

Factory Shipment Chicken House Supplies

We have just received a large stock of all needed supplies for your poultry yards, and are quoting a few prices.

No. 29—Bottom Fill Fountains.....	55c
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Churchill Hardware Co. THE WINCHESTER STORE

THE CANARY MURDER CASE

CHARACTERS
Philo Vance.
John F. X. Markham, district attorney of New York county.
Margaret Odell (the "Canary").
Charles Cleaver, a man-about-town.
Kenneth Spotswoode, a manufacturer.
Louis Mannix, an importer.
Dr. Ambrose Lindquist, a fashionable neurologist.
Tony Skeet, a professional burglar.
William Elmer Jessup, telephone operator.
Harry Spively, telephone operator.
Ernest Heath, Sergeant of the Homicide Bureau.

THE STORY THUS FAR
Vance's theory is that two unknown persons were in the "Canary" apartment on that fatal evening: one locked in a clothes closet, the other the man who strangled Margaret Odell. The murder is the most baffling one Vance ever has encountered. He has no way can they account for the presence of anyone in the girl's apartment. The door to the alley was bolted on the inside and the man who had gone out with Margaret Odell the night before had been the only one to be seen with her, and circumstances completely eliminated him.

CHAPTER XII
Heath sought consolation in a new line of thought.
"Anyway," he submitted, "we know that the fancy fellow with the patent-leather pumps who called here last night at half past nine was probably Odell's lover, and was grating on her."
"And in just what recollection was that obvious fact help to pull the clouds away?" asked Vance.
"Nearly every modern Dellah has an avuncular amorosus. It would be rather singular if there wasn't such a chap in the office, what?"
"That's all right, too," returned Heath. "But I tell you something, Mr. Vance, that maybe you don't know. The men that these girls look their heads over are generally crooks of some kind—professional criminals, you understand. That's why, knowing that this job was the mark of a professional, it don't leave me cold, as you might say, to learn that this fellow who was threatening Odell and grating on her was the same one who was prowling around here last night."
"And I'll say this, too," the description of him sounds a whole lot like the kind of high-class burglar that hang out at the swell all-night cafes."
"You're convinced, then," asked Vance mildly, "that this job, as you call it, was done by a professional criminal?"
Heath was almost contemptuous.

in his reply. "Didn't the guy wear gloves, and use a jimmy? It was a yeggman's job, all right."
(Tuesday, Sept. 11; 11:45 a. m.)
Markham went to the window and stood, his hands behind him, looking down into the little passageway. After several minutes he turned slowly.
"The situation, as I see it," he said, "boils down to this: The Odell girl has an engagement for dinner and the theater with a man of some distinction. He calls for her a little after seven, and they go out together. At eleven o'clock they return. He goes with her into her apartment and remains half an hour."
"He leaves at half past eleven and asks the phone operator to call him a taxi. While he is waiting the girl screams and calls for help, and in response to his inquiries she tells him nothing is wrong and bids him go away. The taxi arrives, and he departs in it. Ten minutes later someone telephones her, and a man answers from her apartment. This morning she is found murdered, and the apartment ransacked."
He took a long draw on his cigar.

"Now, it is obvious that when she and her escort returned last night, there was another man in this place somewhere; and it is also obvious that the girl was alive after her escort had departed. Therefore, we must conclude that the man who was already in the apartment was the person who murdered her."
"This conclusion is further corroborated by Doctor Doremus' report that the crime occurred between eleven and twelve. But since her escort did not leave till half past eleven, and spoke with her after that time, we can put the actual hour of the murder as between half past eleven and midnight. . . . These are the inferable facts from the evidence thus far adduced."

"There's not much getting away from 'em," agreed Heath.
"At any rate they're interesting," murmured Vance.
Markham walking up and down earnestly continued:
"The features of the situation revolving round these inferable facts are as follows: There was no one hiding in the apartment at seven o'clock—the hour the maid went home. Therefore, the murderer entered the apartment later. . . . Then, let us consider the side door. At six o'clock—an hour before the maid's departure—the janitor bolted it on the inside, and both operators disavow emphatically that they went near it. Moreover, you, Sergeant, found it bolted this morning. Hence, we may assume that the door was bolted on the inside at night, and that nobody could have entered that you get in indictment against an

to the inevitable alternative that the murderer entered by the front door."
"Now, let us consider this other means of entry. The phone operator who was on duty until ten o'clock last night asserts positively that the only person who entered the main hall to this apartment was a man who rang the bell and, getting no answer, immediately walked out again. The other operator, who was on duty from ten o'clock until this morning, asserts with equal positiveness that no one entered the front door and passed the switchboard coming to this apartment."

"Add to all this the fact that every window on this floor is barred, and that no one from upstairs can descend into the main hall without coming face to face with the operator, and we are, for the moment, confronted with an impasse."
Heath scratched his head and laughed mirthlessly.
"It don't make sense, does it, sir?"
"What about the next apartment?" asked Vance, "the one with the door facing the rear passage-way—No. 2, I think?"

Heath turned to him patronizingly. "I looked into that the first thing this morning. Apartment No. 2 is occupied by a single man; and I woke her up at eight o'clock and searched the place. Nothing there. Anyway, you have to walk past the switchboard to reach her apartment the same as you do to reach this one; and nobody called on her or left her apartment last night."

"What's more, Jessup, who's a shrewd, sound fellow, told me this woman is a quiet, ladylike sort, and that she and Odell didn't even know each other."
"You're so thorough, Sergeant!" murmured Vance.
"Of course," put in Markham, "it would have been possible for someone from the other apartment to have slipped in here behind the operator's back between seven and eleven, and then to have slipped back after the murder. But as Sergeant Heath's search this morning failed to uncover anyone, we can eliminate the possibility of our man having operated from that quarter."

"I dare say you're right," Vance indifferently admitted. "But it strikes me, Markham, old dear, that your own affecting recapitulation of the situation jolly well eliminates the possibility of your man's having operated from any quarter. . . . Add yet he came in, garroted the unfortunate damsel, and departed—eh, what? . . . It's a charming little problem. I wouldn't have missed it for worlds."
"It's a canny," pronounced Markham gloomily.
"It's positively spiritualistic," amended Vance. "It has the certain odor of a séance. Really, you know, I'm beginning to suspect that some medium was hovering in the vicinage last night doing some rather tip-top materializations. I say, Markham, could anybody could have entered that you get in indictment against an

ectoplasmic emanation?"
"It wasn't no spook that made those finger-prints," growled Heath, with surly truculence.
Markham halted his nervous pacing and regarded Vance irritably. "Damn it! This is rank nonsense. The man got in some way, and he got out, too. There's something wrong somewhere. Either the maid is mistaken about someone being here when she left, or else one of those phone operators went to sleep and won't admit it."

"Or else one of 'em's lying," supplemented Heath.
Vance shook his head. "The maid, I'd say, is eminently trustworthy. And if there was any doubt about anyone's having come in the front door unnoticed, the lady on the switchboard would, in the present circumstances, be only too eager to admit it. . . . No, Markham, you'll simply have to approach this affair from the astral plane, so to speak."

Markham granted his distaste of Vance's jocularities.
"That line of investigation I leave to you with your metaphysical theories and esoteric hypotheses."
"But, consider," protested Vance banteringly. "You've proved conclusively—or, rather, you've demonstrated logically—that not one could have entered or departed from this apartment last night; and, as you've often told me, a court of law must decide all matters, not in accord with the known or suspected facts, but according to the evidence; and the evidence in this case would prove a sound alibi for every corporeal being extant."

"And yet, it's not exactly tenable, I've seen, that the lady strangled herself. If only it had been poison, what an exquisite and satisfying suicide case you'd have! Most inconsiderate of her homicidal visitor not to have used arsenic instead of his hands!"
"Well, he strangled her," pronounced Heath. "Furthermore, I'll lay my money on the fellow called her last night at half past nine and couldn't get in. He's the bird I want to talk to."
"Indeed?" Vance produced another cigar. "I shouldn't say to judge from our description of him that his conversation would prove particularly fascinating."
(TO BE CONTINUED)



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We are now unloading a car of real old time mill feed. Only the flour has been removed.
\$1.40 sack

Car of fertilizer has arrived. Lower prices at car door.

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Bean Spray Pump Co. Fairbanks Morse & Co.
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Washington St. and S. P. Tracks.

CLASSIFIED SECTION

ALL NEW ADS WILL BE FOUND ON BACK PAGE

FOR SALE

FOR SALE—Good milch cow. Boyer Bros. Phone 14F14.

STRAWBERRY RUNNERS—Four varieties for sale. Phone 18F32.

VIAVI for men, women and children. Phone 18F22. J. A. Smith.

FOR SALE—40-acre ranch; timber; creek, \$200. L. McAboy, Oialla, Ore.

FOR SALE—Fine Collier pups from good stock, five dollars. Martin Lloyd, Sutherlin.

FOR SALE—White Leghorn cockerels, direct from Tanager farm. Call 30F2. Roy Bond, Glendale, Ore.

FOR SALE—One superb mammoth bronze turkey tom, price \$5. J. B. Henslee, Box 51, Riddle, Ore.

USED SPRAY OUTFITS—Have two power outfits in fine condition. Hand outfits \$15 up. Farm Bureau Exchange.

FOR SALE—Red fir block, 3 tier \$8.50. Red fir block clear, 3 tier \$9.00. Few days only. A. R. Mabley. Phone 6F3.

SHERWIN WILLIAMS DRY LIME—SULPHUR—Goes into solution readily and is more convenient to use. Order now. Farm Bureau Exchange.

BABY CHICKS—I am now booking orders for White Leghorns, R. Reds, B. Rocks; custom hatching. W. Cobb, 1 mile W. Roseburg.

LUMBER—All kinds, \$15 per M. Bills sawn to order; slabwood \$2 per cord; edgings free. 3 miles south of Sutherlin, Ore. Highway Lbr. Co.

FOR SALE—11 acres near Sutherlin, 2 acres Bartlett pears, full bearing other fruit; good modern residence; barn, large poultry house. No reasonable offer refused. R. N. Pichens, Sutherlin, Ore.

WANTED

WANTED—Men to slash. Boyer Bros. Phone 14F14.

WANTED—250 men to take dinner at Roseburg Cafeteria.

WANTED—Ladies not to forget to take lunch at Roseburg Cafeteria.

WANTED—House cleaning, 30c per hour. Washing and ironing, 50c per dozen. Phone 478.

WANTED—Want to hear from owner having farm for sale in Oregon, suitable for general farming and stock raising. Send description and lowest cash price. John C. Baker, DeQueen, Arkansas.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS
Electro-Chiropractor—Druggist
Health Center. 327 Cass. Pn. 491.

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ON
IMPROVED FARMS
Long term loans with liberal repayment privilege. 5% interest payable annually. Usual commission charges. Ask for folder describing this loan.

G. W. Young & Son
Insurance and Loans
118 Cass St. Phone 417

FRESH AS A ROSE
AS PURE AS ROSES
KISSED BY DEW
THE LAUNDRY WE
SEND BACK TO YOU!

The man who didn't think that you could put any poetry or sentiment into the laundry business never sent any of his washables to us to be laundered. When we rinse out a garment it is as clean and fresh as the sparkling dew and when we iron it it is as pure and firm as the sun-kissed rose.

Roseburg Steam Laundry
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FURNITURE REPAIRING
Upon Board and Veneer Panel
Cut to Order
Saw Filing a Specialty
E. S. AND F. L. COCKELREAS

ENVY THE BERLINER
By NEA SERVICE
BERLIN—Huge casks of wine that bear dates as old as 1853 are stored in the famous Rastatter in Bremen, Germany. Some of the oldest wines available are to be found there. Among them is the famous Federweisser, vintages from 1653 to 1784.

SNAP THAT UP
He: What do you mean by saying this is a possum car?
She: Oh, it plays dead in the most convenient places.—American Humor.

TO DOG OWNERS
City of Roseburg license due and must be paid now. Delinquent dog owners are subject to arrest.
W. M. VAUGHN,
Chief of Police.

FUAD FEARED FOOD
(By NEA Service)
LONDON—When King Fuad of Egypt visited Europe recently, he brought a large retinue of household officials. Among them were a chamberlain, a food taster, a chemist for analyzing the food, a barber, a valet, and three butlers.

Morecrop lawn fertilizer put on now will give your lawn a good start this spring. Sold in 50-lb. sacks at Wharton Bros.

RAILROADS CENTURIES OLD
(By NEA Service)
QUINCY, Mass.—The first commercial railroad track in the United States was laid by the Baltimore and Ohio in 1825. Since then 429,000 miles of track have been laid in the United States, more than one-third the world's aggregate mileage.

Hollywood Studio, opposite Liberty theatre takes pictures until Sunday night, Jan. 29th.

SALESMAN SAM
"NOW WERE GONNA SEE LEFTWRIGHT AL CO. PUT ON THEIR JOLLY CAESAR." "YA KNOW I THINK TH' JUDGE OUGHTA GIVE OUR PLAY FIRST PRIZE WHEN HE SEES IT—IF TH' WHOLE CONTEST AINT IN TH' BAG!"

WHADDA YA MEAN—YA MEAN IN TH' BAG?

WHY, WHEN A THING IS IN TH' BAG IT MEANS TH' JUDGE IS BOUGHT OFF—THAT IT'S ALL COOKED UP, ETC.

AH, CAESAR, SEES HER, SEIZE HER!!!

CH, YEH!

WASN'T A BAD SHOW, SAM! HEY!!! QUICK, SAM, LOOK! THERE'S A BALLOON RACE! LET'S WATCH IT!

AW HECK, WHAT'S TH' USE, GUZZ! IT'S EASY T' SEE THAT IT'S IN THE BAG!!!

CENSORED

RUBB ONES

BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES



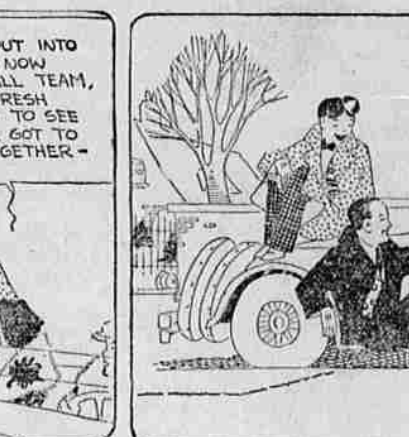
FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



SALESMAN SAM



Yea Bo!



Just Wild About Them!



That's a Cinch



By Martin



By Blosser



By Small

