS, Treas.

Roseburg Lodge No. 1037 L. O. O. M.—Meets first and third Wednesdays of the month, Moose Hall, 248 N. Jackson street. Club rooms open 7:30 to 10 p. m. Visiting brothers welcome. JOHN E. FLURRY, Dict. H. O. PARGETER, Sec. JNO. M. THRONE, Treas.

W. B. A. O. T. W., Roseburg Re-view No. 11—Holds regular meetings on second and fourth Thursdays at 7:30 p. m. Visiting sisters invited to attend reviews. Macabee Hall, Pine and Cass streets. MRS. HELEN HUFFMAN, JESSIE RAPP, Col.

Roseburg Rebekah Lodge No. 41, I. O. O. F.—Meets in Odd Fellows Temple every week on Tuesday evening. Visiting members in good standing are cordially invited to attend. ELISE RUSSELL, N. G. GERTRUDE HATFIELD, R. S. EMMA LENOX, F. S.

Western Rowers Beaten in Poughkeepsie Regatta



This NEA Service telephoto to the News-Review shows Columbia spurring past California in the Poughkeepsie regatta at the three-mile mark. Soon afterwards, Washington, third in this picture, passed California for second honors.

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