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BUTTER AND ICE CREAM

DOUGLAS COUNTY CREAMERY
ROSEBURG, OREGON

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BEGIN HERE TODAY

Vera Victoria Cameron, an efficient private secretary, consents to let Jerry Macklyn, advertising manager of the Peach Bloom Cosmetics Co., transform her into a beauty. In transforming her, the beauty specialist copies a picture Jerry finds in his desk. An unexpected colored picture of a beautiful woman, Jerry falls in love with Vera, also known as Vee-Vee, and his affection endures although he learns she wants to be beautiful so she can spend her vacation at fashionable Lake Minnetonka, hoping to meet Schuyler Smythe, the man she loves.

At the lake hotel, all the guests, including Smythe, mistake her for Vivian Crandall, ex-princess, who, after a Paris divorce, is in hiding. Vera tries to convince everyone of her true identity but is not believed.

Miss Handster, a hotel guest, and Nan Foster, who accuses Vera of stealing Schuyler's love from her, go to the city and Vera knows they will notify the Crandalls and an expose will follow. Nan's mother tells Vera she has learned Schuyler is a salaried secretary, touz-fusher and fortune-hunter.

Thurston, hotel manager, has Vera and Schuyler watched, hoping to ingratiate himself with the Crandalls. They are on the pier at midnight when she learns detectives await her at the hotel and she and Schuyler run away in a car. Schuyler pours out his love for her. When she tells him the truth about herself, substantiated with Jerry's letter, he is furious, revealing his true character too plainly. Then it occurs to him she may be tricking him, testing his love, and he tries to retrieve, but too late. She demands that he take her to the nearest town and on the way, they are stopped by two masked men in a car.

Vera is whisked away with the men and Schuyler is left. Vera at first thinks the men are detectives, then from their conversation she learns they are kidnaping her. Thinking she is Vivian Crandall, she insists she is not the ex-princess, but to no avail. They drive rapidly to a clearing where awaits an airplane.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY CHAPTER XXX

At the moment when Vera Victoria Cameron, being kidnaped by Vivian Crandall, was stepping gingerly over a stubby field toward a great man-made bird that was to bear her aloft, she knew not whether Schuyler Smythe was standing in the middle of the road, waving his arms frantically to attract the attention of an approaching car.

The car slowed up, hesitated, then shot past him, the driver—a man with a girl sitting beside him—evidently fearing a hold-up. Schuyler stamped with rage, but there was nothing for it but to wait until another car came along. Two others sped past his waving arms and he was about to give up in despair when he made one more attempt.

The car—a small coupe—altered to a stop, and a cheery male voice called out: "Car stalled, young man?"

"Yes," Schuyler answered eagerly. "Can you give me a lift? I'm stopping at the Minnetonka—out for a ride—car gone dead on me."

He was babbling excitedly as he climbed upon the running board.

"Sure! Hop in! Heck, no one can run off with your car, if you can't make it go. I'm going to the Minnetonka myself. I'm a doctor—Dr. Blessington. Got a herry-up call from the Minnetonka. Seems that the house doctor is off for the night. I relieve for him, you see?"

"You're very kind, Dr. Blessington."

He did not want to talk, wanted to give careful thought to the story which he would tell when he reached the hotel. There was no use trying to follow the masked bandits in the doctor's car. They had had more than half an hour's start and the doctor had just said that he was speeding to "Minnetonka on an emergency call. He decided at first, in his extreme nervousness, not to say anything to the doctor of his night's adventure, but reconsidered, in a panic.

In a rapid jerky voice he told the doctor what had happened, or as much of what had happened as he could bring himself to admit. He said nothing of his own quarrel with the girl, confining his explanation to the bare facts of their encounter with masked men.

"Vivian Crandall! My soul in heaven!" the doctor ejaculated incredulously. "Why didn't you do something, man?"

"With one revolver pointing at my head and one at hers?" Schuyler defended himself indignantly. "I couldn't take a chance on her being shot, doctor."

"No, I suppose not," the doctor agreed. "Well, I'll burn up the road getting you back to the hotel. They can send out an alarm—telephone the police of all the neighboring towns."

He bent over the wheel, his keen eyes behind gold-rimmed spectacles trained on the road that the valiant little car swallowed at such a breathtaking rate of speed.

Although it was nearly two o'clock when the doctor's coupe swung into the crescent-shaped driveway before the Minnetonka Hotel, the great, sprawling building was blazing with lights. Flashlights, gleaming like fireflies, were bobbing about the grounds. Voices were hallooing at each other from across the lake, where over in row-boats seemed to be dragging the dark water in a cautious quest for the vanished heiress. Women, in evening dress, scurried about in the lanes of light from doors and windows, calling shrill inquiries and making foolish suggestions. A group of men were conferring on the broad front porch when Schuyler descended from the doctor's car. Thurston, the hotel manager, pushed toward him, seized his arm and half dragged him up the steps.

BURNS
Covers with wet baking soda— afterwards apply gently—

VICKS
VAPORUB
Over 21 Million Jars Used Yearly

Crandall got that suitcase out of her room without being observed. What did the maid say was missing?

"Toilet articles, pajamas, kimono, two or three dresses, a coat and a green felt hat." Thurston answered, frowning with fatigue and bewilderment. "Looks like that upstairs, Schuyler Smythe or Shuler Smith or whatever his name is, was telling the truth and that Miss Crandall was eloping with him. What she could see in him beats me, but any fool woman, no matter whether she's a princess or a pauper, will fall for one of those patently-leather-haired slicks with a candy line. Why, man, I had half the guests in the hotel on sentry duty to keep those two apart as much as possible."

"It's sure been a nice quiet hotel tonight!" the detective commented with a chuckle. "And it's going to be nice and quiet tomorrow with an army of reporters down here from New York. George! I'd like to know where that girl is right now! Gives you the creeps to think of it, doesn't it? One little bit of woman flesh worth 40 million dollars being dragged God knows where by a couple of East Side gunmen!"

(To Be Continued)

STATE PRESS COMMENT

The Industrial Migration

Through the portals of Portland flows a mighty stream of raw materials. The range is extraordinary: Lumber from the forests; wool from the sheep; grain from the fields; cattle from the ranges; fruits from the orchards.

And, through the Port of Portland, en route to Eastern manufacturing centers, cotton from China; raw silk from the Orient; hard woods, including mahogany from Guatemala and the Philippines; ash, oak, walnut, bamboo, acacia and velvet from Manchuria, Japan, India, South America; vegetable and mineral oils from the Orient; hemp; bristles; rubber, nuts, jute; tin; spices; rice; nuts, and so on.

The whole list would fill a page. It is with the damming of this flood of raw materials that at present flow through Portland, and the converting of them into finished products, that the future of Portland is concerned.

The next few decades will see these raw materials—these resources of Pacific and continuing eastward in the form of finished products.

The evidence of the swing of industrial dominance is unmistakable. Several years ago a group of three hundred New England bankers, capitalists and manufacturers held a conference for the purpose of considering this industrial migration, and it possible, to devise some means of stemming the tide.

Economic laws, however, are inexorable.

The trend is both Westward and toward the source of the raw materials, following always, of course, favorable lines of economical conversion.

The South is making its strides in the textile industry.

The Middle West is handicapped by its rigid winters, often seriously interfering with industry; its distance from the source of much of the raw materials it converts; and higher distribution costs associated with interior freight rates.

What does the future hold for a country that has none of these handicaps, and is itself the source of a staggering array of natural raw materials?

Who will venture to predict?—Portland Telegram.

Vee-Vee, remembering Jerry Macklyn's promise to come for her in an airplane if necessary, thinks it is he that has kidnaped her. But she is destined for a rude awakening.

USED CARS
A Fine Stock

HANSEN
Chevrolet Co.

Ford Sedan
nearly new, balloon tires, Duco paint. Terms or trade.

Hansen Chevrolet Co.

Ford Coupe
like new, first tires still good, lots of extras. For sale for half of cost.

Hansen Chevrolet Co.

Ford Roadster
with box, 1926 model, painted in green Duco and has balloon tires.

Hansen Chevrolet Co.

Ford Touring
with 1927 motor, new Hotspot carburetor and all the trimmings. Total price \$150.

Hansen Chevrolet Co.

Ford Delivery
in good running order, \$50 total price.

Hansen Chevrolet Co.

Chevrolet Coupe
early 1926 model, looks as good as new and the price is very reasonable.

Hansen Chevrolet Co.

Chevrolet Touring
1926 model, runs like new, balloon tires. Easy terms.

Hansen Chevrolet Co.

Chevrolet Touring
You can't tell it has been used by looking at it.

Hansen Chevrolet Co.

Chevrolet Touring
1925, just overhauled, and like a new one.

Hansen Chevrolet Co.

Chevrolet Touring
1923, a good value at \$175. \$65. bal. easy monthly payments.

Hansen Chevrolet Co.

Chevrolet Touring
in good condition. 1922 model. \$95 total price.

Hansen Chevrolet Co.

Star Sport Touring
a fine looking car, painted in green Duco. Trade or terms.

Hansen Chevrolet Co.

We have a salesman and a service man on the job on Sundays for your convenience.

HANSEN
Chevrolet Co.

Look 'Em in the Eye

On meeting a wild animal, look it steadily in the eye, scowl ferociously at it, and bid it begone. Shortly it will slink away and when it thinks it is out of sight it will flee in great confusion. Such is the testimony of Dr. A. K. Fisher, head of the economic division of the U. S. biological survey.

Probably he is right. Certainly we have no desire to intimate that the doctor cannot command respect of the brute creation by the meeting of a lion on the wall, or a means he mentions. But even admitting our faith most of us, on tiger in the jungles, would feel safer if our armament were something a bit more convincing than a piercing eye.—Bend Bulletin.

Save Human Lives.

Something ought to be done to stop the needless slaughter of human life in Oregon.

It can't be done by law, or by the observance of law. But a little care in doing more than the law requires will stop the carnage. Law is a constant reminder of one's duty, and to that extent is valuable in itself. The policeman with his "billy" may thrust protection upon us whether we will or no—if he happens to catch us. To that extent he makes the law effective. But for actual safety to life and limb it's up to us to protect ourselves.

All of which applies particularly to motor traffic. An item of routine news that appears about once a month contains figures that in a car's time become appalling. They would, at least, if anyone paid any attention to them. From half a dozen to a dozen or more persons are killed by motor vehicle traffic in Oregon every month. Our authority is the monthly report of the chief state traffic inspector at Salem. Is it necessary? Decidedly not.

Brakes may shriek, wheels may skid at street intersections and fill the air with the odor of scorched rubber, and the driver still be within the law. But why not slow down before reaching an intersection? You may save a life. The absence of a stop sign at street corner or railroad is no reason why the motorist shouldn't look and listen if not actually stop before going ahead.

Also on the subject of human life a glance at the weekly reports of the state industrial accident commission is a revelation. Lives lost in the industries of the state sum up at the rate of five or six a week. Death stalks daily in the camps of the great timber industry of Oregon. State regulation has done much in establishing safety requirements, and shortly is to do more. But this regulation machinery only. There are necessary occupations that can't be reached by law. Caution must take its place.

Laudable is the desire to be in the thick of life, to be where big things are being done. But it's a dangerous place to be for the man who hasn't his wits about him.—Portland Telegram.

NEW AIR MAIL ROUTE

(Associated Press Licensed Wire)

WASHINGTON, Oct. 20.—The establishment of an air mail service between Salt Lake City and Great Falls, Montana, with stops at Pocatello and Idaho Falls, in

PIGGLY WIGGLY
HELPS THOSE WHO HELP THEMSELVES

FINE DRY 7 POUNDS

Onions . . . 15c

SPERRY'S 10 LB. SACK

Pancake Flour . . . 65c

ROCKDELL—CANE & MAPLE QUART CAN

Syrup . . . 37c

4 LB. SACK

Raisins . . . 34c

SNOWFLAKE—WAX WRAPPED 8 OZ. PKG.

Crackers . . . 11c

NEW CROP PER POUND

Walnuts . . . 27c

FOR QUICK SANDWICHES 2 QUARTER SIZE CANS

Deviled Meats . . . 9c

SNIDER'S PINT BOTTLE

Catsup . . . 20c

FANCY IMPORTED TALL CAN

Peas . . . 21c

VEGETOLE—A PURE VEGETABLE 4 POUND PAIL

Shortening . . . 73c

PALM OLIVE PER CAKE

Toilet Soap . . . 7c

PER CAN—LIMIT

Old Dutch Cleanser, 6c

RIGGLY WIGGLY SPECIAL POUND PKG.

Coffee . . . 35c

300 West Cass Street Roseburg, Oregon

KING FAUD VISITS PARIS INCOGNITO

(Associated Press Licensed Wire)

PARIS, Oct. 20.—King Faud of Egypt, who has been in Paris incognito for ten days, "officially" entered the city this morning after having spent the night at Versailles. Just out side, in order to conform with proper diplomatic usage.

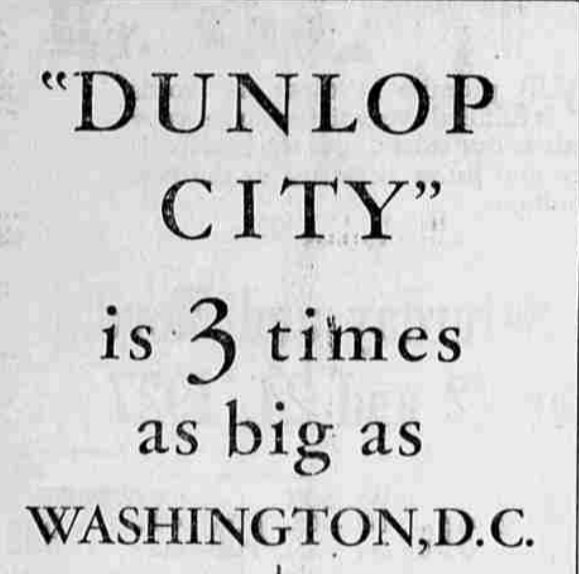
The king left Paris last night, slept in Versailles and then came back this morning in style, being received at the Bois de Boulogne

station by President Doumergue, the president of the senate and chamber, the president of the municipal council and other officials.

The king's departure from Paris last night was in a long automobile, while his return was in a special train gaily decorated with Egyptian and French flags.

Mad again—to untold fencelng. 939 Square Deal or huge joint fencelng. 35c per rod. Also stock of new style Page fencelng. Stearns & Chenoweth, Oakland, Ore.

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is 3 times as big as WASHINGTON, D.C.



Throughout the world the productive Dunlop properties cover so vast an area that if combined into one place—they would form a "Dunlop City" of over 100,000 acres.

WITH all its vast area, Washington, D.C., occupies but 39,680 acres.

Preference for Dunlop Tires has caused Dunlop to grow so that now, including the greatest of all Dunlop plants at Buffalo, N. Y., Dunlop occupies a productive area of over 100,000 acres. Over 22,000,000 Dunlop Tires are now running. The service that they give is both the cause and result of Dunlop's magnitude.

Tallyrand said, "There is one person wiser than Anybody, and that is Everybody." Practically everybody agrees that Dunlop Tires are best. Put them on your car and prove it to yourself.

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ATTENTION!

We have just received some very nice Plymouth Rock and White Leghorn pullets.

Also a New Shipment of YAKIMA POTATOES

Don't fail to get our prices. BRING US YOUR POULTRY

Valley Poultry and Produce Co.
226 W. Oak