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It Has Never Been Done Before

But Dempsey Seems Sure That He Can Establish a Ring Precedent

By Jimmy Powers.

NEW YORK, July 13.—Kid Precedent is against Jack Dempsey. Kid Precedent packs a potent knockout wallop that has dynamited the celebrated chin of the following heavyweights, in trying to stage comebacks after losing their titles.

There was old John L. Sullivan. Good old John L. He never fought after his defeat by Corbett in that soggy ring flooded with river sand at New Orleans. He boxed in a few exhibitions, it's true, but he never again engaged in actual ring combat.

Then there were Corbett and Fitzsimmons. They never met after their title bout at Carson City. Gentleman Jim failed—failed gloriously but nevertheless failed—in his attempt to win the championship from Jeffries who had taken it from freckled Bob.

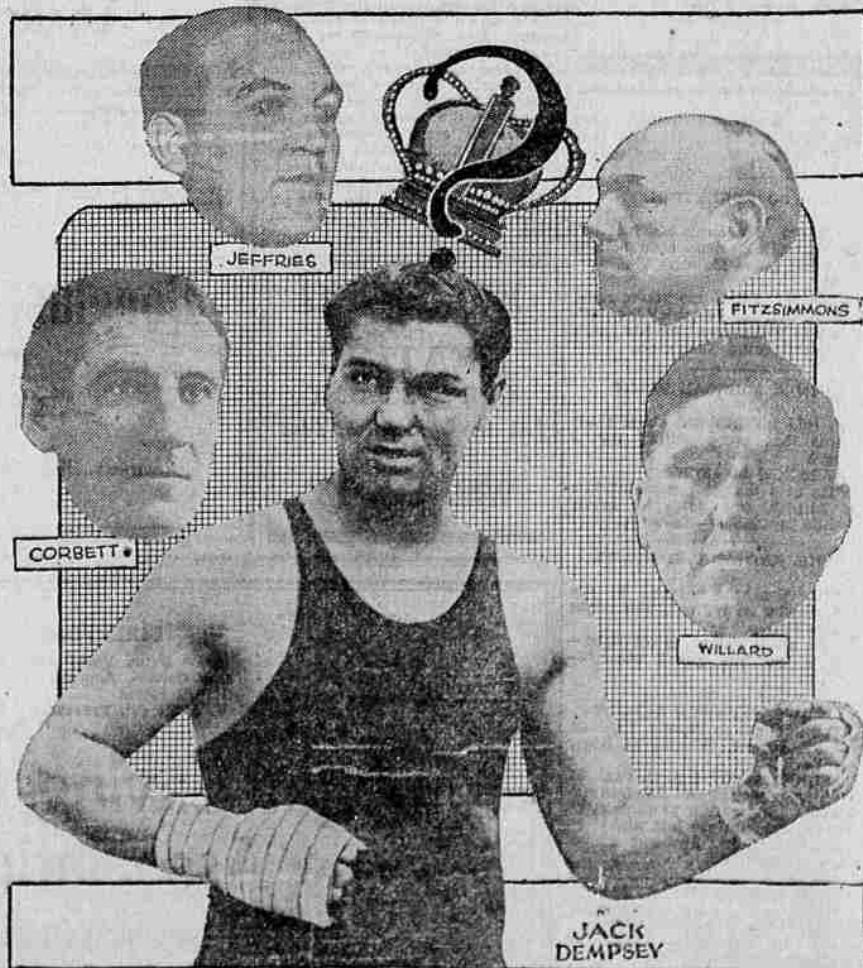
Following his defeat by Jeffries at Coney Island, Fitz knocked out Jim Thorne, Jim Daly, Ed Dunkhorst, Gus Ruhlin and Tom Sharkey in a row, but when the 49-year-old attempted to recapture the throne from the blemishmaker in Frisco, Ruby Robert met the same fate as at Coney Island.

And poor Jim Jeffries. Eight years out of boxing, he lugged what was left of his hulk back into the ring at Reno and was massacred by the Galveston Black who had mounted the heavyweight throne.

Think of Jack Johnson. Lil' John Artha did not obtain another title till after he was bumped off by Willard because he was what was quaintly known as in Dutch with the authorities. He took mighty good care to stay off the front page for quite a long while.

And Jess Willard. The big Kansas cowboy never got over that terrible lacing Dempsey gave him in the Massacre of Maunee Bay. He knocked out Floyd Johnson and then quit to Firpo. Those who know Willard best say that dread of having again to face the annihilating attack of the dreaded Dempsey more than anything else induced Big Jess to surrender to the charges of the Wild Bull.

So here comes Dempsey trying to defy precedent. Experts as well as the public have come to look upon Jack as a mythical superman. That combined with the fact that Tunney has the lowest popu-



lar ranking of any champion who has ever held the crown, and much suspicion that still surrounds the Philly fight, leads many to believe that the great Dempsey will shatter all ring precedents and regain the purple toga he so long and lustily wore.

Should Dempsey beat Sharkey, NOT get past this stalwart young

he is likely to be even a greater betting favorite against Tunney this year than he was last.

But unless there is something slightly putrid in Denmark, Dempsey living on the fat of the land with only four fights in six years and one in the last three—will

background is the smiling, whiskered pan of Kid Precedent. The combination looks too tough.

Thumping the Breath

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By Ben Lucien Burton

THIS HAS HAPPENED

Attempts have been made on the life of Elise Harberry, the American girl who owns and lives on property adjoining the queer little jungle-bordered town of Porto Verde, in west central Brazil.

Several mysterious deaths have occurred, including that of one of her foremen. Her two-year-old orphaned nephew is kidnapped but is found again, largely through the efforts of Vilak, her cousin and protector, who is known in Porto Verde as Attorney Davis.

Elise's lawyer, Vilak has seen Lincoln Nunnally, elderly American chemist, to help him get at the bottom of the mystery.

They are ignorant of the cause of this hostility toward Elise but suspect that a man named Gaylord Trentius, a reticent and forbidding character, is somehow involved.

Word is brought to Elise that the manager of her property at Villapa is desperately ill and must see her at once. Vilak suspects a trick and insists that he and Nunnally accompany her.

On the road to Villapa they are ambushed by a band of ruffians in the uniforms of soldiers. They tell Vilak that he and his companions are wanted for murder. The charge is obviously a fake. Vilak is convinced their captors are in the pay of Elise's enemies.

Nunnally and Vilak are trussed up and thrown into a damp cell of a room. Elise is quarantined outside. The room swarms with termites ants. After several futile attempts to break his bonds and persistent driving off of the ants, Vilak finally less the ants swarm over him. Presently they have eaten nearly through the bonds. He is free.

NOW BEGIN THE STORY CHAPTER XXIV

Thrusting off the things from his cramped limbs, Vilak scrambled to his feet, quickly untied the cords which held the old man, then, picking up a small stone wine bottle which stood upon a rotting shelf and was the only weapon the room afforded, put a pellet of betel on his tongue and began watching at the window.

He waited until he saw the cooks begin to dish out huge portions of the hot mixture to the pot into the palms of the soldiers who came forward. Only two men were now left in close proximity to the house, the guard at the front door and the guard at the back.

"This is our chance," he whispered to Nunnally. "They're confident, hungry, and off their guard. Don't make a sound."

He crawled to the door, opened it inch by inch, so that it would not creak, then stepped into the shadow of the doorway. The sentry was greedily watching his companions at their meal, his back to the door he was certain needed none of his guarding.

Clapping his hand over the sentry's mouth to prevent an outcry, Vilak brought the wine bottle down upon his head. The guard, stunned into unconsciousness, started to fall. Vilak caught him and dragged him inside. Quickly he stripped off his prisoner's blue-striped coat, trousers and hat, donned them himself, strapped his pistol around his waist, took his rifle, then bound and gagged him in case he should recover consciousness more quickly than Vilak expected.

Once more he silently opened the door, and with the other's hat pulled far down over his eyes, took his post outside it, prepared to grunt in Portuguese to any of the soldiers who might approach. But they were too occupied with their suppers. He stepped noiselessly inside the room again. "Come on," he whispered to the old man.

Creeping along the edge of the house and then into the tangled vegetation which instantly swallowed them up, he led the way to a dump of trees a hundred feet behind the fire where the troopers' horses were tied. Here another soldier was on guard.

Crawling up behind him, he rendered him unconscious by the same effective method he had used a few moments before, now employing the butt end of his pistol instead of the wine bottle.

He took his new victim's revolver and gave it to the old man. Quickly he unfastened the leashes of the three horses which had brought them from Elise's fazenda and gave them to the old man to hold. Then with a knife which he had found in the soldier's uniform he slashed at the bridles of the others so that a slight pull would sever them instantly. "Wait here," he whispered.

He began crawling through the underbrush toward the fire. The mustached captain had now taken a place beside Elise on the log. Vilak stealthily crept up behind him.

"Don't turn, my captain," he said quietly as he pressed the muzzle of his pistol against the other's back. "else I shall be compelled to kill you. Which would be a pity. Stand up and move forward to the fire. If any of your men lift a hand to aid you, that instant you will die."

The officer's body quivered. Vilak could see the muscles of his thick neck swell. But he neither answered nor made any effort to resist, merely rose slowly from the log and began trudging forward. The soldiers looked on in stupefaction. When the officer had reached the fire and Vilak was in a position where he could envelop the circle of rapt, grotesque faces about him, he ordered the officer to halt.

Carefully he took his pistol from his belt, then looked toward his cousin, who at his unexpected appearance had instantly cast off his air of patient despair and weariness and sprang to her feet to watch intently his every move.

shifting his glance constantly from his captive to the rigid soldiers. Vilak, with his free hand cut the cords binding Elise's wrists, then gave her the captain's weapon. "Walk slowly over to the horses by those trees to the right," he said to her. "Nanny's waiting there. Both of you mount and wait for me. Call out when you're ready."

He watched her move off to the shadows, heard her low shout, then picked up a blazing ember of the fire and began walking, thrusting the captain's pistol before him with his pistol.

He reached the clump of trees. Elise and the old man were in their saddles, Nunnally clutching the bride of Vilak's restless stallion. Vilak tied the bride around one arm, then with the captain's still in front of him and the horse trudging behind, walked to the mounts of the soldiers tied to the trees.

He raised the flaming ember he had in his hand and dashed it close to their heads, shouting loudly. The frightened animals whinnied, snorted, and tugged frantically at their halters to escape the flaming enemy. The weakened leather snapped, the panic-stricken beasts dashed wildly into the forest.

Vilak put his foot into the stirrup of his own steed, whinnying nervously as it witnessed its fellow creatures' terror.

"Adios, amigos," he called cheerily to the captain, and springing into his saddle, raced off toward the road. His two companions followed. They gained the highway. Vilak turned his horse to Villapa. They sped on through the darkness, hearing behind them a few futile shots and volleys of passionate curses as the soldiers searched blindly in the woods for their vanished steeds.

Vilak listened and laughed. Their horses did not slacken their headlong pace. Elise gazed at him thoughtfully, then leaned over and kissed him. In half an hour they had reached Villapa. Quickly they found Wilson, the superintendent. His face, long and tapering like a cat's, was gaunt, his eyes hollow, after effects apparently of a long attack of fever. Judging, however, by his quick active movements, he was well on the road to convalescence.

His astonishment on seeing them for a few moments was so great that he could only stammer out a few broken sentences; then quickly he told them, as Vilak had suspected, that he had sent no message. Though the river was rising hourly and a bad flood now very likely, if not certain, he said that he felt so much improved that he was perfectly able to cope with any emergency. Unless, of course, the dam broke at Avila, in which event no one could do anything.

To their dismay, however, when they asked him for guns to take the place of those which had been stolen, he apologetically replied that he could lend them only the two pistols which he had in his own cabin. The Villapa freziera never had more than a few rifles, he went on, and only the day before an Indian laborer had taken them to the paint shed to oil them and carelessly lighting a cigarette, had set the whole shed on fire.

The flames had consumed everything in it, the workman himself barely escaping with his life. He had discharged the workman, of course, he added, but that didn't bring back the guns.

(To be continued.)

Imminence of flood is added to the other dangers that beset Elise and her friends in Porto Verde. Meanwhile, there is much of mystery to be solved.

TWO WOMEN WRITERS FOOL LITERATI OF OKLAHOMA

OKLAHOMA CITY, Okla., July 16.—One "William Arthur Flowers, an aged copywriter," appeared on the literary horizon in Oklahoma some six months ago.

His ballads of the plains were praised for their virility and strength.

Critics and editors declared that only one who has lived on the plains, could write ballads like "Kinzie the Cattle Queen," or the "Ballad of Cherokee Bill," whose last words were: "Boys, you have done me wrong."

Then, at the height of discussion, "William Arthur Flowers" unmasked himself and turned out to be two modern, bobbed-haired young women writers.

The perpetrators of the hoax were Mrs. Maude Hillburton McGee and Mrs. Frances Billingsley, both of Oklahoma City.

They kept their identity hidden by corresponding through general delivery and pretending "Flowers" was too ill to attend league meetings or to meet the members.

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FLASHES OF LIFE

(Associated Press Local Wire) NEW YORK—They outnumber other folks in all directories and they have been getting more headlines recently than anybody else—Smith and Jones.

TORONTO—A dog wearing leather shoes accompanies Maude Barone, of Rome, who purports to hike 75,000 miles in ten years. He has been walking in Canada about a month.

HOBOKEN, N. J.—Dobbie, a chester dog, has walked with Raymond Randolph, blind pianist, from Los Angeles, in six months. Dobbie was put in the pound for biting a girl who patted him, and Recorder Carsten

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Roseburg News-Review

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granted his master's plea for his freedom.

RAPID CITY—Prudence Prim, mate of Rob Roy, White House Colic is dead. Experts at Fort Meade tried in vain for a month to cure her distemper.

NEW YORK—We are a rabby lot. Of 27,789,936 telephones in the world, the United States has 16,935,910.

NEW YORK—Long distance and endurance records for ocean voyages on an inner tube are now held by Leo G. Brozozowsky, of Linden, N. J. Fully clothed, even to his shoes, he was found by a motor boat, bobbing up and down on an inflated tire in lower New York bay, five miles from shore. He had been heading toward Europe for six hours. Semi-conscious, he could not say how come. Leo is eight years old.

LOS ANGELES—Mrs. Lena Anderson had forty quarts of beer containing 3.4 per cent alcohol. A city chemist testified it could not intoxicate. Mrs. Anderson was acquitted.

JERSEY CITY—The Rev. Michael A. Corp, Catholic chaplain of the 44th division during the war, declines to accept a distinguished service medal from the state. His reasons: "Hatred of war" and belief that "we had no business in it anyway."

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LODGE DIRECTORY DE MOLAY CHAPTER

Regular communication
End and 4th Thursdays
Masonic Hall.

Union Encampment No. 9, I. O. O. F.—Meets in Odd Fellows Temple on 2nd and 4th Wednesdays of each month. Visiting Patriarchs always welcome.

STANLEY FARNSWORTH, C. P.
BEN PALM, H. P.
CARL W. OHMAN, Scribe.

United Artisans—Meets 12 K. P. Hall first and third Thursdays. Visiting members always welcome.

CONSTANCE BLACK, M. A.
MILDRED McCULLOCH, Treas.
BELLE STEPHENSON, Sec.

I. O. O. F., Photarian Lodge No. 6—Meets in Odd Fellows Temple every Friday evening. Visiting brothers are always welcome.

W. J. BURKE, N. G.
A. J. GEDDES, Rec. Sec.
J. B. BAILEY, Fin. Sec.

Joe's Daughters No. 8—Meets first and third Fridays at 7:30 p. m. Masonic Temple. Master Ma sons and O. E. S. members are always welcome.

ELIZABETH ADEHAM, Secy.

Neighbors of Woodcraft, Lilias Circle No. 42—Meets on first and third Monday evenings, in K. of P. Hall. Visiting neighbors invited to attend.

IRA TAYLOR, G. N.
MARGARET WHITNEY, Clerk.

Eagles, Roseburg Aerie—Meets in Maccabee 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. R. S.
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 4th K. of P. hall. Visiting members always welcome.

HAZEL RAST, M. E. C.
EVA MARKS, M. of R. C.
MAY E. PARKER, M. of E.

Knights of Pythias, Alpha Lodge No. 47—Meets every Wednesday in Knights of Pythias hall, 134 Ross street. Visitors always welcome.

GEO. R. WARE, C. C.
ROY O. YOUNG, M. E.
E. E. WIMBERLY, K. R. S.

O. E. S., Roseburg Chapter No. 3—Holds their regular meetings on the first and third Thursdays of each month. All sojourning brothers and sisters are respectfully invited to attend.

MYRTLE BOND, W. M.
FRER JOHNSON, Sec.

K. O. T. M.—Meets each second and fourth Thursday of each month, in Maccabee hall, corner Cass and Pine streets. Visiting Knights always welcome.

L. C. GOODMAN, Com.
G. W. RAPP, R. K.

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 1 o'clock. Visitors welcome.

MARION SHAW, S. R.
JESSIE CALHOUN, Rec.
VIVIAN PHILLIPS, Treas.

B. P. O. Elks, Roseburg Lodge No. 326—Holds regular communication at the Elks Temple on each second and fourth Thursdays of each month. All members requested to attend regularly, and all visiting brothers are cordially invited to attend.

H. W. BOOTH, E. R.
DOUGLAS WAITE, Sec.

A. F. & A. M., Laurel Lodge No. 13—Regular communication second and fourth Wednesdays each month at Masonic Temple, Roseburg, Ore. Visitors welcome.

F. P. CLEMENS, W. M.
W. F. HARRIS, Sec.

Laurel Chapter No. 31, R. A. M.—Meets every third Tuesday of each month in Masonic Temple. All members requested to attend and visiting companions welcome.

W. G. BUNT, High Priest.
W. F. HARRIS, Sec.

Roseburg Lodge No. 1037 L. O. G. M.—Meets first and third Wednesdays of the month, Moose hall, 245 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. THORNE, Treas.

W. B. A. O. T. W., Roseburg Review No. 11—Holds regular meetings on second and fourth Thursdays at 7:30 p. m. Visiting sisters invited to attend reviews.

Maccabee 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 evenings. Visiting members in good standing are cordially invited to attend.

ELLEN HUSTON, N. G.
GERTRUDE HATFIELD, E. S.
EMMA LENOX, E. S.